THE COLLECTED ROGER BRAND

CLEAN · WHOLESOME

TALES OF SEX AND DEATH

Roger Brand '70

A Lousy Week for Woods
(Remembering Roger Brand)

BY
Kim Deitch

It was coming up on Thanksgiving 1981, and two Woods had died in the same week. First there was the movie star Natalie Wood, who fell off a yacht and drowned. The other one hit a little closer to home. Comics great Wallace Wood blew his brains out. He hadn't been in the greatest health (bum eyes and kidney problems) and he seemed old for his age, which was 54. He was also prone to big depressions. I got to know Wood a little when I was still living in New York City. It was the late 1960s and I was just getting started drawing comics. I met Roger Brand for the first time at a big New York City comics convention in 1968, the same day I also met Wallace Wood and Art Spiegelman; by my reckoning that was a pretty good day.

I knew who Art was and I sure knew who Wallace Wood was, but I had never heard of Roger Brand. I think he was about 26 at this time, a few years older than me. He had a long flowing mustache, not exactly a handlebar, longish hair and squinty eyes, but he came off as fairly good-looking. He was nattily dressed and very peppy. I soon learned that much of the pep came from speed, which was already Roger's longstanding main drug of choice.

My brother Simon was with me and, frankly, we were both a bit put off by Roger's gushy demeanor. At some point Spiegelman, I guess picking up on this, pulled me aside and said, “You know, Roger is really very knowledgeable about comics.” I soon learned that Roger had worked as an assistant to Wood, and even more significantly, we would later find out, to Gil Kane. He’d also recently done some jobs in his own right for Witzend, a fanzine that Wood had recently started with the idea of broadening the horizons of the comics medium. Witzend is also where I first saw Art Spiegelman’s work. Ultimately Witzend promised more than it ever delivered, but it was a sign post that interesting things were in the air where comics were concerned.

Hell, I was living proof. In 1968 I had a paying job working at an underground newspaper drawing comics. I was earning while learning and boy oh boy I sure had a lot to learn! Well, where not only myself but other crazed fools like me learned a heap about comics was from Roger Brand. We saw Roger again at a party that same day. Armed with Spiegelman’s tip about Roger’s bounty of comics knowledge, we paid more attention to him this time. Joints were going around the room and Simon, I, Roger, and others were taking hits in a desultory kind of way, when someone came in from a beer run. Can tops popped. Roger took a long pull on his and said, “You know, this marijuana is all well and good but when all is said and done, there’s nothing like good old beer.”

Simon and I agreed. We looked at each other and silently nodded. It was the beginning of our friendship with Roger. Why was Roger so knowledgeable about comics? Well, he was a bright guy who drew them and loved the medium. But what set Roger into a more rarefied realm of comics knowledge was his long association with Gil Kane.

Gil Kane. What a man! Okay, maybe Gil Kane wasn’t the world’s greatest comics creator. But he could draw, you bet. His comics credentials went back to the Golden Age 1940s. He was a sharp articulate guy with an encyclopedic knowledge about comics. And it wasn’t just a geeky tunnel vision kind of knowledge, all comics and nothing else. He was a cultivated individual, distinguished in appearance: a silver haired, nattily dressed guy. In retrospect, I think Kane’s natty appearance may have also influenced Roger’s initial tidy appearance and demeanor. It’s not that Roger seemed to imitate Kane in that way, but he also had a sophisticated manner and look at the time that would have made him seem at home even in much more discriminating company. I don’t think the same thing could have been said about Simon and me in those days.

So there was Roger, working side by side with Gil Kane for quite a while. Gil Kane must have been one of the greatest raconteurs that comics ever saw. He knew the great stories, rivalries, successes, and failures in the world of comics, and was cultured enough to tie it all intelligently to the rest of culture, popular and otherwise.

On a more picayune level he could, for instance, tell you who penciled for Will Eisner in most of 1946 (John Spranger). He had files and could whip out classic Jack Cole jobs and tell you exactly why they were so revered by the old pros. All of this and more came pouring out of Kane and into the mind of Roger for years, and Roger seemed more that willing to pass it all on to us!

We used to go and drink beer with Roger for hours on end while he kept us and others spellbound with tales of comics and their creators, both lurid and technical. It was fantastic. On top of all that, Roger really did seem to have it all together. He had a great and pretty girlfriend named Michelle whom he later married. He seemed to be pulling down decent money working for Kane and others. And he was making embryonic underground comics of his own on the side.

And Roger really could draw. He knew something about anatomy and perspective. Some of it just came naturally and also, I suppose, from assisting comics greats like Wood and Kane. But this would be a good place to bring up an idiosyncrasy about Roger's work. He could really pencil and drew solid figures. He had a good hold of the entire comics drawing discipline (he was so-so as a writer, but not uninteresting). But execution was where he shined, or at least it was when it came to penciling. Inking was another matter. When inking, Roger tended to go right through it until a page was over inked into muddiness. He did it just about every time! Why? Well, one of the things we are talking about here is the pros and cons of amphetamines (speed). Speed has been an insidious lure for artists for as long as it has been around. It can give you some great moments for sure. Many great pieces of art have emerged under its dubious auspices. But it's not so good for the long haul. I'm not going to list all of its shortcomings here, but they are legion.

Essentially a common speed arc, particularly if you are really habituated to it, means that you really need something to come down from it, and all too commonly that something ends up being alcohol. It's hell on your nerves. So, speed freaks very often turn into drunks. And I never saw such a relentless living example of that arc as Roger Brand. Roger had some bad problems lurking inside of him, but his smooth manner masked them to a certain extent. At least at first.

Around 1969 the big general news among guys trying to grab onto the underground comics boom was this: If you were really serious about pursuing it, the immediate future seemed to be in San Francisco. That is where most of the publishers worth talking about were setting up. So just about everyone I knew doing comics on the East Coast was relocating out there. Roger grew up in Point Richmond, which was on the fringe of the San Francisco Bay Area and he made the move back there between three and six months before I got my butt out to San Francisco. But I ran into him almost immediately one day in Gary Arlington's legendary San Francisco Comic Book Company store.

Roger wasn't quite so natty anymore, but he didn't really look bad. His hair was longer. Maybe he wasn't shaving all that regularly, but all that really came down to just then was that he looked more like a hippy, like the rest of us. He had a steady job doing a strip for one of the sex newspapers, a hundred and fifty plunks a week, and that was more than any of the rest of us was making just then. And he and Michelle seemed to be getting along.

Was he drinking more? Maybe. But here's one thing that was masking the situation further: Another comics artist that Roger grew up with in Point Richmond was Joel Beck. Beck had made some serious noise in the early and mid '60s in comics, even before the underground thing occurred. In fact a legitimate case could be made that Joel Beck was a pioneering founder of underground comics.

The only trouble was that now that the boom was on, Joel was pretty well burnt out. He'd had most of his big moments on speed and was now a flamboyant and rather tiresome drunk. I didn't really like Joel at first. He'd never go out unless some Point Richmond crony was driving him, and he always traveled with a big gallon jug of red wine. He was a sloppy falling down drunk, and the first few times I met him Roger seemed to be functioning as his keeper, guiding him about in their travels. Little did I know then that eight to ten years down the road, when Joel had perfected his drinking into a respectable tipple, and Roger's had gotten worse, I would frequently see the same situation reversed, with Joel guiding Roger around. But that was later.

Still, Roger was already slowly going down hill. Something like six months later, his steady job ended. He was still doing jobs and covers for underground comics, but he got markedly less prolific over time. He was still a marvelous fount of comics lore and information though and I'd like to recount an incident to illustrate that. At some point in the '70s, Art Spiegelman got a job in a school teaching a course about comics. It had been going on a while when one day Art invited me to come over and talk to the class. When I got there, there was Roger! It seemed that some weeks earlier Art had invited Roger to the class. Roger made such a hit and seemed to enjoy it so much that Art had ensconced him as a kind of comics authority in residence. In other words, once Roger had visited Art's class, he never really left, which was just fine with Art. He knew the value of Roger Brand even in decline. I was glad to see Roger at the class, too. It had been a while since I'd seen him, so I drifted out of the class with him and he took me over to meet his new girlfriend. Well, I'd heard that Roger and Michelle had broken up and was sorry for it, but these things happen. But it gave me pause when Roger introduced me to the bimbo he was now traveling with -- make that Bimbo with a capital B!

Worse yet, they didn't even last all that long. It was getting clearer all the time that something was seriously wrong with Roger. Around this same time, Gary Arlington had latched onto a nice money lecture gig which the comics historian Bill Blackbeard was somehow connected with. Roger and my brother Simon were getting a hundred each to sit on some stage one evening and pontificate a little about comics. Long story short, they both showed up stinko drunk and made a shambles of the event. Roger in Art's afternoon class was one thing, but Roger after the sun went down was a whole other kettle of fish.

And it got even worse. At some point Roger seemed to be more or less homeless. He'd tried to make some money dealing dope, but ended up selling some acid to an undercover cop the very first time out. Roger had spent some nights in various drunk tanks already. This time he pulled a three-month prison sentence. When Roger was released Gary Arlington took him in. Gary had control of an apartment underneath his where Roger set up camp. I remember visiting Roger there one night. It was kind of dim because the electricity was not on. Instead, a long extension cord attached to a single lamp in the apartment Roger was in went out the window and up into Gary's pad, where it was plugged in. Well, I have to say this about Gary Arlington: He is a fine man. When Roger was still going strong he looked down on Gary. In fact I can remember a near brawl one time when Roger suddenly physically attacked Gary. Don Donahue had to pull him off Gary. It was an ugly moment. But now Gary was taking an active hand in helping Roger. Besides giving Roger shelter, he gave him a daily five dollars (enough for a six pack and smokes in those days). In return, Gary required Roger to make one inked picture every day. In this way, Gary kept Roger drawing when he was beyond the point when he otherwise might have been doing so. This impressed me.

And there was the strange Joel Beck factor. One day Joel came by under his own steam and without a gallon of red wine in tow. He wanted to know if I would throw in with Roger and him on a three-way comic book. I guess we could have called it All Drunk Comics, but somehow the title Banzai was arrived at. I didn't really feel like doing it, but I felt even less like turning them down. Joel pretty much straw-bossed it and Denis Kitchen published it in 1978. In the months that followed, I still saw Roger at parties and things, always looking increasingly scuzzier and generally rowdier, but we were still friends.

One day in Berkeley I saw Roger bounce out of a drugstore on the corner of Shattuck and University hugging two precious six packs of beer to his chest. I'd heard he'd been working shifts behind the counter of a local comic book store in town. He was walking fast, like every second counted, so I did not call out to him. But I stopped and watched as he continued chugging furiously down the street. For some reason that image of him is burned indelibly into my brain.

Getting back to Thanksgiving of 1981 and the week that Natalie Wood and Wallace Wood came to their untimely ends. Wood's death shook me up! I was never big pals with him, but through Roger I had gotten to know him better and he was very kind and indulgent. I liked him. By this time it seemed clear that Roger's days were probably numbered. Anyone who knew him could see he was digging his own grave just as sure as the sun came up and went down every day. It hit me that this priceless resource of comics lore would soon be gone. And so little of it had been in any way recorded. I knew another guy around this time named Bruce N. Duncan who put out a rather inimitable zine chronicling the bohemian doings of Berkeley's Telegraph Avenue. Bruce was an acquired taste but kind of brilliant in his own crack brained way. I'd been interviewed for the Tele Times, Bruce's zine. Hell, he'd even interviewed the great R. Crumb.

The wheels of my brain were turning. Wood was gone. And at the rate Roger was going, could he be far behind? It occurred to me that perhaps I could arrange to have Roger interviewed for the Tele Times and preserve a bit of Roger for the ages. Of course I knew in my heart, it was probably a bit too late. Roger was definitely becoming more mentally fractured by this time. Even so, I decided to give it a shot. My girlfriend was going out of town for Thanksgiving. So I decided to invite both Roger and Bruce over for Thanksgiving dinner, with the idea of making a Roger Brand interview happen. Bruce was for it and I got a hold of Roger somehow and he said he was down for it. However, come Thanksgiving, no Roger! I got on the phone and somehow got a hold of him. He'd spaced on it and was just getting ready to go get a Thanksgiving dinner at some soup kitchen.

I started talking fast. I told Roger I had a turkey cooking and if he'd just get over, my girlfriend was out of town and I'd keep him in beer for the weekend. That finally managed to do the trick and he showed up at my place in the early evening. The first thing he said to me when I shook hands with him was, "Gee, wasn't this a lousy week for Woods?" It took me a few seconds to process that, but then, "Oh right, Natalie and Wallace." So the interview went down and it really wasn't vintage Brand, I'm sorry to say, but this was one of those take-what-you-can-get situations.

We talked a lot over the weekend and drank beer and talked some more. We even talked about Roger's own rather obvious impending doom. He said some people from AA had visited him. He said they were okay, but clearly they weren't really reaching him. And one thing I noticed about Roger that seemed to bode ill was that he wasn't really eating much. He picked a little (very little) at the turkey I'd cooked, but that was about it. Well, come Sunday it was all getting old and I knew I had to get rid of Roger before my girlfriend returned. She knew he was there, but I knew it wouldn't be good for her to walk in on me and Roger still knocking them back. I told him up front that I had to get him out of there and clean up a little. So I walked him to the bus stop, gave him the fare, and wished him luck. The last thing he said to me was the same thing he said when he first arrived: "Gee, wasn't this a lousy week for Woods?"

One side effect of this was that I'd shown Roger a good enough time so that he started popping in more often. But things weren't going all that great with me by this time either: My 11-year run with my girlfriend came to an end and I drifted out of town and lost track of Roger. Then one day in 1985, when I was living in Los Angeles, I got a phone call from a friend in Berkeley telling me that Roger had died. He was 42 years old.

A short time after that, when they were still located in suburban L.A., Fantagraphics threw quite a party. Even Jack Kirby was there, and so was Gil Kane. I knew Kane, but had never really had an actual conversation with him. But this night he buttonholed me, wanting to know what had happened to Roger. I asked him if he'd ever read Theodore Dreiser's novel Sister Carrie. Knowing his erudite reputation I figured he probably had. I was right. The reason I asked was that there's a character in that book whose spectacular downfall from dandy to falling-down drunk always reminded me of Roger's fate. Anyway, after drawing the analogy, I told him how Roger died, just as it was told to me.

It went like this: Somebody, probably one of his Point Richmond homeboys, had taken Roger in. One Saturday night they were both sitting around watching Saturday Night Live. Roger was in good spirits and laughing. During a commercial he went to the bathroom to take a leak. His friend heard the toilet flush but didn't hear Roger jiggle the handle after to make the water in the toilet settle. He went to see what was up and there was Roger, slumped on the floor, his dead eyes still open. That was it! Not a pretty story, but Gil Kane asked and I told him. Thus ended the first and last conversation I ever had with him. For a while, I had it in my head to do a drawing of the death of Roger Brand, but finally decided it was a cheesy and bad idea. Of course I'll never forget it and I suppose it serves as a good object lesson. It certainly was a good one for me.

I will always remember Roger. He was deeply flawed, but he was also a good guy, a great teacher and even a better friend. Sometimes conversations I had with him years ago suddenly spring into my head. So I guess you could say a bit of Roger lives on in me and others who were lucky enough to know and appreciate him.

THE EROTIC CARTOON ART OF ROGER BRAND

BY CLAY GEERDES

Comic books have been freed from repression and euphemism by "underground" cartoonists unafraid to deal graphically with violence and perverse sexuality. One of the most audacious of this new breed is San Francisco's Roger Brand.

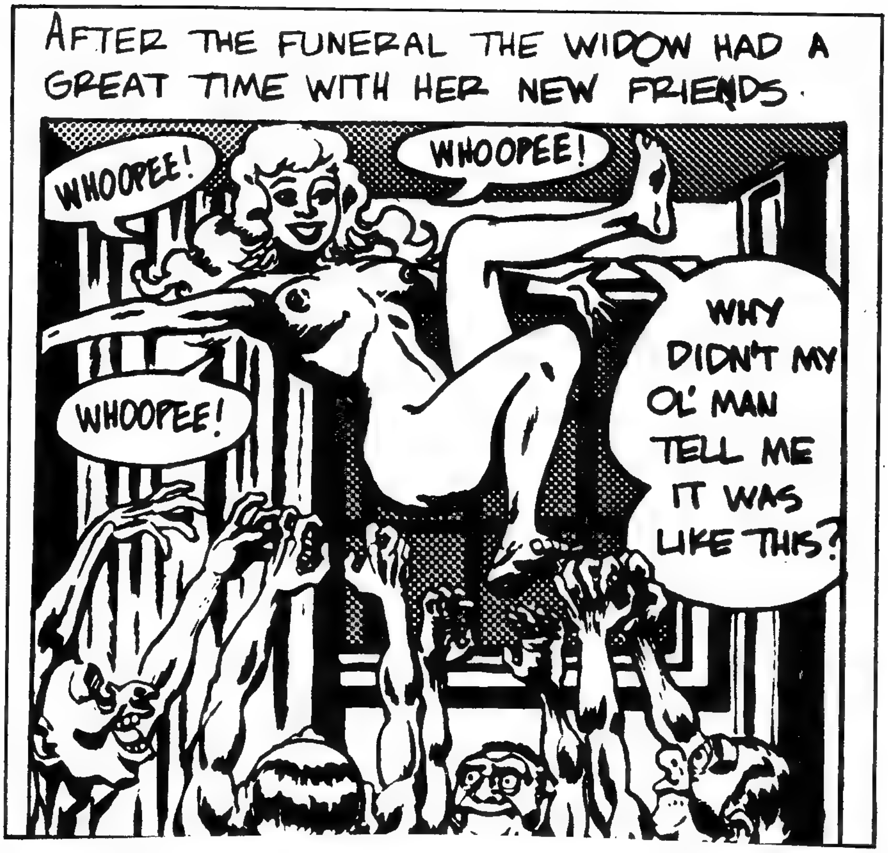
UNDERGROUND cartoonist Roger Brand was born in New Mexico in 1943 and grew up during a period in American history when comic books were considered the cause of what was usually called juvenile delinquency. When Roger was three, a man named Wertham was publishing a number of articles which blamed every crime from purse-snatching to rape on the sexuality and violence of the comics. By the time Roger was eleven, Wertham had a book on the market, many of the comics were out of business, and the rating code had been started.

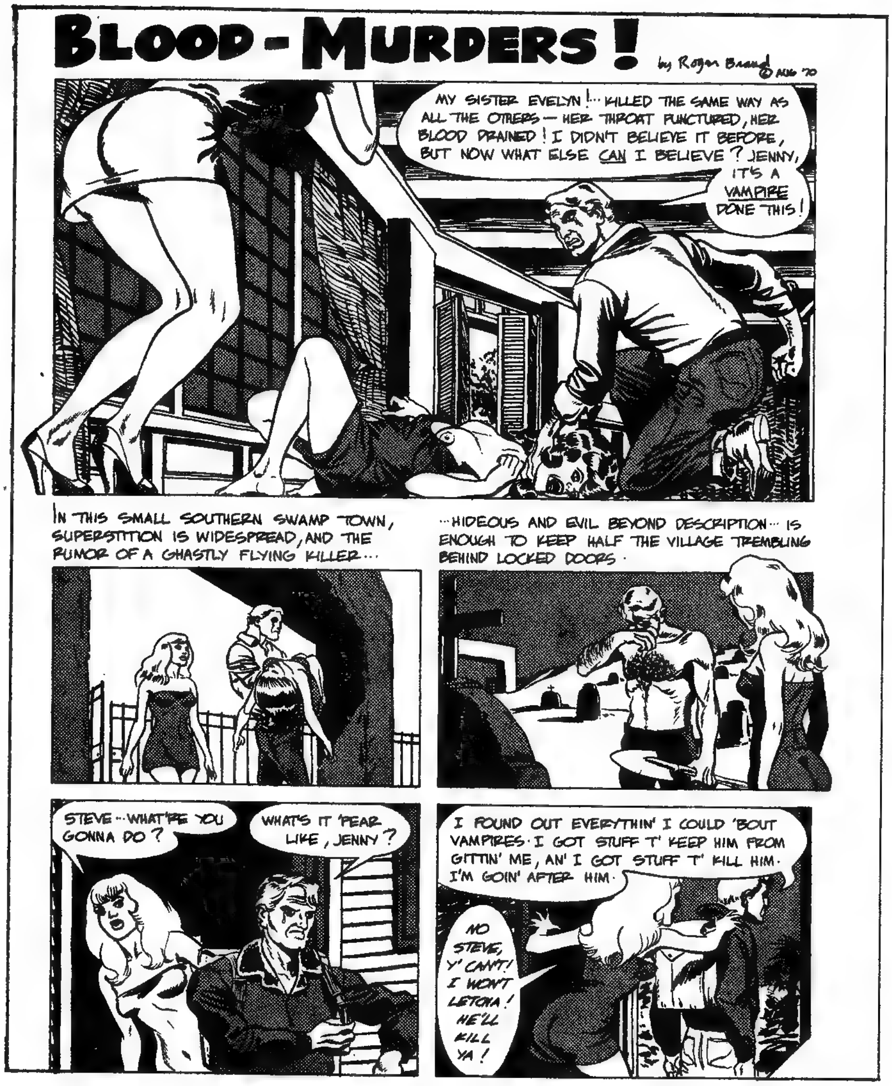
Roger loved the comics from the beginning and these attempts to repress them by self-appointed crusaders aroused his anger. Those who wrote and drew the super-heroes of Roger's childhood, who imagined the tales of horror and blood and gore which appeared in the EC comics, could only suggest and imply in their strips. Sexuality and violence were shown through partial illustration and euphemisms.

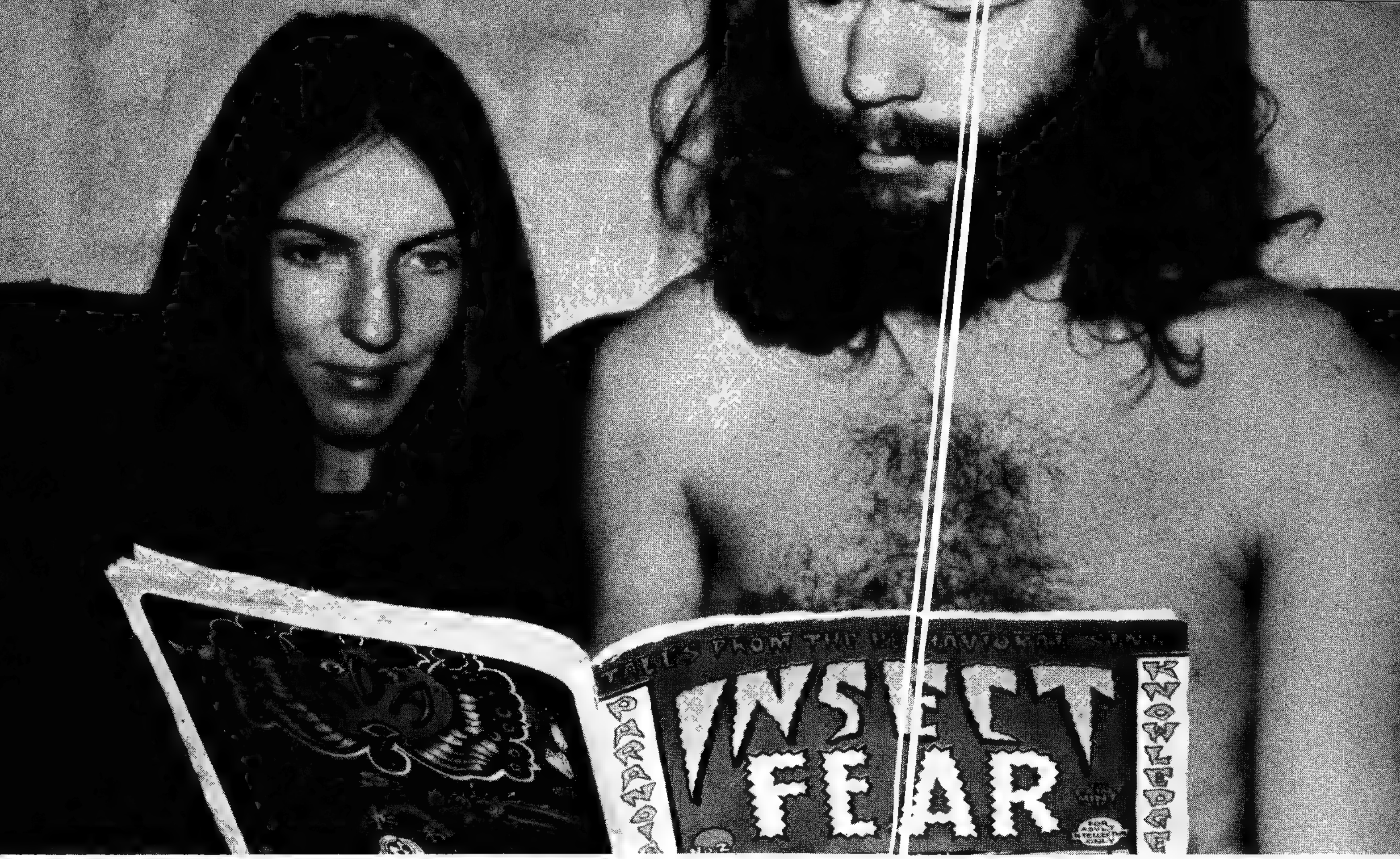
As Brand says, "When a character was obviously being kicked in the nuts, the writer would write something like, 'kicked him where it hurt the most.' "

A few years ago the cartoon form was freed from a lot of repression and euphemistic language by a large number of cartoonists who decided to draw and tell it like they imagined it to be. Clay Wilson and R. Crumb (Zap Comics) are usually given the credit for the new freedom. Brand's characters are not given to euphemisms. "Why is it that I can kill, but I can't fuck?" asks Strawbrick in an early story which ran in New York's East Village Other. Irony and double-entendre are favored techniques with Brand in his work as well as in his everyday conversation. His characters are straight, correctly proportioned, and this realism is emphasized by his adherence to the rules of perspective. When I commented upon the realistic trend in his work in contrast with the exaggerated grotesquerie of Crumb and Deitch (Kim Deitch, who drew the "Sunshine Girl" strip for EVO in 1967), Brand replied that he thought there were not enough grotesques in his own work.

Brand's admiration for the work of Milton Caniff and Harvey Kurtzman (*Terry and the Pirates* and *Little Annie Fanny* respectively) may account in part for his meticulous drawing style. Like his predecessors, Brand is a master of anatomy, a fact well known to readers of his weekly ad, Sutter Follies. Roger does the ad in two forms, unclothed for the Berkeley Barb, clothed for the San Francisco Chronicle. The strip is a come-on for a local erotic film house, but this does not detract in the least from its aesthe-


AFTER THE FUNERAL THE WIDOW HAD A GREAT TIME WITH HER NEW FRIENDS.
WHOOPEE!
WHOOPEE!
WHOOPEE!
WHY DIDN'T MY OL' MAN TELL ME IT WAS LIKE THIS?


BLOOD-MURDERS!
by Roger Brand © AUG '70
MY SISTER EVELYN!... KILLED THE SAME WAY AS ALL THE OTHERS — HER THROAT PUNCTURED, HER BLOOD DRAINED! I DIDN'T BELIEVE IT BEFORE, BUT NOW WHAT ELSE CAN I BELIEVE? JENNY, IT'S A VAMPIRE DONE THIS!
IN THIS SMALL SOUTHERN SWAMP TOWN, SUPERSTITION IS WIDESPREAD, AND THE RUMOR OF A GHASTLY FLYING KILLER...
...HIDEOUS AND EVIL BEYOND DESCRIPTION... IS ENOUGH TO KEEP HALF THE VILLAGE TREMBLING BEHIND LOCKED DOORS.
STEVE... WHAT'RE YOU GONNA DO?
WHAT'S IT 'PEAR LIKE, JENNY?
I FOUND OUT EVERYTHIN' I COULD 'BOUT VAMPIRES. I GOT STUFF T' KEEP HIM FROM GITTIN' ME, AN' I GOT STUFF T' KILL HIM. I'M GOIN' AFTER HIM.
NO STEVE, Y' CAN'T! I WON'T LETCHA! HE'LL KILL YA!



Brand's wife, Michele, is also a cartoonist; both of them treat explicit sexual themes in their work.

tic value for Brand's local fans. Both the Examiner and the Berkeley Tribe refuse to print the ad, the former on the basis of its alleged obscenity, the latter because of its sexism (women's libbers once picketed the theater because of its exploitation of women).

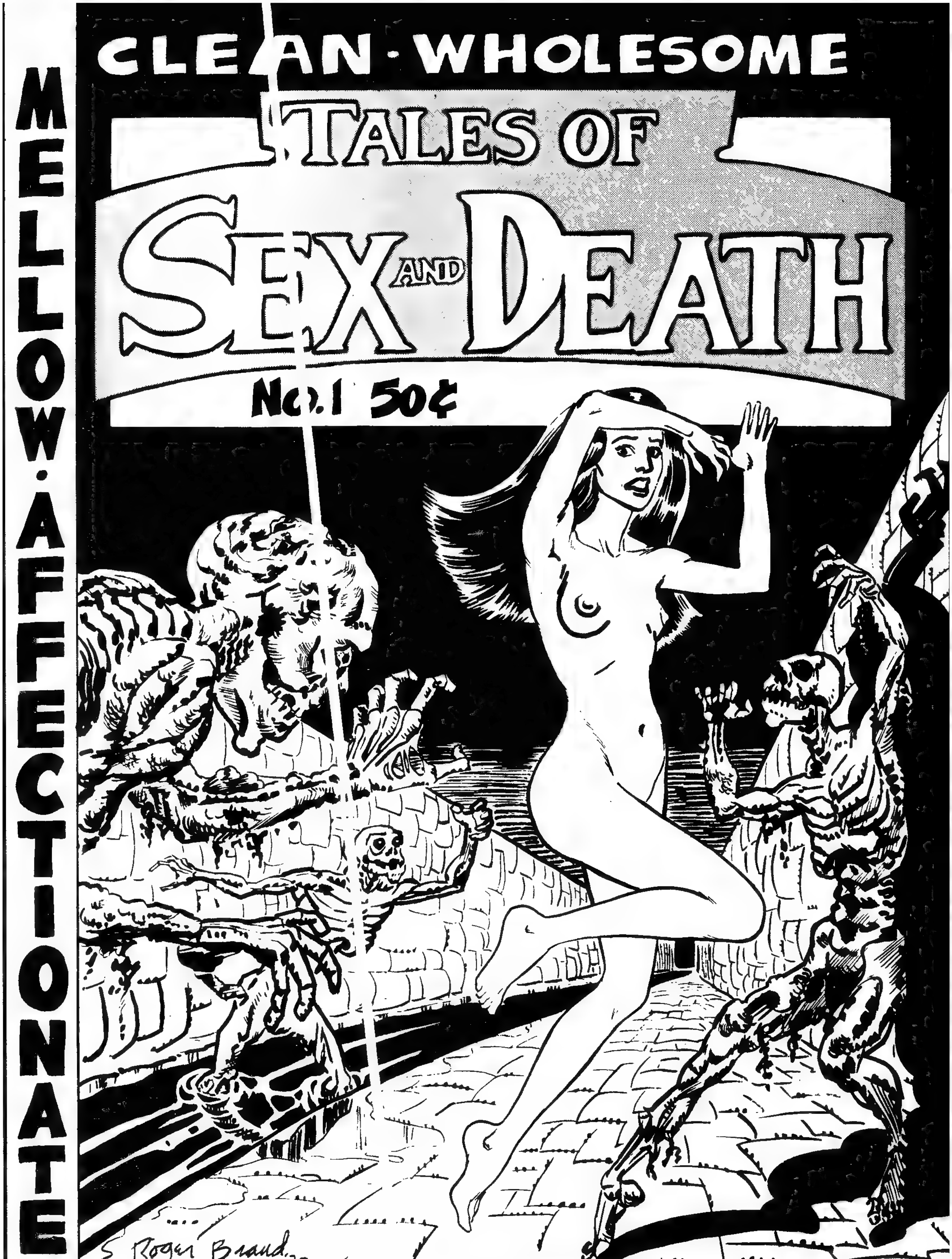
Roger Brand is a meticulous, methodical young man who knows exactly what he wants to do in his art. He lives in a small house in Point Richmond, California, with his wife, Michele, and an overly affectionate dog. Michele, a cartoonist like her husband, contributed two stories to *It Ain't Me Babe Comix* early in 1970.

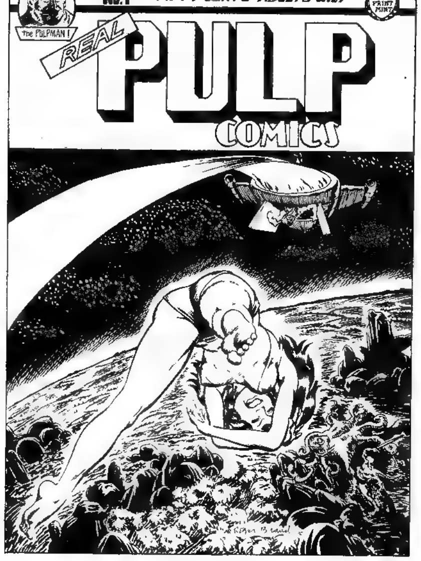
Brand's house is a museum of comic art and Brand is a recognized authority on just about every aspect of his chosen field. In his bookcases are volumes of Buck Rogers, Dick Tracy, Pogo, Odd Bodkins, and he clips and files all stories and strips that interest him. He loves to talk and once started he will tell you the history of Li'l Abner and Orphan Annie or some other comic hero. It is easy to understand why he was picked to lead the discussion of underground comics held during the July, 1969, Annual Comic Art Convention in New York. Brand had gone to New York from the Bay Area (he grew up around El Sobrante) in November of 1966, and it was at that convention that he met Kim Deitch, Spain Rodriguez and the other cartoonists who subsequently collaborated on *Gothic Blimpworks.*

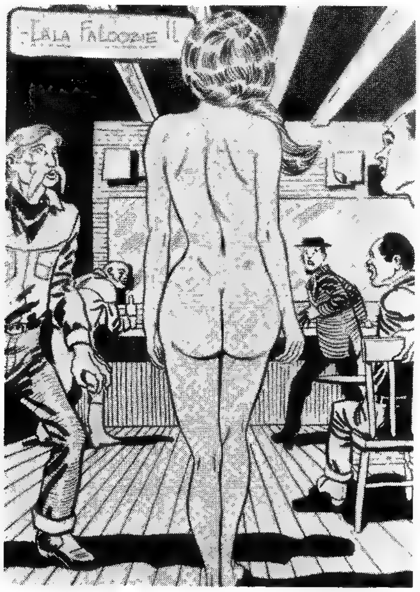
The same size as an underground newspaper, *Gothic Blimpworks* sold for thirty-five cents a copy. Eight issues were printed in 1969. It was in *Blimpworks* that Brand introduced his pathological character Strawbrick. At the time the East Village Other was debating how far the artists should go in their illustration of genitalia, and in *Blimpworks* the line was drawn at penetration. In Roger's strip, "The Adventures of Strawbrick," the female characters had an eye and line design over their pubic region. "Strawbrick" was a psychodrama, the tale of a man who killed because he was too repressed to make love. Brand was saying in cartoon form what a number of writers were saying during this time, that men should make love, not war; that they should fuck, not fight.

After the pilot strip ran in EVO, Brand did a few other Strawbrick stories. In "Strawbrick and Pretty Saree Take a Walk Up Sex Mountain," he celebrated the coming of exposed genitalia to the comic world by having his two characters confront a mountain in the shape of an enormous penis and testicles. As the characters look up in admiration at the enormous erection, it erupts in what has to be the most grandiose ejaculation in the entire world. Says Brand, "When I was a kid, I was a Mighty Mouse fan."

Drawing genitalia was a whole new trip at the time and Brand and his friends got it on. Later Strawbrick tales showed pubic hair as well as vaginas, and Roger's latest venture, a comic magazine he is editing entitled *Tales of Sex and Death,* features a story ("The Floating Head") which begins with a scene which would blow the good Dr. Wertham's mind. As the action begins, the head is performing cunnilingus on a woman. Her husband


MELLOW·AFFECTIONATE
CLEAN·WHOLESOME
TALES OF
SEX AND DEATH
No.1 50¢
Roger Brand '70




-LALA FALOOZIE !!

Brand is an authority on just about every aspect of his field—his small house is a museum of comic art.

arrives and decapitates the head. The righteous revenge of the cuckold. But, no. The head puts out a beam which destroys the husband completely. Brand likes ironies like that.

When he was in New York, Roger worked for Wally Wood (an ex-MAD cartoonist) and Gil Kane. During this time, he had stories in EVO, *Gothic Blimpworks,* and in Wood's own comic *Witzend.*

A compulsive where details and dates are concerned, Roger has developed a systematic way of creating a cartoon story. When he gets an idea, he writes it out in prose form in a notebook he keeps close at hand. Later he goes over the outline carefully and breaks it down into pages, then into panels. Pencil-sketching a rough of the action which is to occur in each panel, he then black-letters the entire story. The lettered balloons and penciled-in action are called collectively a breakdown. When he is satisfied with the sequence of the action, he then blacks in the drawings. When the india ink is dry, he removes pencil lines with art gum, and begins to fill in shadows and details. Small errors are corrected with white ink which does not show up when the page is printed in reduced size.

Underground cartoonists (which is kind of a hangover term, because there really isn't any underground any more, if there ever was) do the bulk of their work in black and white, because color is still too expensive. As it is, the comics printed by The Print Mint and Rip-Off Press and Company and Sons are sold for fifty cents a copy and the addition of color would inflate the price to an even more impractical level. Cartoonists and their printers who fight to maintain their artistic freedom also face the problem of an extremely limited distribution.

Much of the battle between the new cartoonists and the industry has to do with the code established in 1954. The code specified standards which had to be met by every issue put out by member publications. All material had to be submitted for review prior to publication. Obscenity (visual or in language), nudity, horror or excessive violence were not accepted for publication. Former President Johnson's commission on obscenity and pornography reported the following:

"One hundred seventy-nine comic publishers (ninety percent of the industry) are members of the Comic Magazine Association and adhere to the industry code. Very few complaints have come to public notice during the past decade concerning the sexual content of children's comic books. The CMA has been commended for its vigilance in effective self-regulation by several national organizations concerned with the protection of children. During the past year or so several publications have appeared which treat explicit sexual themes in a comic book format. These are somewhat reminiscent of the 'eight-papers' of the 1920s and 1930s. They are circulated clandestinely and are not available in the same racks as children's comic magazines. This situation illustrates one of the weaknesses of voluntary industry self-regulation: it is powerless to control non-compliance by non-members."

Which explains why cartoonists like Brand have difficulty marketing their product. When MAD happened in the fifties, the comics changed radically. Children had always looked at comics, but only a few read them. The vocabulary of MAD then and now is way beyond the kids who look at them and dig the images and sight gags. The kids look, the parents read. Not that the parents didn't read Superman and Batman and Spider-Man, because they did (still do, just like me), but that MAD and the more adult trend in comic fiction which followed with *Little Annie Fanny* and *Phoebe Zeitgeist* and *Barbarella* and *Zap* and *Adventures of Strawbrick* was aimed at adult minds. Given the dictatorial power of the CMA, it is clear that many creative cartoonists who wished to maintain their freedom to tell what they wanted to tell would have to rebel and jump out of the mainstream to find a new direction. What Roger and his contemporaries, men like Joel Beck and Paul Simon, women like Michele Brand and Trina, have done is accept the reality of an adult readership in contrast to those cartoonists who continue to believe that their material is written for a child-mind.

When I was a kid, I always thought it was weird that comic books were considered all right for me, but I couldn't read the dime novels or the detective magazines my old man always bought on our Sunday morning trips down to the newsstand. The whole family read the funnies in the paper, but this was considered different. For one thing, a lot of the syndicated cartoonists were only found in the papers, not in comic magazines. The Funny Papers, as they were called, were different from Comic Books. True today, but to a lesser extent.

Strips drawn by men like Roger Brand and R. Crumb are complex, often esoteric, and assume an intelligent readership. Indirectly, though I believe intentionally, these young cartoonists are trying to raise the level of comprehension in their readership by dealing with the latent violence and perverse sexuality taken for granted by those who live in a repressive culture of freeways and skyscrapers. The goal is to unrepress, to get it out in the open, "to do the EC trip with a vengeance," as Roger says, pointing out a slobbering, ghoulish character in one of his Sutter Follies panels.

If you're one who feels that the mid-Victorian morality of Donald and Daisy Duck isn't quite related to what is happening in your psyche, you just might get it on with Brand's *Tales of Sex and Death.*

EARLY WORKS
fanzines
Warren
and others

0. IKE AND HIS SPON•••••••••••Witzend #7 1970

1. KOL-DAR •••••••

2. ASHES TO ASHES ••••••••••••••••••••••Web of Horror #2 February 1970

3. THE CHASE .... Witzend #3 1967

4. VIRTUE EVER TRIUMPHANT ••••••Witzend #4 1968

5. HOMESICK .... Witzend #5 October 1968

6. THE CASTLE •••••••••••••••••••••••••••••Weirdom #11 1967

7. THE UNWANTED ONE •••••••••••••••UNPUBLISHED

8. THE HAUNTED SKY •••••••••••••••••••Creepy #17 October 1967

9. MOUNTAIN OF THE MONSTER GODS ...... Creepy #18 January 1968

10. TELEPHOTO TROLL .... Creepy #31 February 1970

11. LEGEND IN GOLD •••••••••••••••••••Creepy #35 September 1970

12. WITCH DOCTOR OF BORGES ISLAND ••••••Jungle Jim #22 1969

13. SARA'S FOREST ••••••••••••Eerie #16 July 1968 (SCRIPT ONLY)

14. GREEN SORCERESS .... Fandom Presents 1964

15. IF...ILLUSTRATIONS 1968-1969

16. SUPER-HUMAN........................Heroes' Hangout #1 1963

HEROE'S' HANGOUT

NOV. 1963...NO. 1

IN THIS ISSUE: THE TALE OF JOHN ORSON, THE SUPER-HUMAN

Roger Brand 63

ISSUE 5

HEROES' HANGOUT

Featuring:

COMIC HEROES
OF THE PAST &
PRESENT!

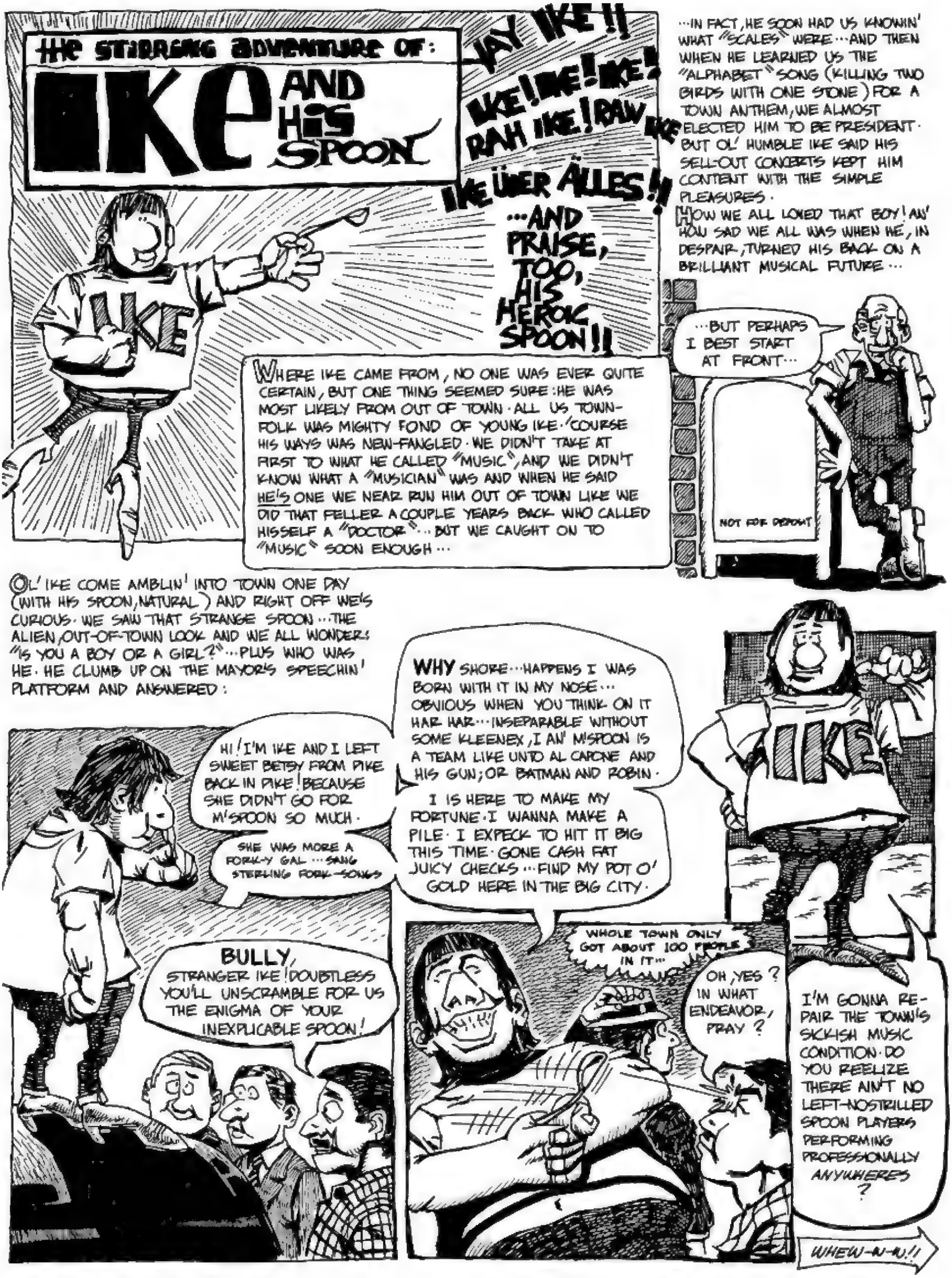
HEROES' HANGOUT

NO 6
Aug.

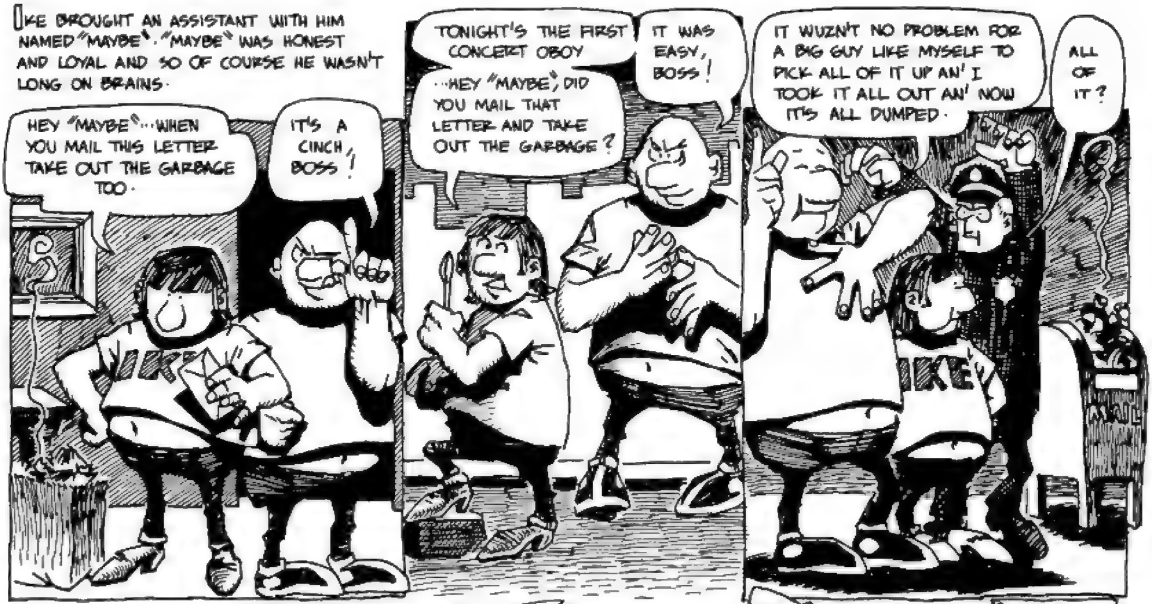
WEIRDOM
A WEIRDOM PUBLICATION

Roger Brand

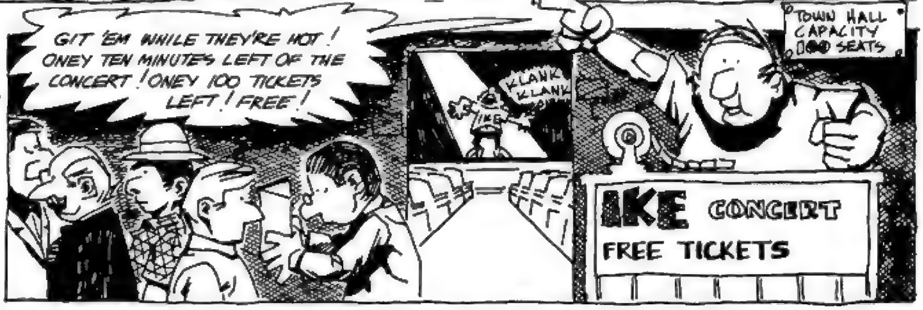
the stirring adventure of: IKE AND HIS SPOON


YAY IKE!!
IKE! IKE! IKE! RAH IKE! RAH IKE
IKE ÜBER ÄLLES!!
...AND PRAISE, TOO, HIS HEROIC SPOON!!
...IN FACT, HE SOON HAD US KNOWIN' WHAT "SCALES" WERE ...AND THEN WHEN HE LEARNED US THE "ALPHABET" SONG (KILLING TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE) FOR A TOWN ANTHEM, WE ALMOST ELECTED HIM TO BE PRESIDENT. BUT OL' HUMBLE IKE SAID HIS SELL-OUT CONCERTS KEPT HIM CONTENT WITH THE SIMPLE PLEASURES.
HOW WE ALL LOVED THAT BOY! AN' HOW SAD WE ALL WAS WHEN HE, IN DESPAIR, TURNED HIS BACK ON A BRILLIANT MUSICAL FUTURE ...
...BUT PERHAPS I BEST START AT FRONT...
NOT FOR DEPOSIT
WHERE IKE CAME FROM, NO ONE WAS EVER QUITE CERTAIN, BUT ONE THING SEEMED SURE: HE WAS MOST LIKELY FROM OUT OF TOWN. ALL US TOWNFOLK WAS MIGHTY FOND OF YOUNG IKE. 'COURSE HIS WAYS WAS NEW-FANGLED. WE DIDN'T TAKE AT FIRST TO WHAT HE CALLED "MUSIC", AND WE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT A "MUSICIAN" WAS AND WHEN HE SAID HE'S ONE WE NEAR RUN HIM OUT OF TOWN LIKE WE DID THAT FELLER A COUPLE YEARS BACK WHO CALLED HISSELF A "DOCTOR" ... BUT WE CAUGHT ON TO "MUSIC" SOON ENOUGH ...
OL' IKE COME AMBLIN' INTO TOWN ONE DAY (WITH HIS SPOON, NATURAL) AND RIGHT OFF WE'S CURIOUS. WE SAW THAT STRANGE SPOON ... THE ALIEN, OUT-OF-TOWN LOOK AND WE ALL WONDER: "IS YOU A BOY OR A GIRL?" ... PLUS WHO WAS HE. HE CLUMB UP ON THE MAYOR'S SPEECHIN' PLATFORM AND ANSWERED:
HI! I'M IKE AND I LEFT SWEET BETSY FROM PIKE BACK IN PIKE! BECAUSE SHE DIDN'T GO FOR M'SPOON SO MUCH.
SHE WAS MORE A FORK-Y GAL ... SANG STERLING FORK-SONGS
BULLY, STRANGER IKE! DOUBTLESS YOU'LL UNSCRAMBLE FOR US THE ENIGMA OF YOUR INEXPLICABLE SPOON!
WHY SHORE ... HAPPENS I WAS BORN WITH IT IN MY NOSE ... OBVIOUS WHEN YOU THINK ON IT HAR HAR ... INSEPARABLE WITHOUT SOME KLEENEX, I AN' M'SPOON IS A TEAM LIKE UNTO AL CAPONE AND HIS GUN; OR BATMAN AND ROBIN.
I IS HERE TO MAKE MY FORTUNE. I WANNA MAKE A PILE. I EXPECK TO HIT IT BIG THIS TIME. GONE CASH FAT JUICY CHECKS ... FIND MY POT O' GOLD HERE IN THE BIG CITY.
WHOLE TOWN ONLY GOT ABOUT 100 PEOPLE IN IT...
OH, YES? IN WHAT ENDEAVOR, PRAY?
I'M GONNA REPAIR THE TOWN'S SICKISH MUSIC CONDITION. DO YOU REELIZE THERE AIN'T NO LEFT-NOSTRILLED SPOON PLAYERS PERFORMING PROFESSIONALLY ANYWHERES?
WHEW-W-W!!

IKE BROUGHT AN ASSISTANT WITH HIM NAMED "MAYBE". "MAYBE" WAS HONEST AND LOYAL AND SO OF COURSE HE WASN'T LONG ON BRAINS.


HEY "MAYBE"... WHEN YOU MAIL THIS LETTER TAKE OUT THE GARBAGE TOO.
IT'S A CINCH, BOSS!
IKE
TONIGHT'S THE FIRST CONCERT OBOY
...HEY "MAYBE", DID YOU MAIL THAT LETTER AND TAKE OUT THE GARBAGE?
IT WAS EASY, BOSS!
IT WUZN'T NO PROBLEM FOR A BIG GUY LIKE MYSELF TO PICK ALL OF IT UP AN' I TOOK IT ALL OUT AN' NOW IT'S ALL DUMPED.
ALL OF IT?
IKE
MAIL

IKE HAD TO BAIL OUT "MAYBE" EVERY NOW AND THEN, BUT BIG-HEARTED IKE DIDN'T MIND 'CAUSE HE USED "MAYBE'S" SALARY. ...THAT NIGHT WAS THE FIRST CONCERT IN THE TOWN HALL. IT WAS A MODEST BEGINNING...


GIT 'EM WHILE THEY'RE HOT! ONEY TEN MINUTES LEFT OF THE CONCERT! ONEY 100 TICKETS LEFT! FREE!
KLANK KLANK
IKE
TOWN HALL CAPACITY 1000 SEATS
IKE CONCERT
FREE TICKETS

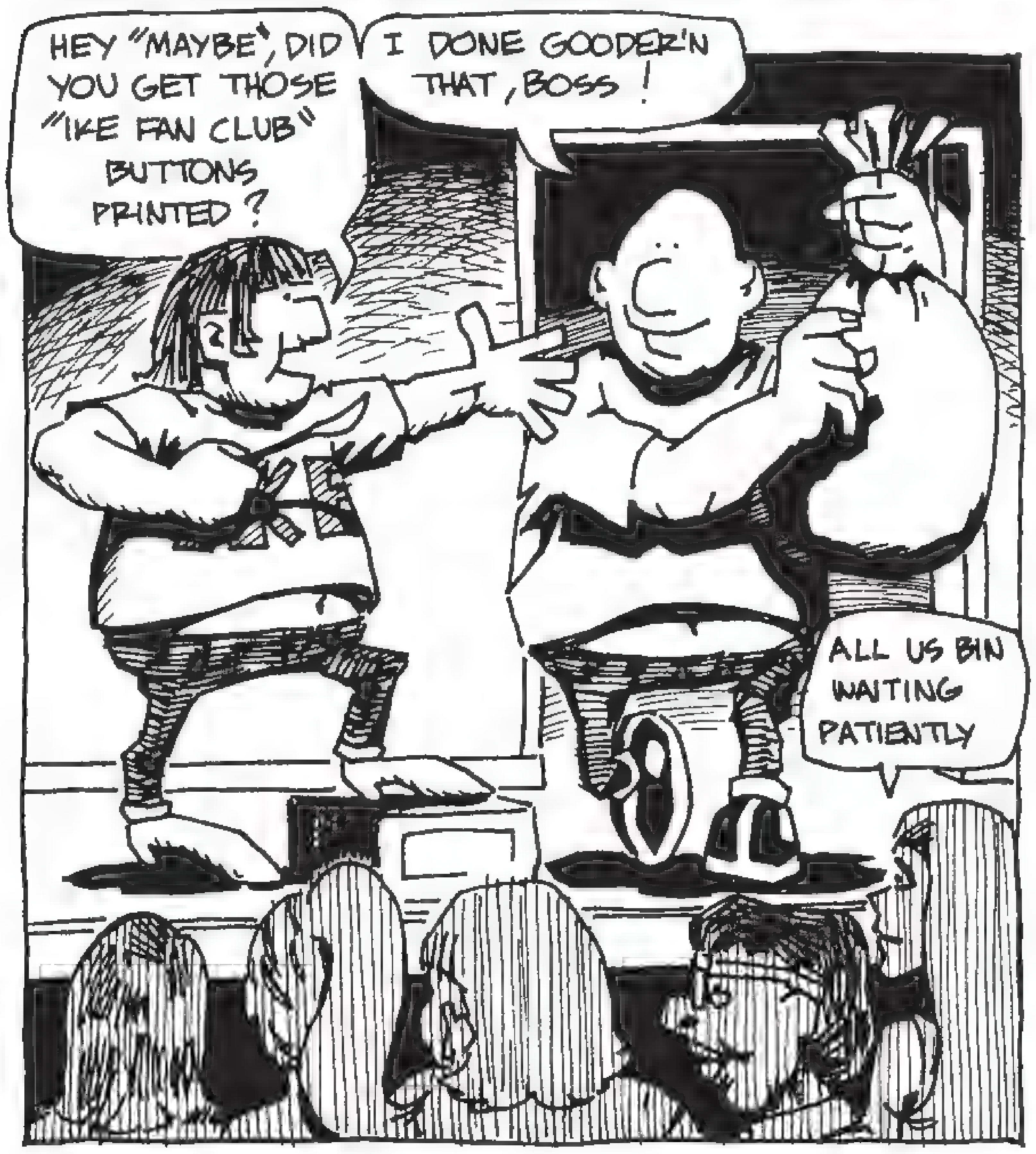
SOON, HOWEVER, THE YOUTH OF THE TOWN, 'SPECIALLY THE GIRLS, BEGIN T'PAY ATTENTION TO IKE. HE HAD SOME INDEFINABLE SOMETHIN' THEY YEARNED FOR.

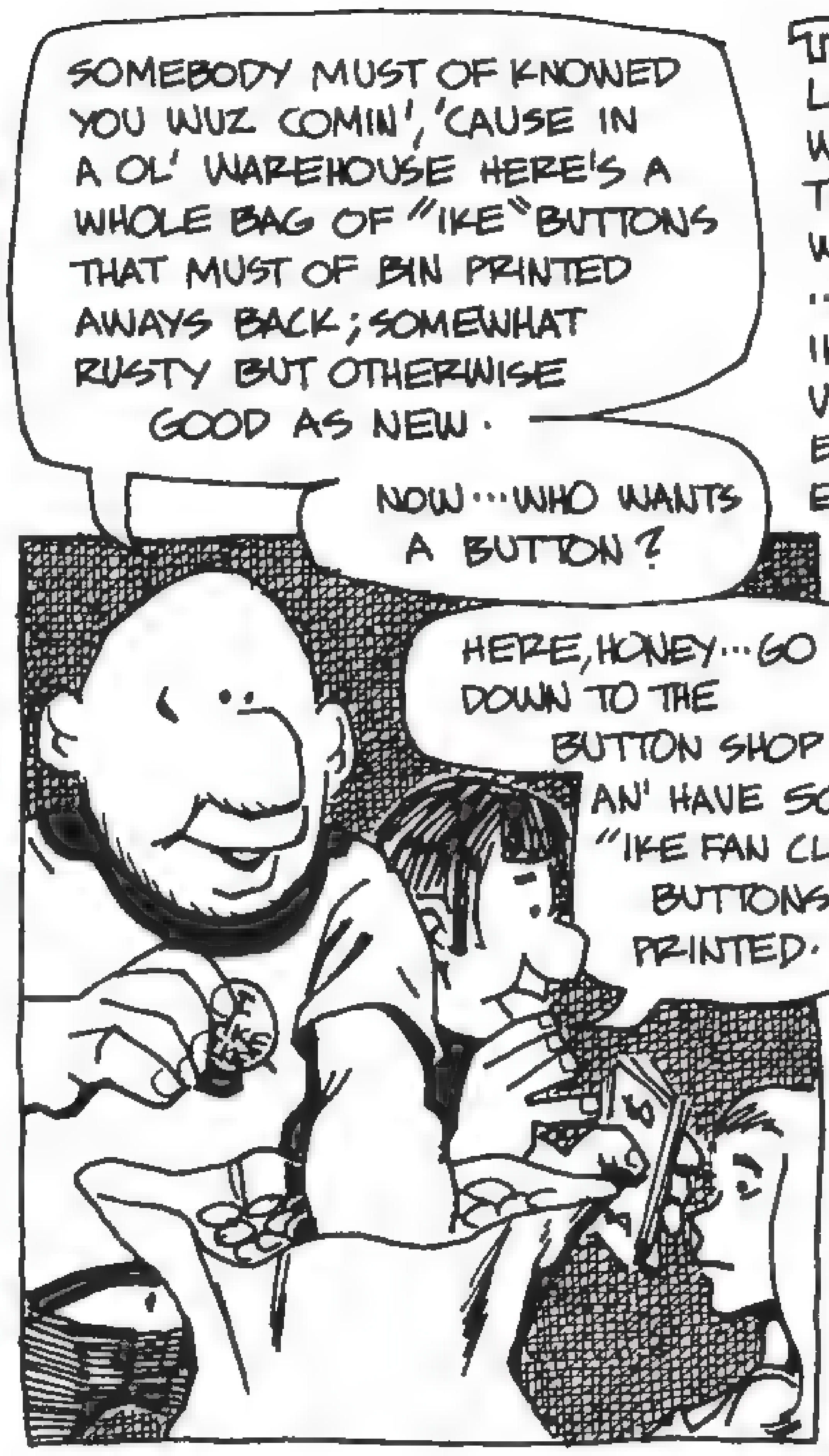
TONIGHT - TOMORROW - ALL YEAR TOWN HALL
IKE + SPOON

...PURTY SOON THE "IKE MYSTIQUE" (SOME O' THE SARCASTIC REPLYERS CALLED IT THE "IKE MISTAKE" HARHAR CHUCKLE!...MMPH) ...HAD TOOK HOLD. IKE WAS PLAYIN' TO AUDIENCES THAT THREATENED TO FILL TOWN HALL! AND BEFORE LONG HE HAD PEOPLE COMIN' IN FROM OTHER TOWNS!

IKE CONCERT
FREE BUS RIDE

...FIRST THING YOU KNOW THERE'S A "IKE FAN CLUB".

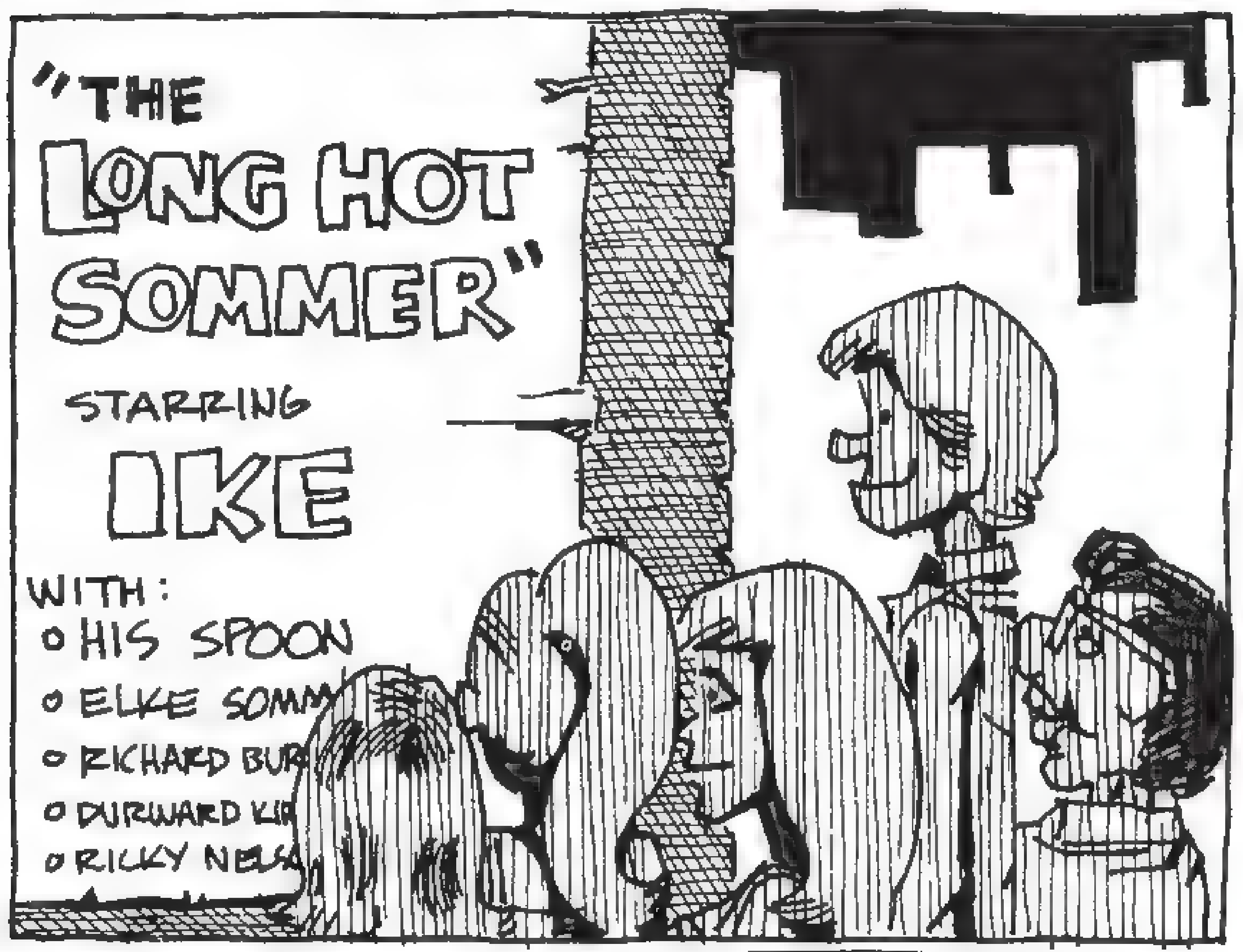

HEY "MAYBE", DID YOU GET THOSE "IKE FAN CLUB" BUTTONS PRINTED?
I DONE GOODER'N THAT, BOSS!
ALL US BIN WAITING PATIENTLY


SOMEBODY MUST OF KNOWED YOU WUZ COMIN', 'CAUSE IN A OL' WAREHOUSE HERE'S A WHOLE BAG OF "IKE" BUTTONS THAT MUST OF BIN PRINTED AWAYS BACK; SOMEWHAT RUSTY BUT OTHERWISE GOOD AS NEW.
NOW... WHO WANTS A BUTTON?
HERE, HONEY... GO DOWN TO THE BUTTON SHOP AN' HAVE 500 "IKE FAN CLUB" BUTTONS PRINTED.

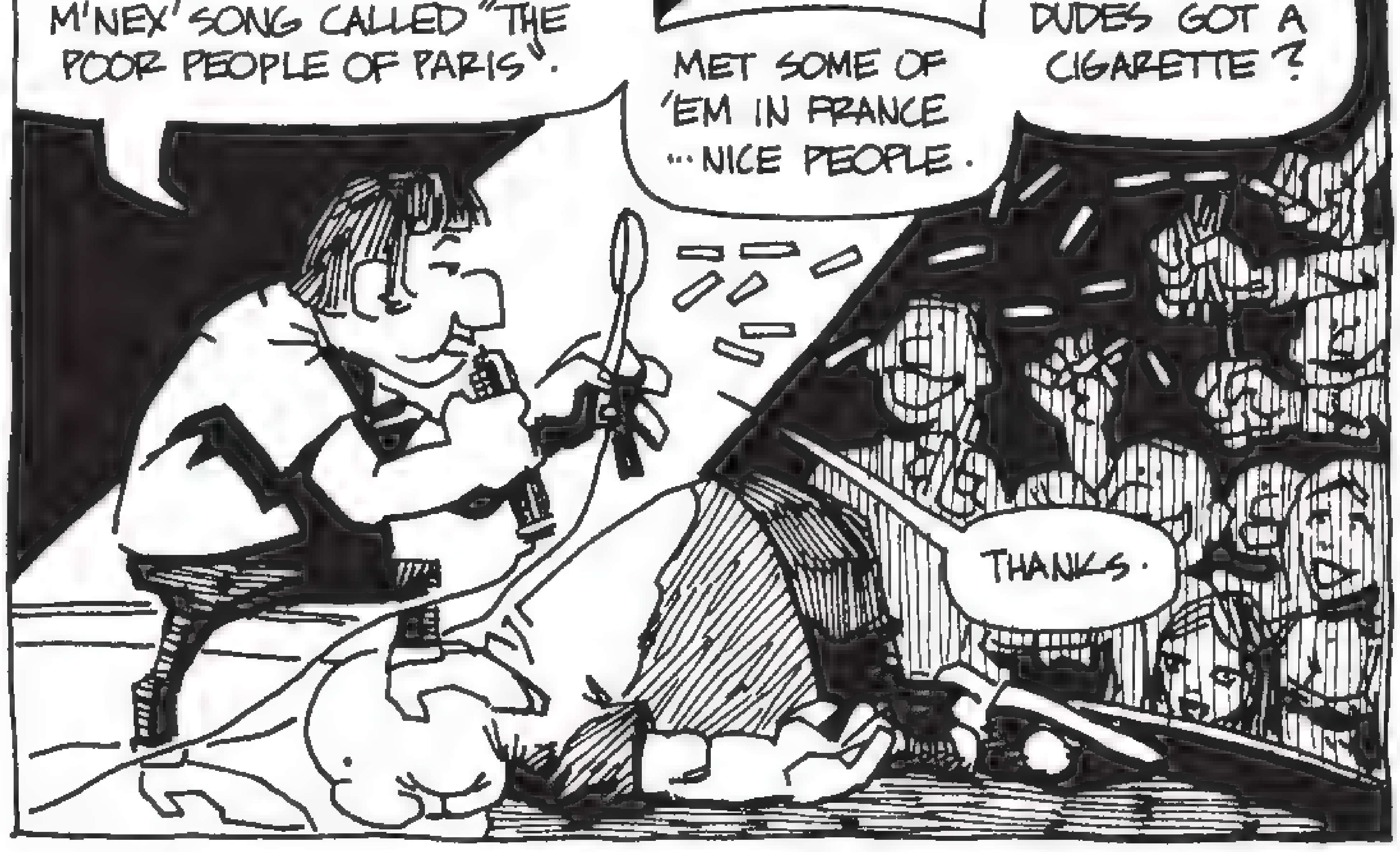
THEN IKE WENT "ELECTRIC". LAW, HOW THE CROWDS WENT WILD! "WHAT'LL HE DO NEXT?" THEY ASKED. HE HAD 'EM WHERE HE WANTED 'EM. ...BESIDES ELECTRIC SPOON, IKE WAS AN ACCOMPLISHED VIRTUOSO ON ELECTRIC FORK, ELECTRIC BUTTER-KNIFE, AND ELECTRIC HERRING-SPEAR.

KLINK
KLANK-BLANK
IKE

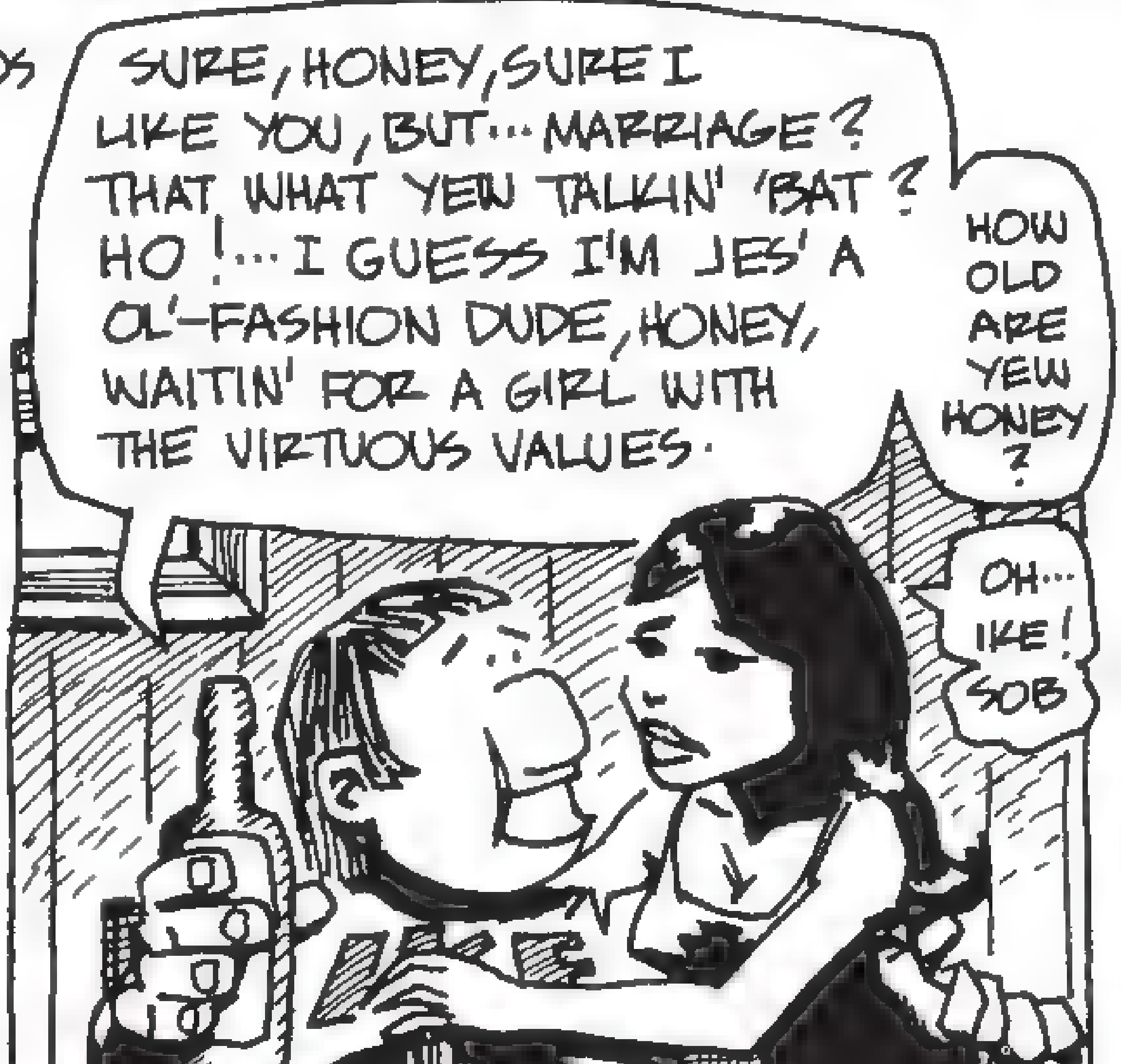
FROM THEN ON IT WAS JES' ONWARD'N'UPWARD. SOON IKE WAS APPEARIN' ON THE TV, HIS RECORDS WAS BOUGHT BY AUDIENCES OF INNERNATIONALS, THEY WAS STARRIN' HIM IN MOVIES ... WHOOIEEE!!


"THE LONG HOT SOMMER"
STARRING
IKE
WITH:
○ HIS SPOON
○ ELKE SOMM
○ RICHARD BUR
○ DURWARD KIR
○ RICKY NELS

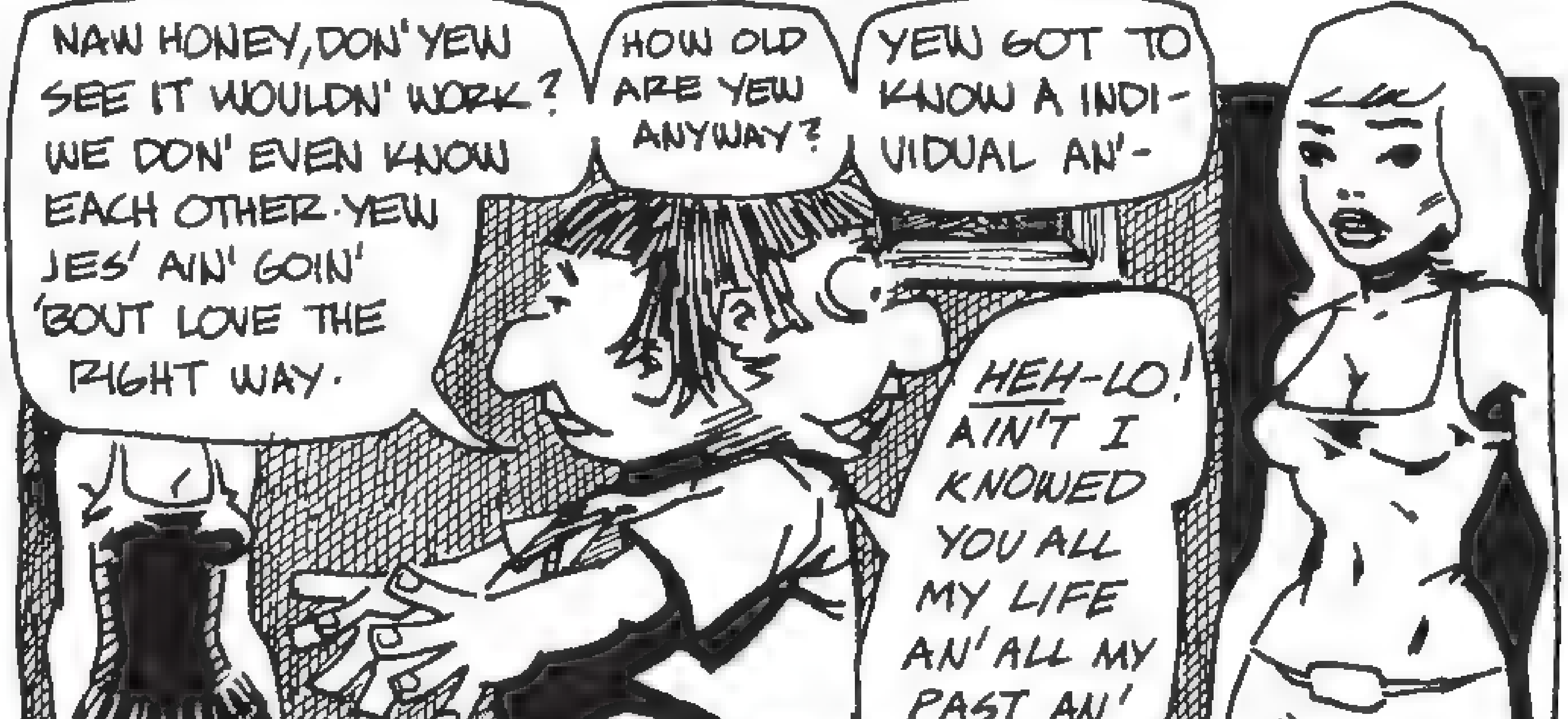
YEP, WEREN'T NO DOUBT. IKE WERE A WORLD-WIDE PHEENOMENON. YET HUMBLE IKE NEVER GOT "SNOOTY" OR FORGOT HIS FRIENDS.


THANKYEW LAZE'N'GEN'MEN. M'NEX' SONG CALLED "THE POOR PEOPLE OF PARIS".
MET SOME OF 'EM IN FRANCE ...NICE PEOPLE.
HEY ONE O' YEW DUDES GOT A CIGARETTE?
THANKS.

THOUGH THOUSANDS OF BEAUTIFUL GIRLS THREW THEMSELVES AT HIS FEET, IKE SOMEHOW WEREN'T INTERESTED IN 'EM. IT WAS AS THOUGH HE WAS WAITIN' FOR THE RIGHT ONE TO COME ALONG. HE NEVER FORGOT THE TEACHIN'S OF HIS MAMA: "SON, YOU'VE NOTHING TO FEAR IN LIFE BUT SIN AND FUN AND PLEASURE ETC."


SURE, HONEY, SURE I LIKE YOU, BUT... MARRIAGE? THAT WHAT YEW TALKIN' 'BAT? HO!... I GUESS I'M JES' A OL'-FASHION DUDE, HONEY, WAITIN' FOR A GIRL WITH THE VIRTUOUS VALUES.
HOW OLD ARE YEW HONEY?
OH... IKE! SOB

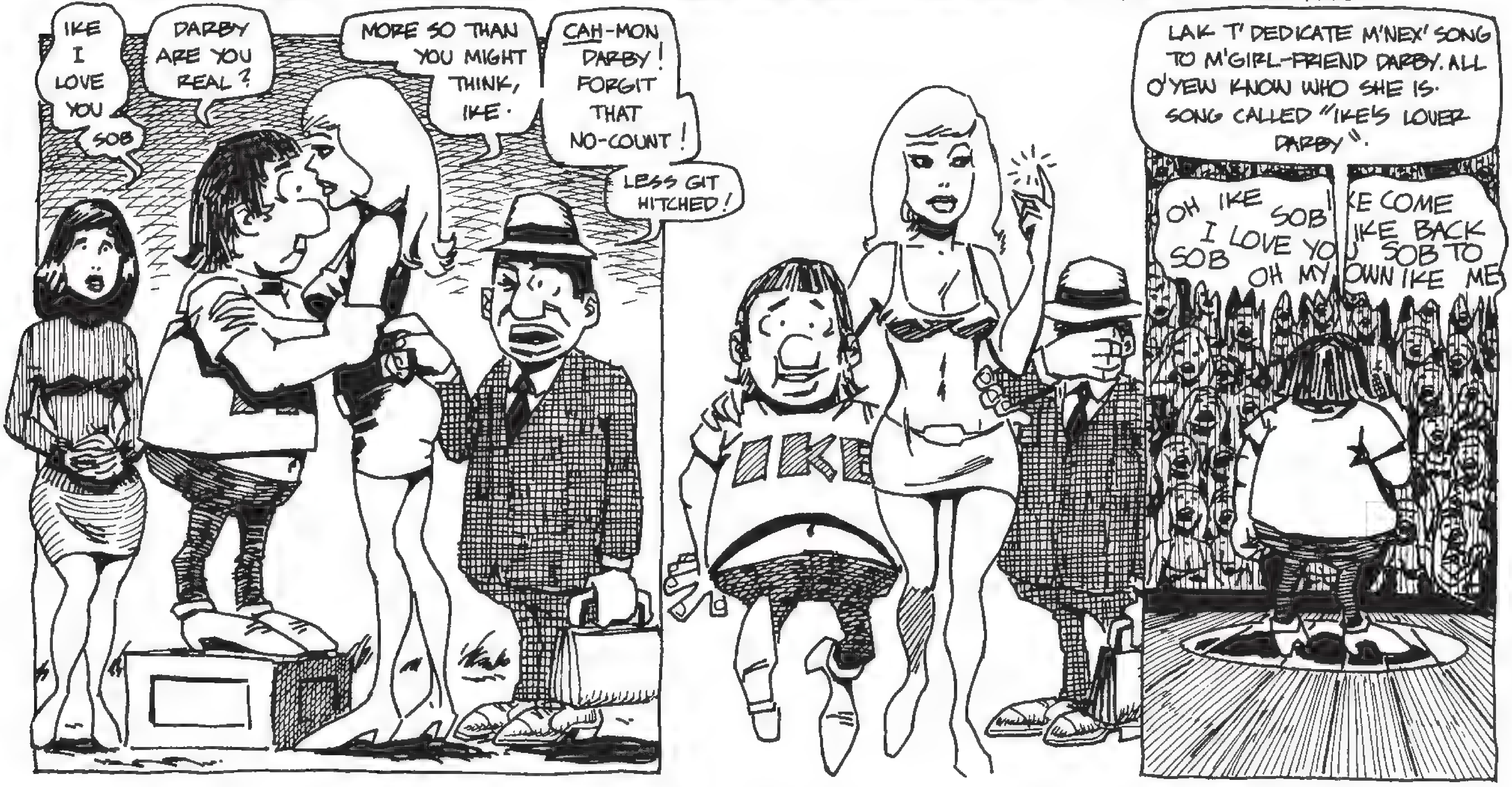
AN' THEN IT HAPPENED. IT WAS WHEN IKE WAS ON TOUR IN CALIFORNIA, IN THE METROPOLITAN DISTRICT OF DOWNTOWN SUNNY SOUTH EL SOBRANTE, THAT HE MET... HER!!


NAW HONEY, DON' YEW SEE IT WOULDN' WORK? WE DON' EVEN KNOW EACH OTHER. YEW JES' AIN' GOIN' 'BOUT LOVE THE RIGHT WAY.
HOW OLD ARE YEW ANYWAY?
YEW GOT TO KNOW A INDIVIDUAL AN'-
HEH-LO! AIN'T I KNOWED YOU ALL MY LIFE AN' ALL MY PAST AN' FUTURE LIVES?

HER NAME WAS DARBY... COOL, QUIET, ENIGMATIC DARBY. HER AND IKE JES' SEEMED TO DRIFT TOGETHER LIKE UNTO A PAIR OF EELECTRO-MAGNETS.

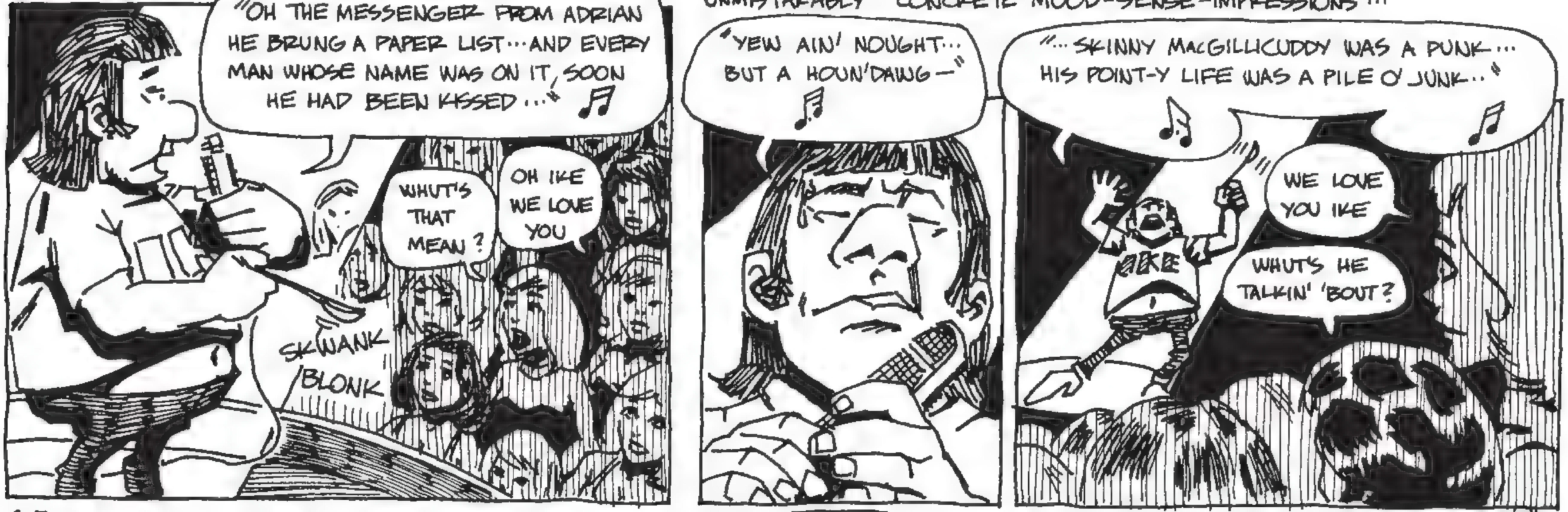
...'COURSE NEEDLESS TO SAY, DARBY HAD A PASSEL O' SUITORS HER OWN SELF, BUT SHE UP'N' SENT 'EM PACKIN' WHEN SHE MET IKE.

...YEP, IKE'N' DARBY WAS IN LOVE. BROKE THE HEARTS O' LOTS O' HIS PURTY LI'L GAL FANS...

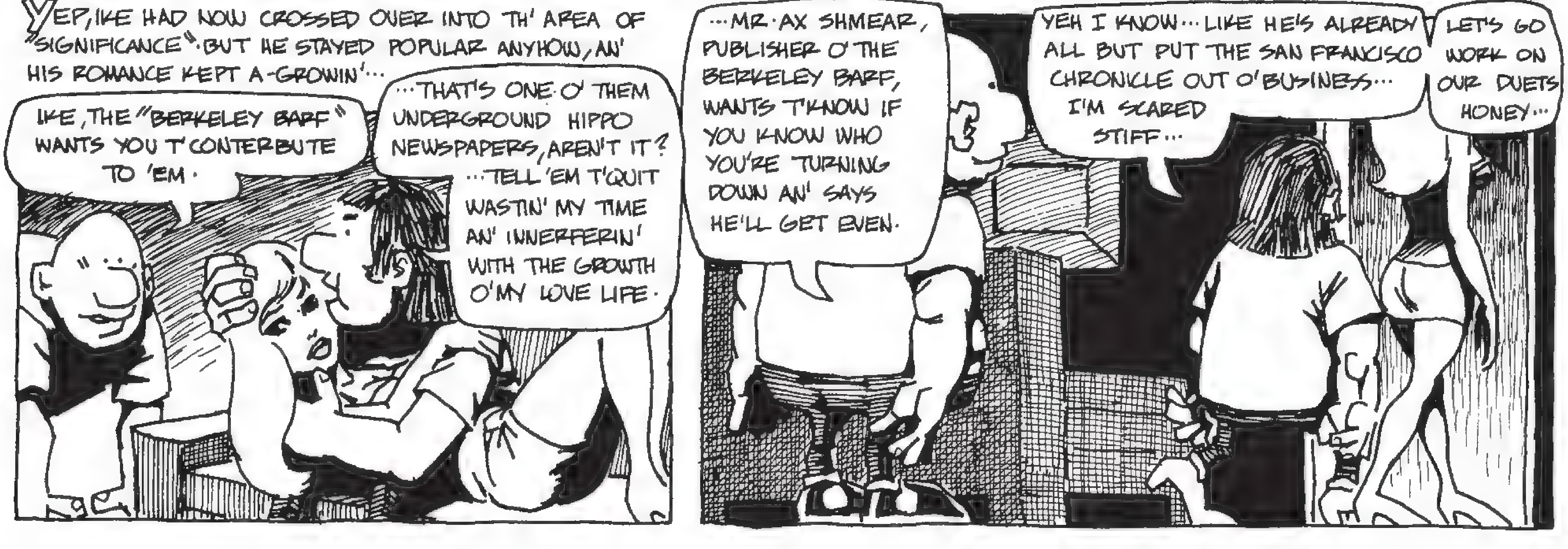

IKE I LOVE YOU SOB
DARBY ARE YOU REAL?
MORE SO THAN YOU MIGHT THINK, IKE.
CAH-MON DARBY! FORGIT THAT NO-COUNT!
LESS GIT HITCHED!
IKE
LAK T' DEDICATE M'NEX' SONG TO M'GIRL-FRIEND DARBY. ALL O'YEW KNOW WHO SHE IS. SONG CALLED "IKE'S LOVER DARBY".
OH IKE I LOVE YOU SOB SOB OH MY
IKE COME BACK IKE SOB TO OWN IKE ME

...BUT IT DIDN'T SEEM T' HURT HIS POPULARITY NONE. EVER' BLESSET GAL JES' PINED FOR THEIR LOST LOVE AN' WISHED THEY WAS DARBY. 'BOUT THIS TIME A CHANGE COME OVER IKE...

NO LONGER CONTENT TO CONFINE HIS MATERIAL TO THE SUBJECT-MATTER OF ROCK'N'ROLL, HE NOW SOUGHT T'BE INSPIRATED BY THE GREAT POETS... HIS SONGS BECAME SURREALISTIC SHEETS OF SOUND, NOT IMMEDIATELY COMPREHENSIBLE, BUT YET CARRYING WITH THEM UNMISTAKABLY CONCRETE MOOD-SENSE-IMPRESSIONS...


"OH THE MESSENGER FROM ADRIAN HE BRUNG A PAPER LIST... AND EVERY MAN WHOSE NAME WAS ON IT, SOON HE HAD BEEN KISSED..." ♫
WHUT'S THAT MEAN?
OH IKE WE LOVE YOU
SKWANK
BLONK
"YEW AIN' NOUGHT... BUT A HOUN'DAWG—" ♫
"...SKINNY MacGILLICUDDY WAS A PUNK... HIS POINT-Y LIFE WAS A PILE O' JUNK..." ♫
WE LOVE YOU IKE
IKE
WHUT'S HE TALKIN' 'BOUT?

YEP, IKE HAD NOW CROSSED OVER INTO TH' AREA OF "SIGNIFICANCE". BUT HE STAYED POPULAR ANYHOW, AN' HIS ROMANCE KEPT A-GROWIN'...


IKE, THE "BERKELEY BARF" WANTS YOU T' CONTERBUTE TO 'EM.
...THAT'S ONE O' THEM UNDERGROUND HIPPO NEWSPAPERS, AREN'T IT? ...TELL 'EM T'QUIT WASTIN' MY TIME AN' INNERFERIN' WITH THE GROWTH O'MY LOVE LIFE.
...MR. AX SHMEAR, PUBLISHER O' THE BERKELEY BARF, WANTS T'KNOW IF YOU KNOW WHO YOU'RE TURNING DOWN AN' SAYS HE'LL GET EVEN.
YEH I KNOW... LIKE HE'S ALREADY ALL BUT PUT THE SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE OUT O' BUSINESS... I'M SCARED STIFF...
LET'S GO WORK ON OUR DUETS HONEY...

BY THIS TIME IKE WAS A MULTIMILLIONAIRE. HIM AN' DARBY WAS THE "SONNY AN' CHER" OF MUSIC. THE WHOLE WORLD FOLLOWED 'EM AN' IMITATED 'EM. THE "IKE AN' DARBY" LOOK WAS THE RAGE OF GAY PAREE AN' EVERYPLACE ELSE. IKE WAS HAPPY.

THERE'S TWO MORE OF US, HONEY! ...AN' TWO MORE AN' THERE'S ANOTHER COUPLE OF US!
JOE

DARBY WAS DOIN' ALL RIGHT, TOO... WHAT WITH MODELING ASSIGNMENTS, ACTING, AN' RECORDINGS ON HER OWN (NATURAL WITH MATERIAL WRIT BY IKE). BY THIS TIME THEY HAD TO FORM A CORPORATION.

I'M BUSY NOW. YEW'LL HAVE T' TALK TO M' SECRETARY IN THE FRONT OFFICE.
I DID YESTERDAY! HE SURE WASN'T ANY HELP.
IKE'S PHONE

...'COURSE NOW IKE WAS MORE WRAPPED UP IN HIS ART THAN EVER. HE WAS COMPOSIN' AN' RECORDIN', ETC., FRANTICALLY.

HONEY-BABY I LOVE YOU WITH A UNBOUNDED PASSION BUT I GOTTA WORK F'R RIGHT NOW - OKAY? Y'AIN'T MAD ARE Y'?
IKE, I ALWAYS UNDERSTAND.
IKE

...AN' THEN... FINALLY... WHAT EVERYONE, WORLD-WIDE, FIGGERED WOULD HAPPEN... IKE ANNOUNCED:

LAZE'N'GEN'MEN... ALL M'GOOD FRIEN'S OUT THERE ...LAK T'MAKE A JOYOUS ANNOUNCEMENT: ME'N' DARBY'S GITTIN' WED. — T'CELEBRATE, WE GONE SING A DUET WRIT FOR THE OCCASION; SONG CALLED, "(638 POSITIVELYS) WITHOUT ANY REGRET".
YAY-Y-Y
OH SNIF
IKE
SOB
I LOVE YOU
IKE
WHUT'S THAT MEAN?
YAY-Y-Y
SOB
WE LOVE YOU IKE
COME BACK IKE
YAY-Y-Y
YAY-Y-Y
OH
I LOVE YOU
IKE
YAY-Y-Y
WHUT'S THAT MEAN?
COME BACK IKE
SOB
OH ME
SNIFFLE
HEY DARBY TRADE YOU PLACES HA HA
SOB
WHUT'S THAT MEAN?
YAY-Y-Y
OH MY LOVER IKE
SOB
IKE IT'S ME BETSY
WHAT KIND OF TITLE IS THAT?
SOB
SOB GULP
IKE IKE
IKE WE LOVE YOU
IKE

THE DATE WAS SET FOR A MONTH LATER, JUNE 14TH. ALL THE WILD EXCITEMENT REGARDING IKE WAS REACHING A RECORD 137° FEVER PITCH. IT WERE ALMOST AS IF SOME SORT O' CLIMAX WAS BEIN' RUSHED TOWARD. IKE'S LIFE WAS NOW A WHIRLWIND FRENZY O' ACTIVITY.

...CONCERTS... SONGS TO WRITE... WHERE'S "MAYBE"?... NEVER AROUN' WHEN Y' NEED 'IM...
IKE

...MEANS WELL, THOUGH ...RECORDS T' CUT, MOVIES TO ACT IN... WHERE'S DARBY?... LOVE 'ER SO
I'M HERE IKE.
HERE I IS IKE!
IKE

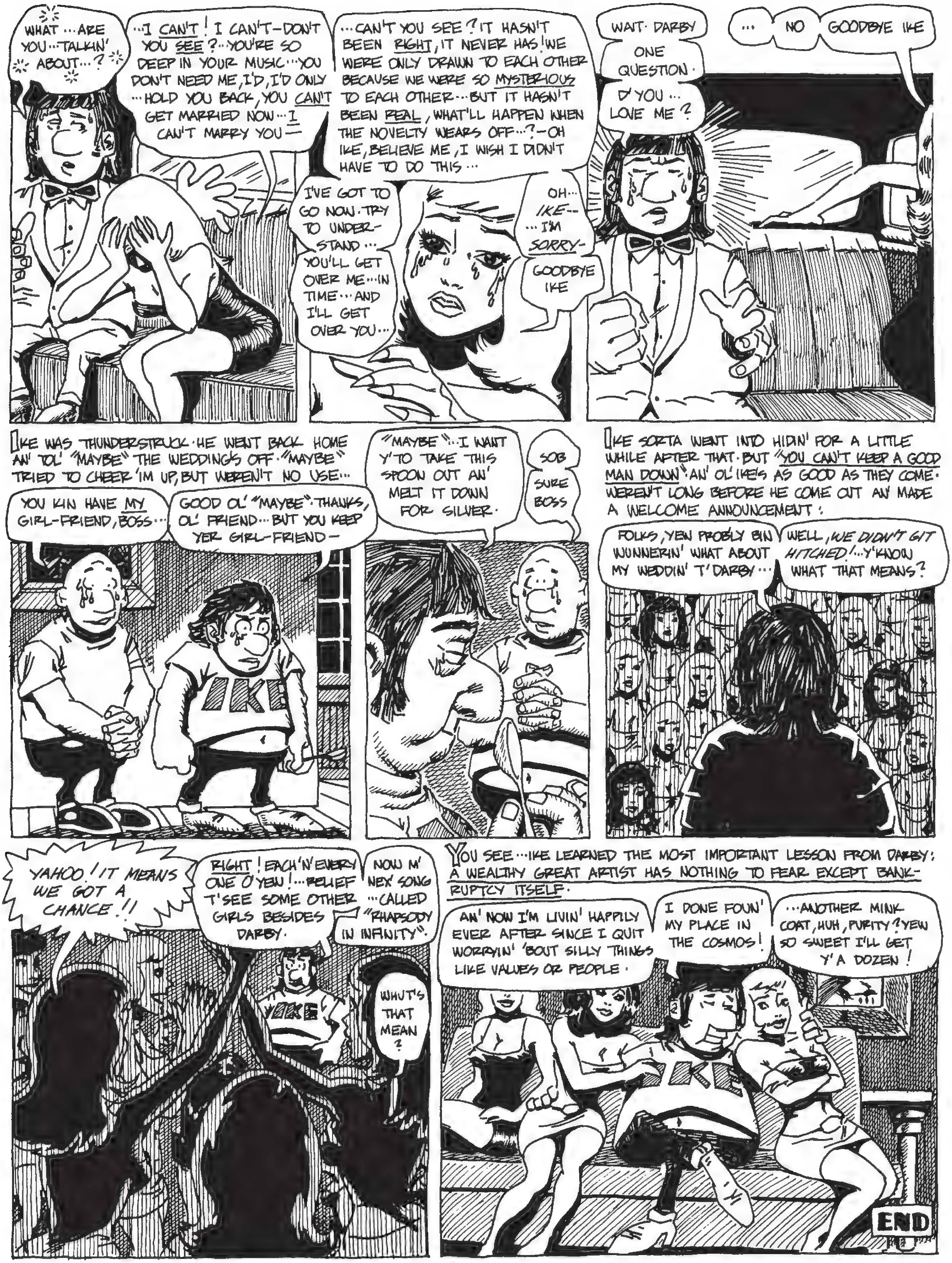
...ARTICLES T' WRITE, INNERVIEWS... OH! HI!... NOW IF ONLY IKE WOULD SHOW UP ...GET IT? THAT'S ME! HA HA! I GUESS WE'RE ALL A LITTLE TIRED...
HAR HAR!
I GIT IT!
IKI

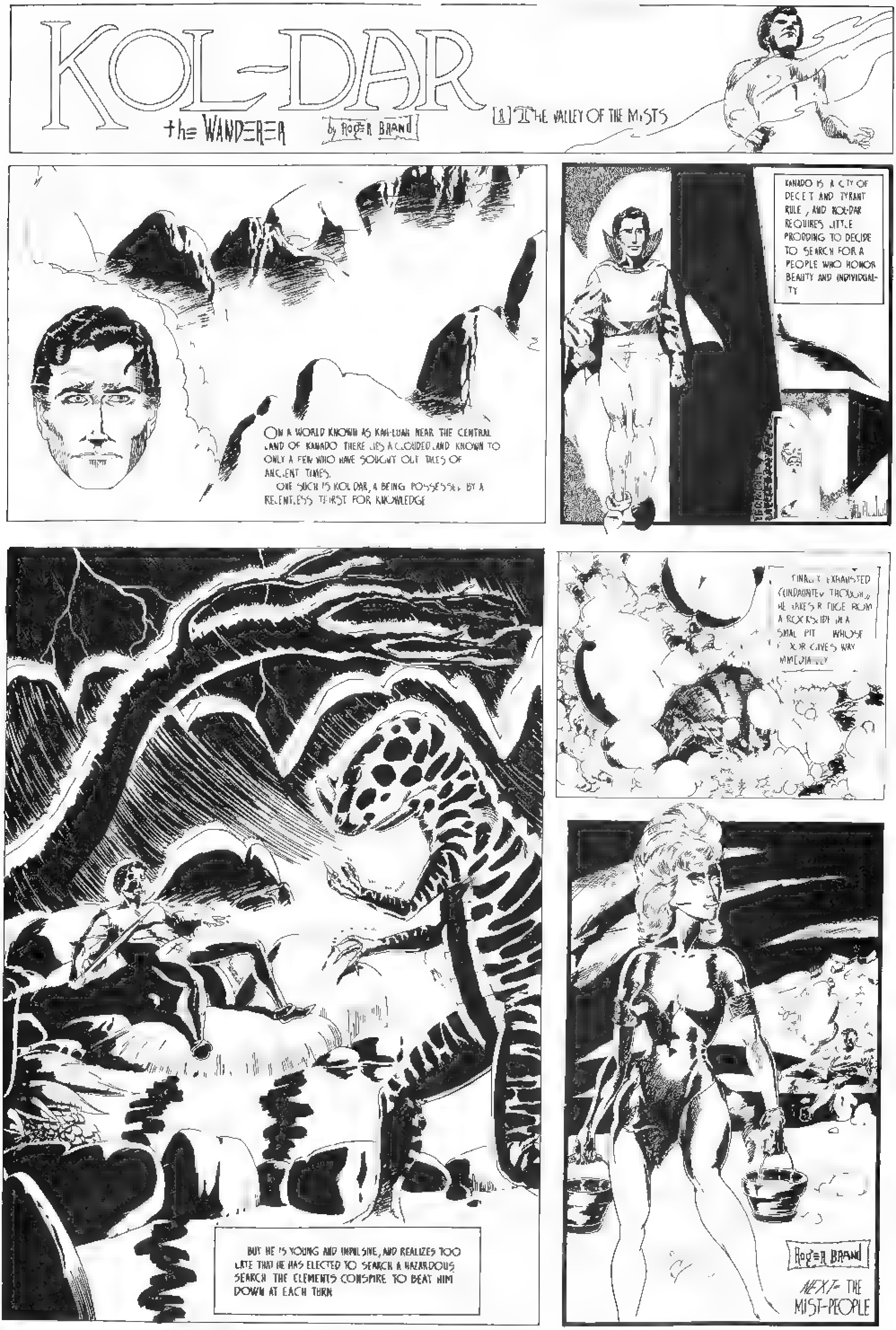
...AN' THEN... COME THE *BIG DAY!* IKE AN' DARBY WAS ON THEIR WAY TO THE CHURCH... *BUT AT THAT MOMENT—*

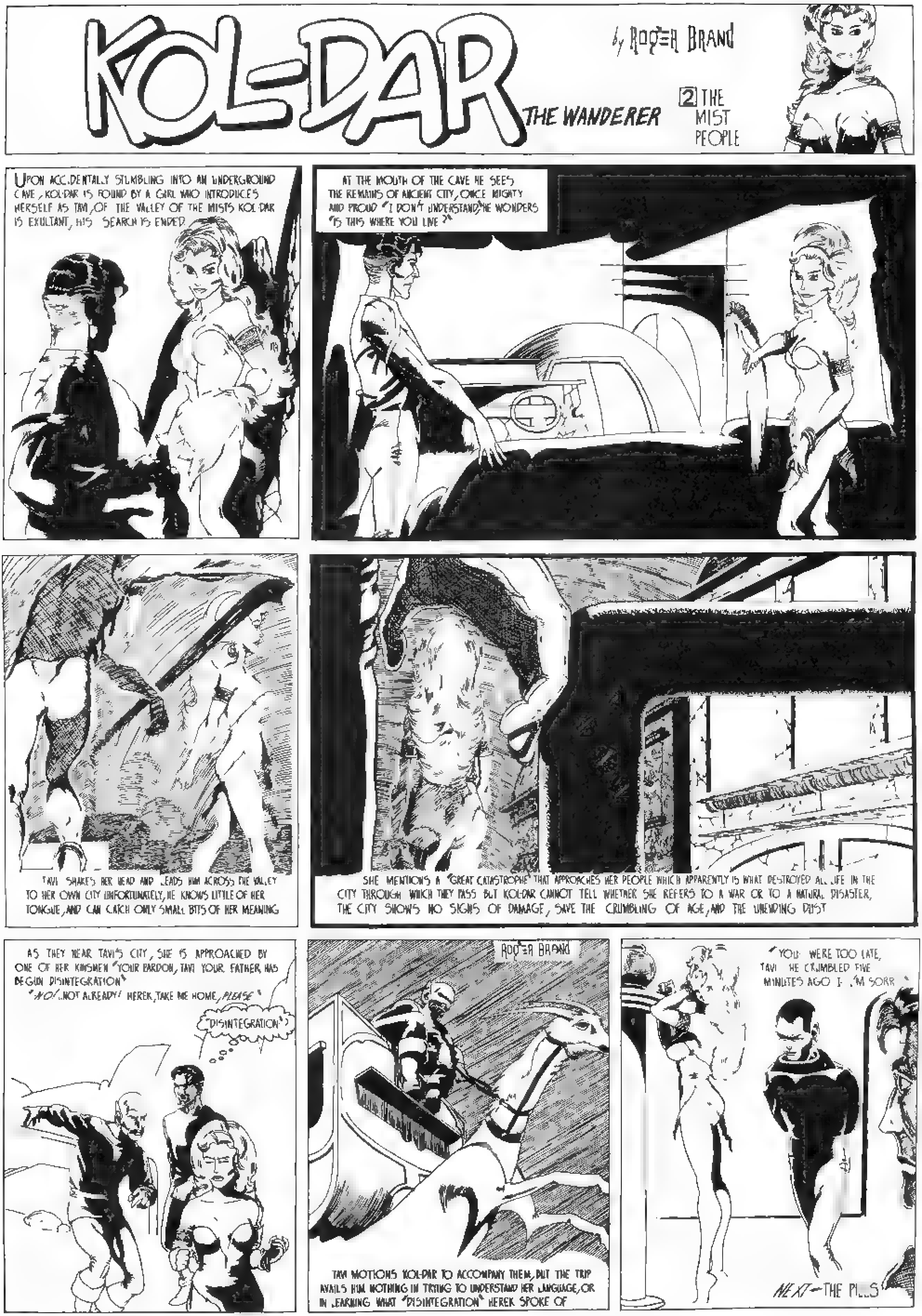
TODAY'S THE DAY! DANG-BONE, I'M HAPPY! AIN'T YOU, DARBY?
AIN'T Y? Y' MUS' BE! EH?
Y'ARE, AREN'TCHA, DARBY?

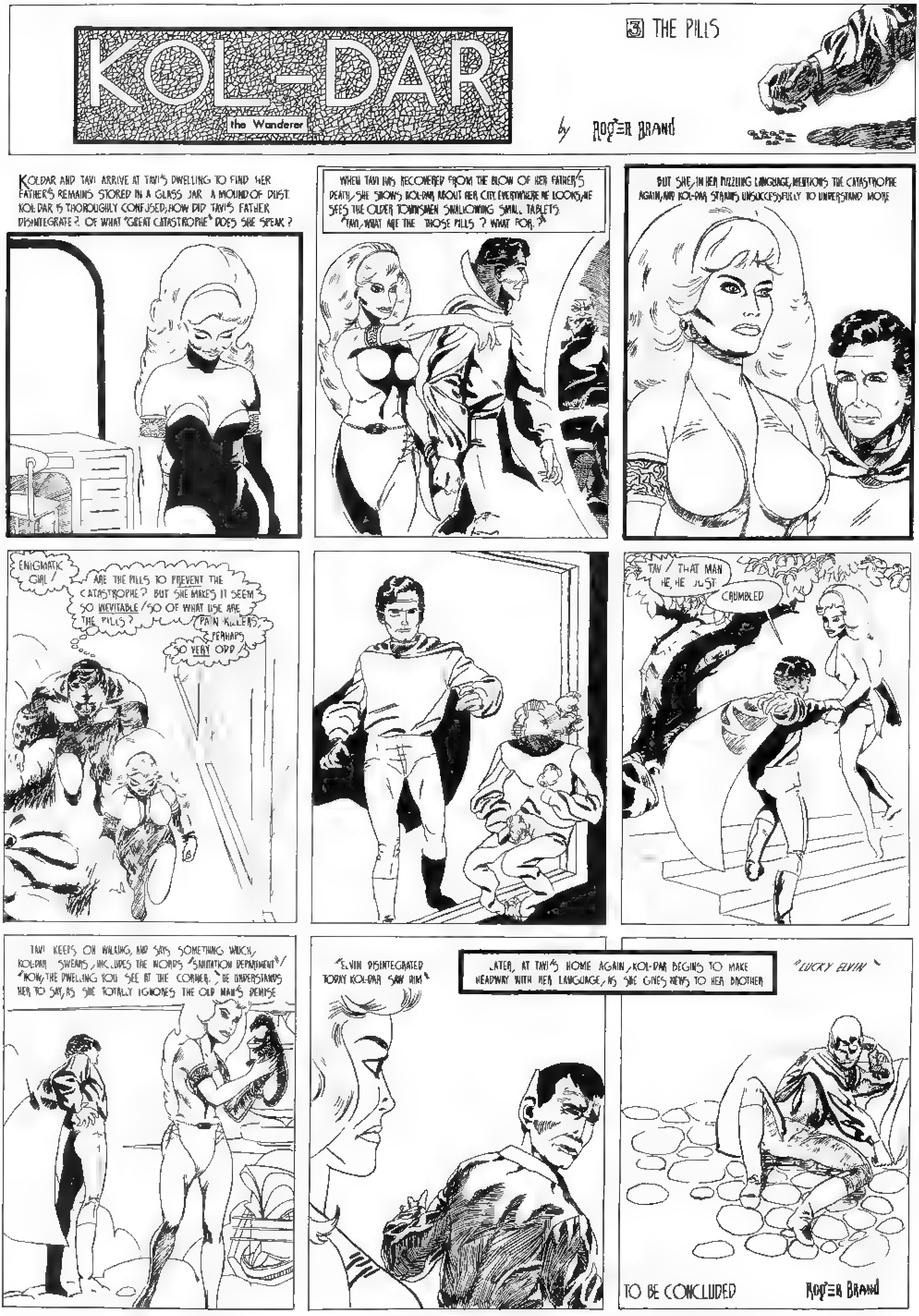
DARBY?
SOMETHIN' WRONG DARBY
?

I CAN'T, IKE! I CAN'T, I JUST CAN'T MARRY YOU!!


WHAT ... ARE YOU ... TALKIN' ABOUT ... ?
... I CAN'T! I CAN'T—DON'T YOU SEE? ... YOU'RE SO DEEP IN YOUR MUSIC ... YOU DON'T NEED ME, I'D, I'D ONLY ... HOLD YOU BACK, YOU CAN'T GET MARRIED NOW ... I CAN'T MARRY YOU—
... CAN'T YOU SEE? IT HASN'T BEEN RIGHT, IT NEVER HAS! WE WERE ONLY DRAWN TO EACH OTHER BECAUSE WE WERE SO MYSTERIOUS TO EACH OTHER ... BUT IT HASN'T BEEN REAL, WHAT'LL HAPPEN WHEN THE NOVELTY WEARS OFF ... ? — OH IKE, BELIEVE ME, I WISH I DIDN'T HAVE TO DO THIS ...
I'VE GOT TO GO NOW. TRY TO UNDERSTAND ... YOU'LL GET OVER ME ... IN TIME ... AND I'LL GET OVER YOU ...
OH ... IKE — ... I'M SORRY —
GOODBYE IKE
WAIT. DARBY
ONE QUESTION.
D'YOU ... LOVE ME?
...
NO
GOODBYE IKE
IKE WAS THUNDERSTRUCK. HE WENT BACK HOME AN' TOL' "MAYBE" THE WEDDING'S OFF. "MAYBE" TRIED TO CHEER 'IM UP, BUT WEREN'T NO USE ...
YOU KIN HAVE MY GIRL-FRIEND, BOSS ...
GOOD OL' "MAYBE". THANKS, OL' FRIEND ... BUT YOU KEEP YER GIRL-FRIEND—
"MAYBE" ... I WANT Y'TO TAKE THIS SPOON OUT AN' MELT IT DOWN FOR SILVER.
SOB
SURE BOSS
IKE
IKE SORTA WENT INTO HIDIN' FOR A LITTLE WHILE AFTER THAT. BUT "YOU CAN'T KEEP A GOOD MAN DOWN". AN' OL' IKE'S AS GOOD AS THEY COME. WEREN'T LONG BEFORE HE COME OUT AN' MADE A WELCOME ANNOUNCEMENT:
FOLKS, YEW PROBLY BIN WUNNERIN' WHAT ABOUT MY WEDDIN' T' DARBY ...
WELL, WE DIDN'T GIT HITCHED! ... Y'KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS?
YAHOO! IT MEANS WE GOT A CHANCE!!
RIGHT! EACH 'N' EVERY ONE O' YEW! ... RELIEF T'SEE SOME OTHER GIRLS BESIDES DARBY.
NOW M' NEX' SONG ... CALLED "RHAPSODY IN INFINITY".
IKE
WHUT'S THAT MEAN?
YOU SEE ... IKE LEARNED THE MOST IMPORTANT LESSON FROM DARBY: A WEALTHY GREAT ARTIST HAS NOTHING TO FEAR EXCEPT BANKRUPTCY ITSELF.
AN' NOW I'M LIVIN' HAPPILY EVER AFTER SINCE I QUIT WORRYIN' 'BOUT SILLY THINGS LIKE VALUES OR PEOPLE.
I DONE FOUN' MY PLACE IN THE COSMOS!
... ANOTHER MINK COAT, HUH, PURITY? YEW SO SWEET I'LL GET Y'A DOZEN!
IKE
END


KOL-DAR
the WANDERER
by ROGER BRAND
[1] THE VALLEY OF THE MISTS
ON A WORLD KNOWN AS KAH-LUAH NEAR THE CENTRAL LAND OF KANADO THERE LIES A CLOUDED LAND KNOWN TO ONLY A FEW WHO HAVE SOUGHT OUT TALES OF ANCIENT TIMES.
ONE SUCH IS KOL DAR, A BEING POSSESSED BY A RELENTLESS THIRST FOR KNOWLEDGE
KANADO IS A CITY OF DECEIT AND TYRANT RULE, AND KOL-DAR REQUIRES LITTLE PRODDING TO DECIDE TO SEARCH FOR A PEOPLE WHO HONOR BEAUTY AND INDIVIDUALITY
BUT HE IS YOUNG AND IMPULSIVE, AND REALIZES TOO LATE THAT HE HAS ELECTED TO SEARCH A HAZARDOUS SEARCH. THE ELEMENTS CONSPIRE TO BEAT HIM DOWN AT EACH TURN
FINALLY EXHAUSTED (UNDAUNTED THOUGH) HE TAKES REFUGE FROM A ROCKSLIDE IN A SMALL PIT WHOSE FLOOR GIVES WAY IMMEDIATELY
ROGER BRAND
NEXT- THE MIST-PEOPLE

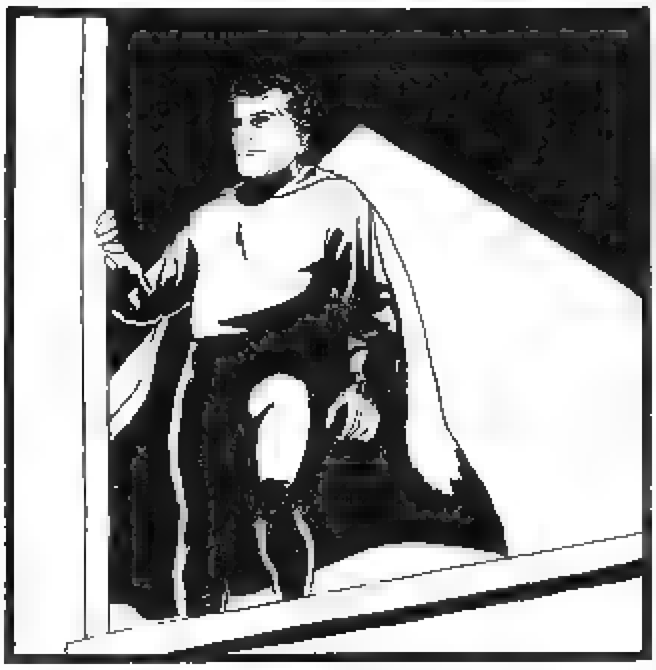

KOL-DAR THE WANDERER
by ROGER BRAND
2 THE MIST PEOPLE
UPON ACCIDENTALLY STUMBLING INTO AN UNDERGROUND CAVE, KOL-DAR IS FOUND BY A GIRL WHO INTRODUCES HERSELF AS TAVI, OF THE VALLEY OF THE MISTS KOL-DAR IS EXULTANT, HIS SEARCH IS ENDED
AT THE MOUTH OF THE CAVE HE SEES THE REMAINS OF ANCIENT CITY, ONCE MIGHTY AND PROUD "I DON'T UNDERSTAND," HE WONDERS "IS THIS WHERE YOU LIVE?"
TAVI SHAKES HER HEAD AND LEADS HIM ACROSS THE VALLEY TO HER OWN CITY UNFORTUNATELY, HE KNOWS LITTLE OF HER TONGUE, AND CAN CATCH ONLY SMALL BITS OF HER MEANING
SHE MENTIONS A "GREAT CATASTROPHE" THAT APPROACHES HER PEOPLE WHICH APPARENTLY IS WHAT DESTROYED ALL LIFE IN THE CITY THROUGH WHICH THEY PASS BUT KOL-DAR CANNOT TELL WHETHER SHE REFERS TO A WAR OR TO A NATURAL DISASTER, THE CITY SHOWS NO SIGNS OF DAMAGE, SAVE THE CRUMBLING OF AGE, AND THE UNENDING DUST
AS THEY NEAR TAVI'S CITY, SHE IS APPROACHED BY ONE OF HER KINSMEN "YOUR PARDON, TAVI YOUR FATHER HAS BEGUN DISINTEGRATION"
"NO! NOT ALREADY! HEREK, TAKE ME HOME, PLEASE"
"DISINTEGRATION"?
ROGER BRAND
TAVI MOTIONS KOL-DAR TO ACCOMPANY THEM, BUT THE TRIP AVAILS HIM NOTHING IN TRYING TO UNDERSTAND HER LANGUAGE, OR IN LEARNING WHAT "DISINTEGRATION" HEREK SPOKE OF
"YOU WERE TOO LATE, TAVI HE CRUMBLED FIVE MINUTES AGO I-I'M SORR"
NEXT—THE PILLS


KOL-DAR
the Wanderer
③ THE PILLS
by ROGER BRAND
KOLDAR AND TAVI ARRIVE AT TAVI'S DWELLING TO FIND HER FATHER'S REMAINS STORED IN A GLASS JAR A MOUND OF DUST. KOL-DAR IS THOROUGHLY CONFUSED; HOW DID TAVI'S FATHER DISINTEGRATE ?. OF WHAT "GREAT CATASTROPHE" DOES SHE SPEAK ?
WHEN TAVI HAS RECOVERED FROM THE BLOW OF HER FATHER'S DEATH, SHE SHOWS KOL-DAR ABOUT HER CITY. EVERYWHERE HE LOOKS, HE SEES THE OLDER TOWNSMEN SWALLOWING SMALL TABLETS.
"TAVI, WHAT ARE THE THOSE PILLS ? WHAT FOR. ?"
BUT SHE, IN HER PUZZLING LANGUAGE, MENTIONS THE CATASTROPHE AGAIN, AND KOL-DAR STRAINS UNSUCCESSFULLY TO UNDERSTAND MORE
ENIGMATIC GIRL !
ARE THE PILLS TO PREVENT THE CATASTROPHE ? BUT SHE MAKES IT SEEM SO INEVITABLE ! SO OF WHAT USE ARE THE PILLS ?
PAIN-KILLERS, PERHAPS
SO VERY ODD !
TAVI ! THAT MAN HE, HE JUST CRUMBLED
TAVI KEEPS ON WALKING, AND SAYS SOMETHING WHICH, KOL-DAR SWEARS, INCLUDES THE WORDS "SANITATION DEPARTMENT" ! "NOW, THE DWELLING YOU SEE AT THE CORNER." HE UNDERSTANDS HER TO SAY, AS SHE TOTALLY IGNORES THE OLD MAN'S DEMISE
"ELVIN DISINTEGRATED TODAY KOL-DAR SAW HIM"
LATER, AT TAVI'S HOME AGAIN, KOL-DAR BEGINS TO MAKE HEADWAY WITH HER LANGUAGE, AS SHE GIVES NEWS TO HER BROTHER
"LUCKY ELVIN"
TO BE CONCLUDED
ROGER BRAND

KOL-DAR
the wanderer

by Roger Brand

4 CONCLUSION

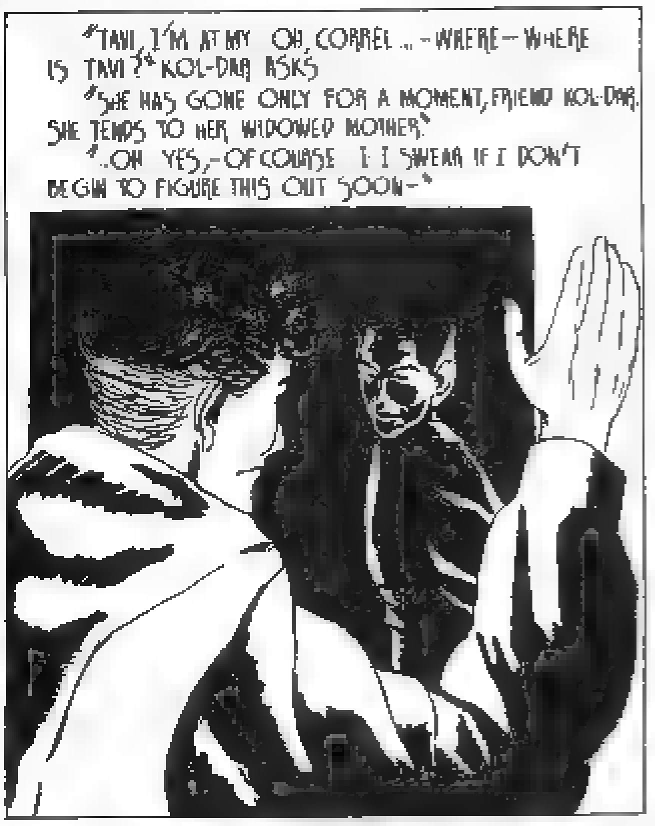


NEARLY FRANTIC WITH CONFUSION, KOL-DAR BEGINS TO UNDERSTAND TAVI'S WEIRD TONGUE, AS SHE INFORMS HER BROTHER CORREL OF THE DISINTEGRATION OF ONE NAMED ELVIN AND THE BROTHER SIGHS WITH RELIEF FOR ELVIN!

"TAVI, I'M AT MY ... OH, CORREL ... -WHERE- WHERE IS TAVI?" KOL-DAR ASKS

"SHE HAS GONE ONLY FOR A MOMENT, FRIEND KOL-DAR. SHE TENDS TO HER WIDOWED MOTHER."

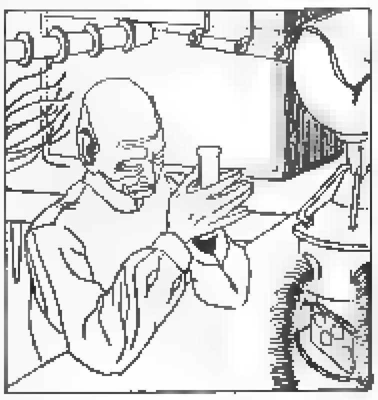
"..OH YES, -OF COURSE. I- I SWEAR IF I DON'T BEGIN TO FIGURE THIS OUT SOON-"



I'M GOING TO DISINTEGRATE ..I-
WHAT? YOU? HAVE. HAVE YOU BEEN TAKING PILLS?

"PILLS MAKE YOU DISINTEGRATE?"

KOL-DAR FINALLY AND SLOWLY LEARNS THE HISTORY OF THE CITIES OF THE VALLEY OF THE MISTS. "4000 YEARS AGO," TAVI RELATES, "MY PARENTS AND ELVIN AND ALL THE OTHER OLD ONES DISCOVERED THE FORCES THAT GOVERN LIFE AND THEY BECAME IMMORTAL. THEY BLESSED THE NEW TIME FOR LEISURE BUT THEIR UNENDING LIFE BECAME BORING AND ULTIMATELY, IT BECAME TORTURE. FINALLY, TWENTY YEARS AGO, BIOCHEMISTS DISCOVERED A SUBSTANCE THAT WOULD CRUMBLE A PERSON TO POWDER.--AND YET, EVEN SO, HIS LIFE-FORCES WERE AT WORK TILL THE INSTANT OF TOTAL DISINTEGRATION."

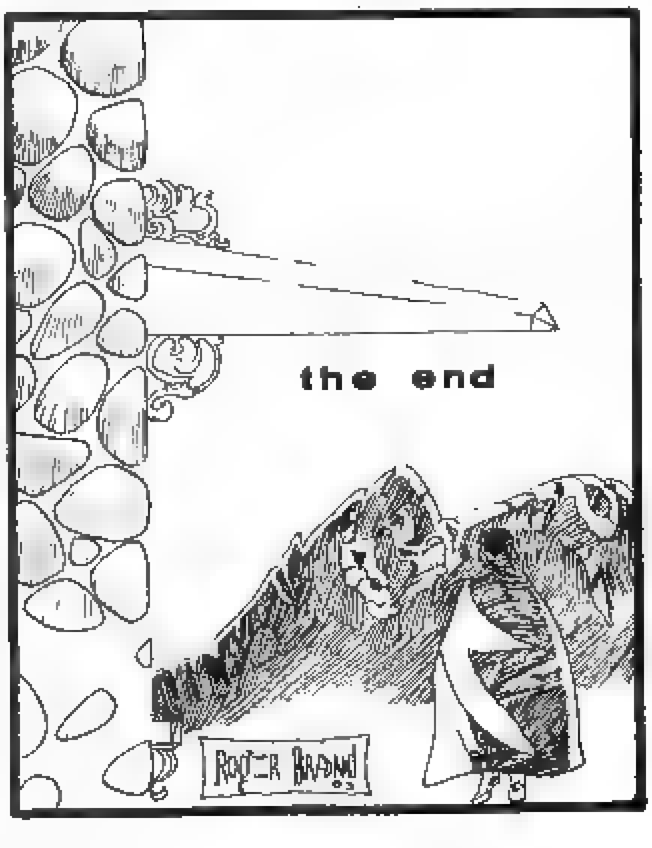


"BUT THE DEATHLESS ONES WERE ..FINALLY...ABLE TO KNOW THE PEACE OF DEATH. THEY BORE A FEW CHILDREN LIKE ME TO INHERIT THEIR LONG STAGNANT CIVILIZATION--AND NOW AT LAST, THEY ARE DYING"

"THEN.. THE 'GREAT CATASTROPHE' ALREADY OCCURRED. IT WAS ETERNAL LIFE..."

"YES"

A FEWS DAYS LATER.
YOU ARE LEAVING. ?
IN SEARCH OF OTHER STRANGE ADVENTURE I HOPE TO RETURN SOME DAY
FAREWELL TAVI


the end
ROGER BRAND

ROGER BRAND 62

"Ashes..." PAGE TWO

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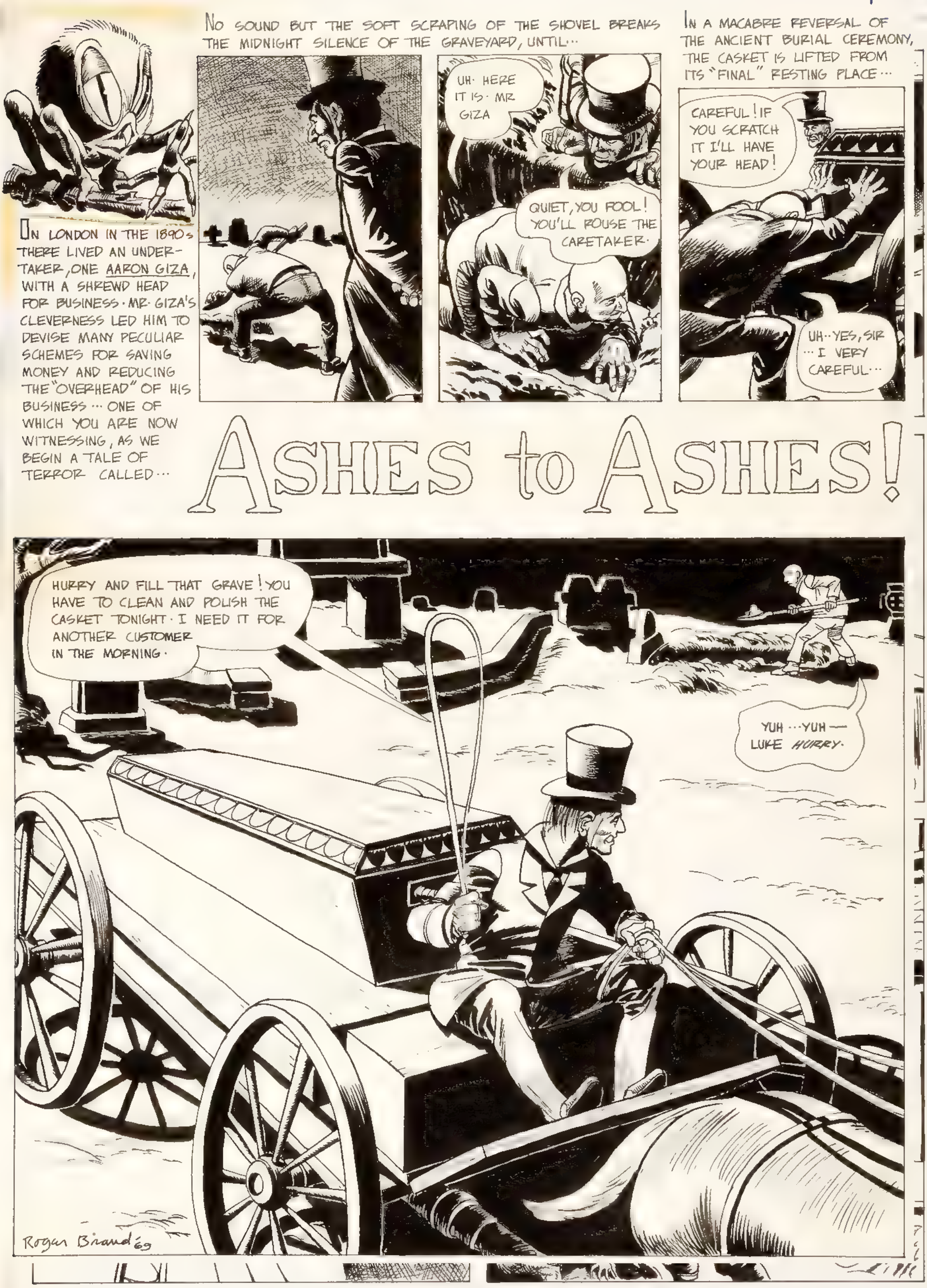
In London in the 1890s there lived an undertaker, one Aaron Giza, with a shrewd head for business. Mr. Giza's cleverness led him to devise many peculiar schemes for saving money and reducing the "overhead" of his business ... one of which you are now witnessing, as we begin a tale of terror called...
No sound but the soft scraping of the shovel breaks the midnight silence of the graveyard, until...
UH. HERE IT IS. MR GIZA
QUIET, YOU FOOL! YOU'LL ROUSE THE CARETAKER.
In a macabre reversal of the ancient burial ceremony, the casket is lifted from its "final" resting place...
CAREFUL! IF YOU SCRATCH IT I'LL HAVE YOUR HEAD!
UH.. YES, SIR ... I VERY CAREFUL...
ASHES to ASHES!
HURRY AND FILL THAT GRAVE! YOU HAVE TO CLEAN AND POLISH THE CASKET TONIGHT. I NEED IT FOR ANOTHER CUSTOMER IN THE MORNING.
YUH ...YUH — LUKE *HURRY*.
Roger Brand '69

"ASHES..." PAGE TWO

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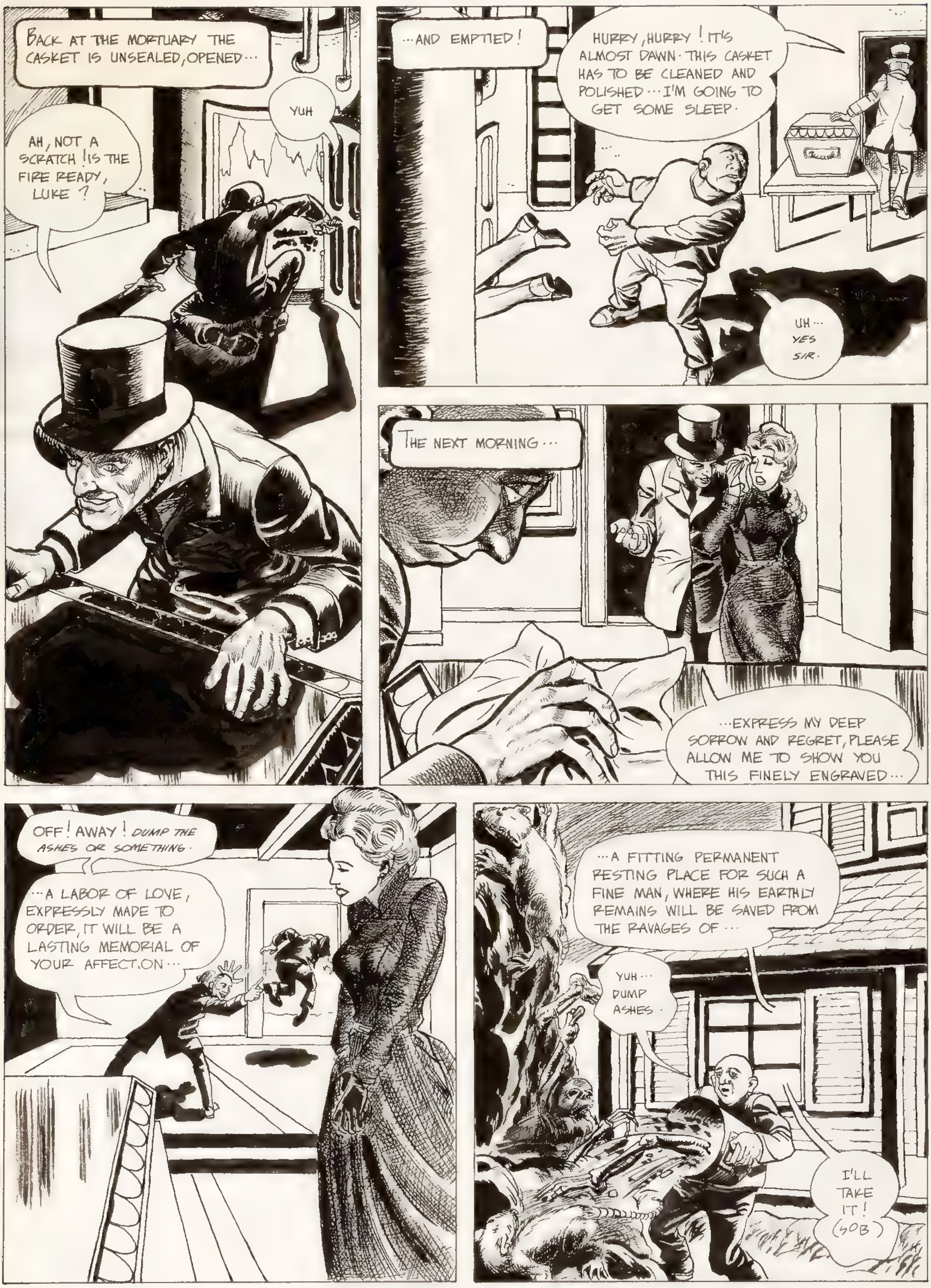
BACK AT THE MORTUARY THE CASKET IS UNSEALED, OPENED...
AH, NOT A SCRATCH! IS THE FIRE READY, LUKE?
YUH
...AND EMPTIED!
HURRY, HURRY! IT'S ALMOST DAWN. THIS CASKET HAS TO BE CLEANED AND POLISHED... I'M GOING TO GET SOME SLEEP.
UH... YES SIR.
THE NEXT MORNING...
...EXPRESS MY DEEP SORROW AND REGRET, PLEASE ALLOW ME TO SHOW YOU THIS FINELY ENGRAVED...
OFF! AWAY! DUMP THE ASHES OR SOMETHING.
...A LABOR OF LOVE, EXPRESSLY MADE TO ORDER, IT WILL BE A LASTING MEMORIAL OF YOUR AFFECT.ON...
...A FITTING PERMANENT RESTING PLACE FOR SUCH A FINE MAN, WHERE HIS EARTHLY REMAINS WILL BE SAVED FROM THE RAVAGES OF...
YUH... DUMP ASHES.
I'LL TAKE IT! (SOB)

"Ashes ..." page three

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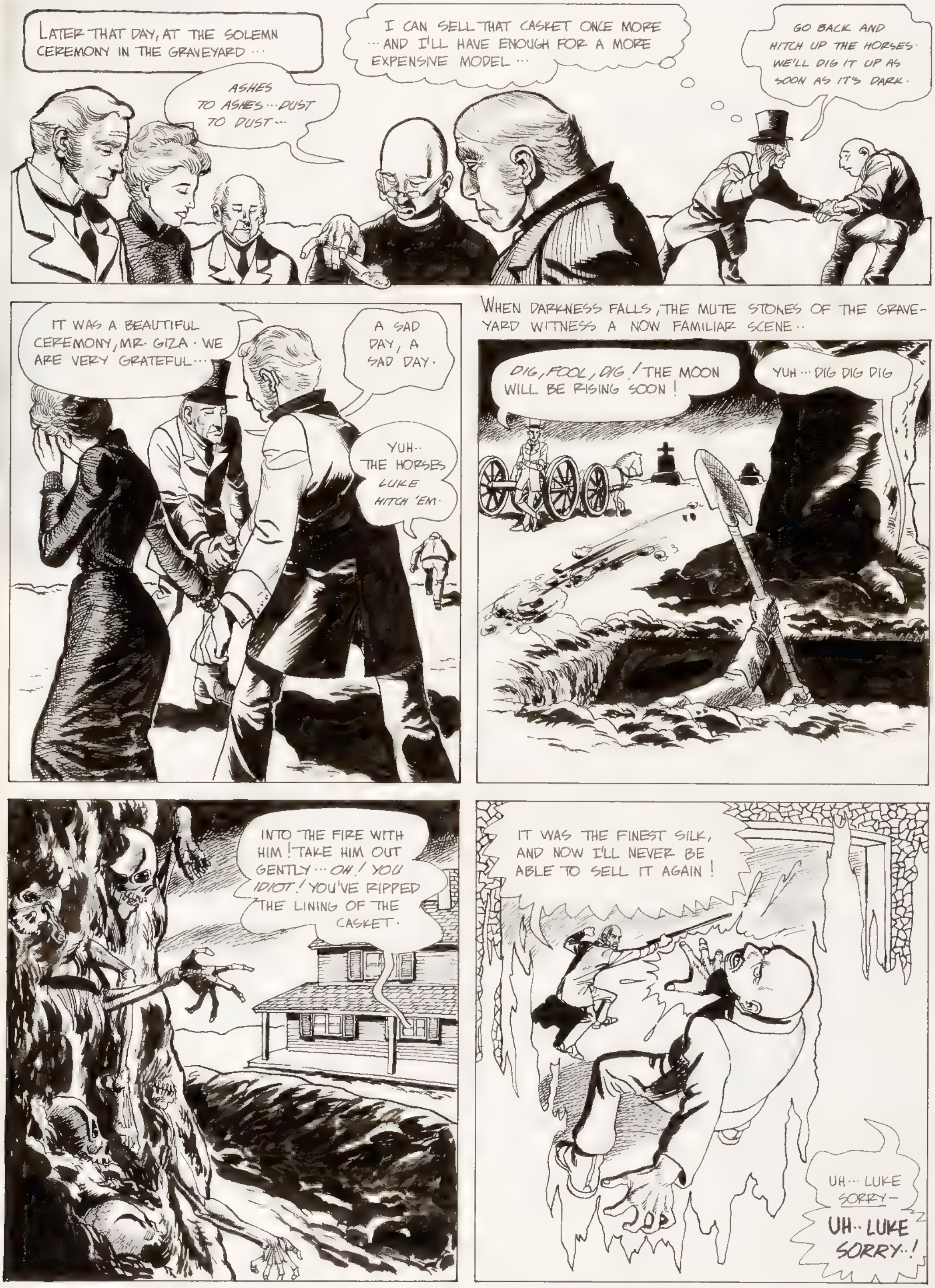
LATER THAT DAY, AT THE SOLEMN CEREMONY IN THE GRAVEYARD ...
ASHES TO ASHES ... DUST TO DUST ...
I CAN SELL THAT CASKET ONCE MORE ... AND I'LL HAVE ENOUGH FOR A MORE EXPENSIVE MODEL ...
GO BACK AND HITCH UP THE HORSES. WE'LL DIG IT UP AS SOON AS IT'S DARK.
IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL CEREMONY, MR. GIZA. WE ARE VERY GRATEFUL ...
A SAD DAY, A SAD DAY.
YUH.. THE HORSES LUKE HITCH 'EM.
WHEN DARKNESS FALLS, THE MUTE STONES OF THE GRAVEYARD WITNESS A NOW FAMILIAR SCENE ..
DIG, FOOL, DIG! THE MOON WILL BE RISING SOON!
YUH ... DIG DIG DIG
INTO THE FIRE WITH HIM! TAKE HIM OUT GENTLY ... OH! YOU IDIOT! YOU'VE RIPPED THE LINING OF THE CASKET.
IT WAS THE FINEST SILK, AND NOW I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO SELL IT AGAIN!
UH ... LUKE SORRY—
UH.. LUKE SORRY..!

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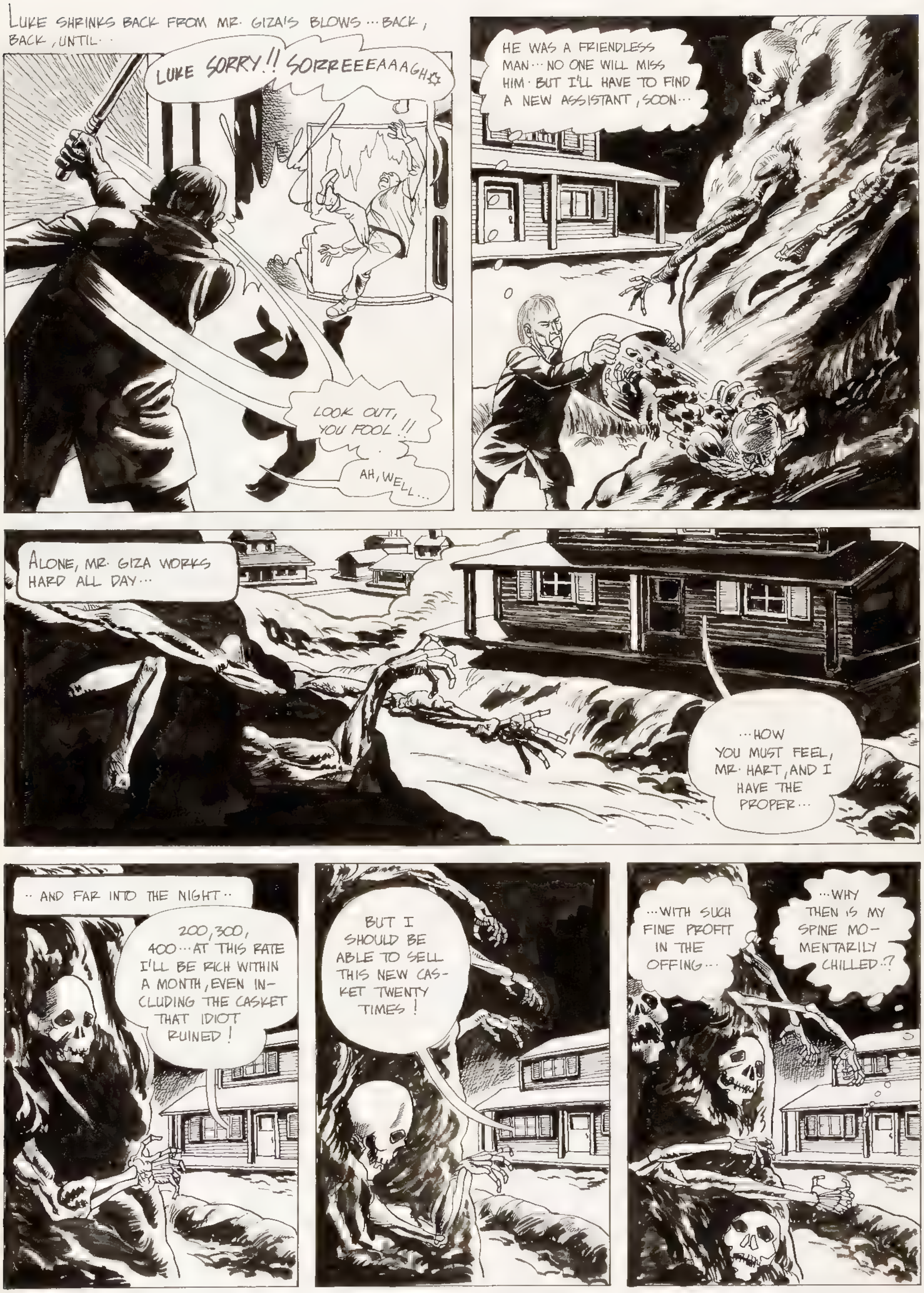
Luke shrinks back from Mr. Giza's blows ... back, back, until...
LUKE SORRY!! SORREEEAAAAGH!
LOOK OUT, YOU FOOL!!
AH, WELL...
HE WAS A FRIENDLESS MAN... NO ONE WILL MISS HIM. BUT I'LL HAVE TO FIND A NEW ASSISTANT, SOON...
ALONE, MR. GIZA WORKS HARD ALL DAY...
...HOW YOU MUST FEEL, MR. HART, AND I HAVE THE PROPER...
.. AND FAR INTO THE NIGHT ..
200, 300, 400... AT THIS RATE I'LL BE RICH WITHIN A MONTH, EVEN INCLUDING THE CASKET THAT IDIOT RUINED!
BUT I SHOULD BE ABLE TO SELL THIS NEW CASKET TWENTY TIMES!
...WITH SUCH FINE PROFIT IN THE OFFING...
...WHY THEN IS MY SPINE MOMENTARILY CHILLED..?

"Ashes..." page five

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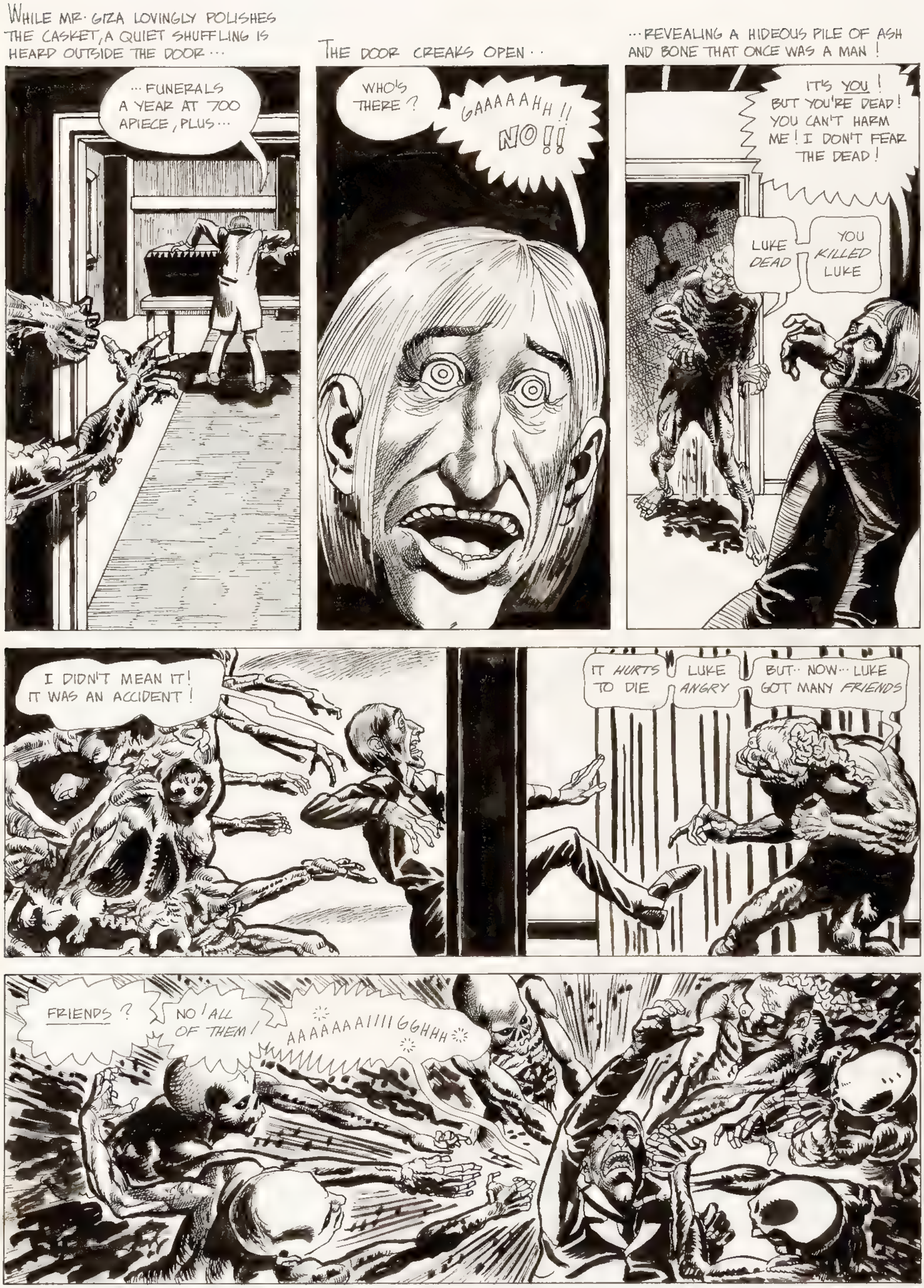
While Mr. Giza lovingly polishes the casket, a quiet shuffling is heard outside the door...
...funerals a year at 700 apiece, plus...
The door creaks open..
Who's there?
GAAAAAHH!! NO!!
...revealing a hideous pile of ash and bone that once was a man!
It's you! But you're dead! You can't harm me! I don't fear the dead!
Luke dead
You killed Luke
I didn't mean it! It was an accident!
It hurts to die
Luke angry
But.. now... Luke got many friends
Friends?
No! All of them!
AAAAAAAIIIIGGHHH

"ASHES..." PAGE SIX AND FINAL

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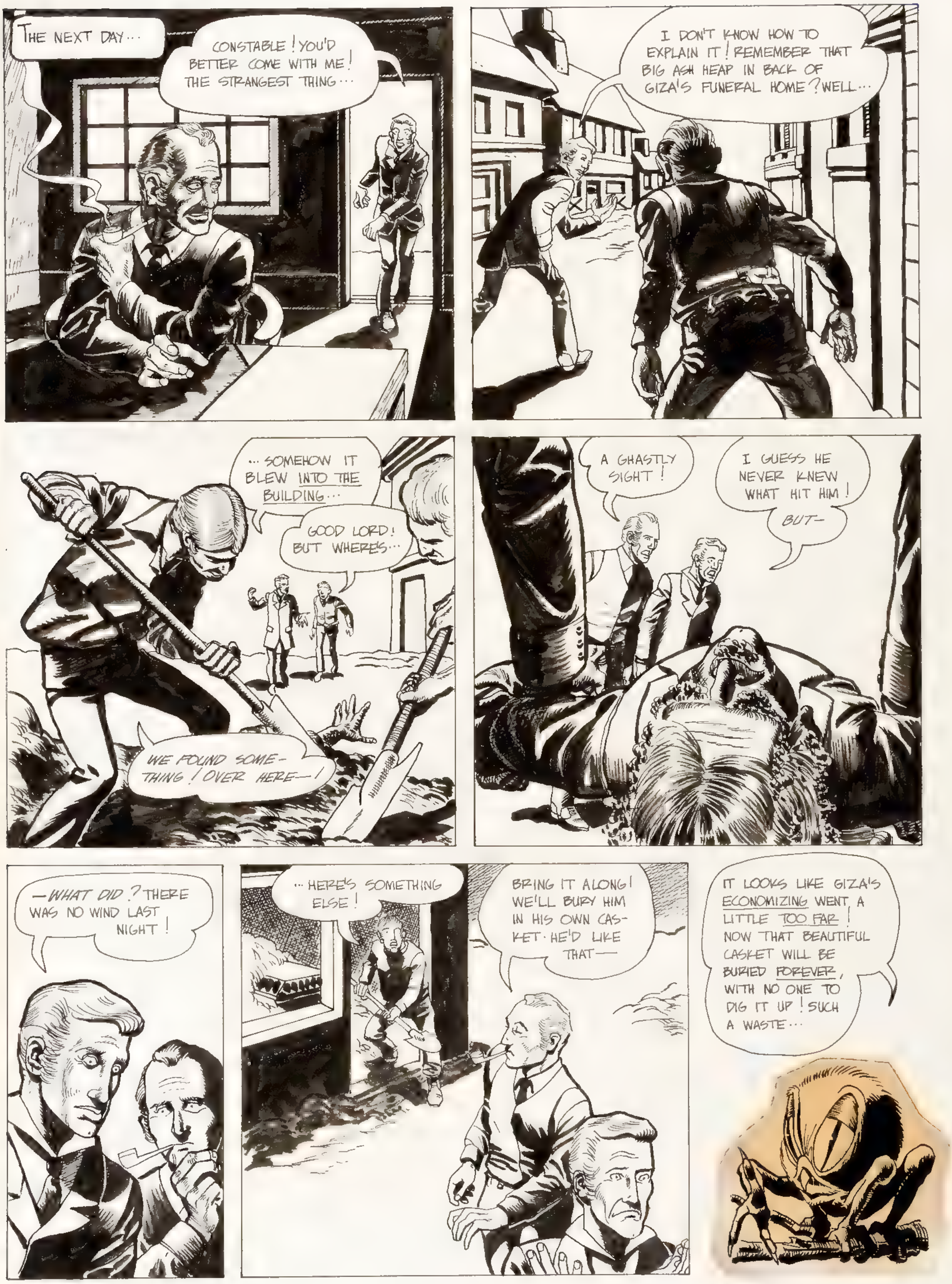
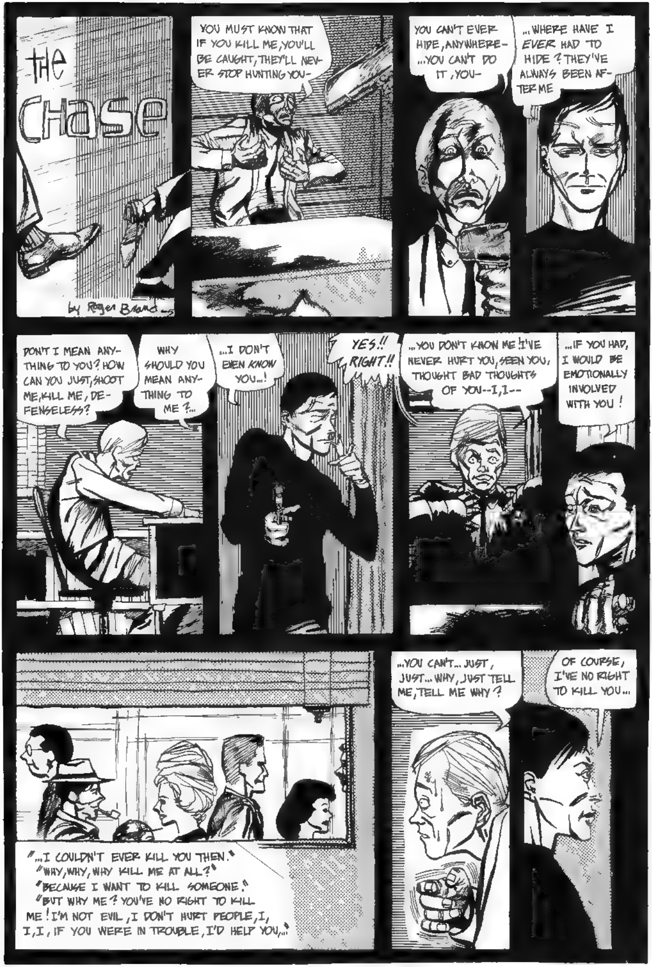
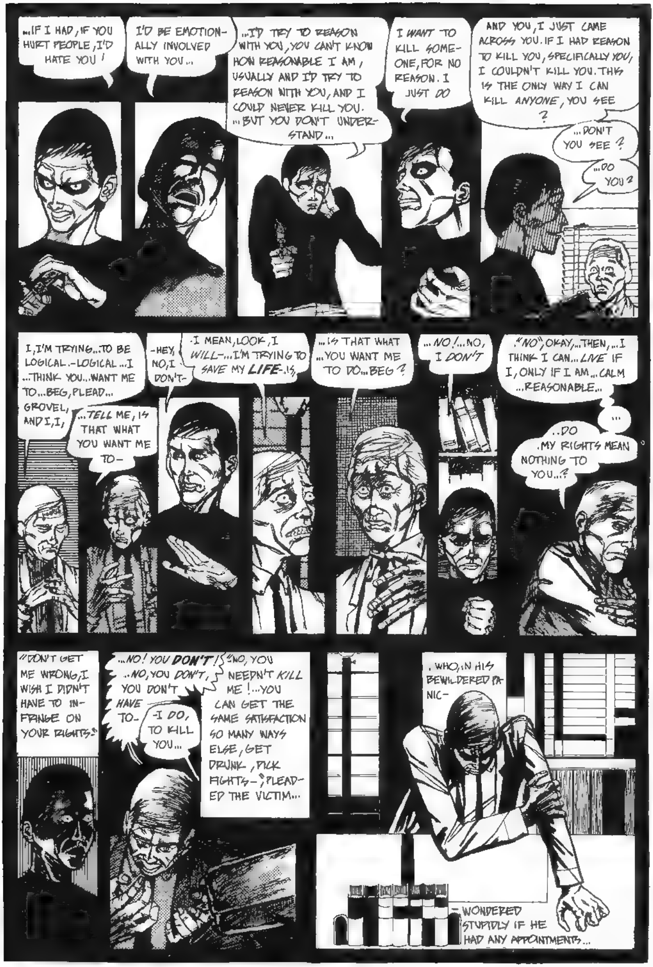
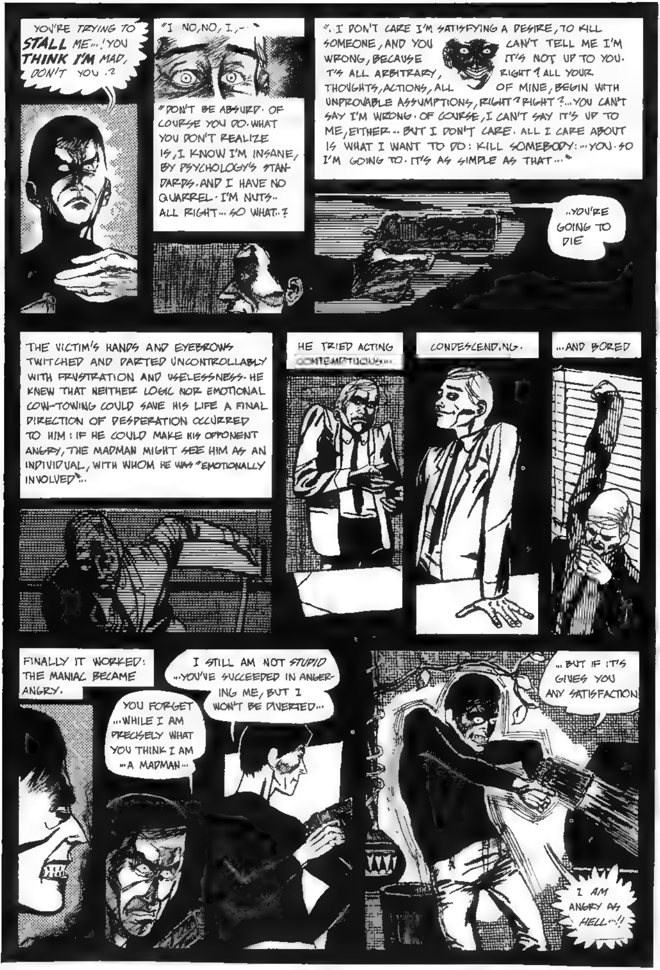
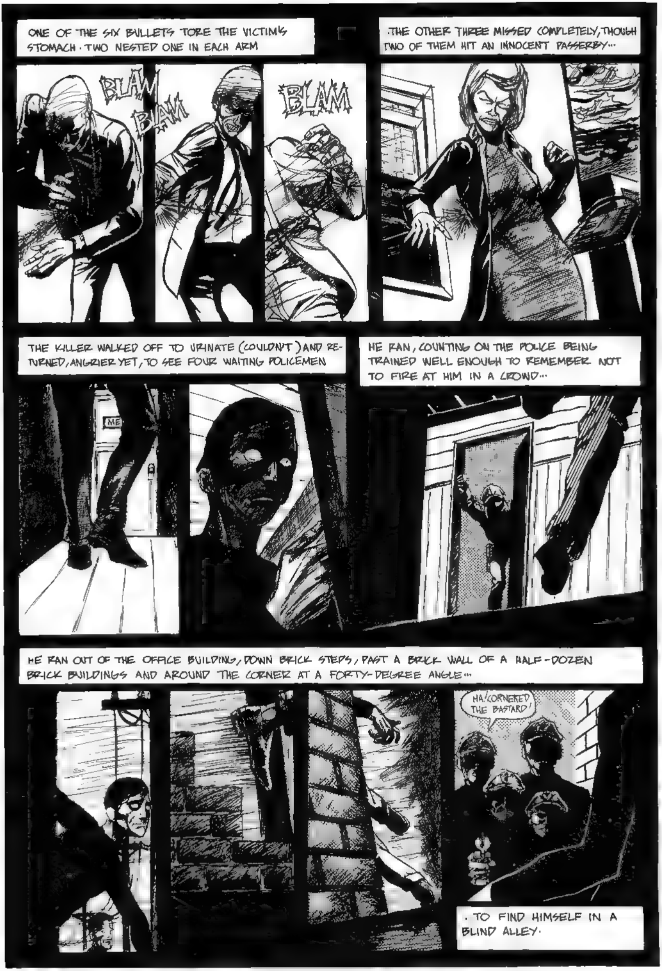
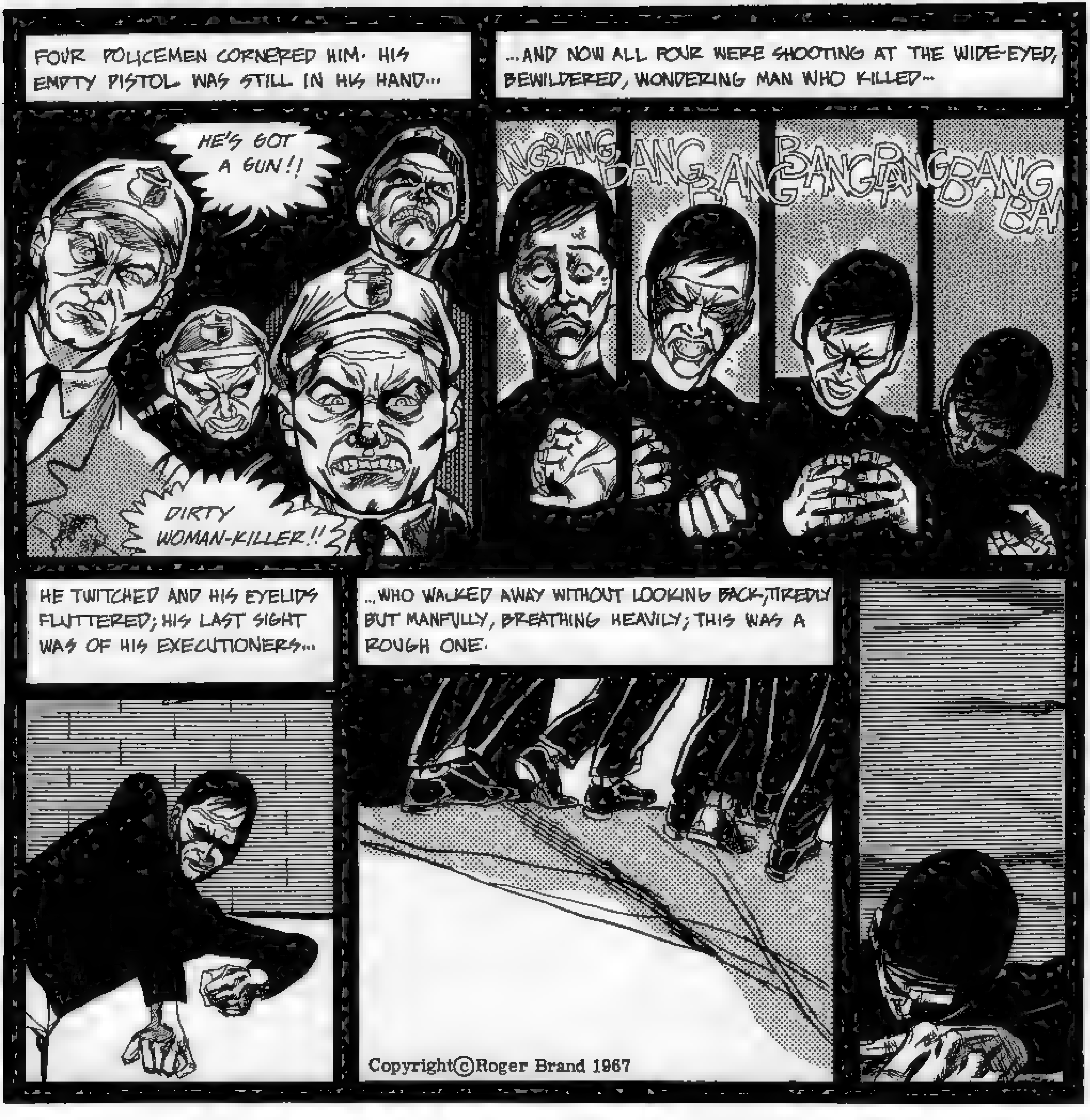

THE NEXT DAY...
CONSTABLE! YOU'D BETTER COME WITH ME! THE STRANGEST THING...
I DON'T KNOW HOW TO EXPLAIN IT! REMEMBER THAT BIG ASH HEAP IN BACK OF GIZA'S FUNERAL HOME? WELL...
...SOMEHOW IT BLEW INTO THE BUILDING...
GOOD LORD! BUT WHERE'S...
WE FOUND SOMETHING! OVER HERE—!
A GHASTLY SIGHT!
I GUESS HE NEVER KNEW WHAT HIT HIM!
BUT—
—WHAT DID? THERE WAS NO WIND LAST NIGHT!
...HERE'S SOMETHING ELSE!
BRING IT ALONG! WE'LL BURY HIM IN HIS OWN CASKET. HE'D LIKE THAT—
IT LOOKS LIKE GIZA'S ECONOMIZING WENT A LITTLE TOO FAR! NOW THAT BEAUTIFUL CASKET WILL BE BURIED FOREVER, WITH NO ONE TO DIG IT UP! SUCH A WASTE...


THE CHASE
by Roger Brand
YOU MUST KNOW THAT IF YOU KILL ME, YOU'LL BE CAUGHT, THEY'LL NEVER STOP HUNTING YOU-
YOU CAN'T EVER HIDE, ANYWHERE- ...YOU CAN'T DO IT, YOU-
...WHERE HAVE I EVER HAD TO HIDE? THEY'VE ALWAYS BEEN AFTER ME
DON'T I MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU? HOW CAN YOU JUST, SHOOT ME, KILL ME, DEFENSELESS?
WHY SHOULD YOU MEAN ANYTHING TO ME?...
...I DON'T EVEN KNOW YOU...!
YES!! RIGHT!!
...YOU DON'T KNOW ME! I'VE NEVER HURT YOU, SEEN YOU, THOUGHT BAD THOUGHTS OF YOU--I, I--
...IF YOU HAD, I WOULD BE EMOTIONALLY INVOLVED WITH YOU!
"...I COULDN'T EVER KILL YOU THEN." "WHY, WHY, WHY KILL ME AT ALL?" "BECAUSE I WANT TO KILL SOMEONE." "BUT WHY ME? YOU'VE NO RIGHT TO KILL ME! I'M NOT EVIL, I DON'T HURT PEOPLE, I, I, I, IF YOU WERE IN TROUBLE, I'D HELP YOU..."
...YOU CAN'T... JUST, JUST... WHY, JUST TELL ME, TELL ME WHY?
OF COURSE, I'VE NO RIGHT TO KILL YOU...


...IF I HAD, IF YOU HURT PEOPLE, I'D HATE YOU!
I'D BE EMOTIONALLY INVOLVED WITH YOU...
...I'D TRY TO REASON WITH YOU, YOU CAN'T KNOW HOW REASONABLE I AM, USUALLY AND I'D TRY TO REASON WITH YOU, AND I COULD NEVER KILL YOU. ...BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND...
I WANT TO KILL SOMEONE, FOR NO REASON. I JUST DO
AND YOU, I JUST CAME ACROSS YOU. IF I HAD REASON TO KILL YOU, SPECIFICALLY YOU, I COULDN'T KILL YOU. THIS IS THE ONLY WAY I CAN KILL ANYONE, YOU SEE ?
...DON'T YOU SEE ?
...DO YOU ?
I, I'M TRYING...TO BE LOGICAL.-LOGICAL...I ...THINK YOU...WANT ME TO...BEG, PLEAD... GROVEL, AND I, I,
...TELL ME, IS THAT WHAT YOU WANT ME TO-
-HEY, NO, I DON'T-
-I MEAN, LOOK, I WILL-...I'M TRYING TO SAVE MY LIFE-IS,
...IS THAT WHAT ...YOU WANT ME TO DO...BEG ?
...NO!...NO, I DON'T
"NO", OKAY,...THEN,...I THINK I CAN...LIVE IF I, ONLY IF I AM...CALM ...REASONABLE...
...
..DO .MY RIGHTS MEAN NOTHING TO YOU...?
"DON'T GET ME WRONG, I WISH I DIDN'T HAVE TO INFRINGE ON YOUR RIGHTS"
...NO! YOU DON'T! ..NO, YOU DON'T, YOU DON'T HAVE TO-
-I DO, TO KILL YOU...
"NO, YOU NEEDN'T KILL ME!...YOU CAN GET THE SAME SATISFACTION SO MANY WAYS ELSE, GET DRUNK, PICK FIGHTS-" PLEADED THE VICTIM...
. WHO, IN HIS BEWILDERED PANIC-
-WONDERED STUPIDLY IF HE HAD ANY APPOINTMENTS...


YOU'RE TRYING TO STALL ME...! YOU THINK I'M MAD, DON'T YOU.?
"I NO, NO, I,-"
"DON'T BE ABSURD. OF COURSE YOU DO. WHAT YOU DON'T REALIZE IS, I KNOW I'M INSANE, BY PSYCHOLOGY'S STANDARDS. AND I HAVE NO QUARREL. I'M NUTS.. ALL RIGHT... SO WHAT..?
".I DON'T CARE I'M SATISFYING A DESIRE, TO KILL SOMEONE, AND YOU CAN'T TELL ME I'M WRONG, BECAUSE IT'S NOT UP TO YOU. T'S ALL ARBITRARY, RIGHT? ALL YOUR THOUGHTS, ACTIONS, ALL OF MINE, BEGIN WITH UNPROVABLE ASSUMPTIONS, RIGHT? RIGHT?... YOU CAN'T SAY I'M WRONG. OF COURSE, I CAN'T SAY IT'S UP TO ME, EITHER... BUT I DON'T CARE. ALL I CARE ABOUT IS WHAT I WANT TO DO: KILL SOMEBODY: ...YOU. SO I'M GOING TO. IT'S AS SIMPLE AS THAT..."
..YOU'RE GOING TO DIE
THE VICTIM'S HANDS AND EYEBROWS TWITCHED AND DARTED UNCONTROLLABLY WITH FRUSTRATION AND USELESSNESS. HE KNEW THAT NEITHER LOGIC NOR EMOTIONAL COW-TOWING COULD SAVE HIS LIFE A FINAL DIRECTION OF DESPERATION OCCURRED TO HIM: IF HE COULD MAKE HIS OPPONENT ANGRY, THE MADMAN MIGHT SEE HIM AS AN INDIVIDUAL, WITH WHOM HE WAS "EMOTIONALLY INVOLVED"..
HE TRIED ACTING CONTEMPTUOUS...
CONDESCEND.NG.
...AND BORED
FINALLY IT WORKED: THE MANIAC BECAME ANGRY.
YOU FORGET ...WHILE I AM PRECISELY WHAT YOU THINK I AM ...A MADMAN...
I STILL AM NOT STUPID ...YOU'VE SUCCEEDED IN ANGERING ME, BUT I WON'T BE DIVERTED...
...BUT IF IT'S GIVES YOU ANY SATISFACTION
I AM ANGRY AS HELL...!!


ONE OF THE SIX BULLETS TORE THE VICTIM'S STOMACH. TWO NESTED ONE IN EACH ARM
THE OTHER THREE MISSED COMPLETELY, THOUGH TWO OF THEM HIT AN INNOCENT PASSERBY...
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
THE KILLER WALKED OFF TO URINATE (COULDN'T) AND RETURNED, ANGRIER YET, TO SEE FOUR WAITING POLICEMEN
HE RAN, COUNTING ON THE POLICE BEING TRAINED WELL ENOUGH TO REMEMBER NOT TO FIRE AT HIM IN A CROWD...
ME
HE RAN OUT OF THE OFFICE BUILDING, DOWN BRICK STEPS, PAST A BRICK WALL OF A HALF-DOZEN BRICK BUILDINGS AND AROUND THE CORNER AT A FORTY-DEGREE ANGLE...
HA! CORNERED THE BASTARD!
...TO FIND HIMSELF IN A BLIND ALLEY.


FOUR POLICEMEN CORNERED HIM. HIS EMPTY PISTOL WAS STILL IN HIS HAND...
HE'S GOT A GUN!!
DIRTY WOMAN-KILLER!!
...AND NOW ALL FOUR WERE SHOOTING AT THE WIDE-EYED, BEWILDERED, WONDERING MAN WHO KILLED--
ANGBANG BANG BANG BANGBANGBANGBANG BAN
HE TWITCHED AND HIS EYELIDS FLUTTERED; HIS LAST SIGHT WAS OF HIS EXECUTIONERS...
...WHO WALKED AWAY WITHOUT LOOKING BACK, TIREDLY BUT MANFULLY, BREATHING HEAVILY; THIS WAS A ROUGH ONE.

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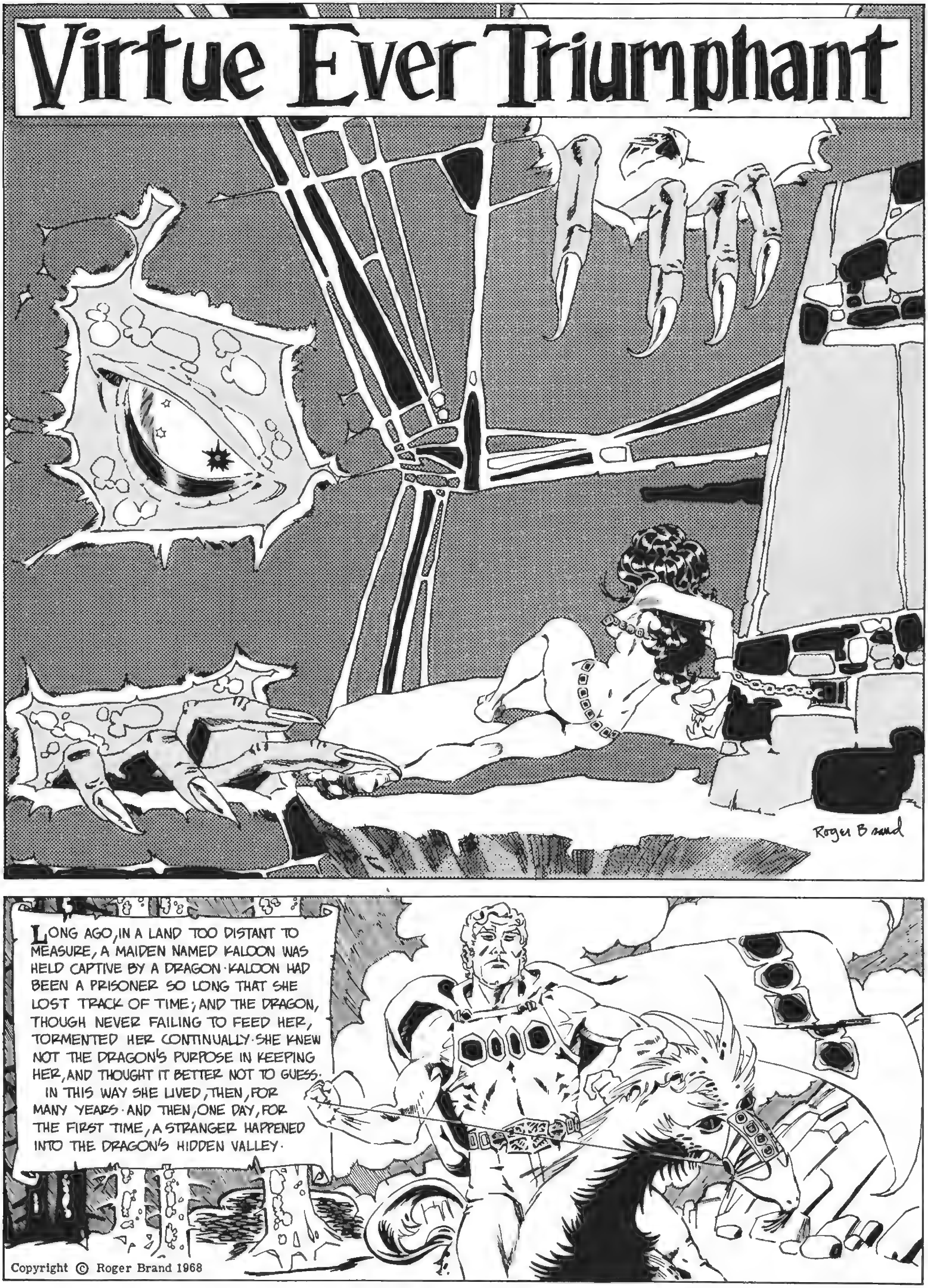
Virtue Ever Triumphant


Roger Brand
LONG AGO, IN A LAND TOO DISTANT TO MEASURE, A MAIDEN NAMED KALOON WAS HELD CAPTIVE BY A DRAGON. KALOON HAD BEEN A PRISONER SO LONG THAT SHE LOST TRACK OF TIME; AND THE DRAGON, THOUGH NEVER FAILING TO FEED HER, TORMENTED HER CONTINUALLY. SHE KNEW NOT THE DRAGON'S PURPOSE IN KEEPING HER, AND THOUGHT IT BETTER NOT TO GUESS.
IN THIS WAY SHE LIVED, THEN, FOR MANY YEARS. AND THEN, ONE DAY, FOR THE FIRST TIME, A STRANGER HAPPENED INTO THE DRAGON'S HIDDEN VALLEY.

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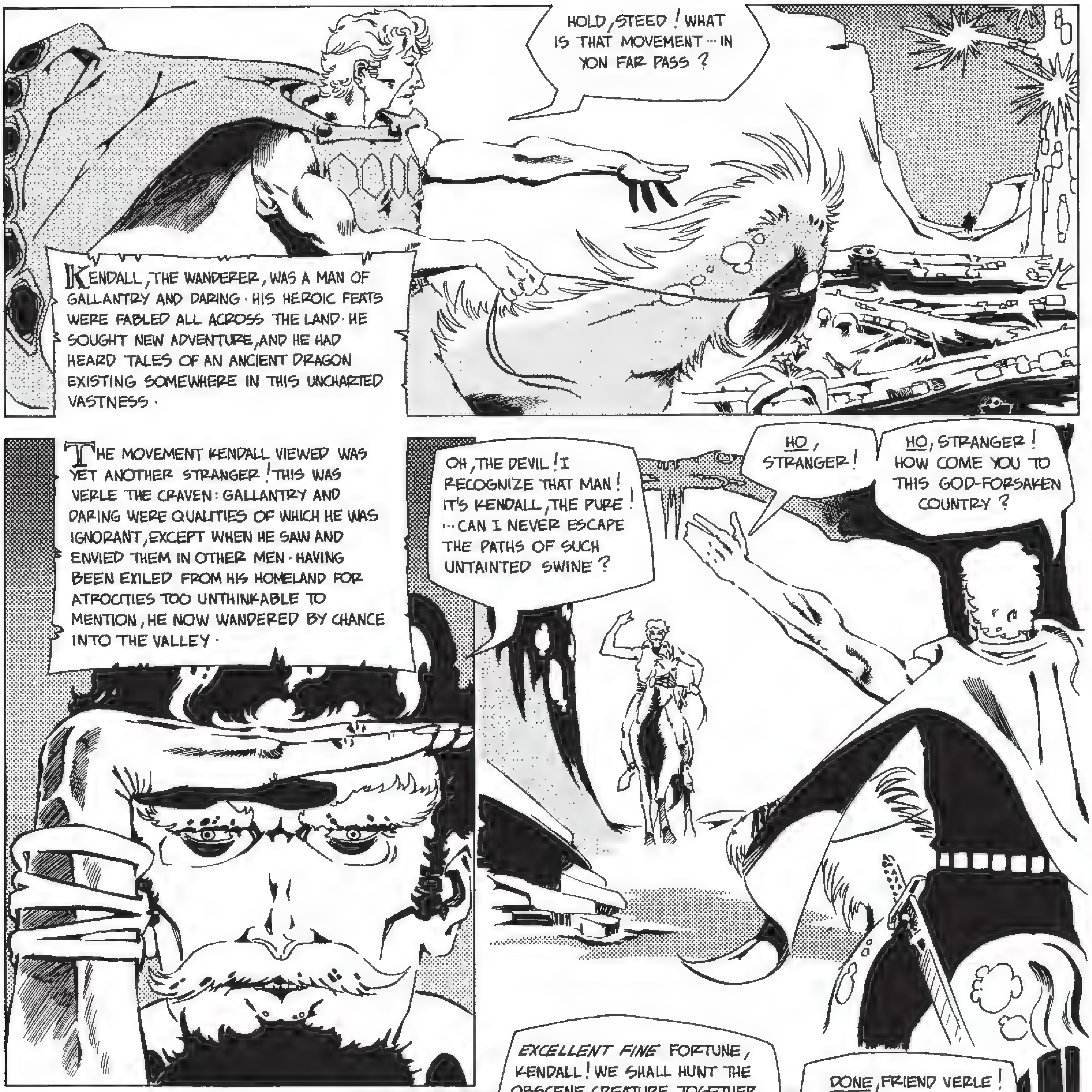
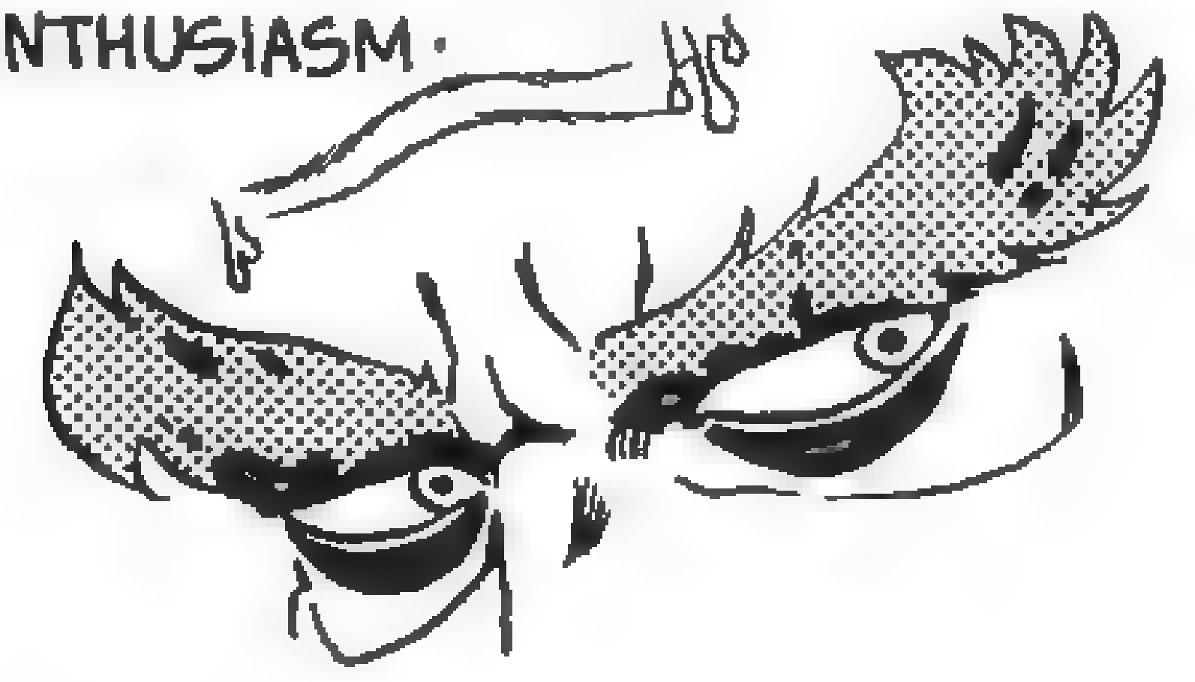
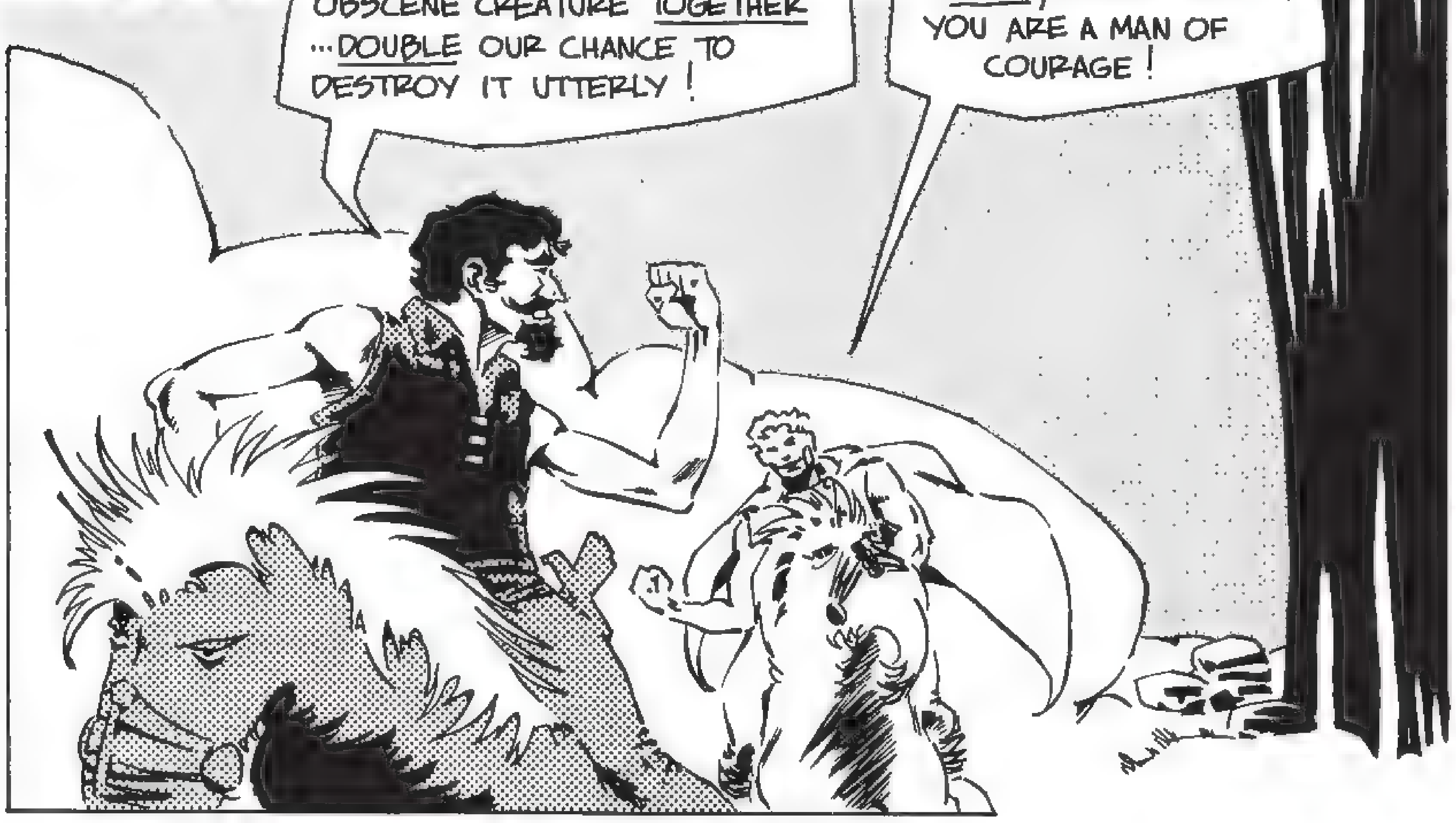

HOLD, STEED! WHAT IS THAT MOVEMENT... IN YON FAR PASS?
KENDALL, THE WANDERER, WAS A MAN OF GALLANTRY AND DARING. HIS HEROIC FEATS WERE FABLED ALL ACROSS THE LAND. HE SOUGHT NEW ADVENTURE, AND HE HAD HEARD TALES OF AN ANCIENT DRAGON EXISTING SOMEWHERE IN THIS UNCHARTED VASTNESS.
THE MOVEMENT KENDALL VIEWED WAS YET ANOTHER STRANGER! THIS WAS VERLE THE CRAVEN: GALLANTRY AND DARING WERE QUALITIES OF WHICH HE WAS IGNORANT, EXCEPT WHEN HE SAW AND ENVIED THEM IN OTHER MEN. HAVING BEEN EXILED FROM HIS HOMELAND FOR ATROCITIES TOO UNTHINKABLE TO MENTION, HE NOW WANDERED BY CHANCE INTO THE VALLEY.
OH, THE DEVIL! I RECOGNIZE THAT MAN! IT'S KENDALL, THE PURE! ...CAN I NEVER ESCAPE THE PATHS OF SUCH UNTAINTED SWINE?
HO, STRANGER!
HO, STRANGER! HOW COME YOU TO THIS GOD-FORSAKEN COUNTRY?

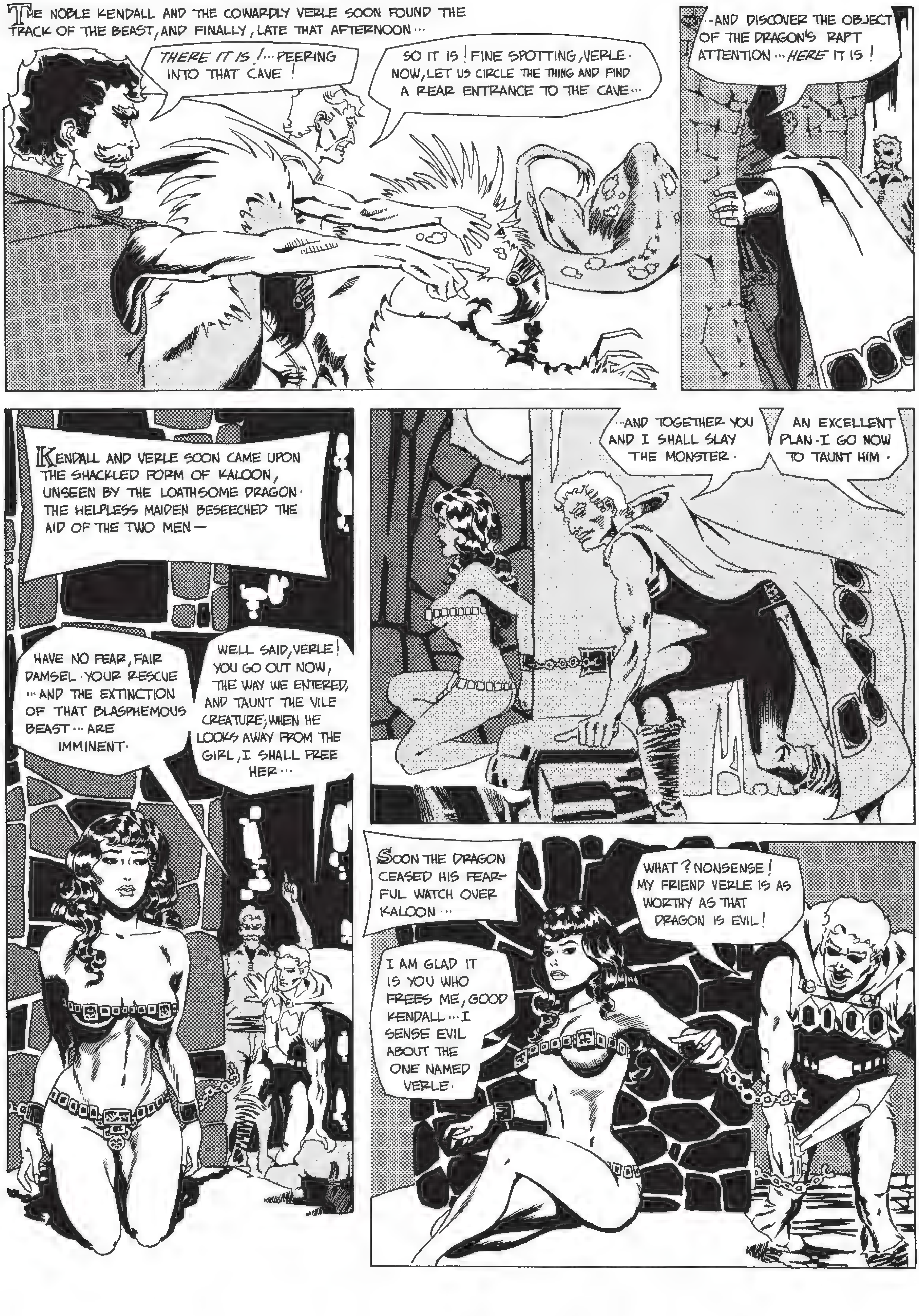
VERLE THE CRAVEN, MASTER OF DECEIT AND TREACHERY, SAID THAT HE SOUGHT MANLY ADVENTURE... EVEN AS HE SILENTLY CONSIDERED MURDERING KENDALL FOR HIS FINER STEED AND RAIMENT.

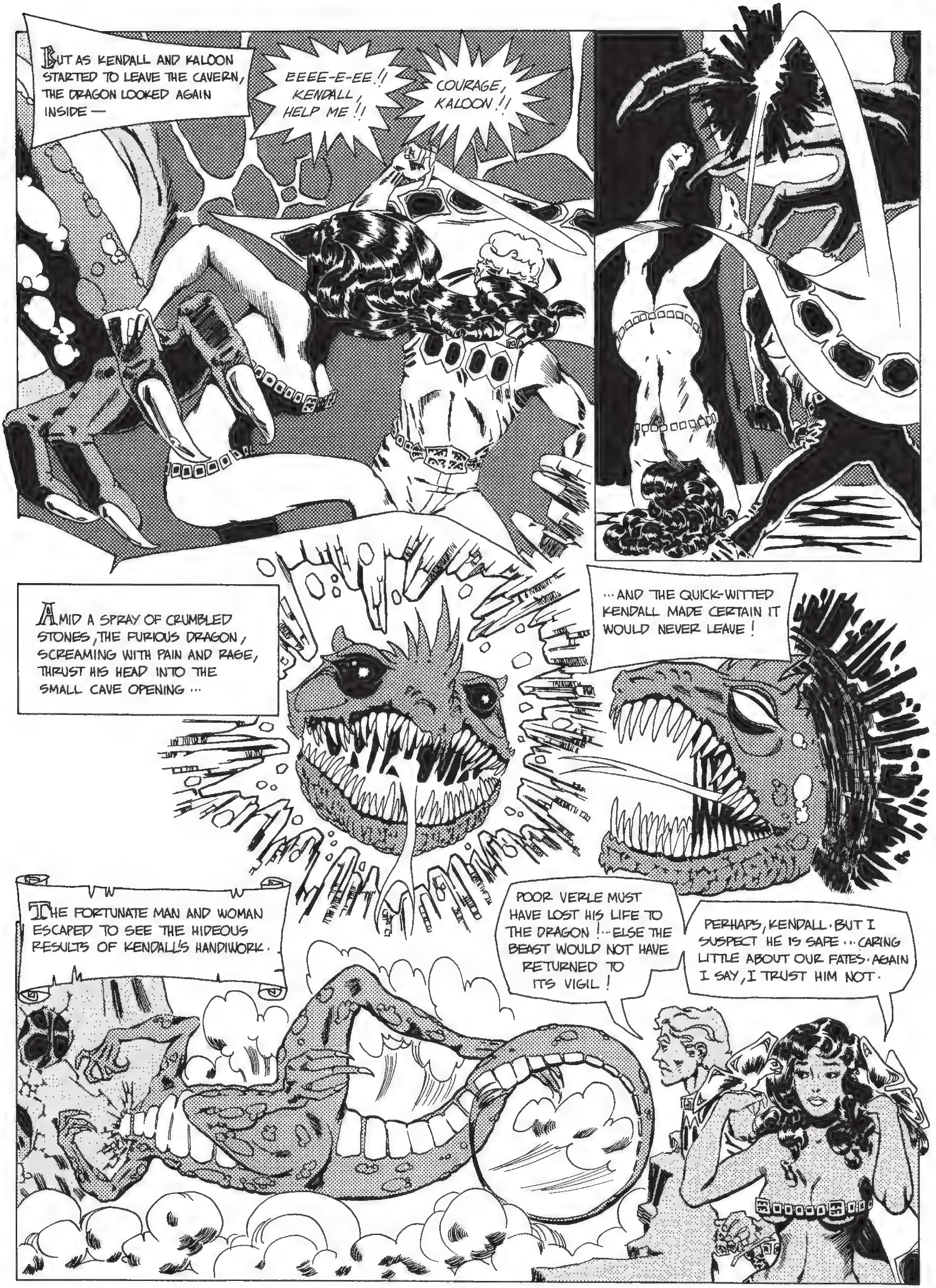
"GOOD FORTUNE!" CRIED KENDALL. "I TOO SEEK ADVENTURE... OF, AS YOU SAY, THE MANLY SORT... AND I AM ON THE TRAIL, IN THIS SELF-SAME VALLEY, OF A FOUL, EVIL *DRAGON*!"

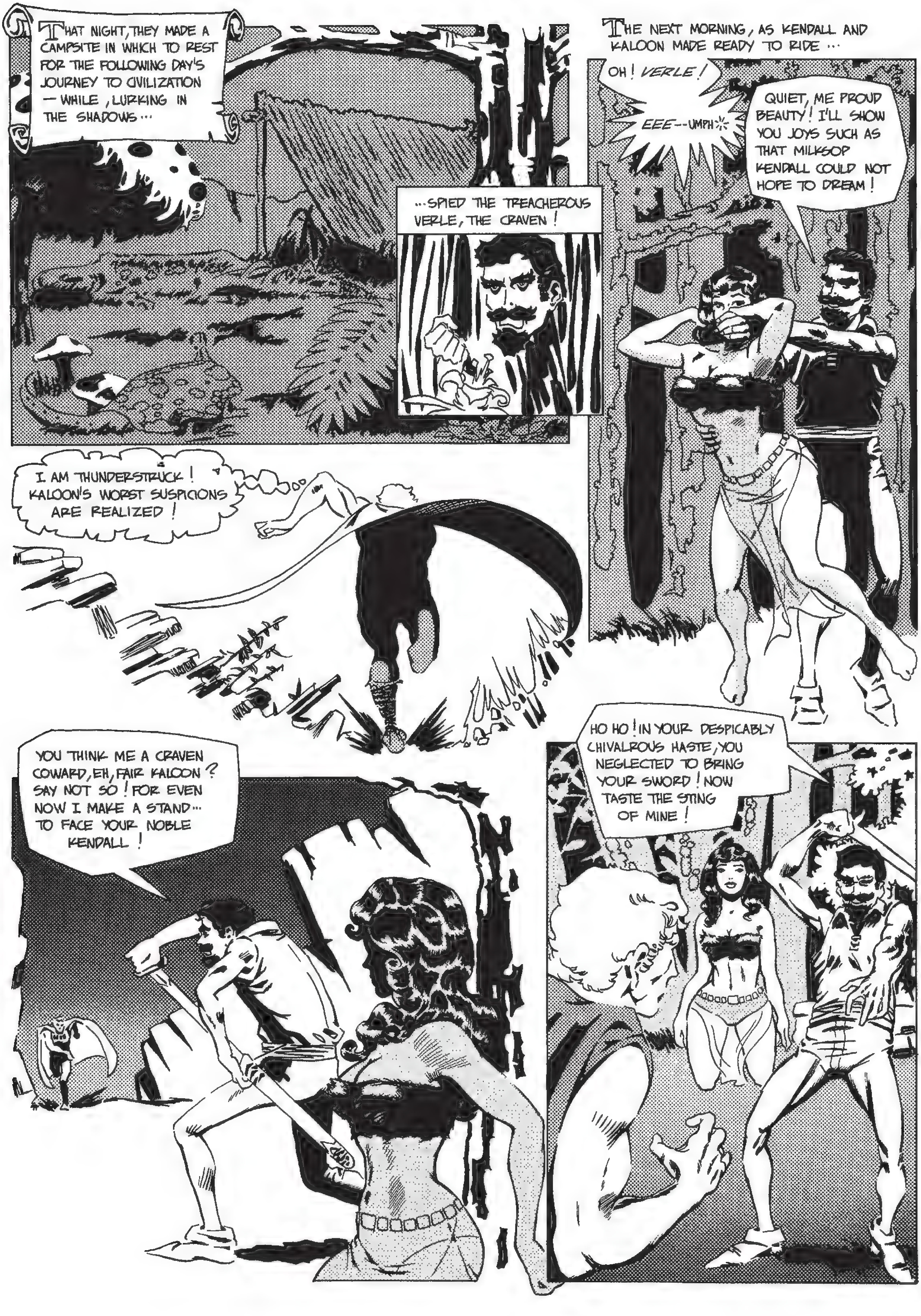
VERLE, THOUGH HIS BLOOD RAN COLD AT MENTION OF SUCH A BEAST, FEIGNED ENTHUSIASM.

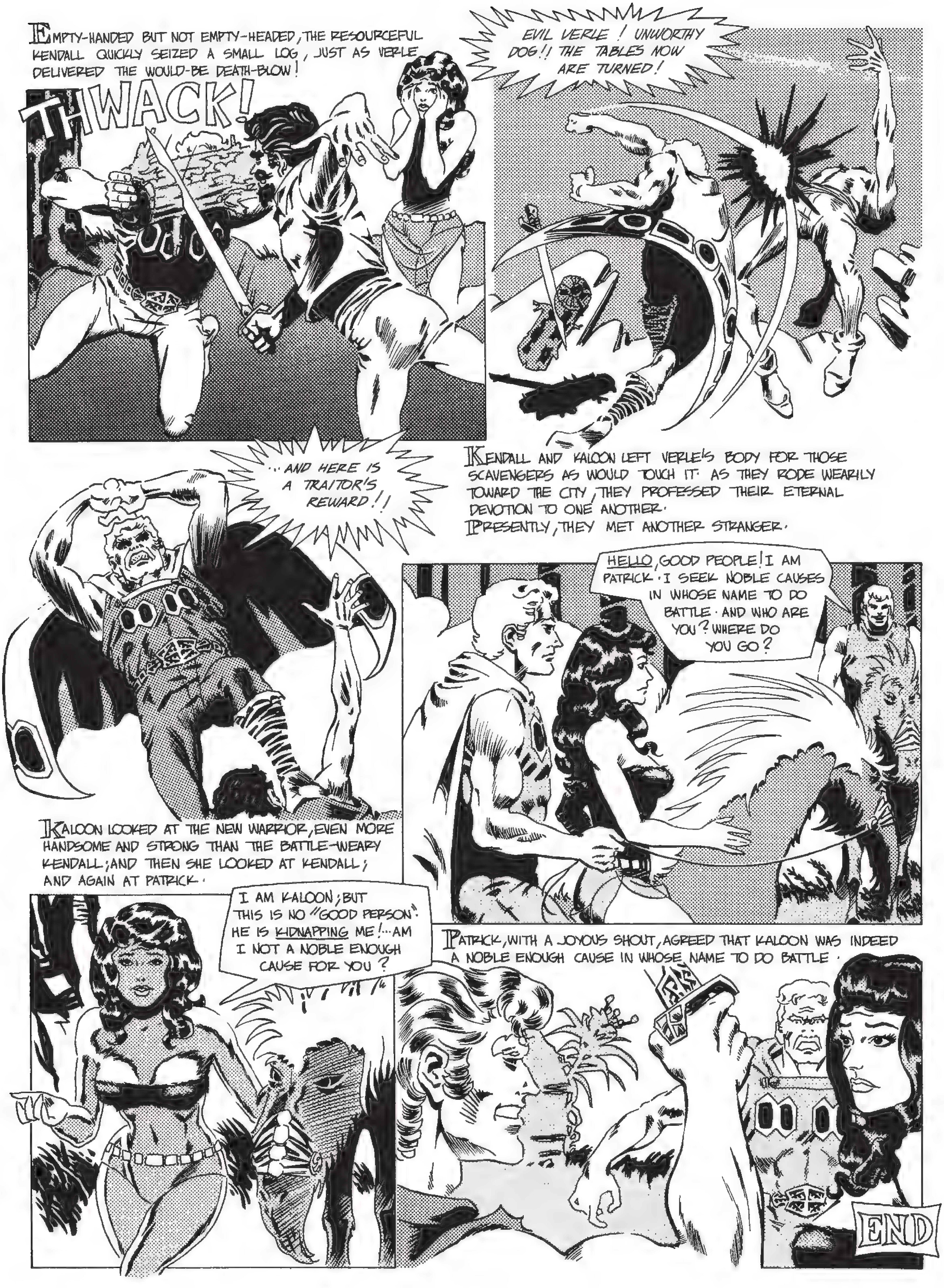



EXCELLENT FINE FORTUNE, KENDALL! WE SHALL HUNT THE OBSCENE CREATURE TOGETHER ...DOUBLE OUR CHANCE TO DESTROY IT UTTERLY!
DONE, FRIEND VERLE! YOU ARE A MAN OF COURAGE!

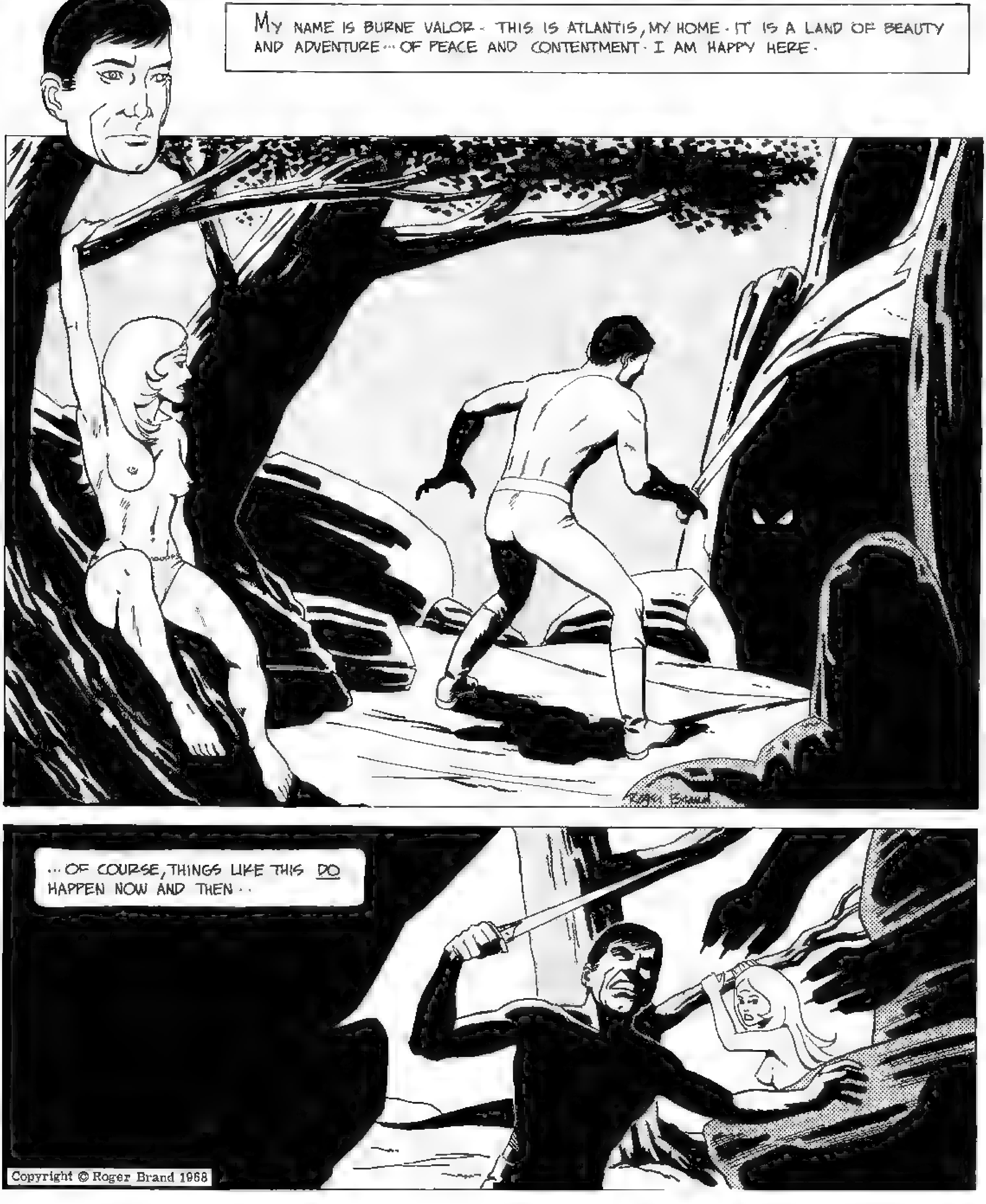

THE NOBLE KENDALL AND THE COWARDLY VERLE SOON FOUND THE TRACK OF THE BEAST, AND FINALLY, LATE THAT AFTERNOON…
THERE IT IS!… PEERING INTO THAT CAVE!
SO IT IS! FINE SPOTTING, VERLE. NOW, LET US CIRCLE THE THING AND FIND A REAR ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE…
…AND DISCOVER THE OBJECT OF THE DRAGON'S RAPT ATTENTION… HERE IT IS!
KENDALL AND VERLE SOON CAME UPON THE SHACKLED FORM OF KALOON, UNSEEN BY THE LOATHSOME DRAGON. THE HELPLESS MAIDEN BESEECHED THE AID OF THE TWO MEN—
HAVE NO FEAR, FAIR DAMSEL. YOUR RESCUE … AND THE EXTINCTION OF THAT BLASPHEMOUS BEAST… ARE IMMINENT.
WELL SAID, VERLE! YOU GO OUT NOW, THE WAY WE ENTERED, AND TAUNT THE VILE CREATURE; WHEN HE LOOKS AWAY FROM THE GIRL, I SHALL FREE HER…
…AND TOGETHER YOU AND I SHALL SLAY THE MONSTER.
AN EXCELLENT PLAN. I GO NOW TO TAUNT HIM.
SOON THE DRAGON CEASED HIS FEARFUL WATCH OVER KALOON…
WHAT? NONSENSE! MY FRIEND VERLE IS AS WORTHY AS THAT DRAGON IS EVIL!
I AM GLAD IT IS YOU WHO FREES ME, GOOD KENDALL… I SENSE EVIL ABOUT THE ONE NAMED VERLE.


BUT AS KENDALL AND KALOON STARTED TO LEAVE THE CAVERN, THE DRAGON LOOKED AGAIN INSIDE —
EEEE-E-EE!! KENDALL, HELP ME!!
COURAGE, KALOON!!
AMID A SPRAY OF CRUMBLED STONES, THE FURIOUS DRAGON, SCREAMING WITH PAIN AND RAGE, THRUST HIS HEAD INTO THE SMALL CAVE OPENING ...
... AND THE QUICK-WITTED KENDALL MADE CERTAIN IT WOULD NEVER LEAVE!
THE FORTUNATE MAN AND WOMAN ESCAPED TO SEE THE HIDEOUS RESULTS OF KENDALL'S HANDIWORK.
POOR VERLE MUST HAVE LOST HIS LIFE TO THE DRAGON! ... ELSE THE BEAST WOULD NOT HAVE RETURNED TO ITS VIGIL!
PERHAPS, KENDALL. BUT I SUSPECT HE IS SAFE ... CARING LITTLE ABOUT OUR FATES. AGAIN I SAY, I TRUST HIM NOT.


THAT NIGHT, THEY MADE A CAMPSITE IN WHICH TO REST FOR THE FOLLOWING DAY'S JOURNEY TO CIVILIZATION — WHILE, LURKING IN THE SHADOWS…
…SPIED THE TREACHEROUS VERLE, THE CRAVEN!
THE NEXT MORNING, AS KENDALL AND KALOON MADE READY TO RIDE…
OH! VERLE!
EEE--UMPH
QUIET, ME PROUD BEAUTY! I'LL SHOW YOU JOYS SUCH AS THAT MILKSOP KENDALL COULD NOT HOPE TO DREAM!
I AM THUNDERSTRUCK! KALOON'S WORST SUSPICIONS ARE REALIZED!
YOU THINK ME A CRAVEN COWARD, EH, FAIR KALOON? SAY NOT SO! FOR EVEN NOW I MAKE A STAND… TO FACE YOUR NOBLE KENDALL!
HO HO! IN YOUR DESPICABLY CHIVALROUS HASTE, YOU NEGLECTED TO BRING YOUR SWORD! NOW TASTE THE STING OF MINE!


EMPTY-HANDED BUT NOT EMPTY-HEADED, THE RESOURCEFUL KENDALL QUICKLY SEIZED A SMALL LOG, JUST AS VERLE DELIVERED THE WOULD-BE DEATH-BLOW!
THWACK!
EVIL VERLE! UNWORTHY DOG!! THE TABLES NOW ARE TURNED!
...AND HERE IS A TRAITOR'S REWARD!!
KENDALL AND KALOON LEFT VERLE'S BODY FOR THOSE SCAVENGERS AS WOULD TOUCH IT. AS THEY RODE WEARILY TOWARD THE CITY, THEY PROFESSED THEIR ETERNAL DEVOTION TO ONE ANOTHER.
PRESENTLY, THEY MET ANOTHER STRANGER.
HELLO, GOOD PEOPLE! I AM PATRICK. I SEEK NOBLE CAUSES IN WHOSE NAME TO DO BATTLE. AND WHO ARE YOU? WHERE DO YOU GO?
KALOON LOOKED AT THE NEW WARRIOR, EVEN MORE HANDSOME AND STRONG THAN THE BATTLE-WEARY KENDALL; AND THEN SHE LOOKED AT KENDALL; AND AGAIN AT PATRICK.
I AM KALOON; BUT THIS IS NO "GOOD PERSON". HE IS KIDNAPPING ME!...AM I NOT A NOBLE ENOUGH CAUSE FOR YOU?
PATRICK, WITH A JOYOUS SHOUT, AGREED THAT KALOON WAS INDEED A NOBLE ENOUGH CAUSE IN WHOSE NAME TO DO BATTLE.
END

HOMESICK


MY NAME IS BURNE VALOR. THIS IS ATLANTIS, MY HOME. IT IS A LAND OF BEAUTY AND ADVENTURE... OF PEACE AND CONTENTMENT. I AM HAPPY HERE.
ROGER BRAND
...OF COURSE, THINGS LIKE THIS DO HAPPEN NOW AND THEN..

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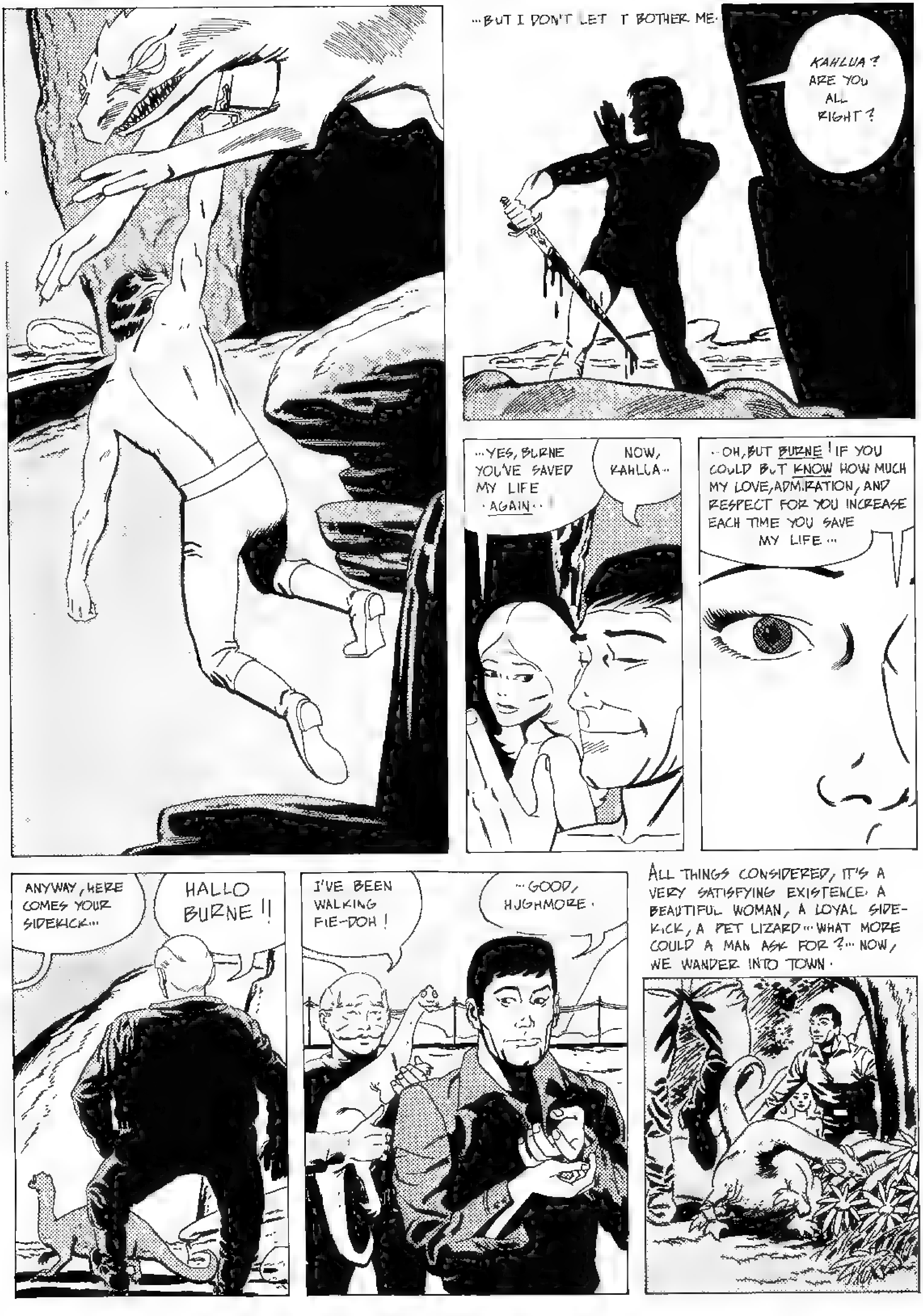
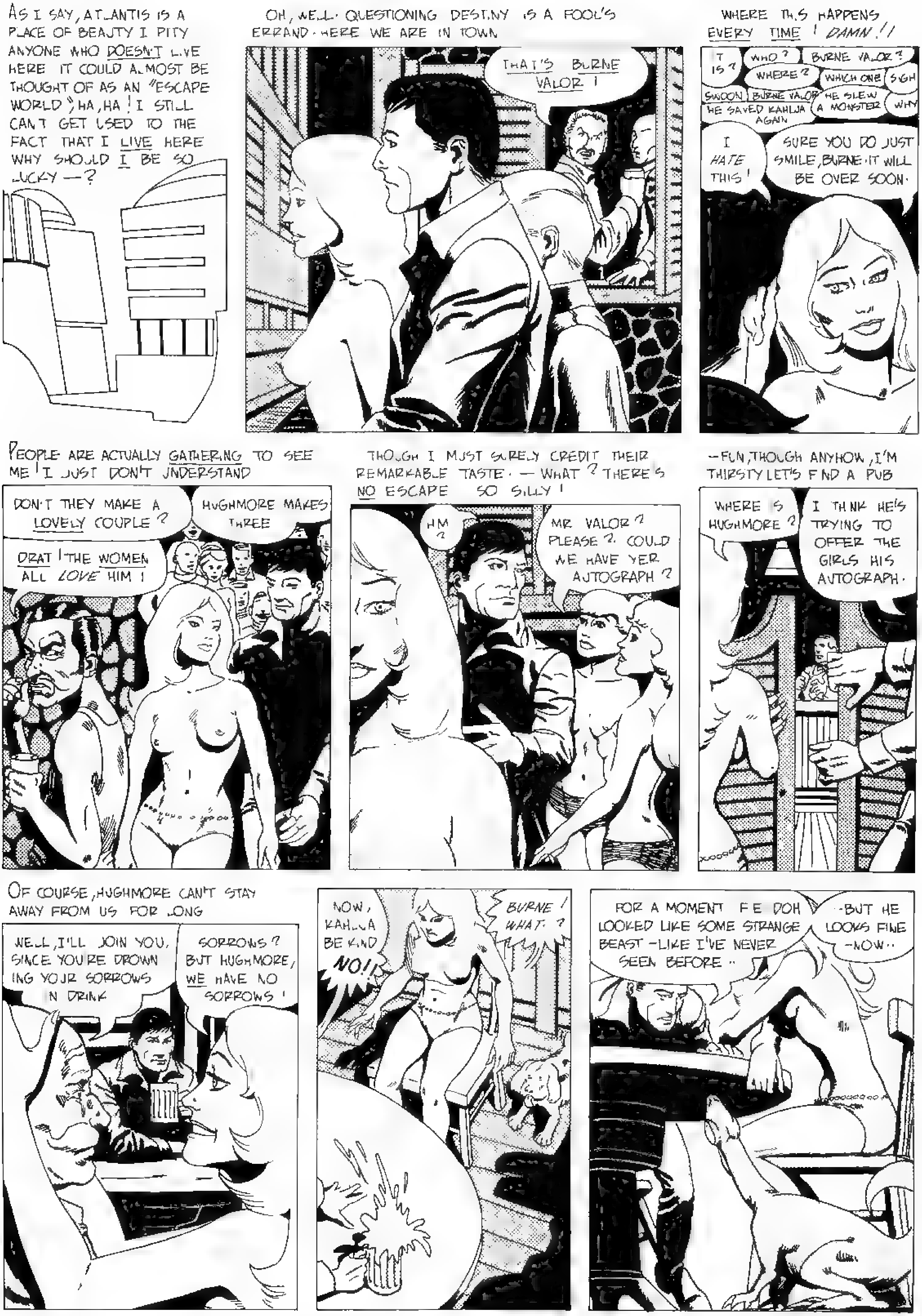
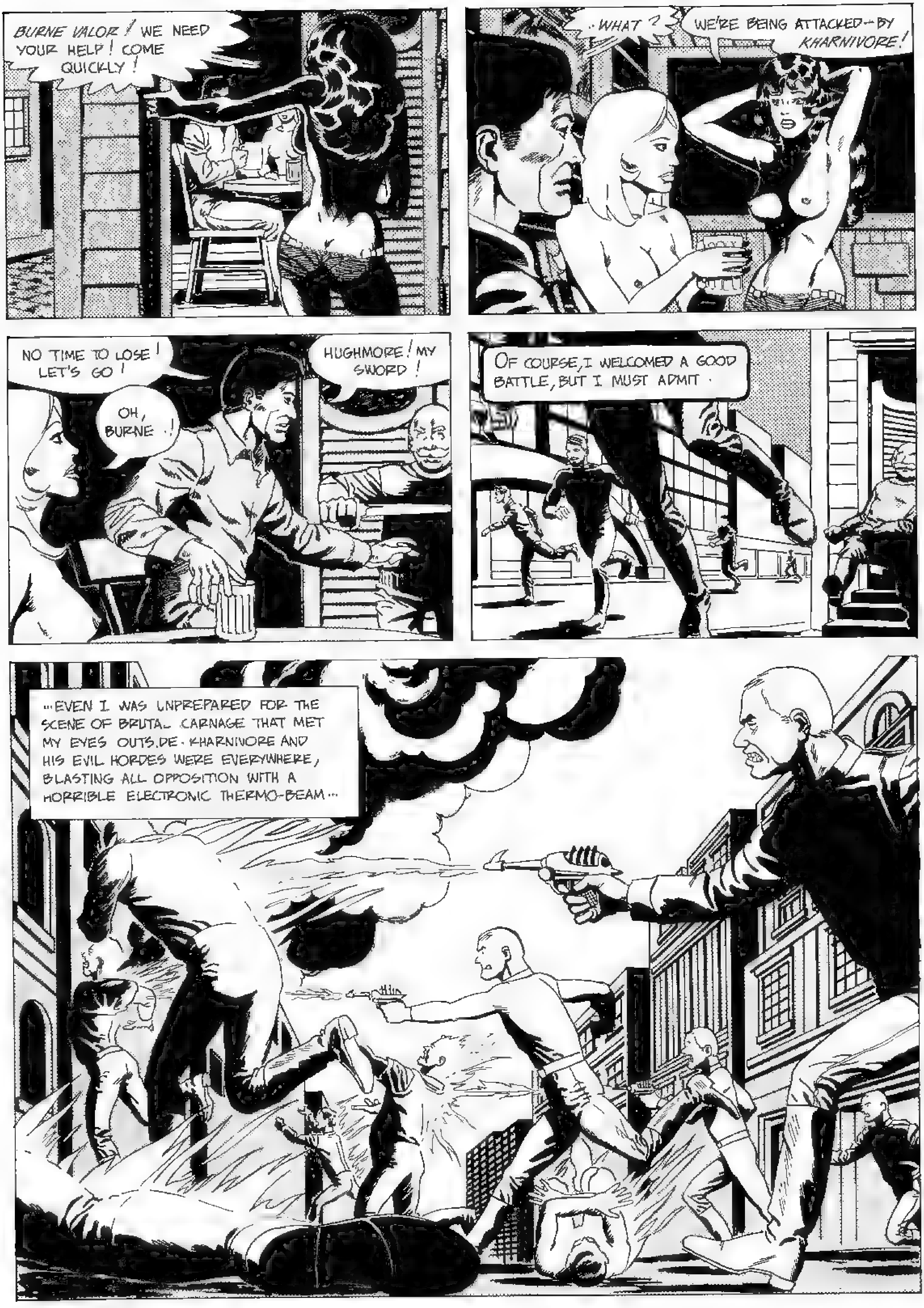
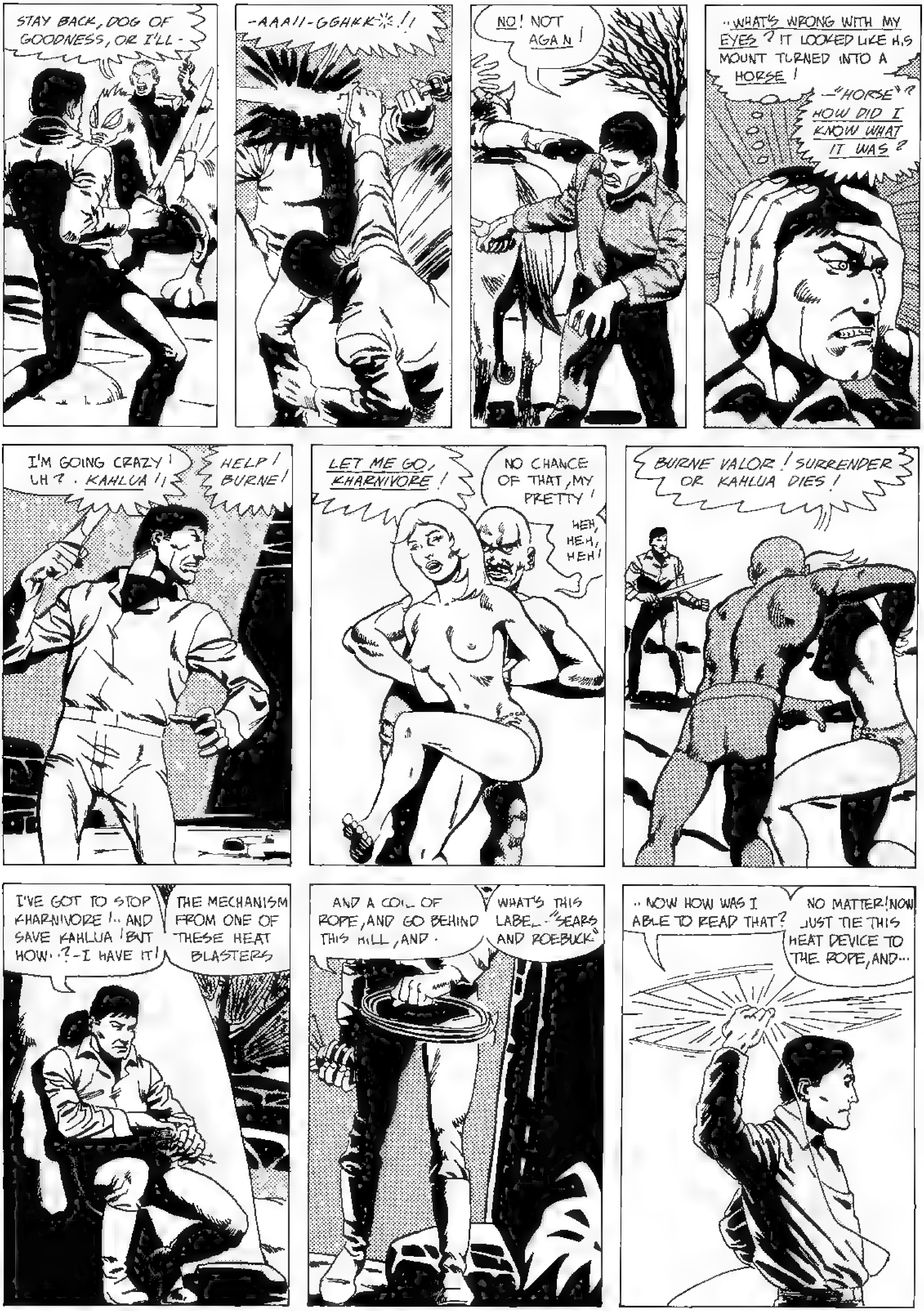
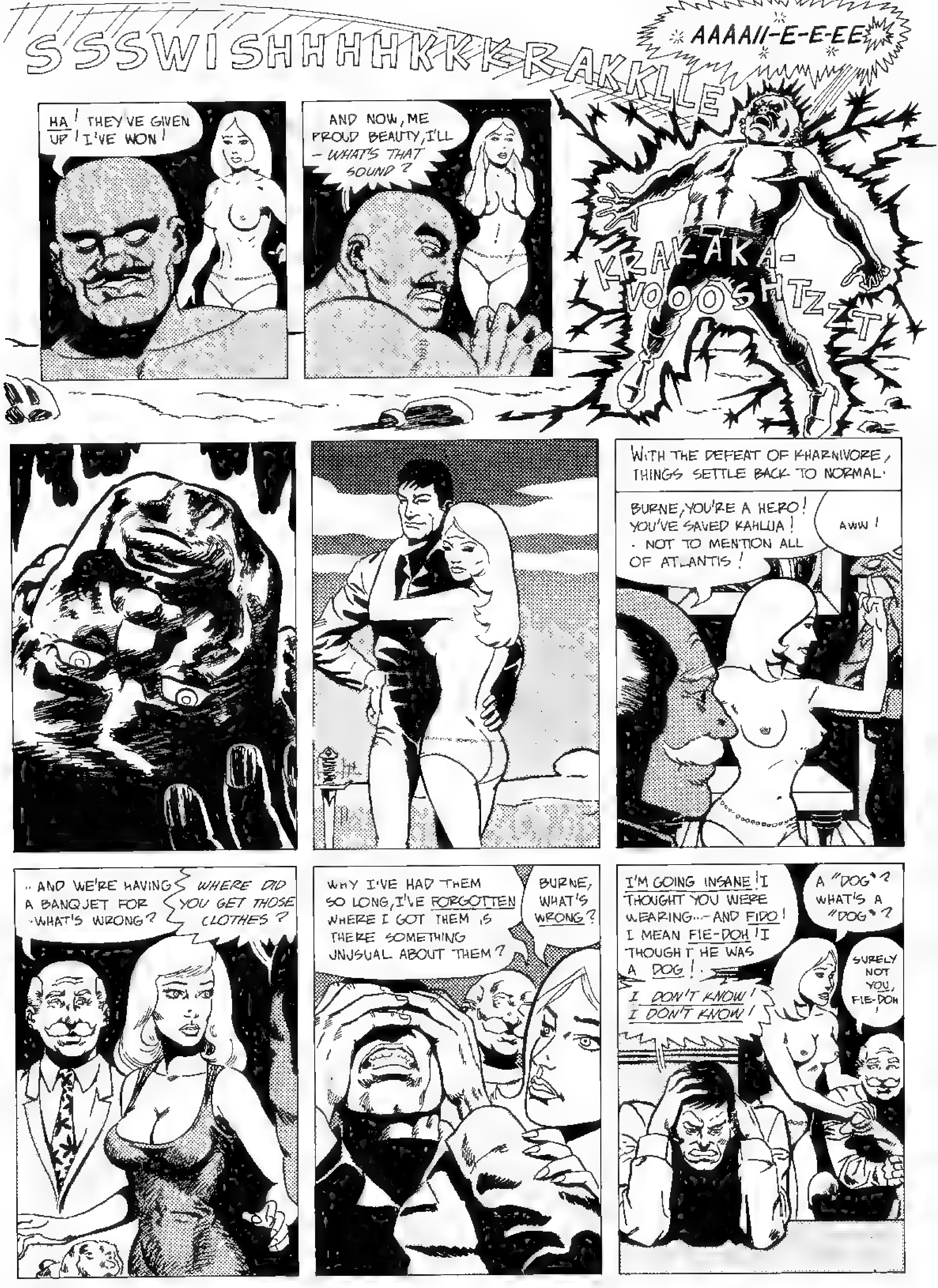
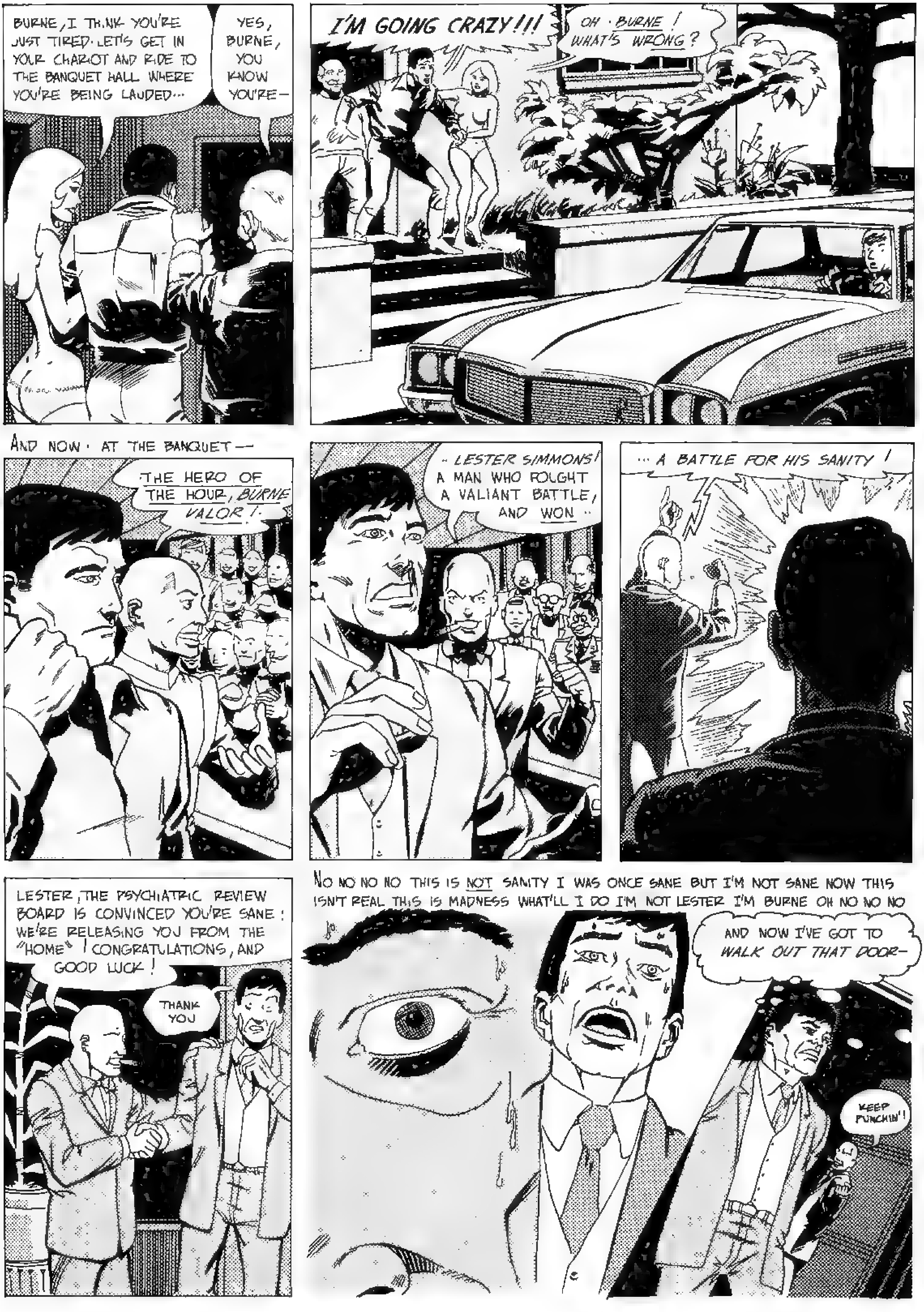

...BUT I DON'T LET T BOTHER ME.
KAHLUA? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
...YES, BURNE YOU'VE SAVED MY LIFE ·AGAIN·..
NOW, KAHLUA..
..OH, BUT BURNE! IF YOU COULD BUT KNOW HOW MUCH MY LOVE, ADMIRATION, AND RESPECT FOR YOU INCREASE EACH TIME YOU SAVE MY LIFE...
ANYWAY, HERE COMES YOUR SIDEKICK...
HALLO BURNE!!
I'VE BEEN WALKING FIE-DOH!
...GOOD, HUGHMORE.
ALL THINGS CONSIDERED, IT'S A VERY SATISFYING EXISTENCE. A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, A LOYAL SIDEKICK, A PET LIZARD... WHAT MORE COULD A MAN ASK FOR?... NOW, WE WANDER INTO TOWN.

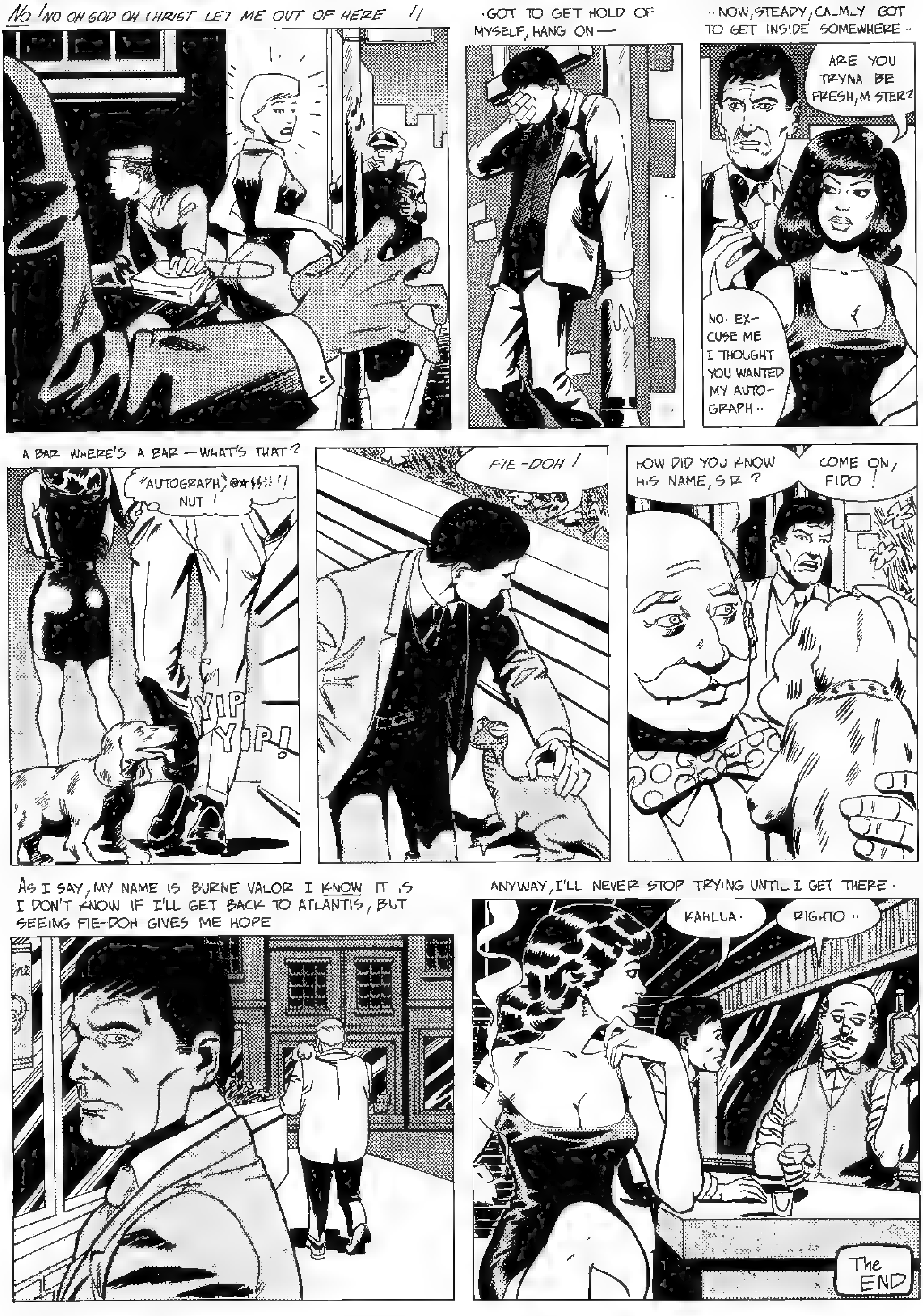

AS I SAY, ATLANTIS IS A PLACE OF BEAUTY I PITY ANYONE WHO DOESN'T LIVE HERE IT COULD ALMOST BE THOUGHT OF AS AN "ESCAPE WORLD", HA, HA! I STILL CAN'T GET USED TO THE FACT THAT I LIVE HERE WHY SHOULD I BE SO LUCKY —?
OH, WELL. QUESTIONING DESTINY IS A FOOL'S ERRAND. HERE WE ARE IN TOWN
THAT'S BURNE VALOR!
WHERE THIS HAPPENS EVERY TIME! DAMN!!
IT IS?
WHO?
BURNE VALOR?
WHERE?
WHICH ONE
SIGH
SWOON
BURNE VALOR
HE SLEW A MONSTER
WHY
HE SAVED KAHLJA AGAIN
I HATE THIS!
SURE YOU DO JUST SMILE, BURNE. IT WILL BE OVER SOON.
PEOPLE ARE ACTUALLY GATHERING TO SEE ME! I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND
DON'T THEY MAKE A LOVELY COUPLE?
HUGHMORE MAKES THREE
DRAT! THE WOMEN ALL LOVE HIM!
THOUGH I MUST SURELY CREDIT THEIR REMARKABLE TASTE. — WHAT? THERE'S NO ESCAPE SO SILLY!
HM?
MR VALOR? PLEASE? COULD WE HAVE YER AUTOGRAPH?
—FUN, THOUGH ANYHOW, I'M THIRSTY LET'S FIND A PUB
WHERE IS HUGHMORE?
I THINK HE'S TRYING TO OFFER THE GIRLS HIS AUTOGRAPH.
OF COURSE, HUGHMORE CAN'T STAY AWAY FROM US FOR LONG
WELL, I'LL JOIN YOU, SINCE YOU'RE DROWNING YOUR SORROWS IN DRINK
SORROWS? BUT HUGHMORE, WE HAVE NO SORROWS!
NOW, KAHLJA BE KIND
NO!!
BURNE! WHAT?
FOR A MOMENT FE DOH LOOKED LIKE SOME STRANGE BEAST —LIKE I'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE..
-BUT HE LOOKS FINE -NOW..


BURNE VALOR! WE NEED YOUR HELP! COME QUICKLY!
...WHAT?
WE'RE BEING ATTACKED--BY KHARNIVORE!
NO TIME TO LOSE! LET'S GO!
OH, BURNE..!
HUGHMORE! MY SWORD!
OF COURSE, I WELCOMED A GOOD BATTLE, BUT I MUST ADMIT.
...EVEN I WAS UNPREPARED FOR THE SCENE OF BRUTAL CARNAGE THAT MET MY EYES OUTSIDE. KHARNIVORE AND HIS EVIL HORDES WERE EVERYWHERE, BLASTING ALL OPPOSITION WITH A HORRIBLE ELECTRONIC THERMO-BEAM...


STAY BACK, DOG OF GOODNESS, OR I'LL-
-AAAII-GGHKK!!
NO! NOT AGAIN!
..WHAT'S WRONG WITH MY EYES? IT LOOKED LIKE HIS MOUNT TURNED INTO A HORSE!
-"HORSE"? HOW DID I KNOW WHAT IT WAS?
I'M GOING CRAZY! UH? . KAHLUA!!
HELP! BURNE!
LET ME GO, KHARNIVORE!
NO CHANCE OF THAT, MY PRETTY!
HEH, HEH, HEH!
BURNE VALOR! SURRENDER OR KAHLUA DIES!
I'VE GOT TO STOP KHARNIVORE!.. AND SAVE KAHLUA! BUT HOW..?-I HAVE IT!
THE MECHANISM FROM ONE OF THESE HEAT BLASTERS
AND A COIL OF ROPE, AND GO BEHIND THIS HILL, AND.
WHAT'S THIS LABEL.."SEARS AND ROEBUCK"
.. NOW HOW WAS I ABLE TO READ THAT?
NO MATTER! NOW JUST TIE THIS HEAT DEVICE TO THE ROPE, AND...


SSSWISHHHHKKKRAKKLLE
AAAAII-E-E-EE
HA! THEY'VE GIVEN UP! I'VE WON!
AND NOW, ME PROUD BEAUTY, I'LL - WHAT'S THAT SOUND?
KRAKAKA-VOOOSHTZZT
WITH THE DEFEAT OF KHARNIVORE, THINGS SETTLE BACK TO NORMAL.
BURNE, YOU'RE A HERO! YOU'VE SAVED KAHLUA! - NOT TO MENTION ALL OF ATLANTIS!
AWW!
.. AND WE'RE HAVING A BANQUET FOR - WHAT'S WRONG?
WHERE DID YOU GET THOSE CLOTHES?
WHY I'VE HAD THEM SO LONG, I'VE FORGOTTEN WHERE I GOT THEM. IS THERE SOMETHING UNUSUAL ABOUT THEM?
BURNE, WHAT'S WRONG?
I'M GOING INSANE! I THOUGHT YOU WERE WEARING...- AND FIDO! I MEAN FIE-DOH! I THOUGHT HE WAS A DOG!
I DON'T KNOW! I DON'T KNOW!
A "DOG"? WHAT'S A "DOG"?
SURELY NOT YOU, FIE-DOH!


BURNE, I THINK YOU'RE JUST TIRED. LET'S GET IN YOUR CHARIOT AND RIDE TO THE BANQUET HALL WHERE YOU'RE BEING LAUDED...
YES, BURNE, YOU KNOW YOU'RE—
I'M GOING CRAZY!!!
OH · BURNE! WHAT'S WRONG?
AND NOW · AT THE BANQUET —
THE HERO OF THE HOUR, BURNE VALOR!
· LESTER SIMMONS! A MAN WHO FOUGHT A VALIANT BATTLE, AND WON ··
... A BATTLE FOR HIS SANITY!
LESTER, THE PSYCHIATRIC REVIEW BOARD IS CONVINCED YOU'RE SANE: WE'RE RELEASING YOU FROM THE "HOME"! CONGRATULATIONS, AND GOOD LUCK!
THANK YOU
NO NO NO NO THIS IS NOT SANITY I WAS ONCE SANE BUT I'M NOT SANE NOW THIS ISN'T REAL THIS IS MADNESS WHAT'LL I DO I'M NOT LESTER I'M BURNE OH NO NO NO
AND NOW I'VE GOT TO WALK OUT THAT DOOR—
KEEP PUNCHIN'!

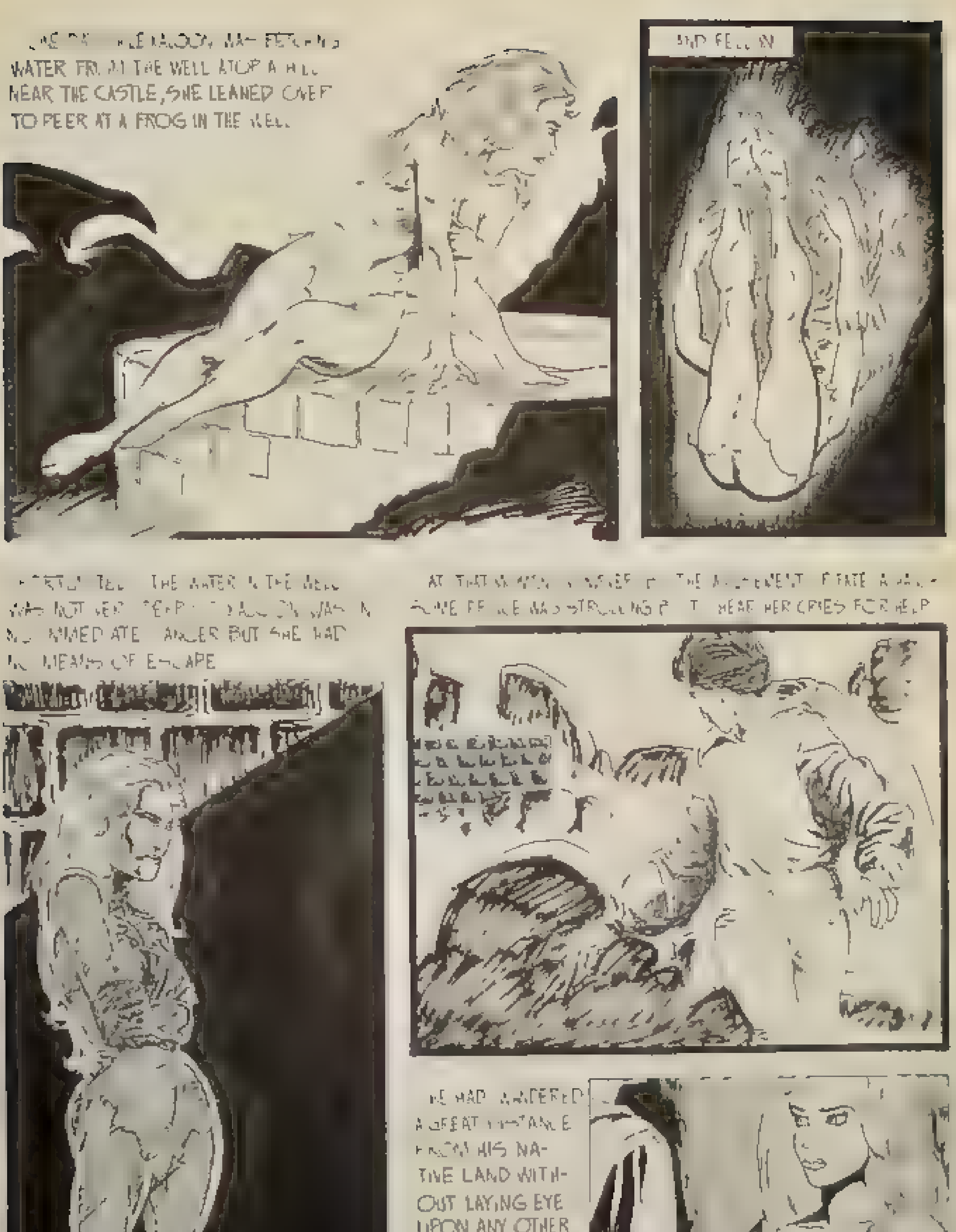

NO! NO OH GOD OH CHRIST LET ME OUT OF HERE !!
··GOT TO GET HOLD OF MYSELF, HANG ON —
··NOW, STEADY, CALMLY GOT TO GET INSIDE SOMEWHERE··
ARE YOU TRYNA BE FRESH, MISTER?
NO. EX-CUSE ME I THOUGHT YOU WANTED MY AUTO-GRAPH··
A BAR WHERE'S A BAR — WHAT'S THAT?
"AUTOGRAPH" @★$$!!! NUT!
YIP YIP!
FIE-DOH!
HOW DID YOU KNOW HIS NAME, SIR?
COME ON, FIDO!
AS I SAY, MY NAME IS BURNE VALOR I KNOW IT IS I DON'T KNOW IF I'LL GET BACK TO ATLANTIS, BUT SEEING FIE-DOH GIVES ME HOPE
ANYWAY, I'LL NEVER STOP TRYING UNTIL I GET THERE·
KAHLUA·
RIGHTO··
The END

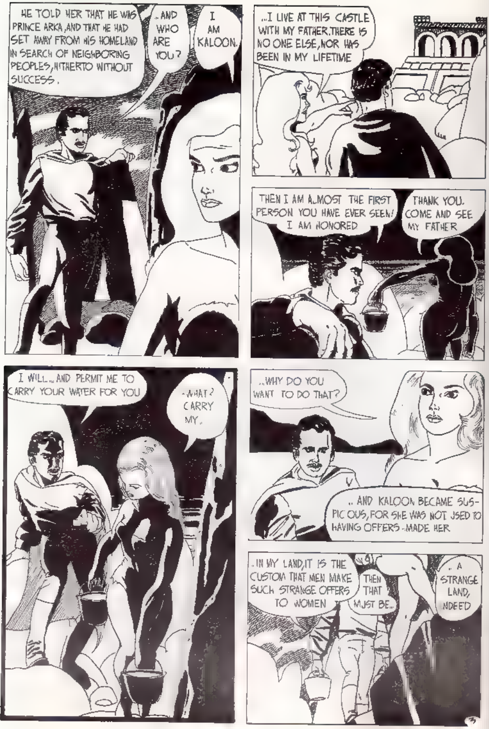
THE CASTLE

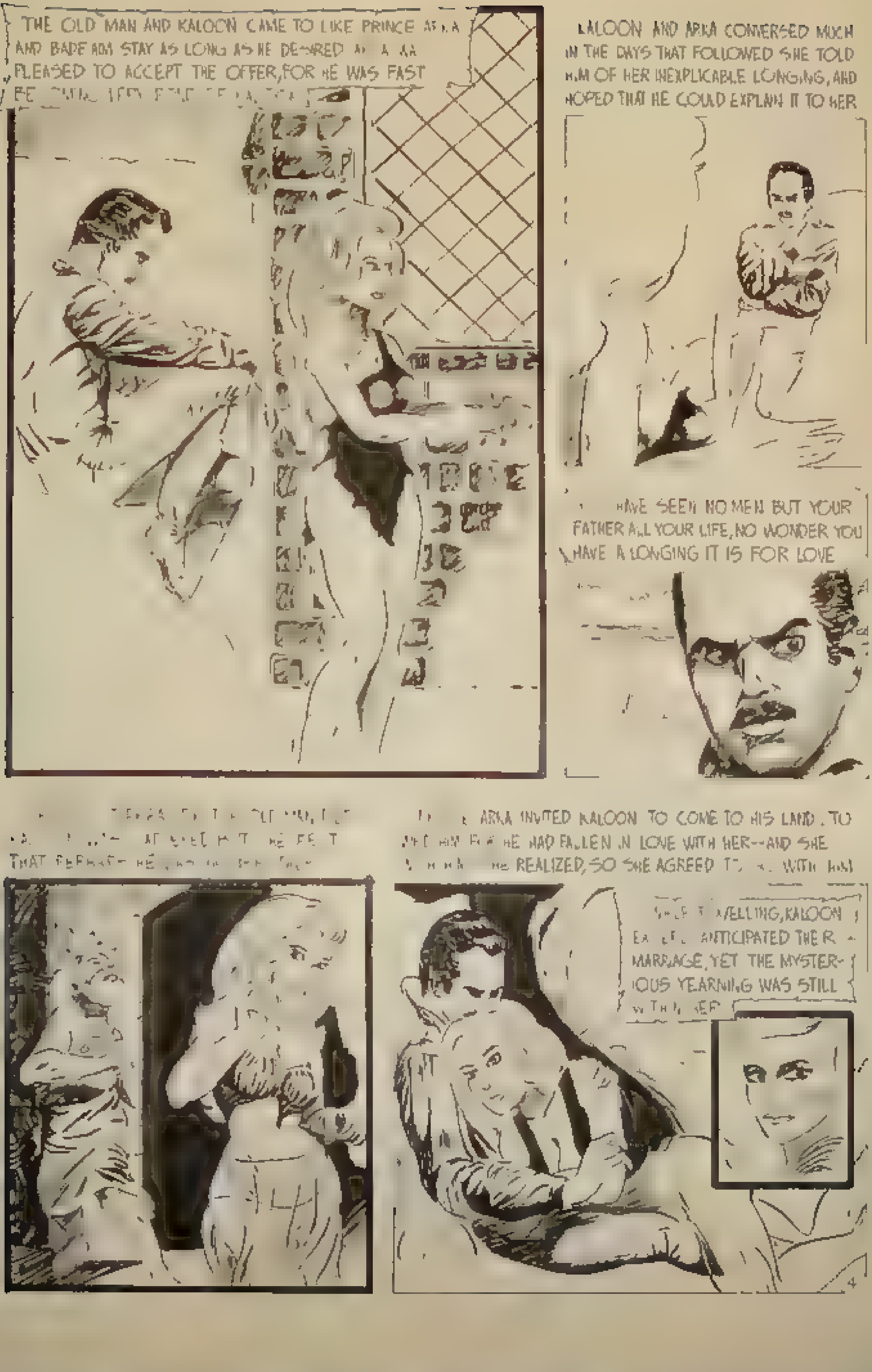
LONG AGO, IN A FAR-OFF LAND, A CASTLE STOOD... OLD AND WORN BY THE ELEMENTS OF CENTURIES PRECEDING EVEN THAT. IN THE CASTLE THERE DWELT AN OLD MAN, ONCE LITHE AND QUICK, NOW WEAK AND BENT, AND SATISFIED TO BE INACTIVE AND SERVED BY HIS DAUGHTER, KALOON

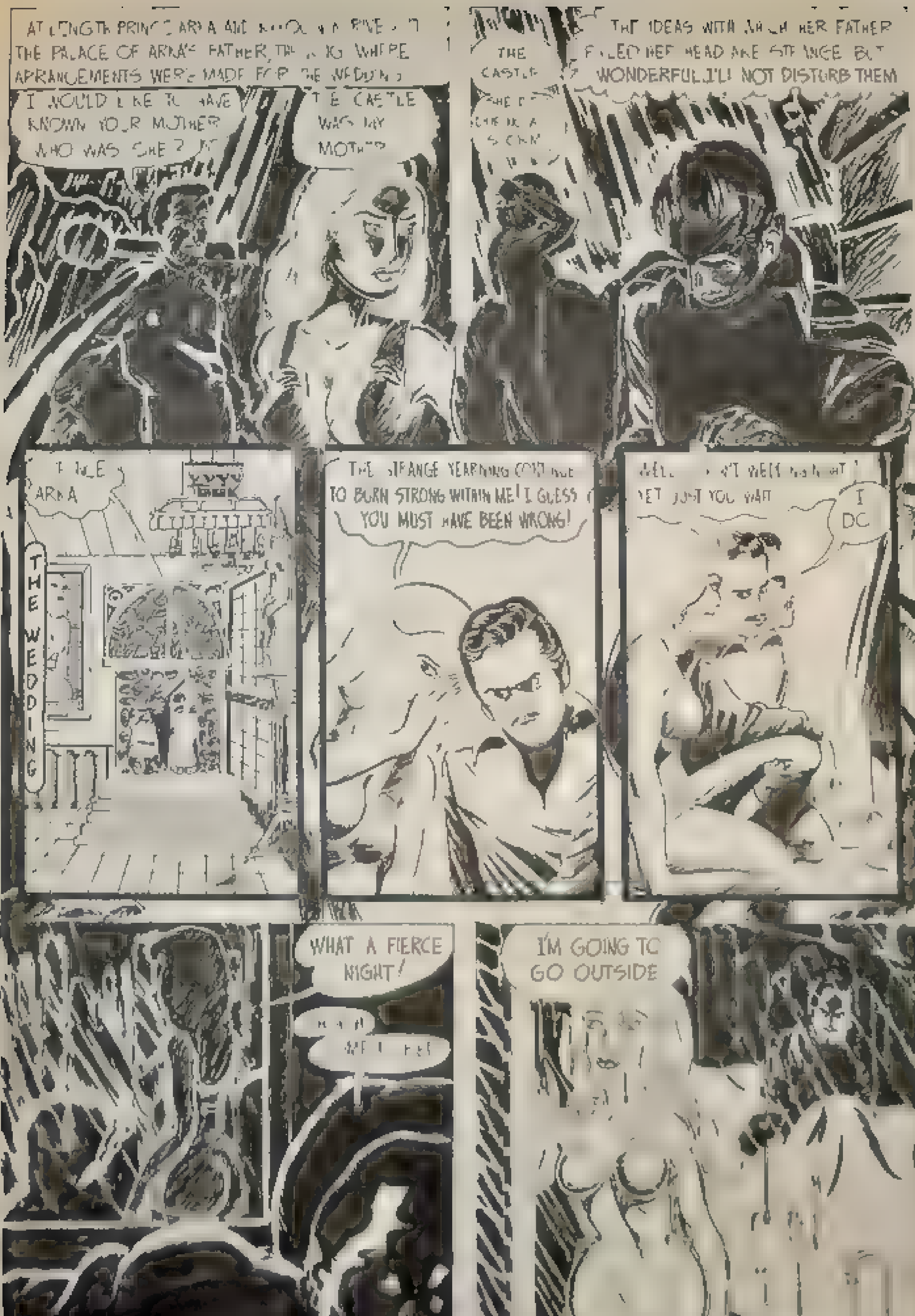
KALOON THOUGHT THAT SERVING HER FATHER CONTENTED HER, FOR HE WAS KIND AND JUST BUT THERE WAS AN UNREST ABOUT HER; UNDERNEATH, SHE KNEW SHE WANTED SOMETHING MORE, BUT SHE DID NOT KNOW WHAT...

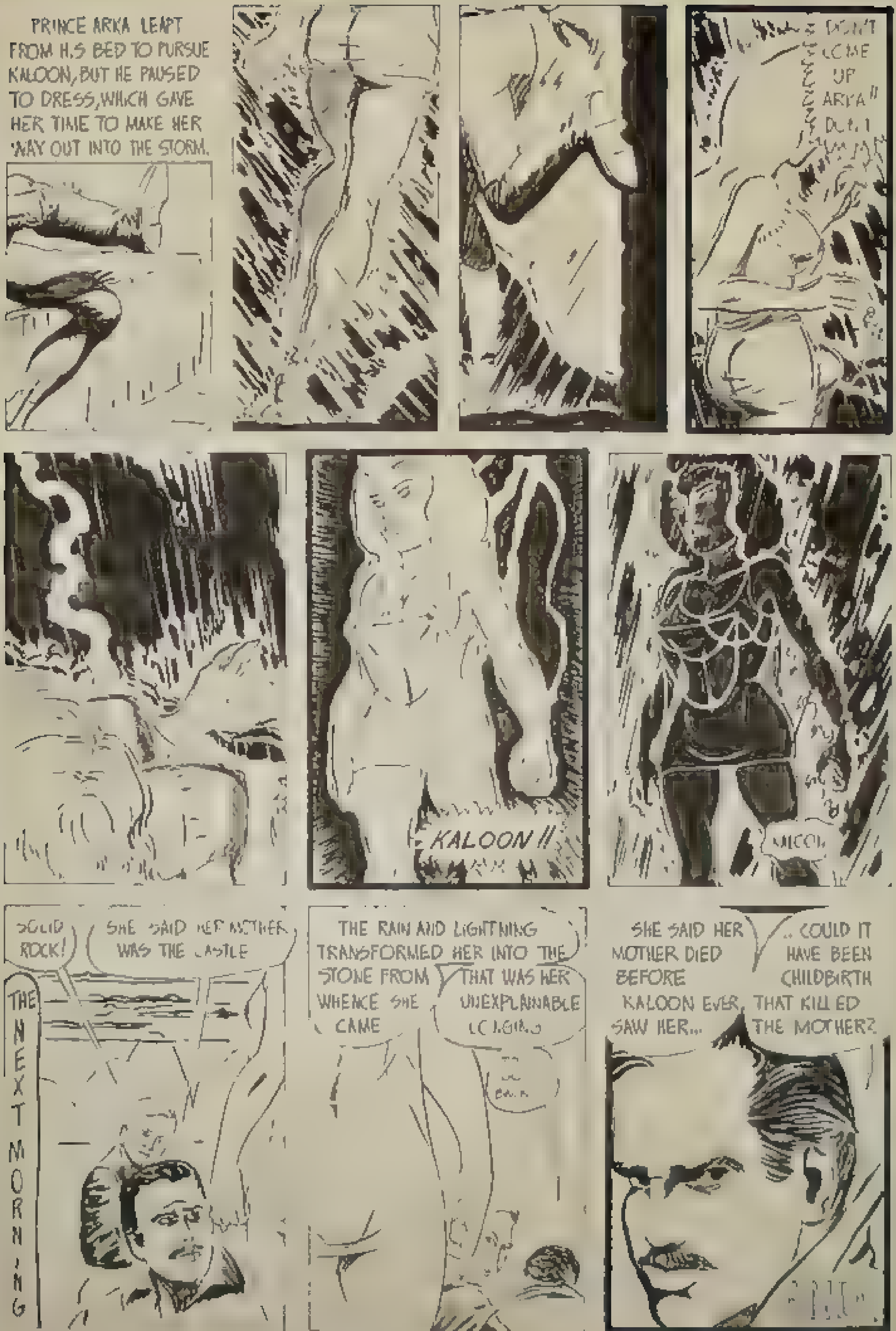
HER MOTHER HAD DIED WHEN KALOON WAS AN INFANT. THE DAUGHTER SAW NO ONE BUT HER FATHER FOR SEVENTEEN YEARS; SHE WAS HARDLY AWARE OF THE EXISTENCE OF OTHER PEOPLE


ONE DAY [illegible] WAS FETCHING WATER FROM THE WELL ATOP A HILL NEAR THE CASTLE, SHE LEANED OVER TO PEER AT A FROG IN THE WELL
AND FELL IN
FORTUNATELY, THE WATER IN THE WELL WAS NOT VERY DEEP. [illegible] WAS IN NO IMMEDIATE DANGER BUT SHE HAD NO MEANS OF ESCAPE
AT THAT MOMENT, [illegible] THE [illegible] OF FATE A HANDSOME PRINCE WAS STROLLING BY TO HEAR HER CRIES FOR HELP
HE HAD WANDERED A GREAT DISTANCE FROM HIS NATIVE LAND WITHOUT LAYING EYE UPON ANY OTHER PEOPLE. HIS JOY, THEREFORE, WAS UNBOUNDED WHEN THE FIRST HUMAN BEING HE SAW WAS A BEAUTIFUL MAIDEN

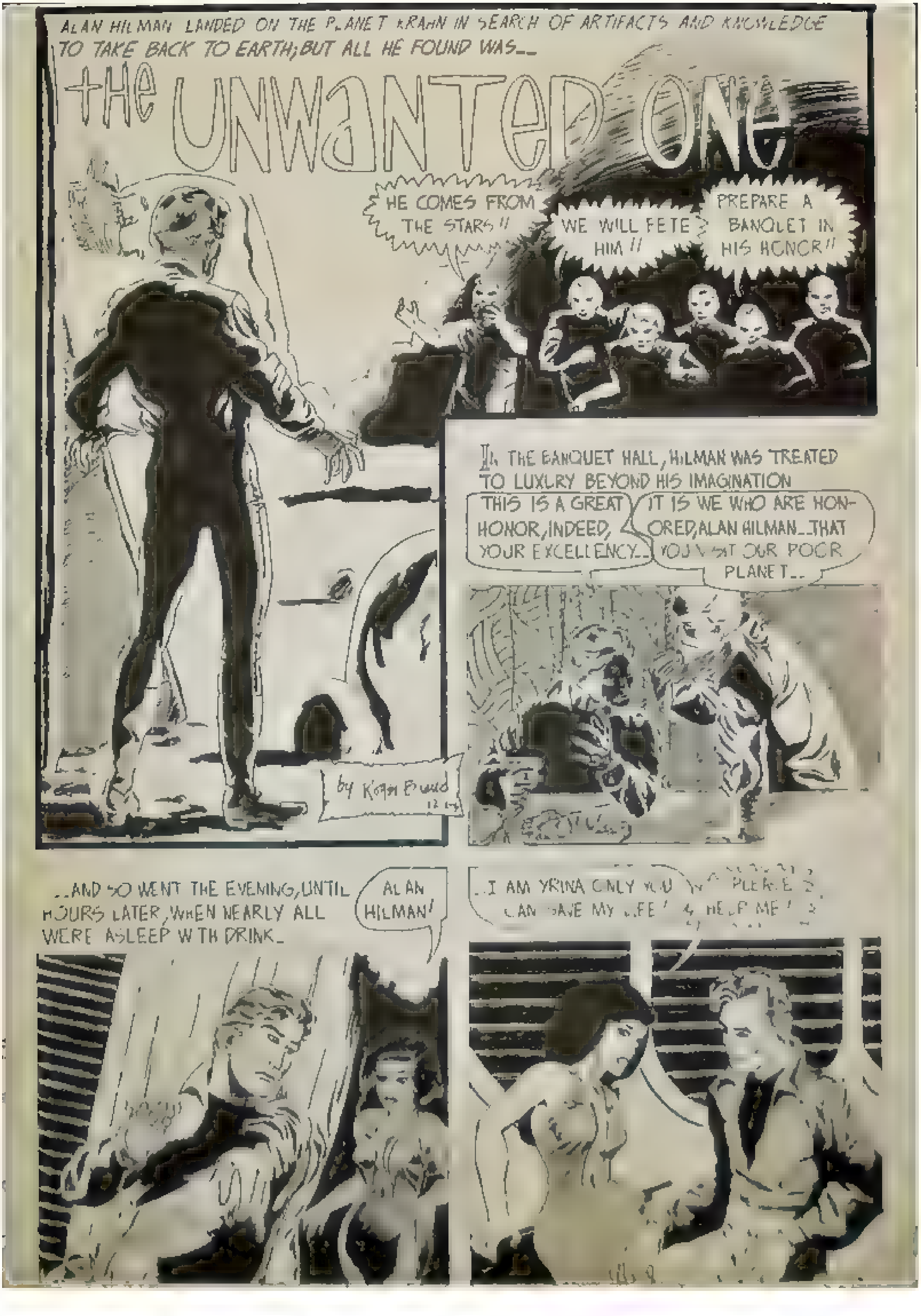

HE TOLD HER THAT HE WAS PRINCE ARKA, AND THAT HE HAD SET AWAY FROM HIS HOMELAND IN SEARCH OF NEIGHBORING PEOPLES, HITHERTO WITHOUT SUCCESS.
..AND WHO ARE YOU?
I AM KALOON.
..I LIVE AT THIS CASTLE WITH MY FATHER. THERE IS NO ONE ELSE, NOR HAS BEEN IN MY LIFETIME
THEN I AM ALMOST THE FIRST PERSON YOU HAVE EVER SEEN! I AM HONORED
THANK YOU. COME AND SEE MY FATHER
I WILL.. AND PERMIT ME TO CARRY YOUR WATER FOR YOU
-WHAT? CARRY MY..
..WHY DO YOU WANT TO DO THAT?
.. AND KALOON BECAME SUSPICIOUS, FOR SHE WAS NOT USED TO HAVING OFFERS MADE HER
..IN MY LAND, IT IS THE CUSTOM THAT MEN MAKE SUCH STRANGE OFFERS TO WOMEN
THEN THAT MUST BE..
.. A STRANGE LAND, INDEED

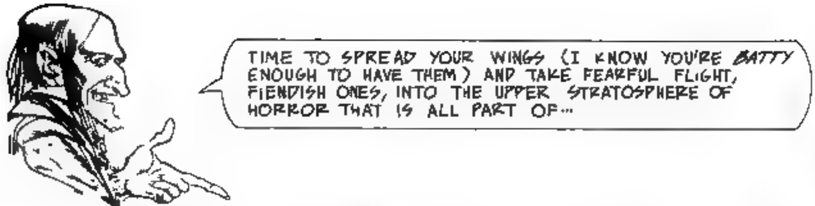

THE OLD MAN AND KALOON CAME TO LIKE PRINCE ARKA AND BADE HIM STAY AS LONG AS HE DESIRED. ARKA WAS PLEASED TO ACCEPT THE OFFER, FOR HE WAS FAST BECOMING VERY FOND OF KALOON.
KALOON AND ARKA CONVERSED MUCH IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED. SHE TOLD HIM OF HER INEXPLICABLE LONGING, AND HOPED THAT HE COULD EXPLAIN IT TO HER.
[illegible] HAVE SEEN NO MEN BUT YOUR FATHER ALL YOUR LIFE, NO WONDER YOU HAVE A LONGING. IT IS FOR LOVE
[illegible] TERMS [illegible] THE OLD MAN [illegible] THAT PERHAPS HE [illegible]
[illegible] ARKA INVITED KALOON TO COME TO HIS LAND, TO [illegible] HIM FOR HE HAD FALLEN IN LOVE WITH HER--AND SHE [illegible] REALIZED, SO SHE AGREED TO [illegible] WITH HIM
[illegible] TRAVELLING, KALOON EAGERLY ANTICIPATED THEIR MARRIAGE, YET THE MYSTERIOUS YEARNING WAS STILL WITH HER


AT LENGTH PRINCE ARKA AND ... ARRIVE AT THE PALACE OF ARKA'S FATHER, THE KING WHERE ARRANGEMENTS WERE MADE FOR THE WEDDING
I WOULD LIKE TO HAVE KNOWN YOUR MOTHER WHO WAS SHE?
THE CASTLE WAS MY MOTHER
THE CASTLE
THE IDEAS WITH WHICH HER FATHER FILLED HER HEAD ARE STRANGE BUT WONDERFUL. I'LL NOT DISTURB THEM
PRINCE ARKA
THE WEDDING
THE STRANGE YEARNING CONTINUES TO BURN STRONG WITHIN ME! I GUESS YOU MUST HAVE BEEN WRONG!
WELL ... WEDDING NIGHT YET JUST YOU WAIT
I DO
WHAT A FIERCE NIGHT!
I'M GOING TO GO OUTSIDE

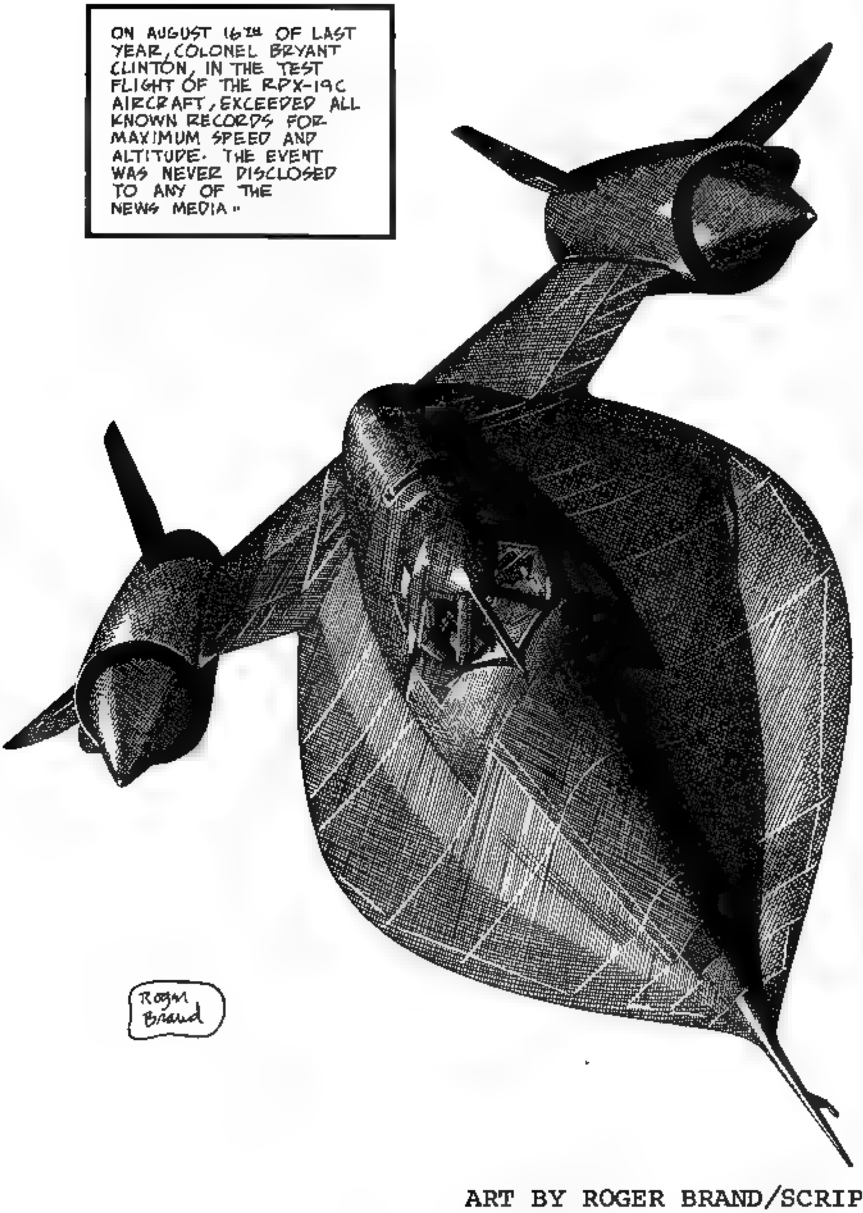

PRINCE ARKA LEAPT FROM HIS BED TO PURSUE KALOON, BUT HE PAUSED TO DRESS, WHICH GAVE HER TIME TO MAKE HER WAY OUT INTO THE STORM.
DON'T COME UP ARKA!! DON'T
KALOON!!
SOLID ROCK!
SHE SAID HER MOTHER WAS THE CASTLE
THE NEXT MORNING
THE RAIN AND LIGHTNING TRANSFORMED HER INTO THE STONE FROM WHENCE SHE CAME
THAT WAS HER UNEXPLAINABLE LONGING
SHE SAID HER MOTHER DIED BEFORE KALOON EVER SAW HER...
... COULD IT HAVE BEEN CHILDBIRTH THAT KILLED THE MOTHER?

FLASH GORDON
Roger Brand 64


ALAN HILMAN LANDED ON THE PLANET KRAHN IN SEARCH OF ARTIFACTS AND KNOWLEDGE TO TAKE BACK TO EARTH; BUT ALL HE FOUND WAS__
THE UNWANTED ONE
HE COMES FROM THE STARS!!
WE WILL FETE HIM!!
PREPARE A BANQUET IN HIS HONOR!!
IN THE BANQUET HALL, HILMAN WAS TREATED TO LUXURY BEYOND HIS IMAGINATION
THIS IS A GREAT HONOR, INDEED, YOUR EXCELLENCY..
IT IS WE WHO ARE HONORED, ALAN HILMAN_THAT YOU VISIT OUR POOR PLANET..
..AND SO WENT THE EVENING, UNTIL HOURS LATER, WHEN NEARLY ALL WERE ASLEEP WITH DRINK_
ALAN HILMAN!
..I AM YRINA ONLY YOU CAN SAVE MY LIFE!
PLEASE, HELP ME!

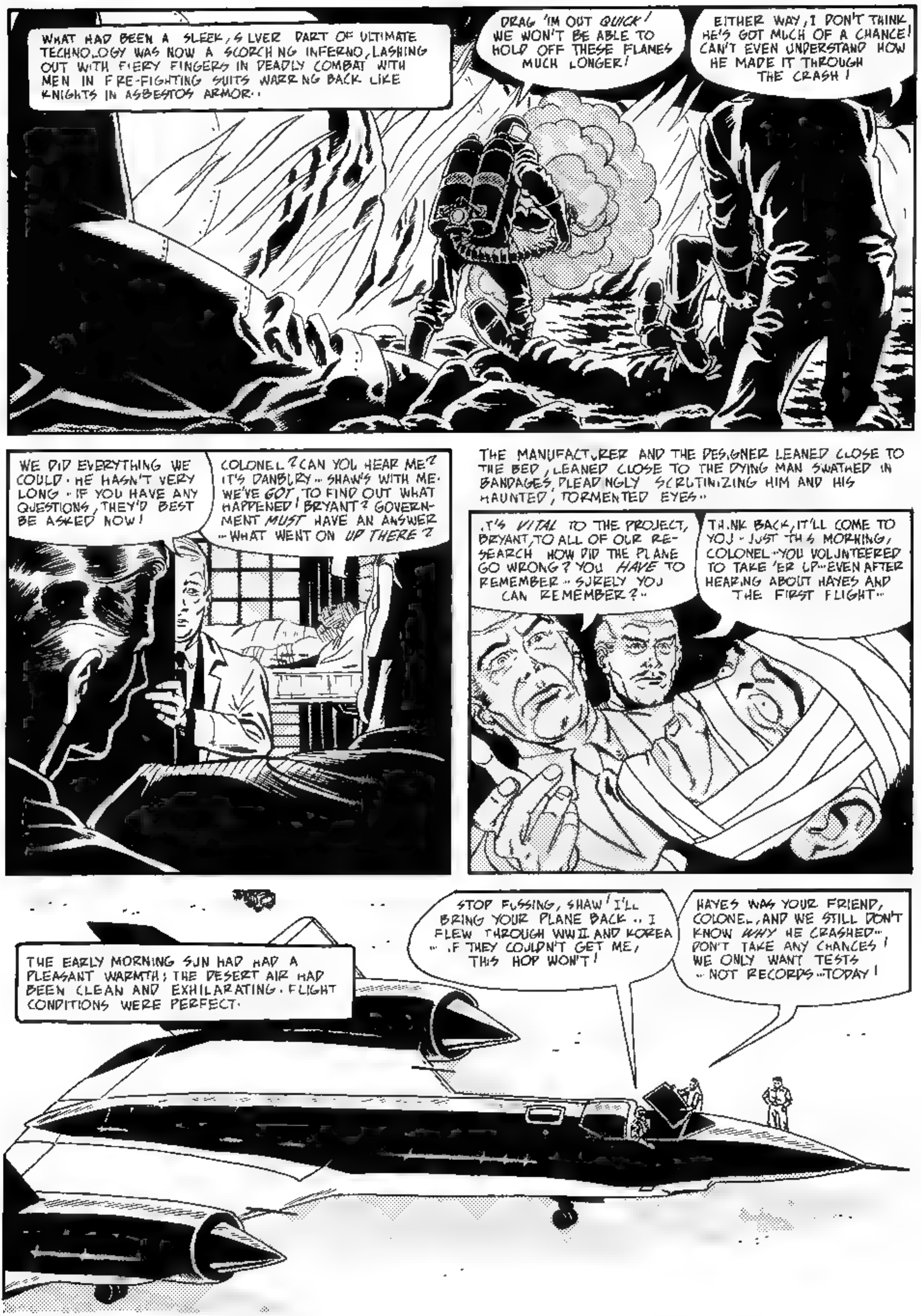

TIME TO SPREAD YOUR WINGS (I KNOW YOU'RE *BATTY* ENOUGH TO HAVE THEM) AND TAKE FEARFUL FLIGHT, FIENDISH ONES, INTO THE UPPER STRATOSPHERE OF HORROR THAT IS ALL PART OF...

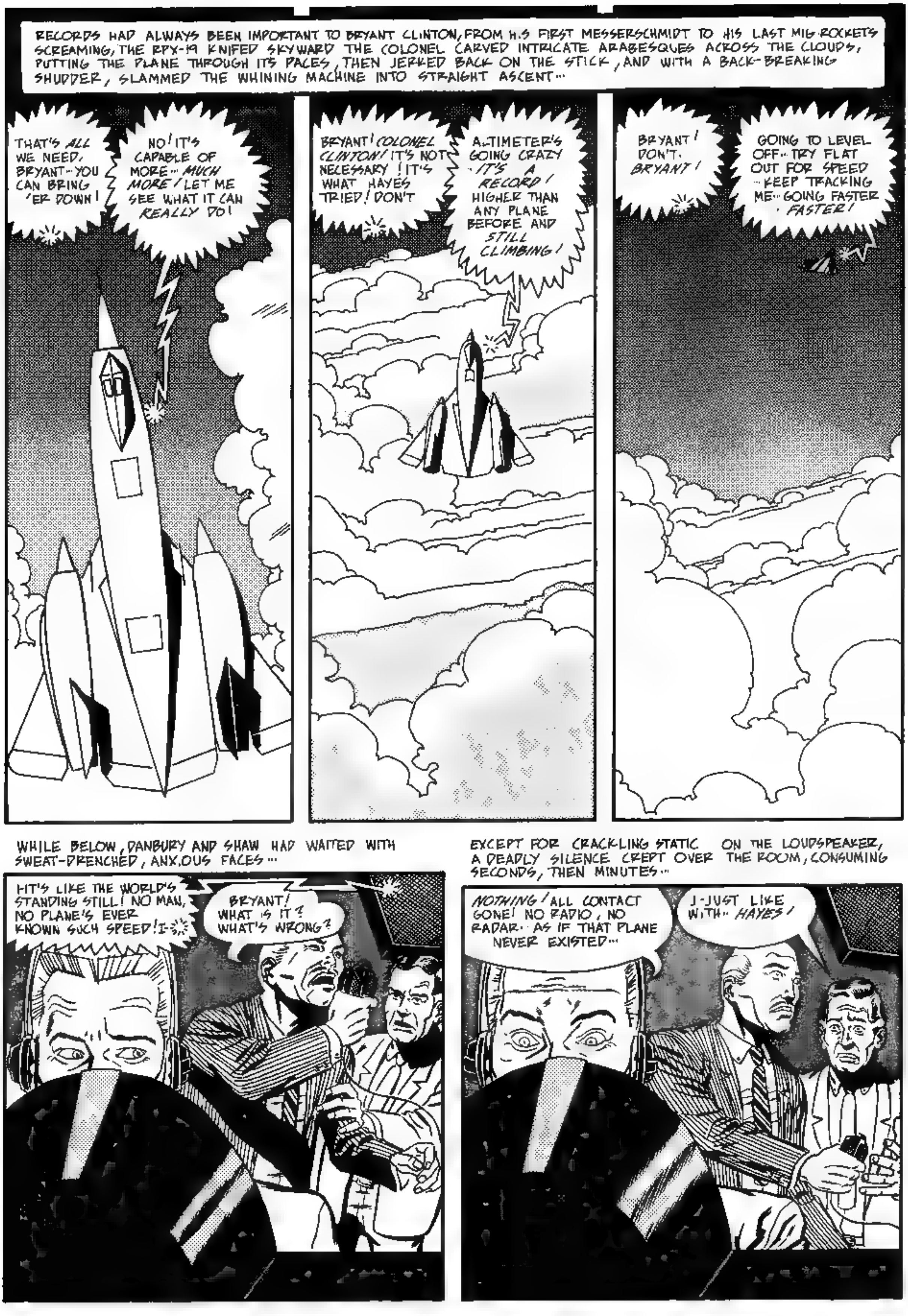
THE HAUNTED SKY!


ON AUGUST 16TH OF LAST YEAR, COLONEL BRYANT CLINTON, IN THE TEST FLIGHT OF THE RPX-19C AIRCRAFT, EXCEEDED ALL KNOWN RECORDS FOR MAXIMUM SPEED AND ALTITUDE. THE EVENT WAS NEVER DISCLOSED TO ANY OF THE NEWS MEDIA...
Roger Brand

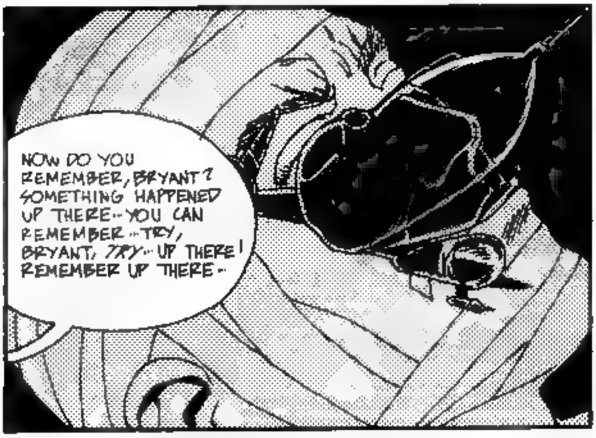
THE REASON WHY IS REVEALED IN THIS STORY!

ART BY ROGER BRAND/SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN


WHAT HAD BEEN A SLEEK, SILVER DART OF ULTIMATE TECHNOLOGY WAS NOW A SCORCHING INFERNO, LASHING OUT WITH FIERY FINGERS IN DEADLY COMBAT WITH MEN IN FIRE-FIGHTING SUITS WARRING BACK LIKE KNIGHTS IN ASBESTOS ARMOR..
DRAG 'IM OUT *QUICK*! WE WON'T BE ABLE TO HOLD OFF THESE FLAMES MUCH LONGER!
EITHER WAY, I DON'T THINK HE'S GOT MUCH OF A CHANCE! CAN'T EVEN UNDERSTAND HOW HE MADE IT THROUGH THE CRASH!
WE DID EVERYTHING WE COULD. HE HASN'T VERY LONG. IF YOU HAVE ANY QUESTIONS, THEY'D BEST BE ASKED NOW!
COLONEL? CAN YOU HEAR ME? IT'S DANBURY.. SHAW'S WITH ME. WE'VE *GOT* TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED! BRYANT? GOVERNMENT *MUST* HAVE AN ANSWER ..WHAT WENT ON *UP THERE*?
THE MANUFACTURER AND THE DESIGNER LEANED CLOSE TO THE BED, LEANED CLOSE TO THE DYING MAN SWATHED IN BANDAGES, PLEADINGLY SCRUTINIZING HIM AND HIS HAUNTED, TORMENTED EYES..
IT'S *VITAL* TO THE PROJECT, BRYANT, TO ALL OF OUR RESEARCH. HOW DID THE PLANE GO WRONG? YOU *HAVE* TO REMEMBER.. SURELY YOU CAN REMEMBER?..
THINK BACK, IT'LL COME TO YOU. JUST THIS MORNING, COLONEL.. YOU VOLUNTEERED TO TAKE 'ER UP.. EVEN AFTER HEARING ABOUT HAYES AND THE FIRST FLIGHT..
THE EARLY MORNING SUN HAD HAD A PLEASANT WARMTH; THE DESERT AIR HAD BEEN CLEAN AND EXHILARATING. FLIGHT CONDITIONS WERE PERFECT.
STOP FUSSING, SHAW! I'LL BRING YOUR PLANE BACK.. I FLEW THROUGH WWII AND KOREA .. IF THEY COULDN'T GET ME, THIS HOP WON'T!
HAYES WAS YOUR FRIEND, COLONEL, AND WE STILL DON'T KNOW *WHY* HE CRASHED.. DON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES! WE ONLY WANT TESTS .. NOT RECORDS.. TODAY!

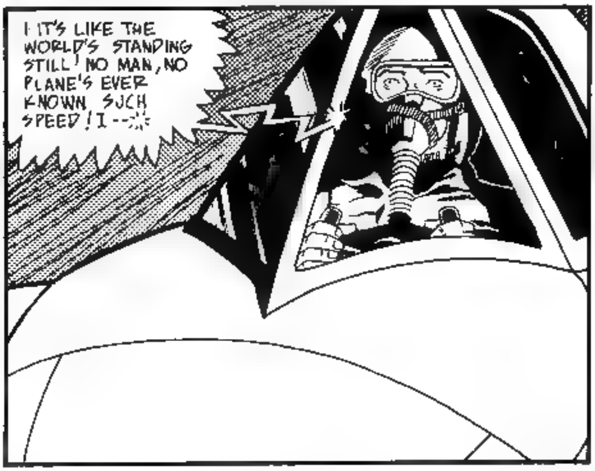

RECORDS HAD ALWAYS BEEN IMPORTANT TO BRYANT CLINTON, FROM HIS FIRST MESSERSCHMIDT TO HIS LAST MIG. ROCKETS SCREAMING, THE RPX-19 KNIFED SKYWARD. THE COLONEL CARVED INTRICATE ARABESQUES ACROSS THE CLOUDS, PUTTING THE PLANE THROUGH ITS PACES, THEN JERKED BACK ON THE STICK, AND WITH A BACK-BREAKING SHUDDER, SLAMMED THE WHINING MACHINE INTO STRAIGHT ASCENT...
THAT'S *ALL* WE NEED, BRYANT--YOU CAN BRING 'ER DOWN!
NO! IT'S CAPABLE OF MORE--*MUCH MORE!* LET ME SEE WHAT IT CAN *REALLY* DO!
BRYANT! *COLONEL CLINTON!* IT'S NOT NECESSARY! IT'S WHAT HAYES TRIED! DON'T
ALTIMETER'S GOING CRAZY --*IT'S A RECORD!* HIGHER THAN ANY PLANE BEFORE AND *STILL CLIMBING!*
BRYANT! DON'T, *BRYANT!*
GOING TO LEVEL OFF--TRY FLAT OUT FOR SPEED --KEEP TRACKING ME--GOING FASTER --*FASTER!*
WHILE BELOW, DANBURY AND SHAW HAD WAITED WITH SWEAT-DRENCHED, ANXIOUS FACES...
IT'S LIKE THE WORLD'S STANDING STILL! NO MAN, NO PLANE'S EVER KNOWN SUCH SPEED! I-
BRYANT! WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S WRONG?
EXCEPT FOR CRACKLING STATIC ON THE LOUDSPEAKER, A DEADLY SILENCE CREPT OVER THE ROOM, CONSUMING SECONDS, THEN MINUTES...
NOTHING! ALL CONTACT GONE! NO RADIO, NO RADAR--AS IF THAT PLANE NEVER EXISTED...
I-JUST LIKE WITH--*HAYES!*

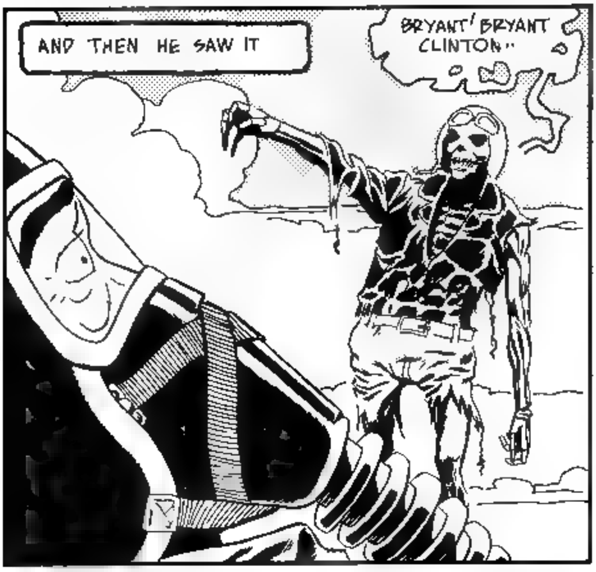
THE BANDAGED, DYING MAN STIRRED UNEASILY AT THE PROBING VOICES, ANGUISHED EYES DARTING WILDLY...

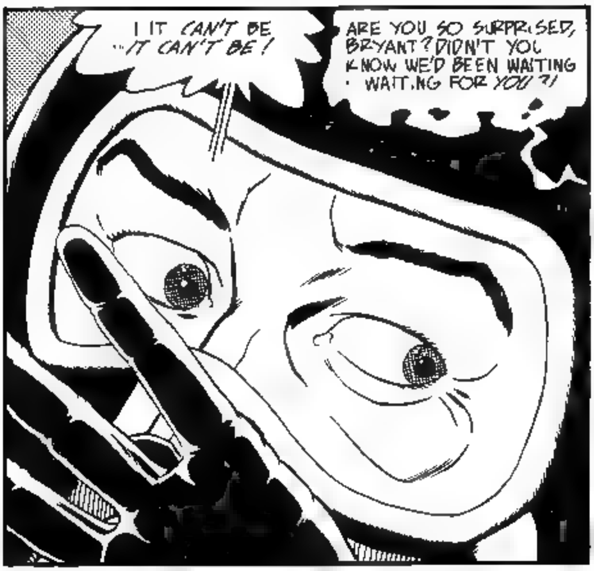

NOW DO YOU REMEMBER, BRYANT? SOMETHING HAPPENED UP THERE... YOU CAN REMEMBER... TRY, BRYANT, *TRY*... UP THERE! REMEMBER UP THERE...

SLOWLY THE FEVERED LIPS BEGAN TO MOVE, AND A FAINT RASPING SOUND ROSE FROM THEM...

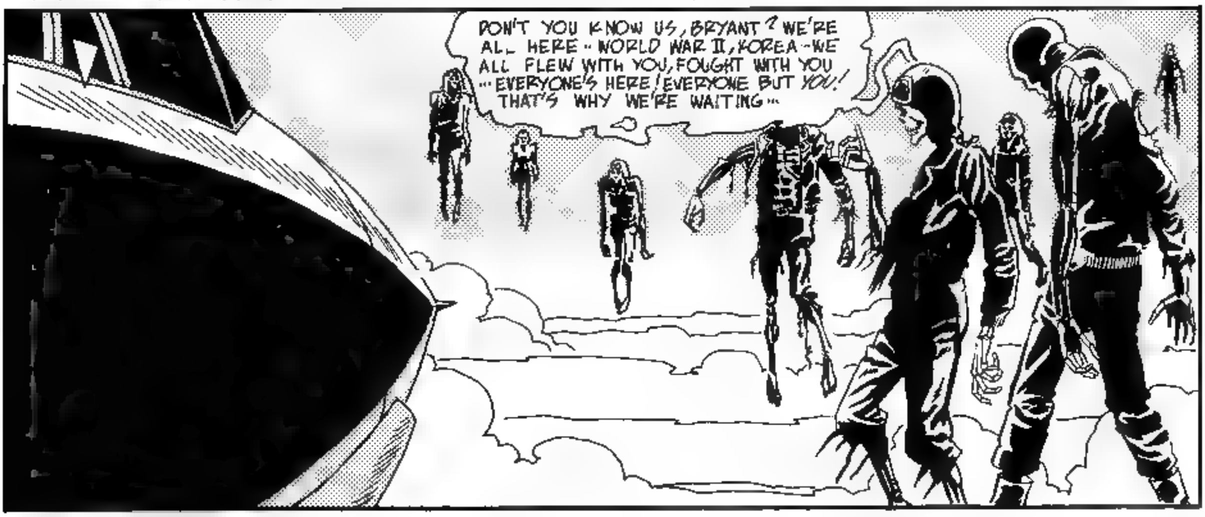
ELATION HAD SWEPT THROUGH CLINTON AS HE ROCKETED ALONG THE UPPER REACHES OF THE SKY, LOST IN THE SPEED AND THE ALTITUDE. IT WAS AS IF ALL TIME, ALL MOTION HAD CEASED. THE UNIVERSE WAS A STILL BLUE HAZE CIRCLING HIS PLANE.


I-IT'S LIKE THE WORLD'S STANDING STILL! NO MAN, NO PLANE'S EVER KNOWN SUCH SPEED! I--

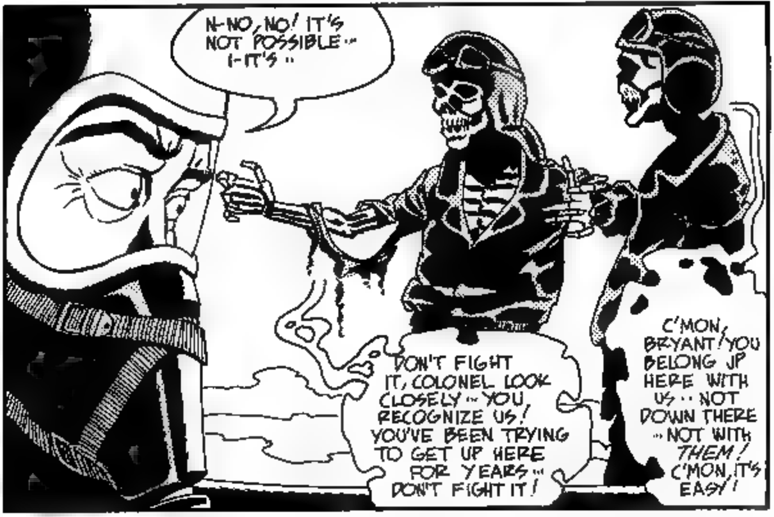

AND THEN HE SAW IT
BRYANT! BRYANT CLINTON...


I-IT *CAN'T* BE ...*IT CAN'T BE!*
ARE YOU SO SURPRISED, BRYANT? DIDN'T YOU KNOW WE'D BEEN WAITING · WAITING FOR *YOU*?!

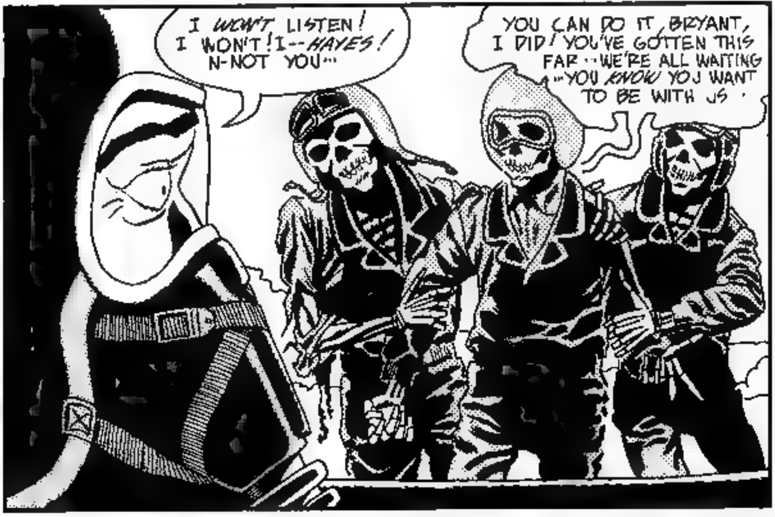
THE DEEP RASPING RATTLE OF A VOICE SETTLED ON BRYANT LIKE A CHILL BREEZE. HIS EYES CLENCHED OPEN AND SHUT, STRAINING TO MAKE THE IMPOSSIBLE IMAGES DISAPPEAR. HIS THROAT, DRY AND TIGHT, TRIED TO SUMMON A SCREAM, ONLY TO PRESENT A LOW PITIFUL MOAN...


DON'T YOU KNOW US, BRYANT? WE'RE ALL HERE... WORLD WAR II, KOREA... WE ALL FLEW WITH YOU, FOUGHT WITH YOU ...EVERYONE'S HERE! EVERYONE BUT *YOU!* THAT'S WHY WE'RE WAITING...

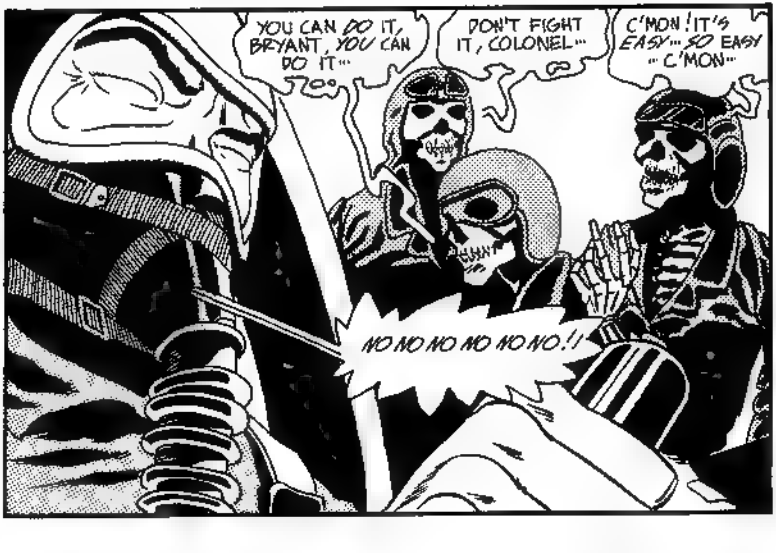
NOTHING WOULD MAKE THE GHASTLY FORMS FADE THEY WERE SOLID, DISTINCT, COMING CLOSER…

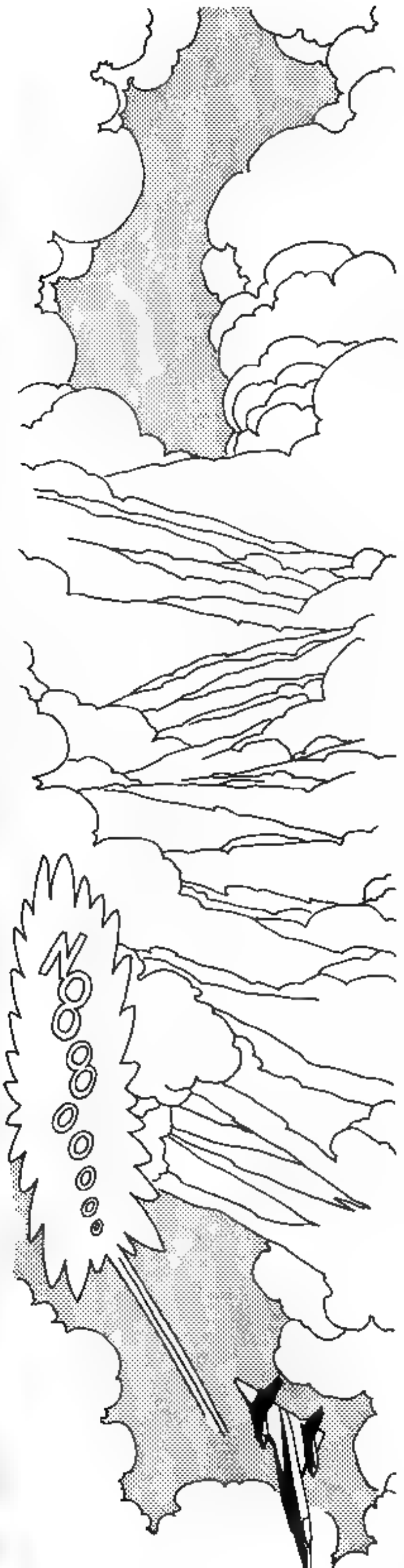

N-NO, NO! IT'S NOT POSSIBLE… I-IT'S…
DON'T FIGHT IT, COLONEL. LOOK CLOSELY… YOU RECOGNIZE US! YOU'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET UP HERE FOR YEARS… DON'T FIGHT IT!
C'MON, BRYANT! YOU BELONG UP HERE WITH US… NOT DOWN THERE… NOT WITH *THEM!* C'MON, IT'S EASY!

THE FLAT, HOLLOW VOICES WEAVED AROUND HIM, MAKING HIM PART OF A TERRIBLE TAPESTRY, DRAWING HIM TOWARD HIM…

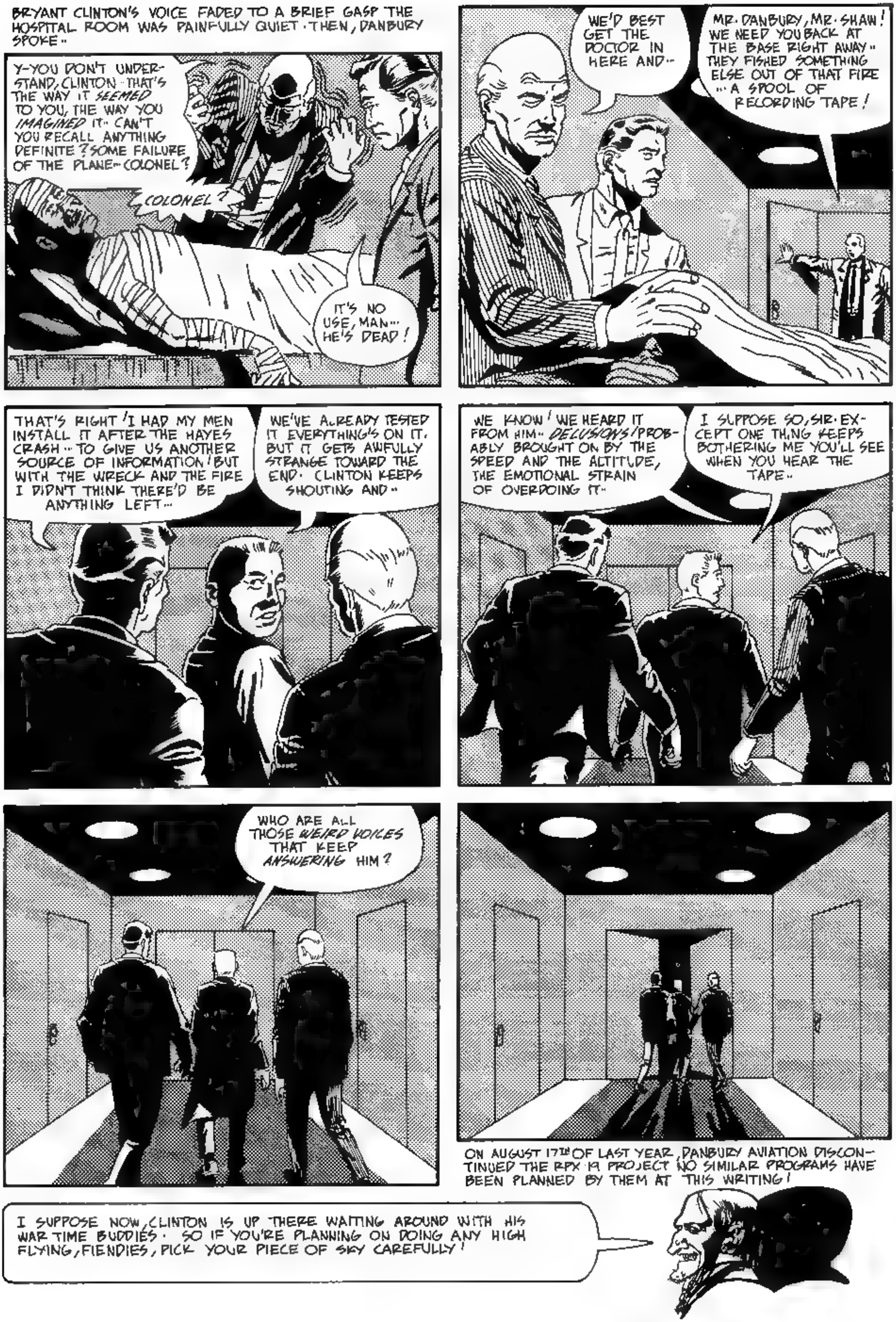

I *WON'T* LISTEN! I WON'T! I--*HAYES!* N-NOT YOU…
YOU CAN DO IT, BRYANT, I DID! YOU'VE GOTTEN THIS FAR… WE'RE ALL WAITING… YOU *KNOW* YOU WANT TO BE WITH US…

THE FACES CAME CLOSER, THE VOICES GREW LOUDER… HIS HANDS TIGHTENED ON THE CONTROLS. HE HAD TO DO SOMETHING, HAD TO ACT SOON…

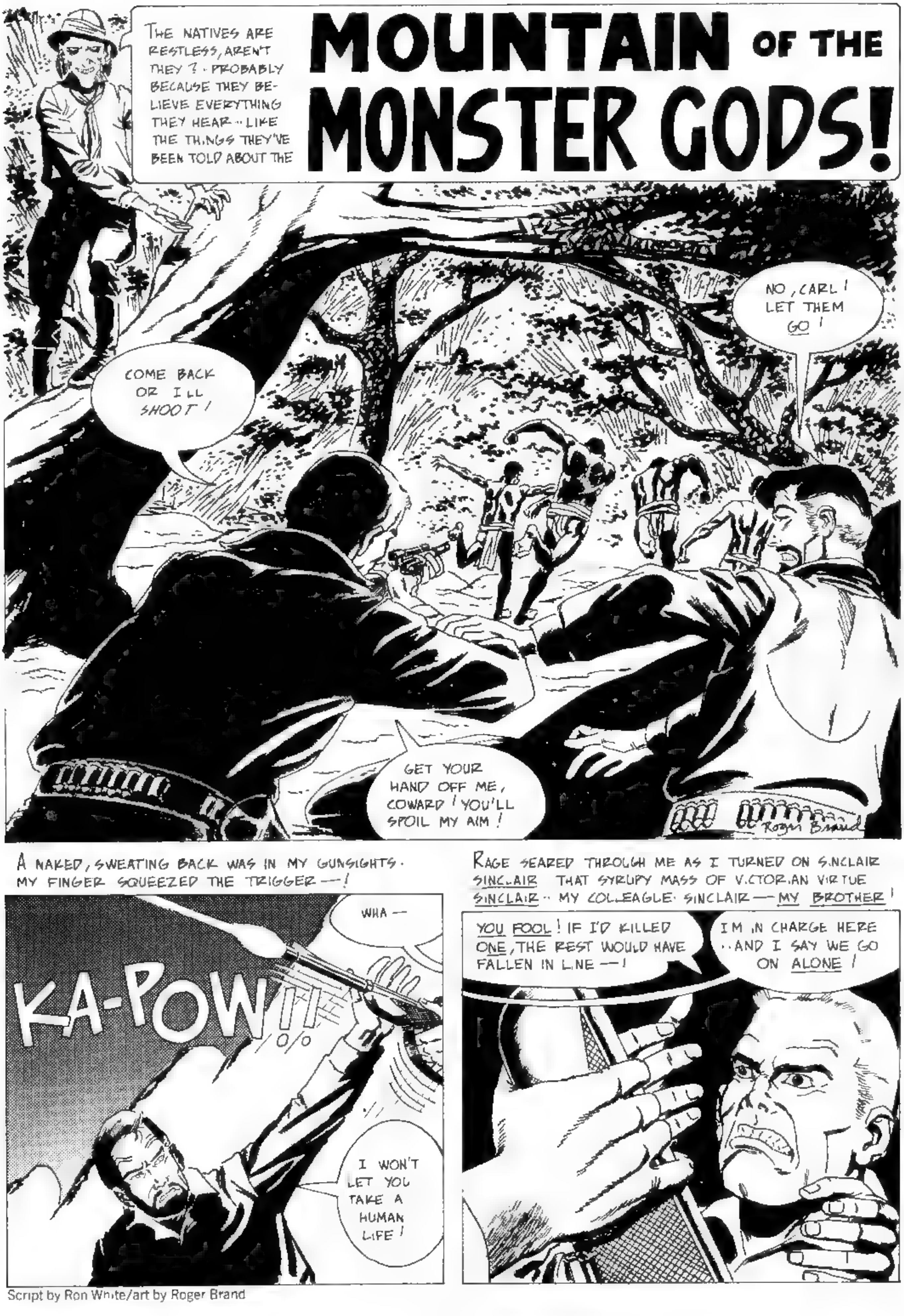

YOU CAN *DO* IT, BRYANT, *YOU* CAN DO IT…
DON'T FIGHT IT, COLONEL…
C'MON! IT'S *EASY*… *SO* EASY… C'MON…
NO NO NO NO NO NO!!


NOOOOOOOOO

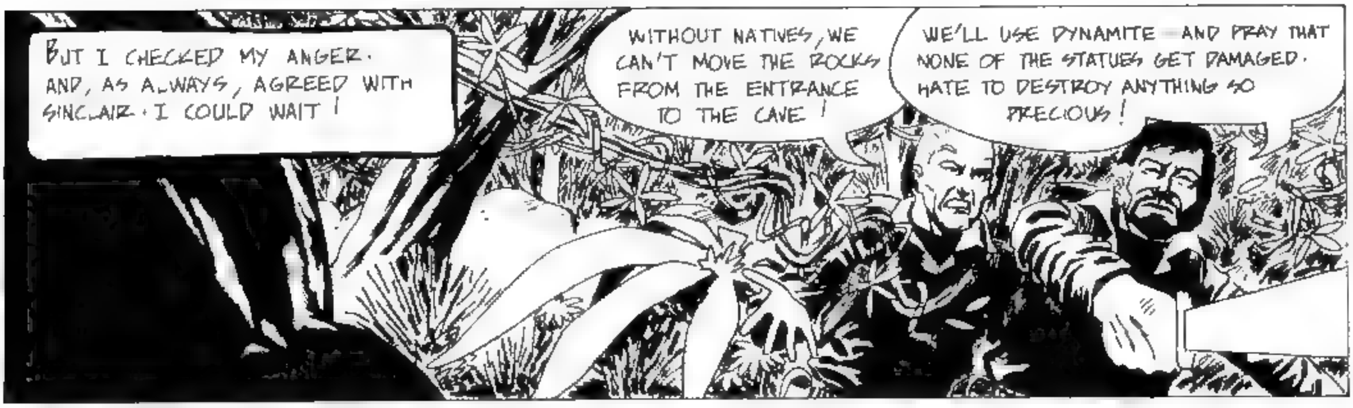
AND EVEN AS HE DID IT, HE SUDDENLY REALIZED IT WAS EXACTLY WHAT THEY HAD WANTED!


BRYANT CLINTON'S VOICE FADED TO A BRIEF GASP. THE HOSPITAL ROOM WAS PAINFULLY QUIET. THEN, DANBURY SPOKE..
Y-YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, CLINTON.. THAT'S THE WAY IT *SEEMED* TO YOU, THE WAY YOU *IMAGINED* IT.. CAN'T YOU RECALL ANYTHING DEFINITE? SOME FAILURE OF THE PLANE-- COLONEL?
COLONEL?
IT'S NO USE, MAN... HE'S DEAD!
WE'D BEST GET THE DOCTOR IN HERE AND--
MR. DANBURY, MR. SHAW! WE NEED YOU BACK AT THE BASE RIGHT AWAY.. THEY FISHED SOMETHING ELSE OUT OF THAT FIRE ... A SPOOL OF RECORDING TAPE!
THAT'S RIGHT! I HAD MY MEN INSTALL IT AFTER THE HAYES CRASH.. TO GIVE US ANOTHER SOURCE OF INFORMATION! BUT WITH THE WRECK AND THE FIRE I DIDN'T THINK THERE'D BE ANYTHING LEFT...
WE'VE ALREADY TESTED IT. EVERYTHING'S ON IT. BUT IT GETS AWFULLY STRANGE TOWARD THE END. CLINTON KEEPS SHOUTING AND..
WE KNOW! WE HEARD IT FROM HIM.. *DELUSIONS!* PROBABLY BROUGHT ON BY THE SPEED AND THE ALTITUDE, THE EMOTIONAL STRAIN OF OVERDOING IT..
I SUPPOSE SO, SIR. EXCEPT ONE THING KEEPS BOTHERING ME YOU'LL SEE WHEN YOU HEAR THE TAPE..
WHO ARE ALL THOSE *WEIRD VOICES* THAT KEEP *ANSWERING* HIM?
ON AUGUST 17TH OF LAST YEAR, DANBURY AVIATION DISCONTINUED THE RPX-19 PROJECT. NO SIMILAR PROGRAMS HAVE BEEN PLANNED BY THEM AT THIS WRITING!
I SUPPOSE NOW, CLINTON IS UP THERE WAITING AROUND WITH HIS WAR TIME BUDDIES. SO IF YOU'RE PLANNING ON DOING ANY HIGH FLYING, FIENDIES, PICK YOUR PIECE OF SKY CAREFULLY!

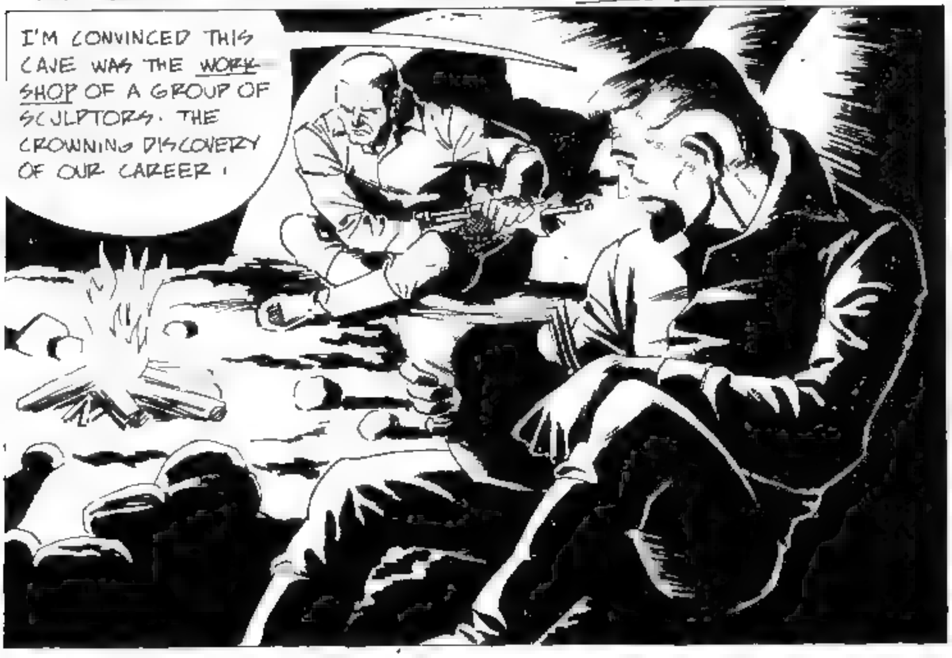
MOUNTAIN OF THE MONSTER GODS!


THE NATIVES ARE RESTLESS, AREN'T THEY ? PROBABLY BECAUSE THEY BELIEVE EVERYTHING THEY HEAR -- LIKE THE THINGS THEY'VE BEEN TOLD ABOUT THE
COME BACK OR I'LL SHOOT !
NO, CARL ! LET THEM GO !
GET YOUR HAND OFF ME, COWARD ! YOU'LL SPOIL MY AIM !
Roger Brand
A NAKED, SWEATING BACK WAS IN MY GUNSIGHTS. MY FINGER SQUEEZED THE TRIGGER —!
WHA —
KA-POW
I WON'T LET YOU TAKE A HUMAN LIFE !
RAGE SEARED THROUGH ME AS I TURNED ON SINCLAIR SINCLAIR THAT SYRUPY MASS OF VICTORIAN VIRTUE SINCLAIR.. MY COLLEAGUE. SINCLAIR — MY BROTHER !
YOU FOOL ! IF I'D KILLED ONE, THE REST WOULD HAVE FALLEN IN LINE —!
I'M IN CHARGE HERE ..AND I SAY WE GO ON ALONE !

Script by Ron White/art by Roger Brand

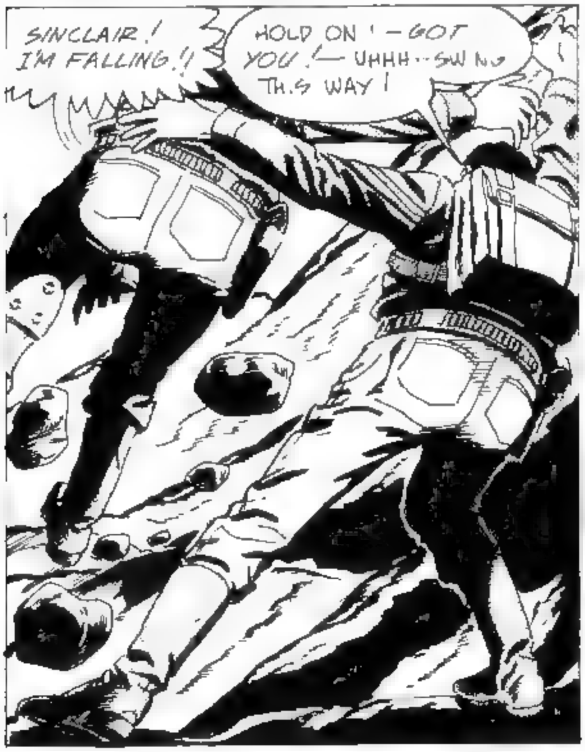

BUT I CHECKED MY ANGER. AND, AS ALWAYS, AGREED WITH SINCLAIR. I COULD WAIT!
WITHOUT NATIVES, WE CAN'T MOVE THE ROCKS FROM THE ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE!
WE'LL USE DYNAMITE — AND PRAY THAT NONE OF THE STATUES GET DAMAGED. HATE TO DESTROY ANYTHING SO PRECIOUS!

THAT NIGHT WE CAMPED AT THE BASE OF THE *SACRED MOUNTAIN*.

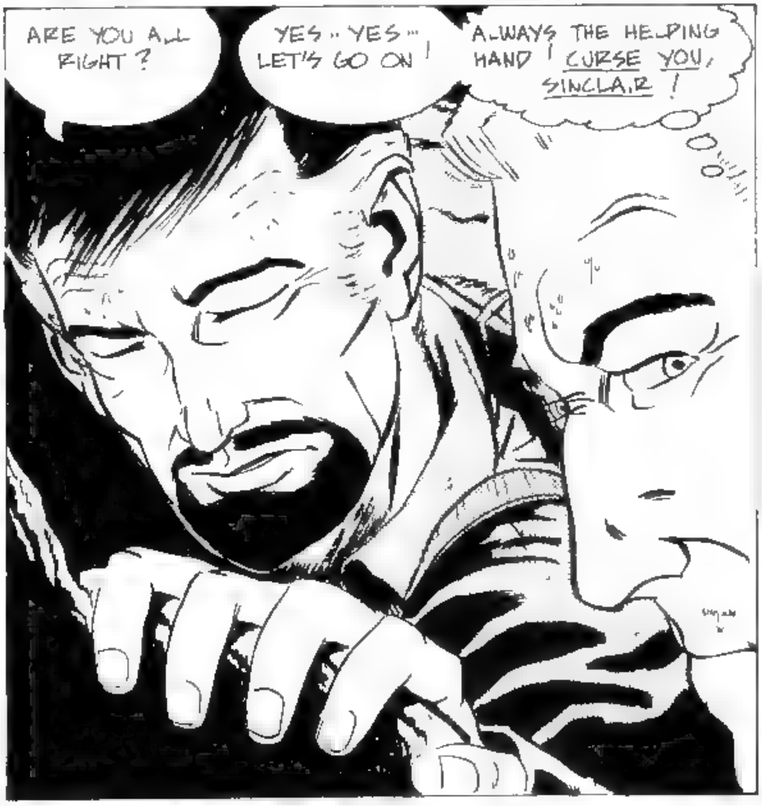

I'M CONVINCED THIS CAVE WAS THE WORKSHOP OF A GROUP OF SCULPTORS. THE CROWNING DISCOVERY OF OUR CAREER.

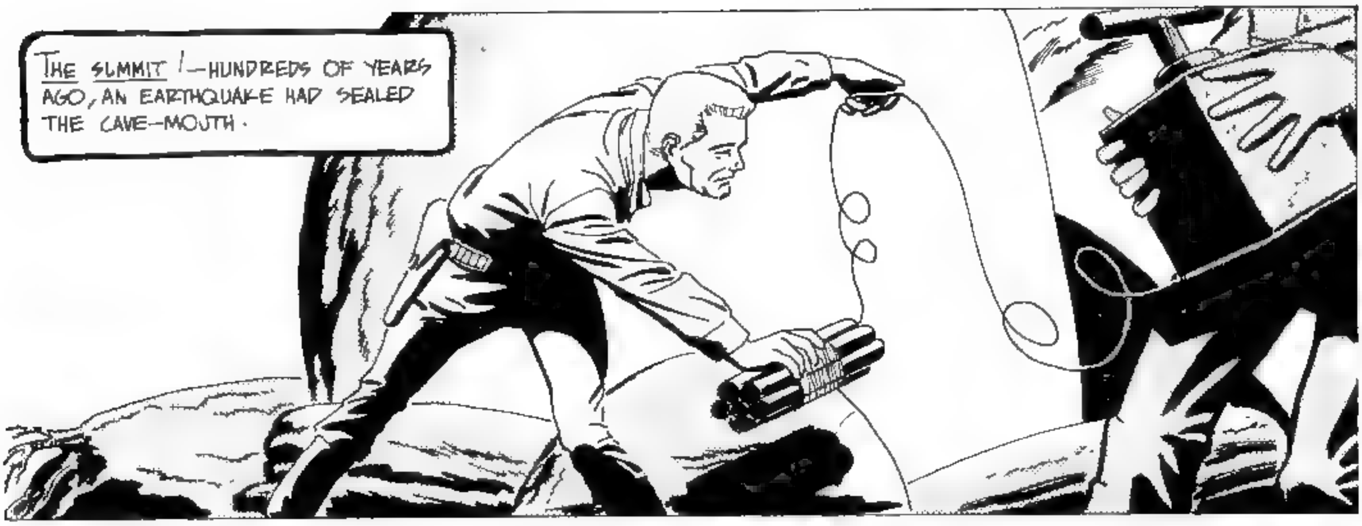
OUR CAREER! FOR HOW LONG HAD WE BEEN CALLED THE BRILLIANT *MADISON BROTHERS*! I'D HAVE GOTTEN NOWHERE WITHOUT SINCLAIR'S ASSISTANCE — BUT THAT'S WHY I HATED HIM. HE *WAS* BRILLIANT. I . MEDIOCRE. AND HE WAS GENEROUS, IN A CONDESCENDING WAY. HE ALWAYS GAVE ME A HAND... HELPED ME ALONG... SHARED CREDIT. BUT I LIVED IN HIS SHADOW. SOON.. *SOON*.. I WOULD BE FREE OF HIM *FOREVER*!

CLIMBING THE CLIFF-FACE WAS DANGEROUS. ROCKS LEAPED FROM UNDERFOOT TO THE BOULDERS FAR BELOW—!


SINCLAIR! I'M FALLING!!
MAAAA
HOLD ON! — GOT YOU! — UHHH.. SWING THIS WAY!

NOW HE HAD SAVED MY LIFE. IT WAS *INTOLERABLE*!

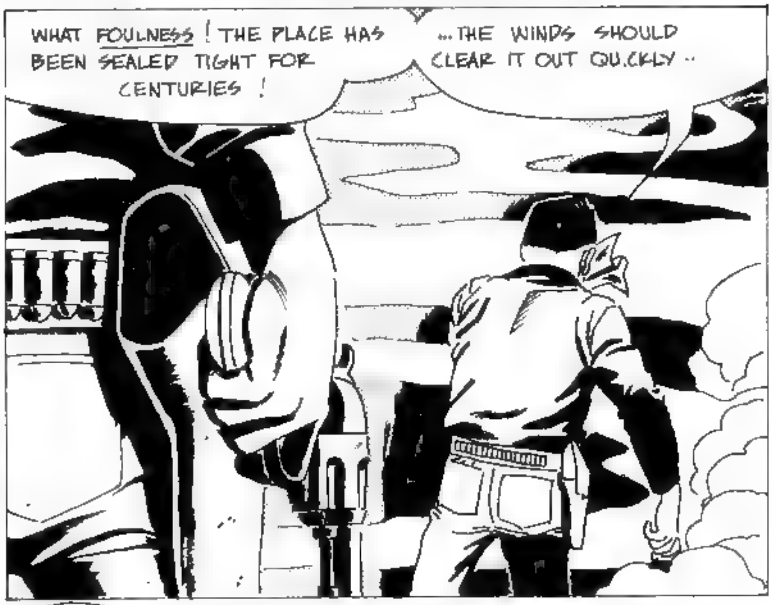

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
YES.. YES.. LET'S GO ON!
ALWAYS THE HELPING HAND! CURSE YOU, SINCLAIR!

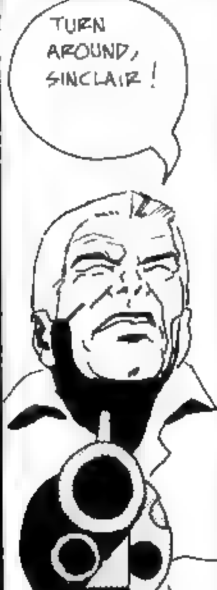

THE SUMMIT!—HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO, AN EARTHQUAKE HAD SEALED THE CAVE-MOUTH.

WE SHELTERED BEHIND A HUGE BOULDER, AS—

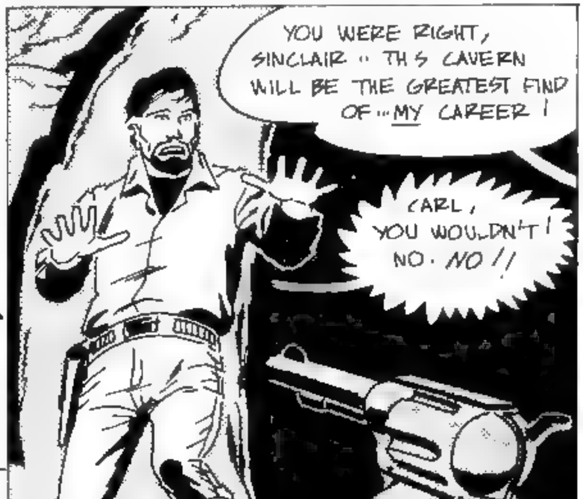
KRAKABLAMM!!

A BLAST OF NOXIOUS-SMELLING MIST NEARLY OVERWHELMED US..

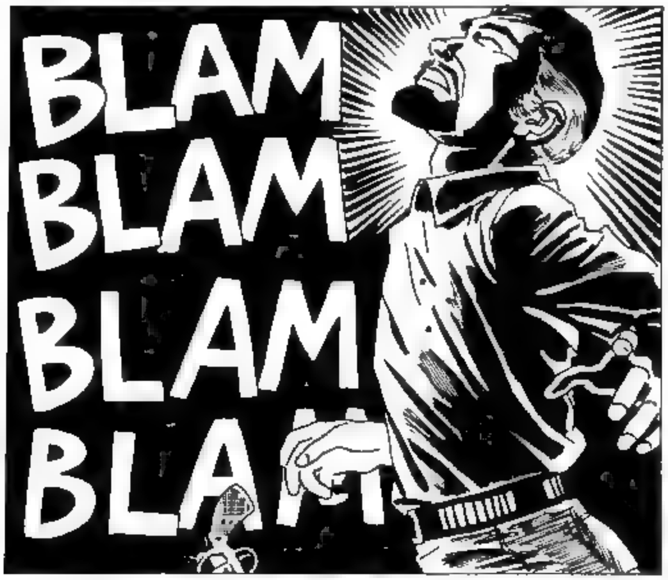

WHAT FOULNESS! THE PLACE HAS BEEN SEALED TIGHT FOR CENTURIES!
..THE WINDS SHOULD CLEAR IT OUT QUICKLY..


TURN AROUND, SINCLAIR!

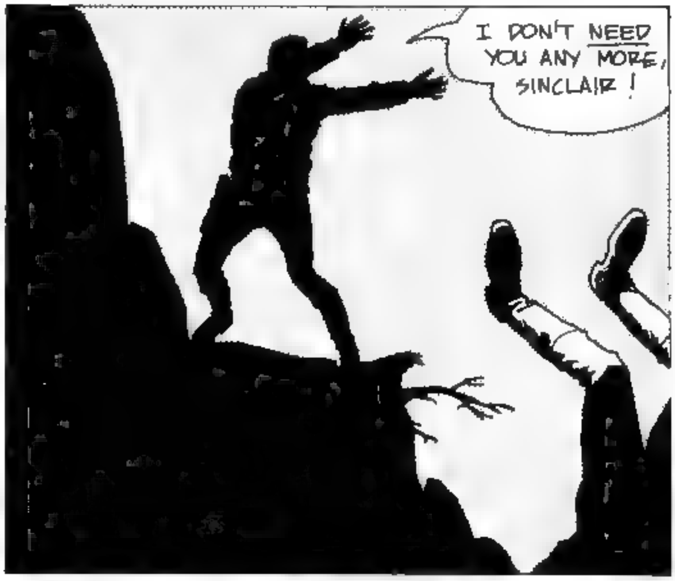
HOW SATISFYING TO SEE HIS LOOK OF HORROR! FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE... I HAD THE UPPER HAND!


YOU WERE RIGHT, SINCLAIR.. THIS CAVERN WILL BE THE GREATEST FIND OF... MY CAREER!
CARL, YOU WOULDN'T! NO. NO!!

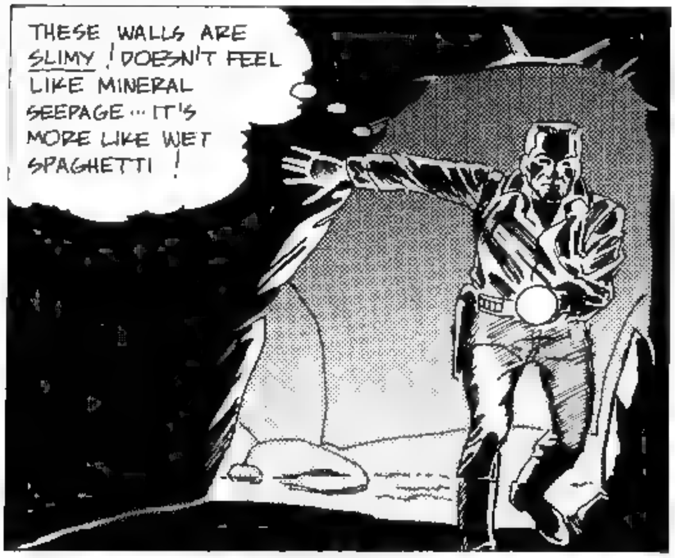
THREE BULLETS WENT THROUGH HIS HEART -- THREE MORE SHATTERED HIS SKULL — !


BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

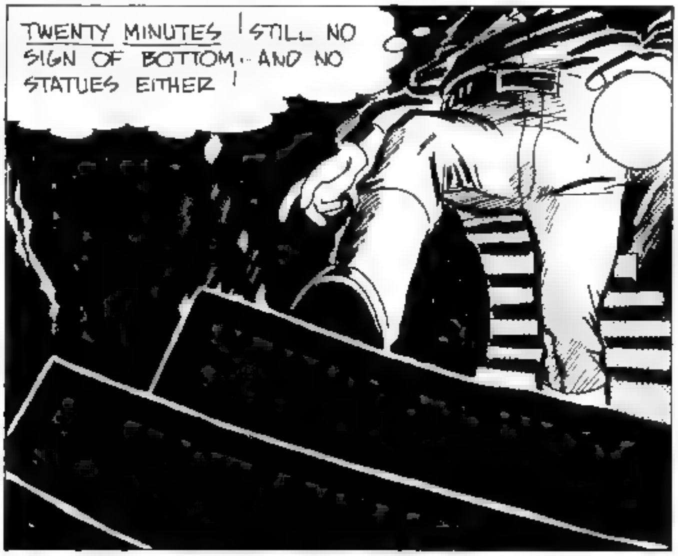
THEN I HURLED HIS LIFELESS BODY OVER THE CLIFF ...

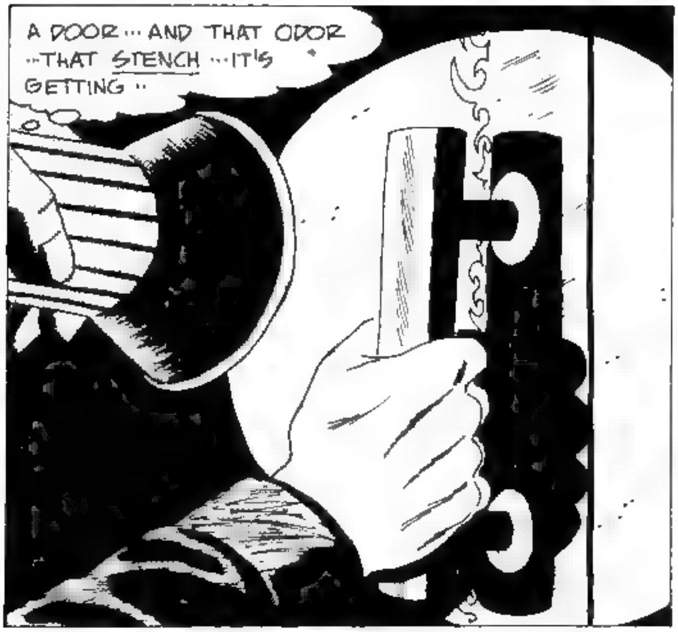

I DON'T NEED YOU ANY MORE, SINCLAIR !

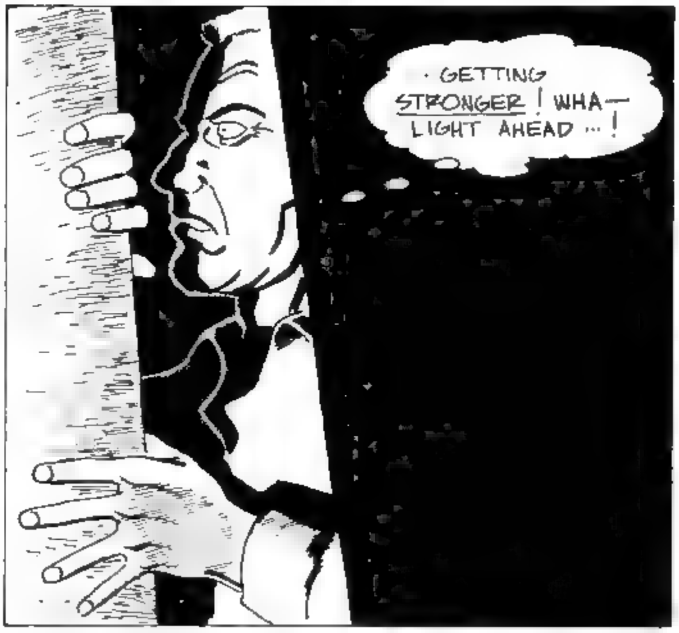
ENTERING THE CAVERN, DARKNESS ENVELOPED ME — IT WAS ALMOST AS IF SUNLIGHT WERE UNWILLING TO ENTER HERE !

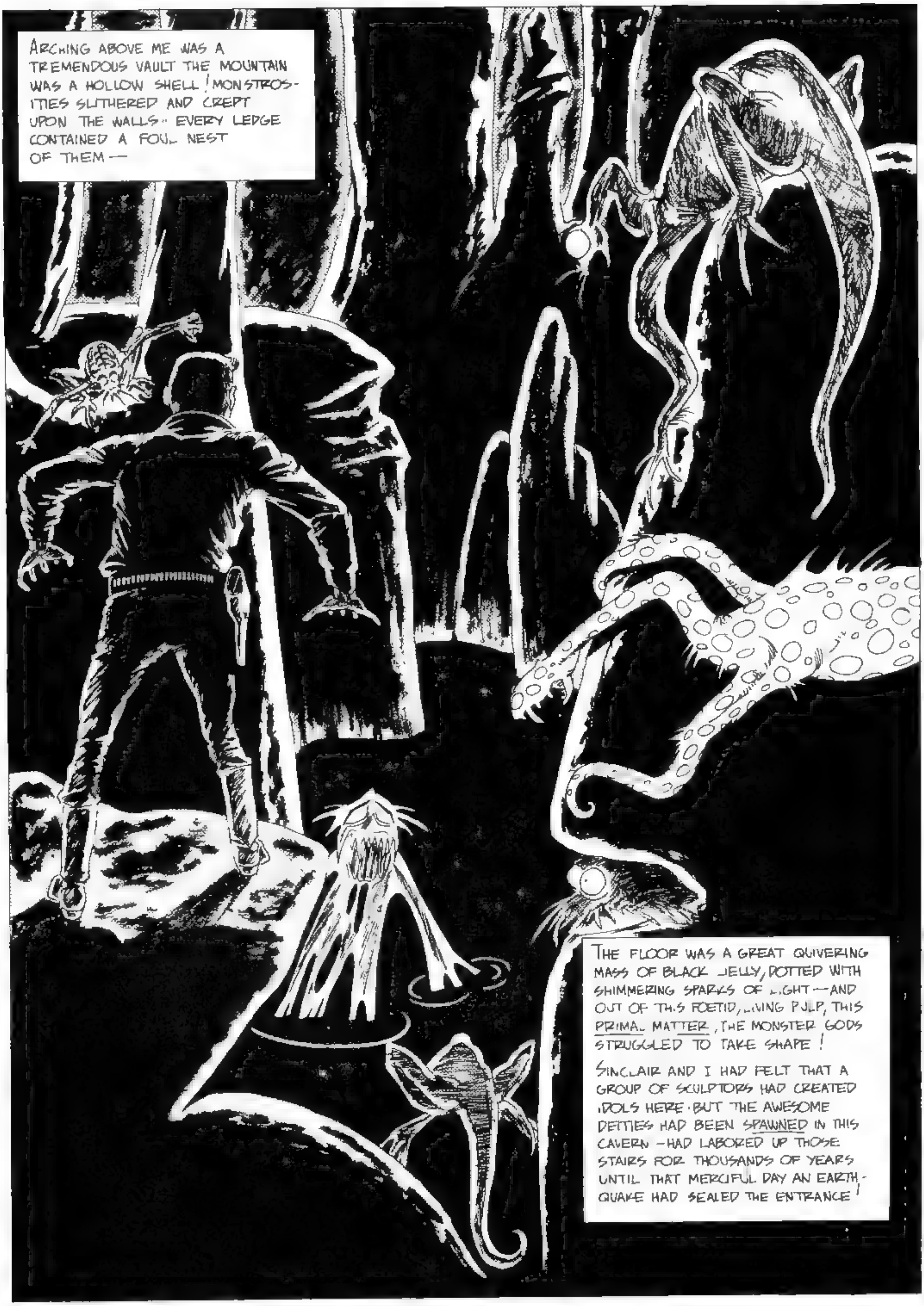

THESE WALLS ARE SLIMY ! DOESN'T FEEL LIKE MINERAL SEEPAGE ... IT'S MORE LIKE WET SPAGHETTI !

HEWN FROM THAT STRANGE BLACK ROCK WAS A MONSTROUS AND MAJESTIC STAIRCASE, LEADING DOWN INTO THE VERY BOWELS OF THE MOUNTAIN ...


TWENTY MINUTES ! STILL NO SIGN OF BOTTOM -- AND NO STATUES EITHER !


A DOOR ... AND THAT ODOR -- THAT STENCH ... IT'S GETTING --


-- GETTING STRONGER ! WHA— LIGHT AHEAD ... !


ARCHING ABOVE ME WAS A TREMENDOUS VAULT THE MOUNTAIN WAS A HOLLOW SHELL! MONSTROSITIES SLITHERED AND CREPT UPON THE WALLS.. EVERY LEDGE CONTAINED A FOUL NEST OF THEM—
THE FLOOR WAS A GREAT QUIVERING MASS OF BLACK JELLY, DOTTED WITH SHIMMERING SPARKS OF LIGHT—AND OUT OF THIS FOETID, LIVING PULP, THIS PRIMAL MATTER, THE MONSTER GODS STRUGGLED TO TAKE SHAPE!
SINCLAIR AND I HAD FELT THAT A GROUP OF SCULPTORS HAD CREATED IDOLS HERE. BUT THE AWESOME DEITIES HAD BEEN SPAWNED IN THIS CAVERN—HAD LABORED UP THOSE STAIRS FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS UNTIL THAT MERCIFUL DAY AN EARTHQUAKE HAD SEALED THE ENTRANCE!

SUDDENLY, THE AIR WAS ALIVE WITH THE FLAPPING OF LEATHERY WINGS!
AWWWOOOEEE!!
BLAM!
BLAM!

AGAIN AND AGAIN I FIRED AT THE LOATHSOME THING FINALLY, A BULLET PENETRATED ITS EYE -

-KILLED IT!—FALLING TOWARD ME—

FIGHTING FREE FROM THE STICKY, STILL-QUIVERING BODY, I REALIZED THAT MY SHOTS HAD EXCITED THE REST OF THE MONSTERS!

THEY'RE ATTACKING! GOT TO DIVERT THEIR ATTENTION—

I PUSHED THE DEAD THING OFF THE LEDGE. HUNDREDS OF TENTACLES AND TALONS RIPPED IT TO SHREDS IN MID-AIR — A FEAST FOR THESE CANNIBAL GODS!

—THAT'LL KEEP THEM BUSY FOR A WHILE. NOW TO GET OUT OF HERE, AND SEAL UP THAT BLASTED ENTRANCE—!

THERE STOOD SINCLAIR, BLOODIED, MANGLED, BUT ANIMATED WITH A SUPERNORMAL LIFE!

SINCLAIR! BUT YOU'RE DEAD! I KILLED YOU!

INSTINCTIVELY.. UNCONSCIOUSLY. I BACKED AWAY FROM SINCLAIR

IT WAS A LONG WAY BACK. BUT I'M HERE AND I WANT YOU!
IT'S IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

THEN, FAR AWAY, I HEARD AN EXPLOSION!

ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE HERE THIS IS SACRED TERRITORY...
AN EXPLOSION! WHAT HAPPENED?

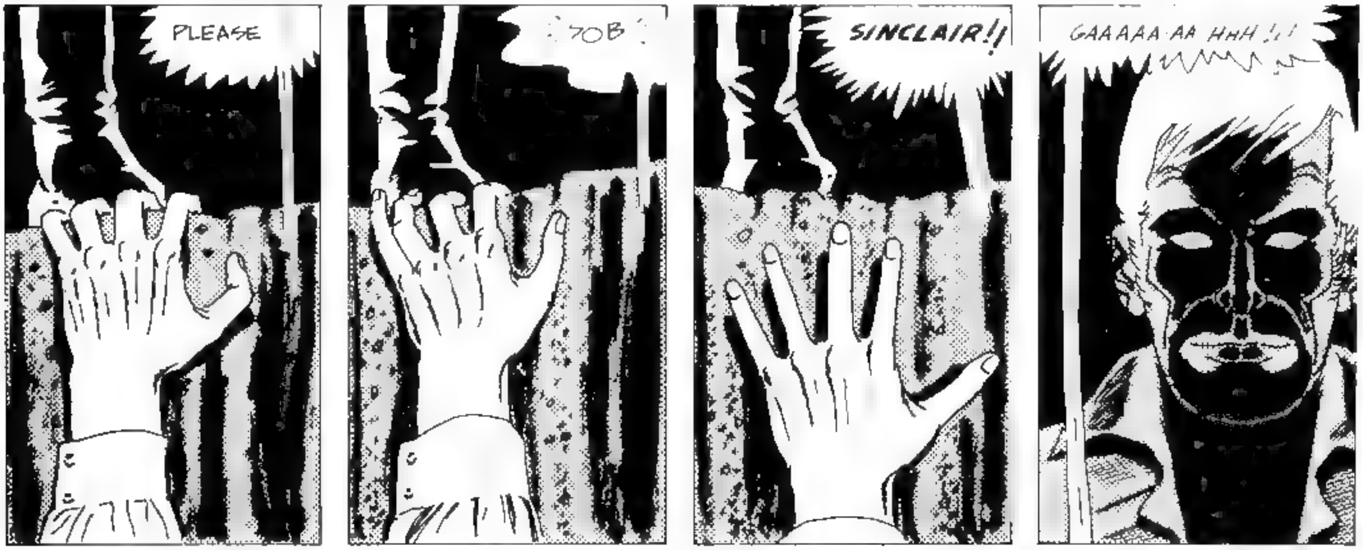
I KEPT BACKING AWAY. UNTIL I STEPPED BACK INTO NOTHINGNESS.

THAT WAS DYNAMITE, CARL.. SEALING THIS CAVERN...FOREVER!
THE LEDGE! AAAIIIEEE!!

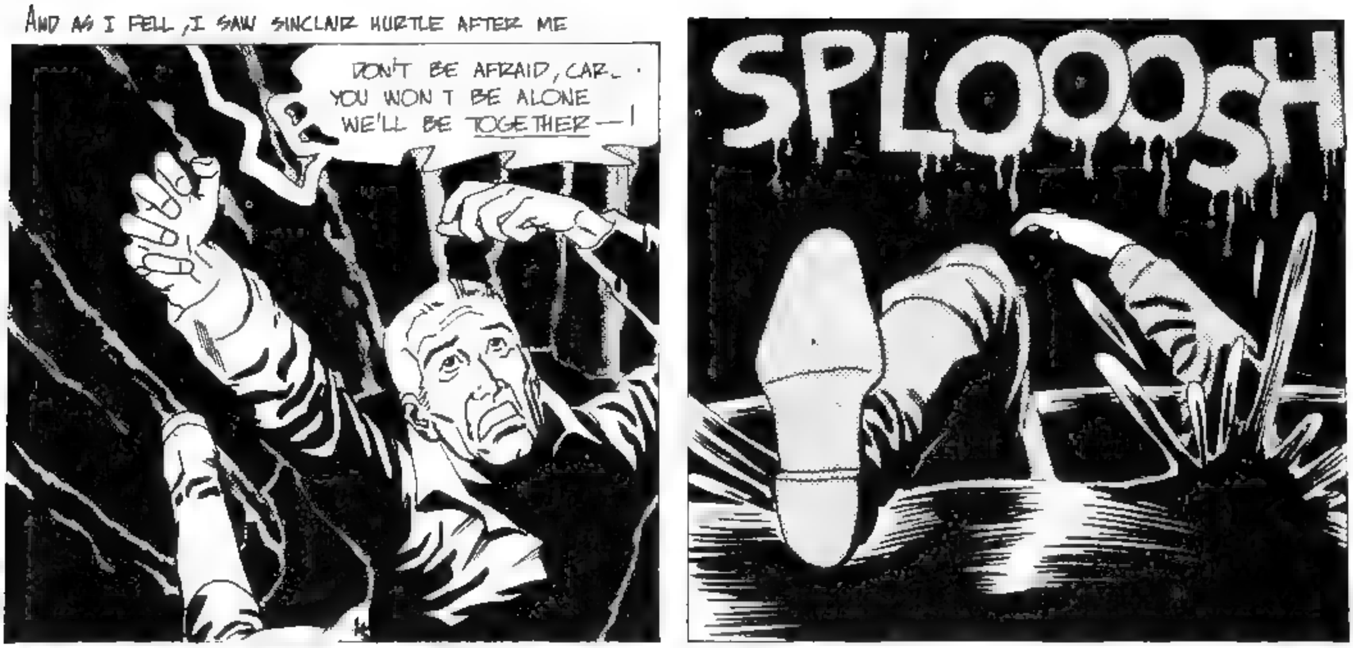
AS I FELL, MY FINGERS FOUND A HOLD--!

SINCLAIR, HELP ME! I'LL BE KILLED!
YOU DON'T NEED MY HELP ANYMORE, REMEMBER? SAVE YOURSELF!

SINCLAIR HAD ALWAYS HELPED ME.. BUT NOT THIS TIME! MY FINGERS WERE TORN, BLEEDING.. SLIPPING...SLIPPING AND BENEATH ME WAITED THAT BLACK MIASMA.. THAT PRIMAL MATTER FROM WHICH OOZED THE MONSTER GODS..!

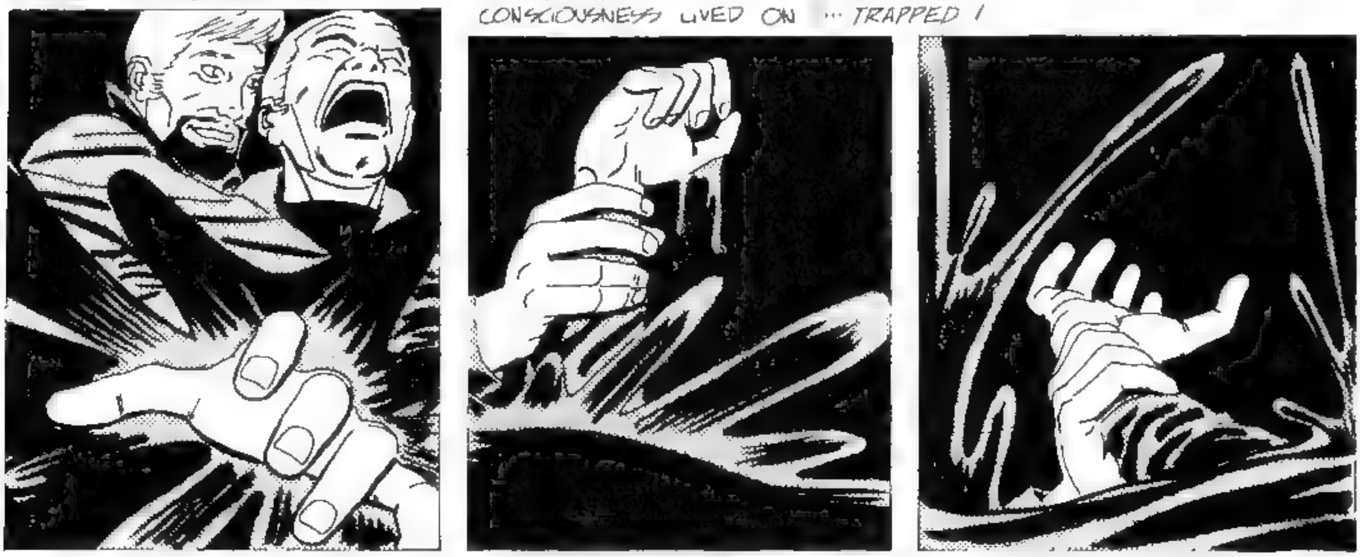

PLEASE
JOB!
SINCLAIR!!
GAAAAA-AA HHH!!!

AND AS I FELL, I SAW SINCLAIR HURTLE AFTER ME

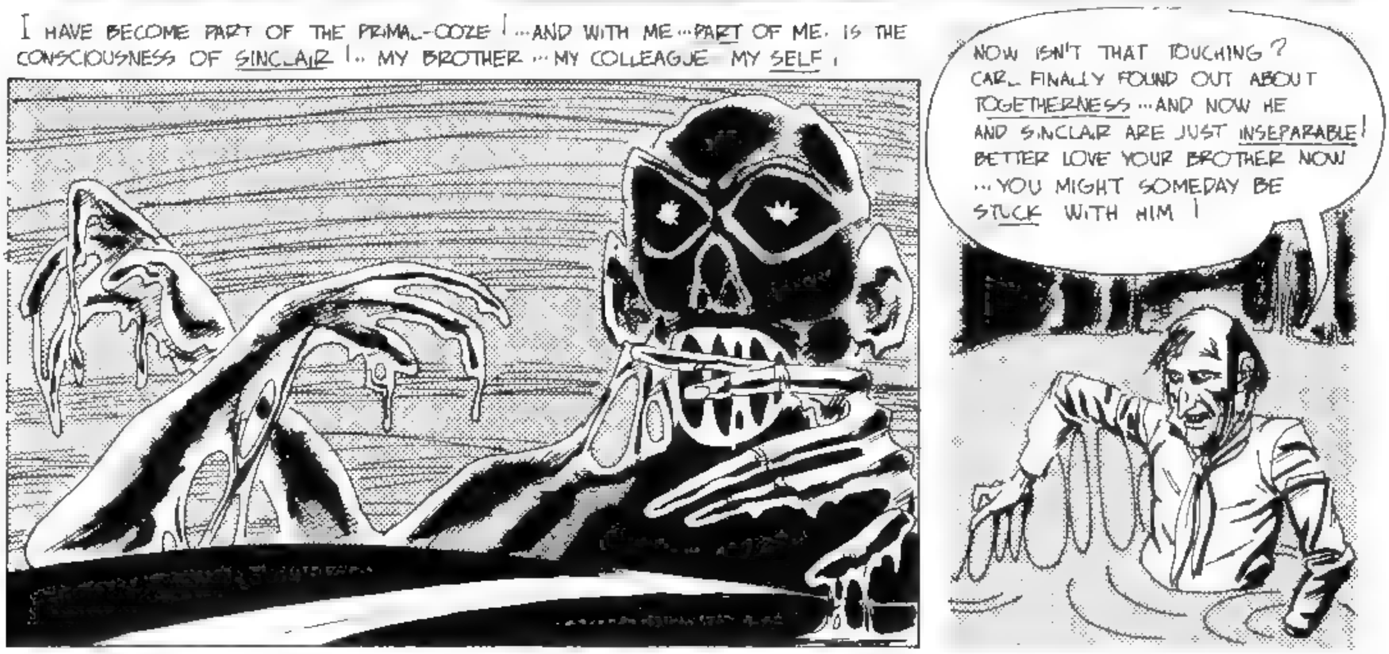

DON'T BE AFRAID, CARL. YOU WON'T BE ALONE WE'LL BE TOGETHER--!
SPLOOOSH

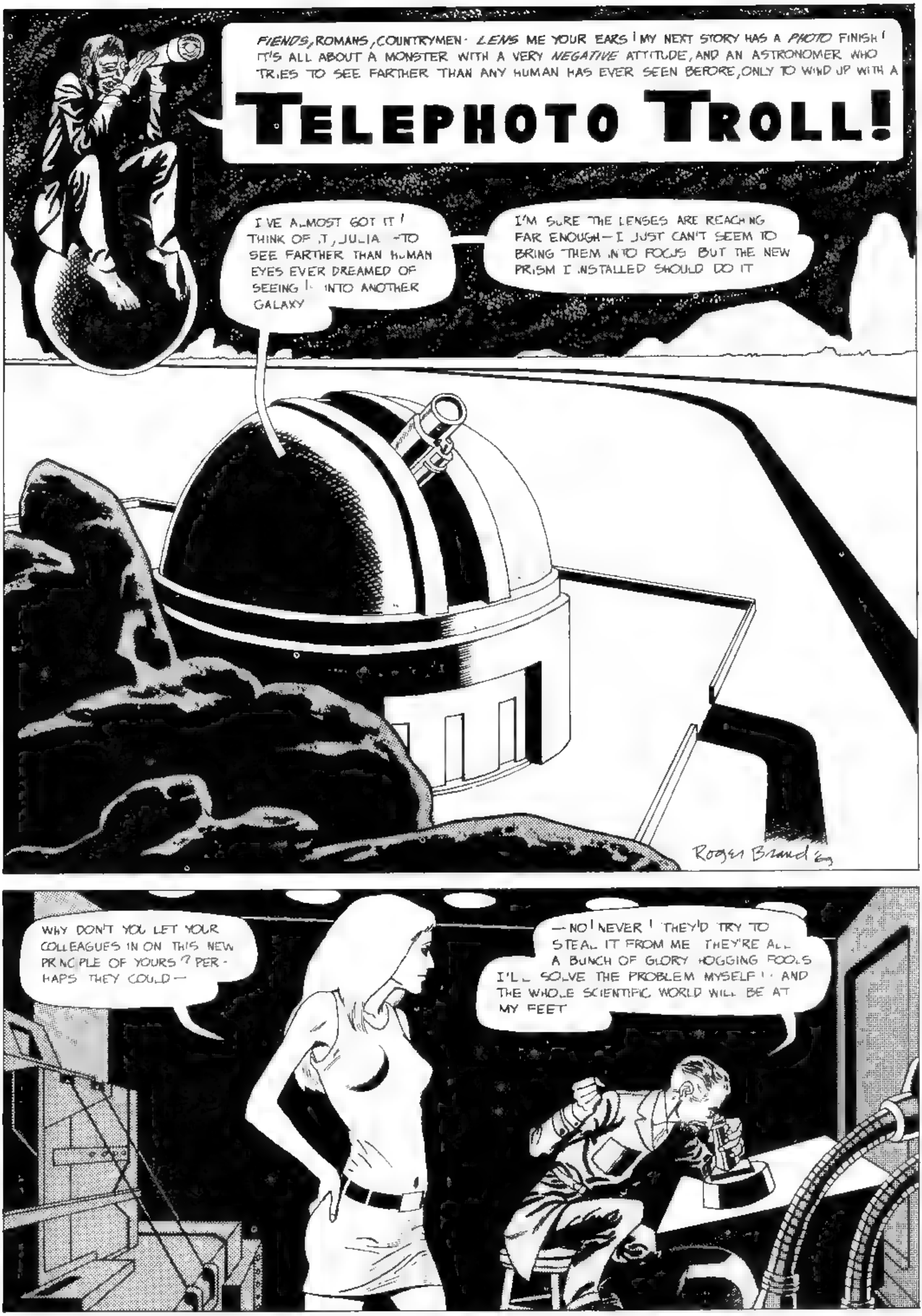
THEN THE SICKENING GOO WAS ALL AROUND ME ... SUCKING ME INTO ITSELF ... *DIGESTING ME!*

I PRAYED THAT I WOULD LOSE CONSCIOUSNESS .. BUT THAT DEEP OBLIVION OF DEATH WAS NEVER GRANTED ME! FOR EVEN THOUGH MY PHYSICAL BODY WAS ABSORBED BY THE PRIMAL MATTER ... MY CONSCIOUSNESS LIVED ON ... *TRAPPED!*

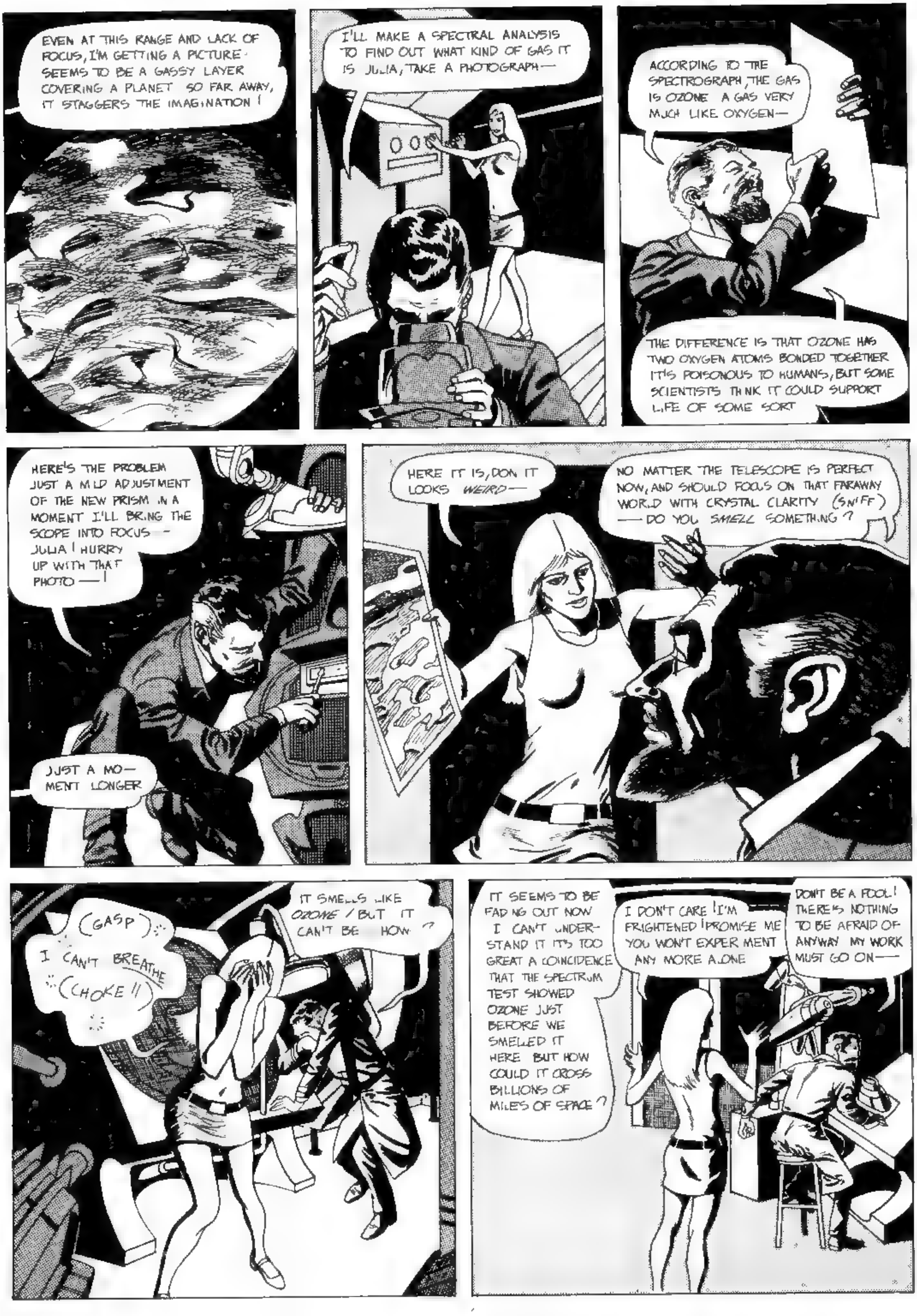


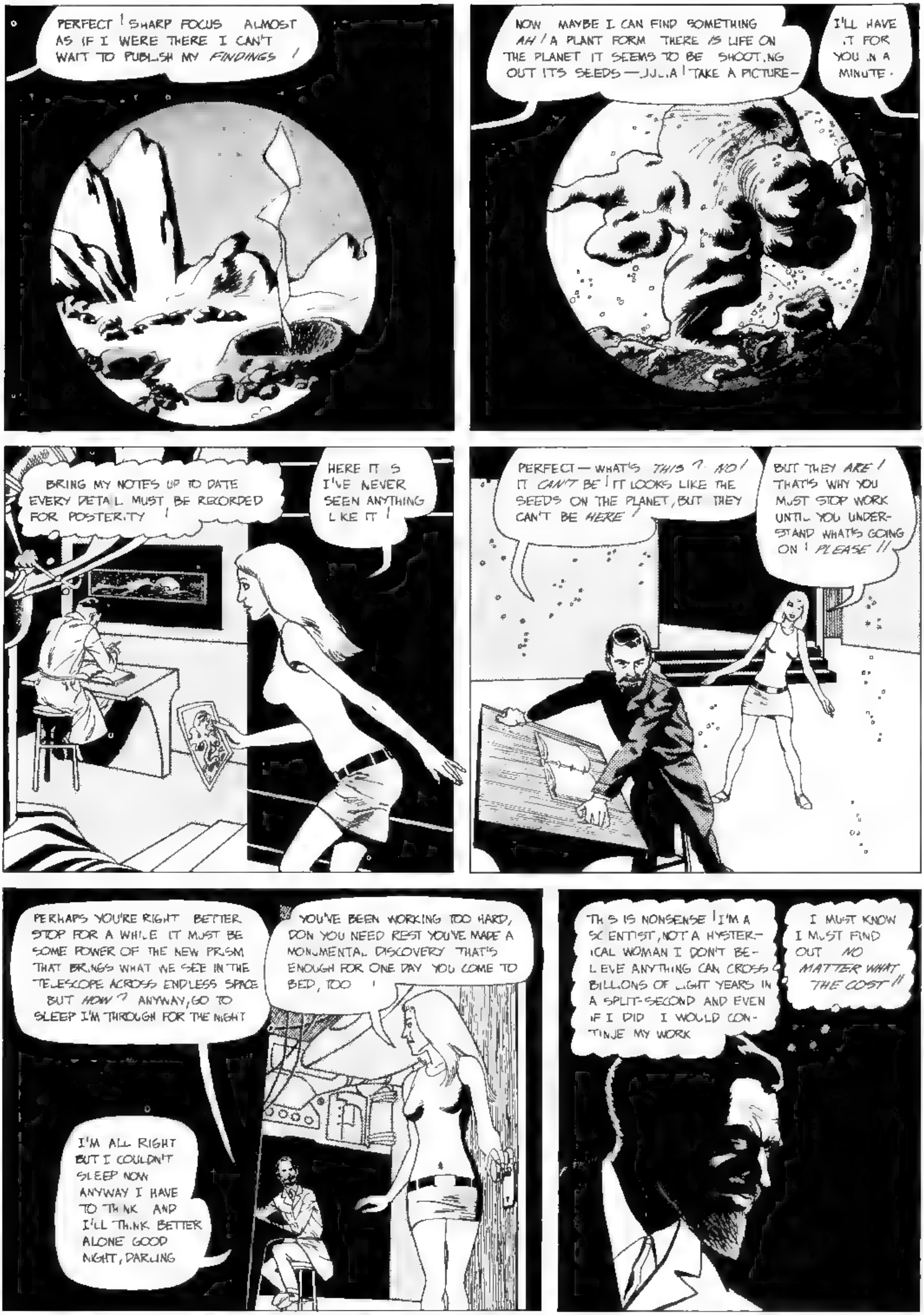
I HAVE BECOME PART OF THE PRIMAL-OOZE! ...AND WITH ME ...PART OF ME, IS THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF SINCLAIR! .. MY BROTHER ... MY COLLEAGUE ... MY SELF!

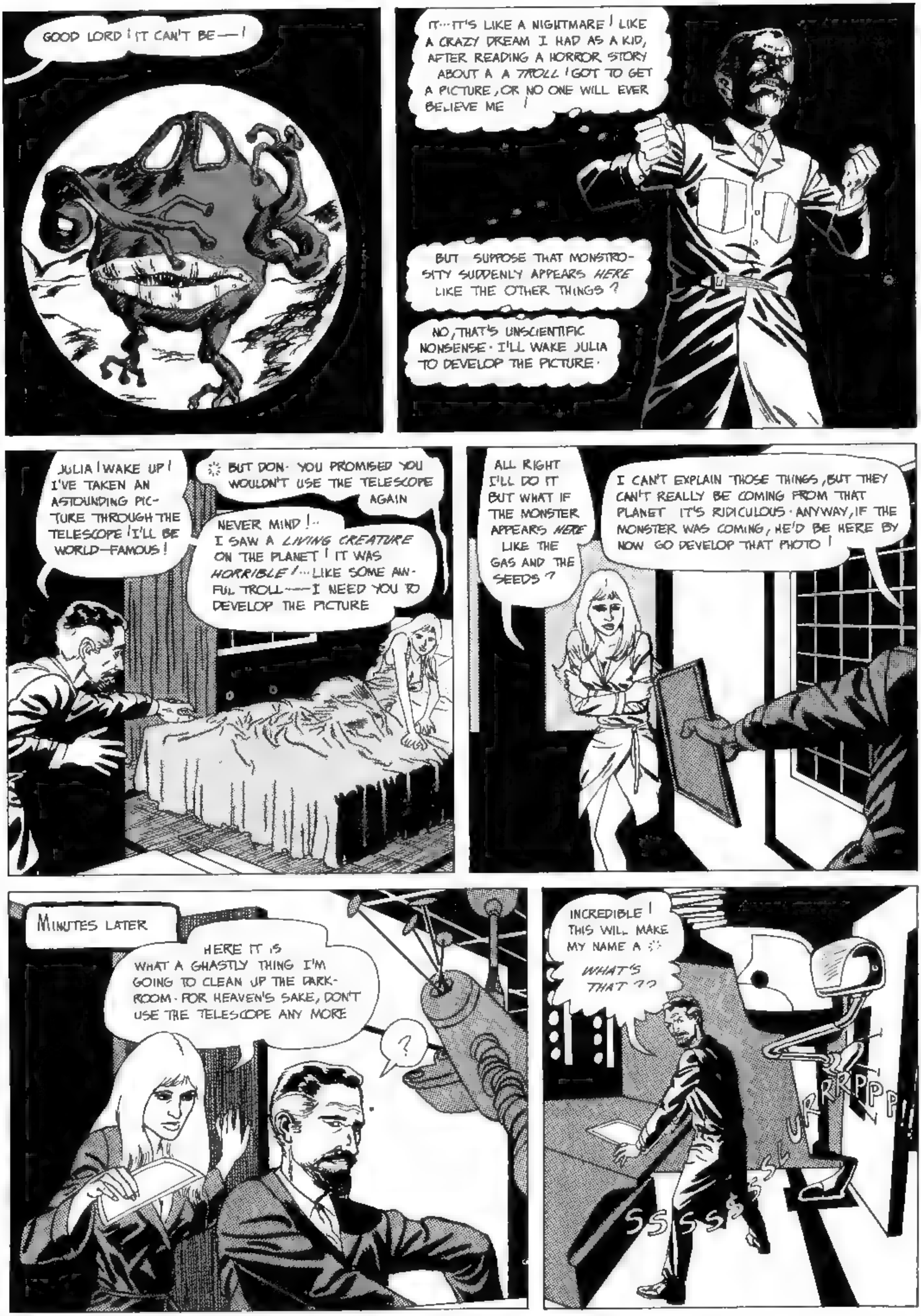

NOW ISN'T THAT TOUCHING? CARL FINALLY FOUND OUT ABOUT TOGETHERNESS ...AND NOW HE AND SINCLAIR ARE JUST INSEPARABLE! BETTER LOVE YOUR BROTHER NOW ... YOU MIGHT SOMEDAY BE STUCK WITH HIM!

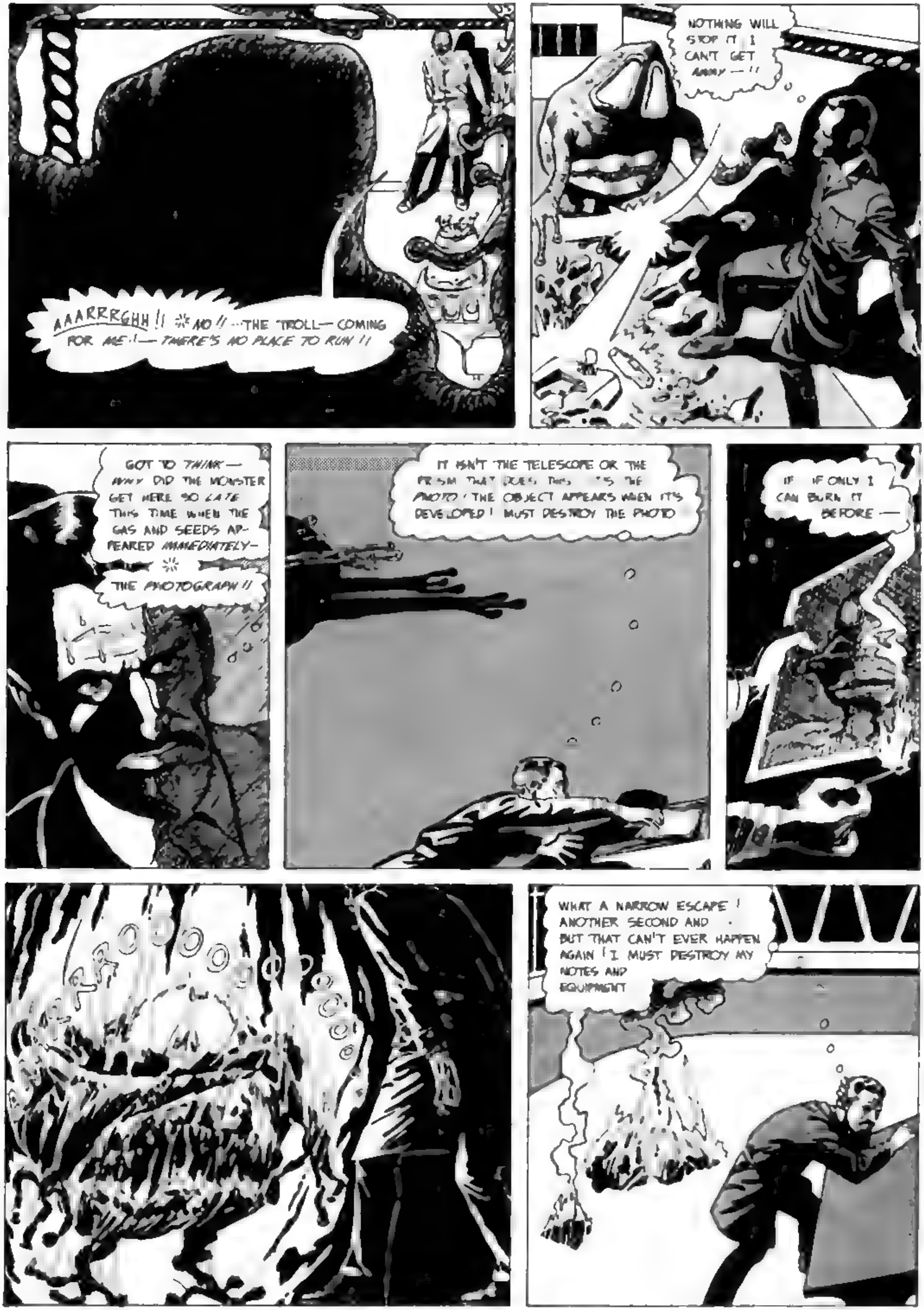

FIENDS, ROMANS, COUNTRYMEN· LENS ME YOUR EARS! MY NEXT STORY HAS A PHOTO FINISH! IT'S ALL ABOUT A MONSTER WITH A VERY NEGATIVE ATTITUDE, AND AN ASTRONOMER WHO TRIES TO SEE FARTHER THAN ANY HUMAN HAS EVER SEEN BEFORE, ONLY TO WIND UP WITH A
TELEPHOTO TROLL!
I'VE ALMOST GOT IT! THINK OF IT, JULIA —TO SEE FARTHER THAN HUMAN EYES EVER DREAMED OF SEEING!—INTO ANOTHER GALAXY
I'M SURE THE LENSES ARE REACHING FAR ENOUGH— I JUST CAN'T SEEM TO BRING THEM INTO FOCUS. BUT THE NEW PRISM I INSTALLED SHOULD DO IT
Roger Brand '69
WHY DON'T YOU LET YOUR COLLEAGUES IN ON THIS NEW PRINCIPLE OF YOURS? PERHAPS THEY COULD—
—NO! NEVER! THEY'D TRY TO STEAL IT FROM ME. THEY'RE ALL A BUNCH OF GLORY HOGGING FOOLS. I'LL SOLVE THE PROBLEM MYSELF!! AND THE WHOLE SCIENTIFIC WORLD WILL BE AT MY FEET

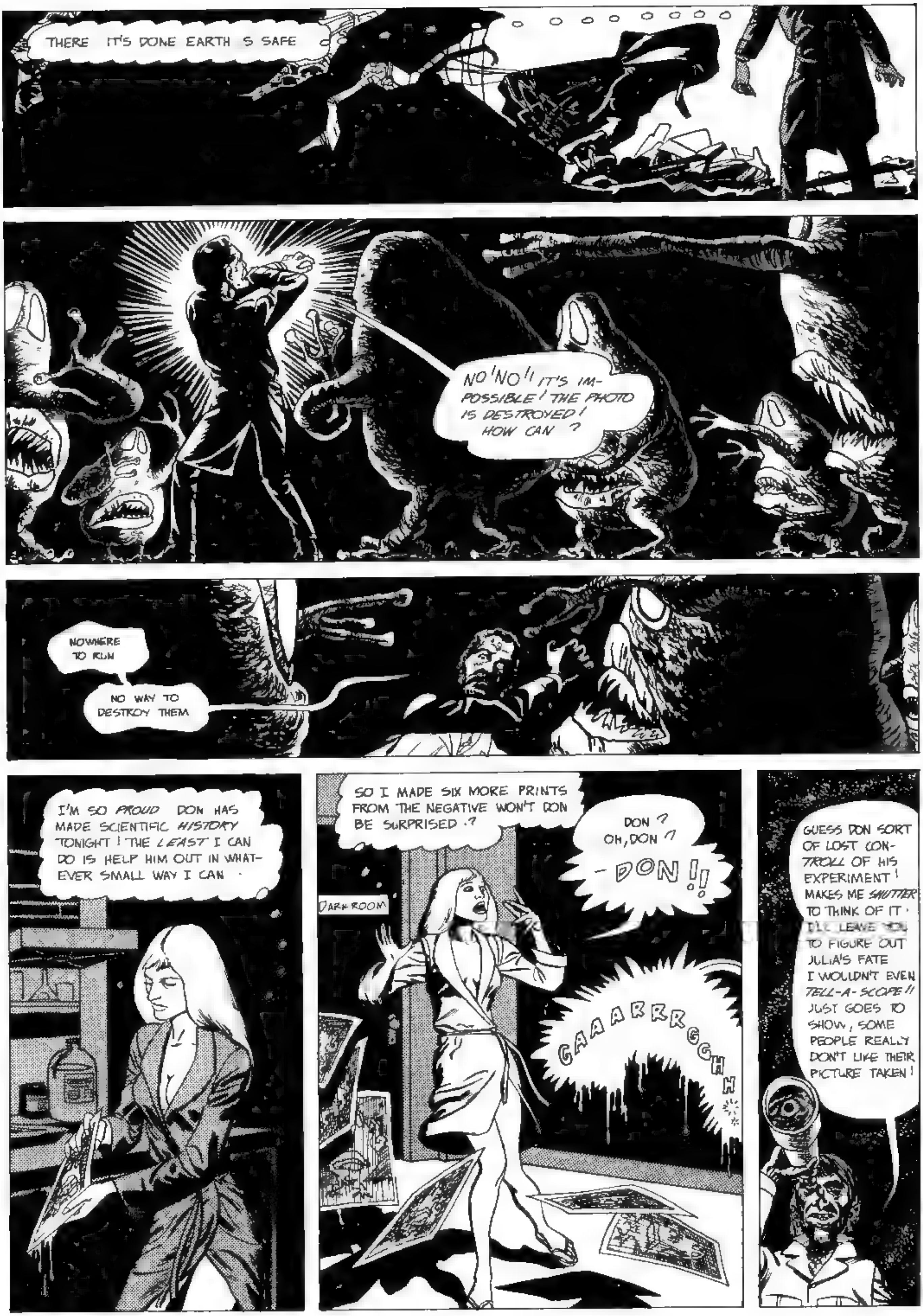
STORY BY R. MICHAEL ROSEN/ART BY ROGER BRAND

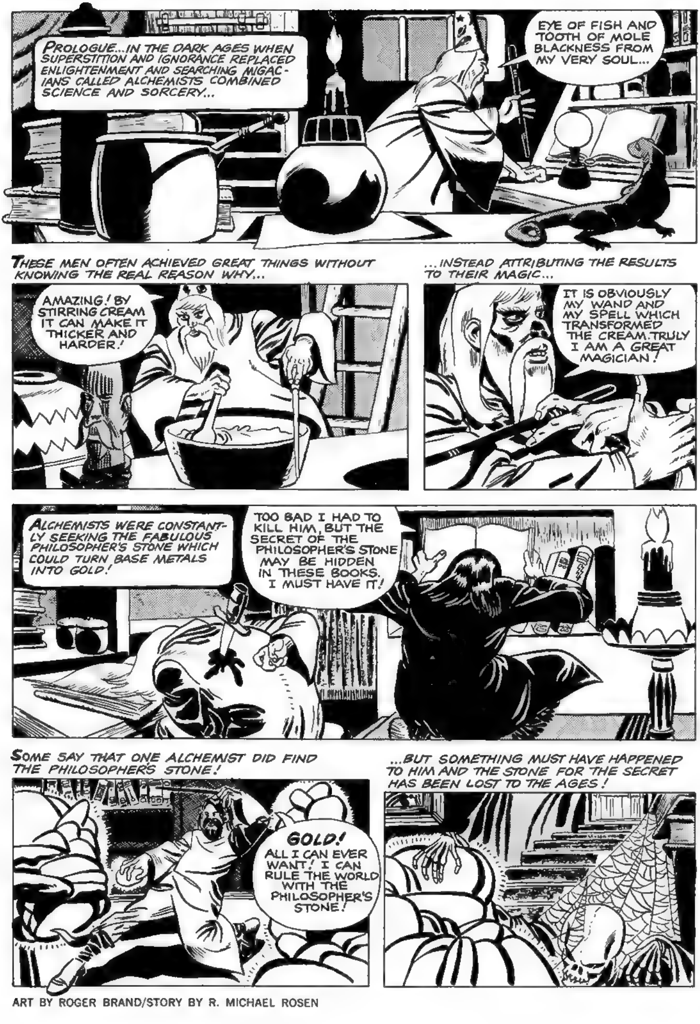

EVEN AT THIS RANGE AND LACK OF FOCUS, I'M GETTING A PICTURE - SEEMS TO BE A GASSY LAYER COVERING A PLANET SO FAR AWAY, IT STAGGERS THE IMAGINATION!
I'LL MAKE A SPECTRAL ANALYSIS TO FIND OUT WHAT KIND OF GAS IT IS JULIA, TAKE A PHOTOGRAPH—
ACCORDING TO THE SPECTROGRAPH, THE GAS IS OZONE A GAS VERY MUCH LIKE OXYGEN—
THE DIFFERENCE IS THAT OZONE HAS TWO OXYGEN ATOMS BONDED TOGETHER IT'S POISONOUS TO HUMANS, BUT SOME SCIENTISTS THINK IT COULD SUPPORT LIFE OF SOME SORT
HERE'S THE PROBLEM JUST A MILD ADJUSTMENT OF THE NEW PRISM IN A MOMENT I'LL BRING THE SCOPE INTO FOCUS -- JULIA! HURRY UP WITH THAT PHOTO —!
JUST A MO— MENT LONGER
HERE IT IS, DON IT LOOKS *WEIRD*—
NO MATTER THE TELESCOPE IS PERFECT NOW, AND SHOULD FOCUS ON THAT FARAWAY WORLD WITH CRYSTAL CLARITY (SNIFF) — DO YOU *SMELL* SOMETHING?
(GASP) I CAN'T BREATHE (CHOKE!!)
IT SMELLS LIKE *OZONE*! BUT IT CAN'T BE HOW?
IT SEEMS TO BE FADING OUT NOW I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT IT'S TOO GREAT A COINCIDENCE THAT THE SPECTRUM TEST SHOWED OZONE JUST BEFORE WE SMELLED IT HERE BUT HOW COULD IT CROSS BILLIONS OF MILES OF SPACE?
I DON'T CARE! I'M FRIGHTENED! PROMISE ME YOU WON'T EXPERIMENT ANY MORE ALONE
DON'T BE A FOOL! THERE'S NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF ANYWAY MY WORK MUST GO ON——


PERFECT! SHARP FOCUS ALMOST AS IF I WERE THERE I CAN'T WAIT TO PUBLISH MY FINDINGS!
NOW MAYBE I CAN FIND SOMETHING AH! A PLANT FORM THERE IS LIFE ON THE PLANET IT SEEMS TO BE SHOOTING OUT ITS SEEDS — JULIA! TAKE A PICTURE—
I'LL HAVE IT FOR YOU IN A MINUTE.
BRING MY NOTES UP TO DATE EVERY DETAIL MUST BE RECORDED FOR POSTERITY!
HERE IT IS I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT!
PERFECT — WHAT'S THIS? NO! IT CAN'T BE! IT LOOKS LIKE THE SEEDS ON THE PLANET, BUT THEY CAN'T BE HERE!
BUT THEY ARE! THAT'S WHY YOU MUST STOP WORK UNTIL YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT'S GOING ON! PLEASE!!
PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT BETTER STOP FOR A WHILE IT MUST BE SOME POWER OF THE NEW PRISM THAT BRINGS WHAT WE SEE IN THE TELESCOPE ACROSS ENDLESS SPACE BUT HOW? ANYWAY, GO TO SLEEP I'M THROUGH FOR THE NIGHT
YOU'VE BEEN WORKING TOO HARD, DON YOU NEED REST YOU'VE MADE A MONUMENTAL DISCOVERY THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ONE DAY YOU COME TO BED, TOO!
I'M ALL RIGHT BUT I COULDN'T SLEEP NOW ANYWAY I HAVE TO THINK AND I'LL THINK BETTER ALONE GOOD NIGHT, DARLING
THIS IS NONSENSE! I'M A SCIENTIST, NOT A HYSTERICAL WOMAN I DON'T BELIEVE ANYTHING CAN CROSS BILLIONS OF LIGHT YEARS IN A SPLIT-SECOND AND EVEN IF I DID I WOULD CONTINUE MY WORK
I MUST KNOW I MUST FIND OUT NO MATTER WHAT THE COST!!


GOOD LORD! IT CAN'T BE—!
IT... IT'S LIKE A NIGHTMARE! LIKE A CRAZY DREAM I HAD AS A KID, AFTER READING A HORROR STORY ABOUT A A *TROLL*! GOT TO GET A PICTURE, OR NO ONE WILL EVER BELIEVE ME!
BUT SUPPOSE THAT MONSTROSITY SUDDENLY APPEARS *HERE* LIKE THE OTHER THINGS?
NO, THAT'S UNSCIENTIFIC NONSENSE. I'LL WAKE JULIA TO DEVELOP THE PICTURE.
JULIA! WAKE UP! I'VE TAKEN AN ASTOUNDING PICTURE THROUGH THE TELESCOPE! I'LL BE WORLD—FAMOUS!
✲ BUT DON. YOU PROMISED YOU WOULDN'T USE THE TELESCOPE AGAIN
NEVER MIND!.. I SAW A *LIVING CREATURE* ON THE PLANET! IT WAS *HORRIBLE!*... LIKE SOME AWFUL TROLL——I NEED YOU TO DEVELOP THE PICTURE
ALL RIGHT I'LL DO IT BUT WHAT IF THE MONSTER APPEARS *HERE* LIKE THE GAS AND THE SEEDS?
I CAN'T EXPLAIN THOSE THINGS, BUT THEY CAN'T REALLY BE COMING FROM THAT PLANET. IT'S RIDICULOUS. ANYWAY, IF THE MONSTER WAS COMING, HE'D BE HERE BY NOW. GO DEVELOP THAT PHOTO!
MINUTES LATER
HERE IT IS. WHAT A GHASTLY THING. I'M GOING TO CLEAN UP THE DARKROOM. FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, DON'T USE THE TELESCOPE ANY MORE
?
INCREDIBLE! THIS WILL MAKE MY NAME A ✲
WHAT'S THAT??
SSSSSSSLURRRPPP!!


AAARRRGHH !! ※ NO !! --THE TROLL— COMING FOR ME !— THERE'S NO PLACE TO RUN !!
NOTHING WILL STOP IT ! CAN'T GET AWAY — !!
GOT TO THINK — WHY DID THE MONSTER GET HERE SO LATE THIS TIME WHEN THE GAS AND SEEDS APPEARED IMMEDIATELY— ※ THE PHOTOGRAPH !!
IT ISN'T THE TELESCOPE OR THE PRISM THAT DOES THIS — IT'S THE PHOTO ! THE OBJECT APPEARS WHEN IT'S DEVELOPED ! MUST DESTROY THE PHOTO
IF — IF ONLY I CAN BURN IT BEFORE —
WHAT A NARROW ESCAPE ! ANOTHER SECOND AND . BUT THAT CAN'T EVER HAPPEN AGAIN ! I MUST DESTROY MY NOTES AND EQUIPMENT

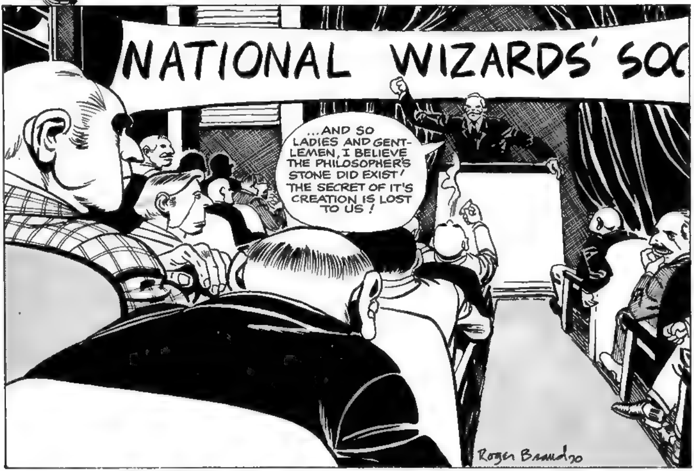

THERE IT'S DONE EARTH S SAFE
NO' NO'' IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! THE PHOTO IS DESTROYED! HOW CAN ?
NOWHERE TO RUN
NO WAY TO DESTROY THEM
I'M SO *PROUD* DON HAS MADE SCIENTIFIC *HISTORY* TONIGHT! THE *LEAST* I CAN DO IS HELP HIM OUT IN WHATEVER SMALL WAY I CAN ·
SO I MADE SIX MORE PRINTS FROM THE NEGATIVE WON'T DON BE SURPRISED ·?
DARK ROOM
DON ? OH, DON ? - DON !!
GAAARRRGGHH
GUESS DON SORT OF LOST CONTROLL OF HIS EXPERIMENT! MAKES ME *SHUTTER* TO THINK OF IT · I'LL LEAVE YOU TO FIGURE OUT JULIA'S FATE I WOULDN'T EVEN *TELL-A-SCOPE*!! JUST GOES TO SHOW, SOME PEOPLE REALLY DON'T LIKE THEIR PICTURE TAKEN!

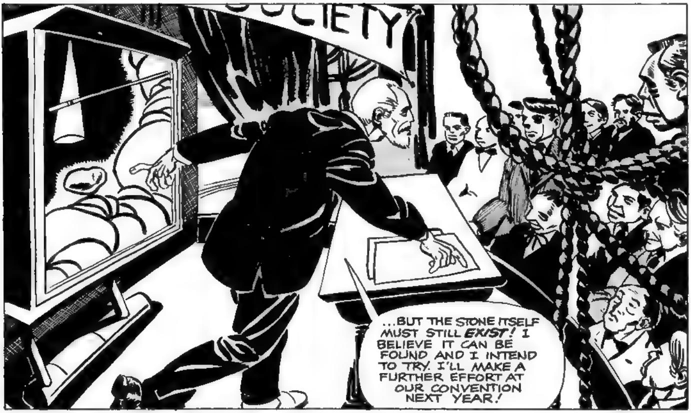

PROLOGUE...IN THE DARK AGES WHEN SUPERSTITION AND IGNORANCE REPLACED ENLIGHTENMENT AND SEARCHING MIGACIANS CALLED ALCHEMISTS COMBINED SCIENCE AND SORCERY...
EYE OF FISH AND TOOTH OF MOLE BLACKNESS FROM MY VERY SOUL...
THESE MEN OFTEN ACHIEVED GREAT THINGS WITHOUT KNOWING THE REAL REASON WHY...
AMAZING! BY STIRRING CREAM IT CAN MAKE IT THICKER AND HARDER!
...INSTEAD ATTRIBUTING THE RESULTS TO THEIR MAGIC...
IT IS OBVIOUSLY MY WAND AND MY SPELL WHICH TRANSFORMED THE CREAM. TRULY I AM A GREAT MAGICIAN!
ALCHEMISTS WERE CONSTANTLY SEEKING THE FABULOUS PHILOSOPHER'S STONE WHICH COULD TURN BASE METALS INTO GOLD!
TOO BAD I HAD TO KILL HIM, BUT THE SECRET OF THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE MAY BE HIDDEN IN THESE BOOKS. I MUST HAVE IT!
SOME SAY THAT ONE ALCHEMIST DID FIND THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE!
GOLD! ALL I CAN EVER WANT! I CAN RULE THE WORLD WITH THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE!
...BUT SOMETHING MUST HAVE HAPPENED TO HIM AND THE STONE FOR THE SECRET HAS BEEN LOST TO THE AGES!

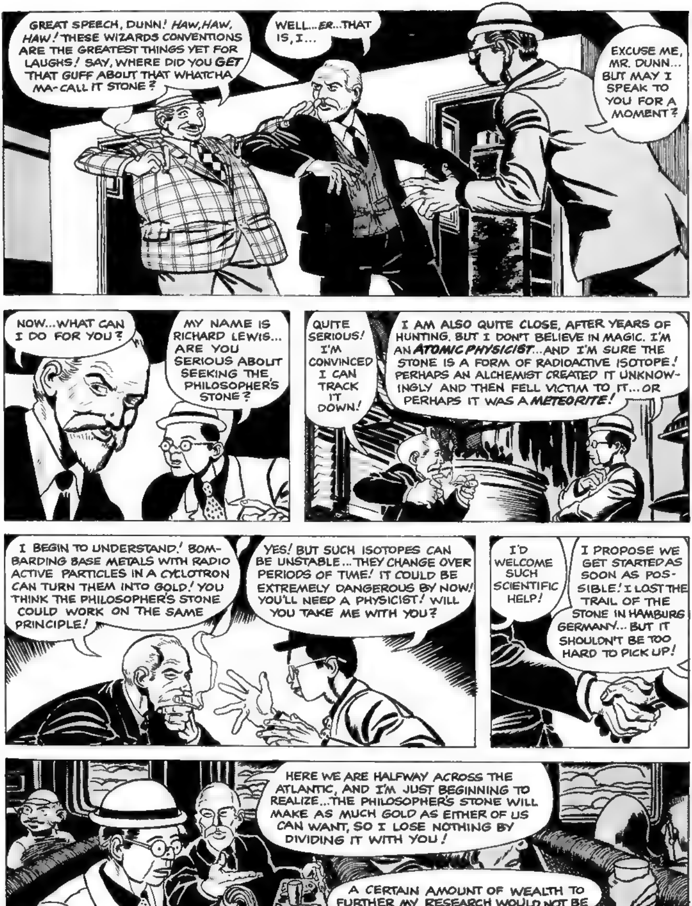
ART BY ROGER BRAND/STORY BY R. MICHAEL ROSEN

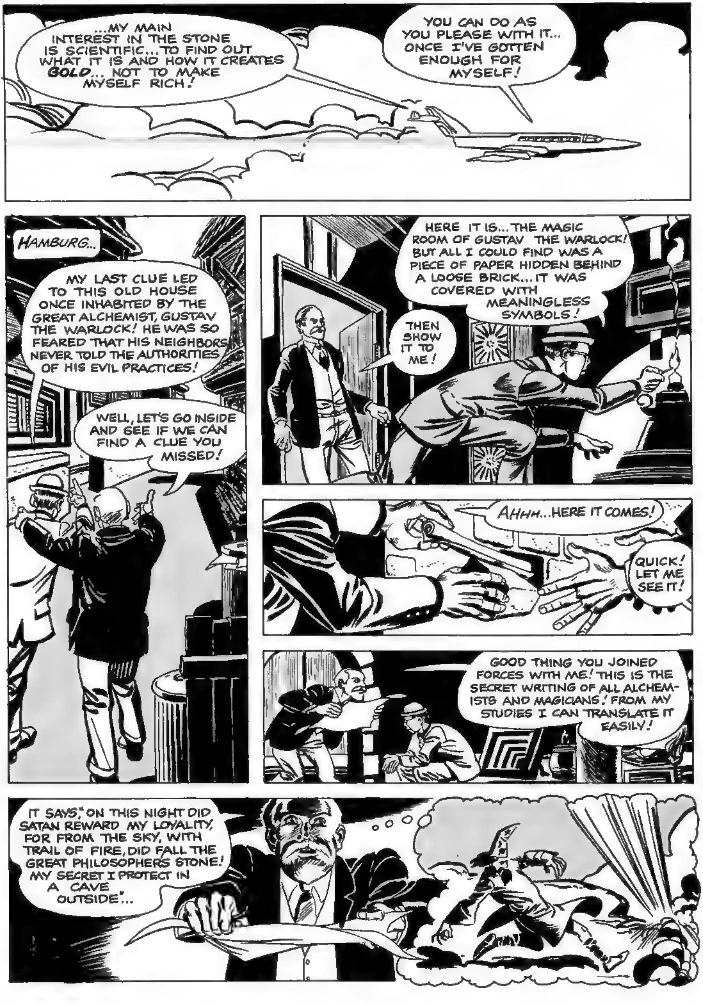
HEY, FORTY NINERS! NOW THAT OUR PULSATING PROLOGUE HAS FILLED YOU IN ON THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE, JOIN US FOR A DEVILISH DIFFERENT GOLD RUSH THAT WILL LEAD YOU TO THE...

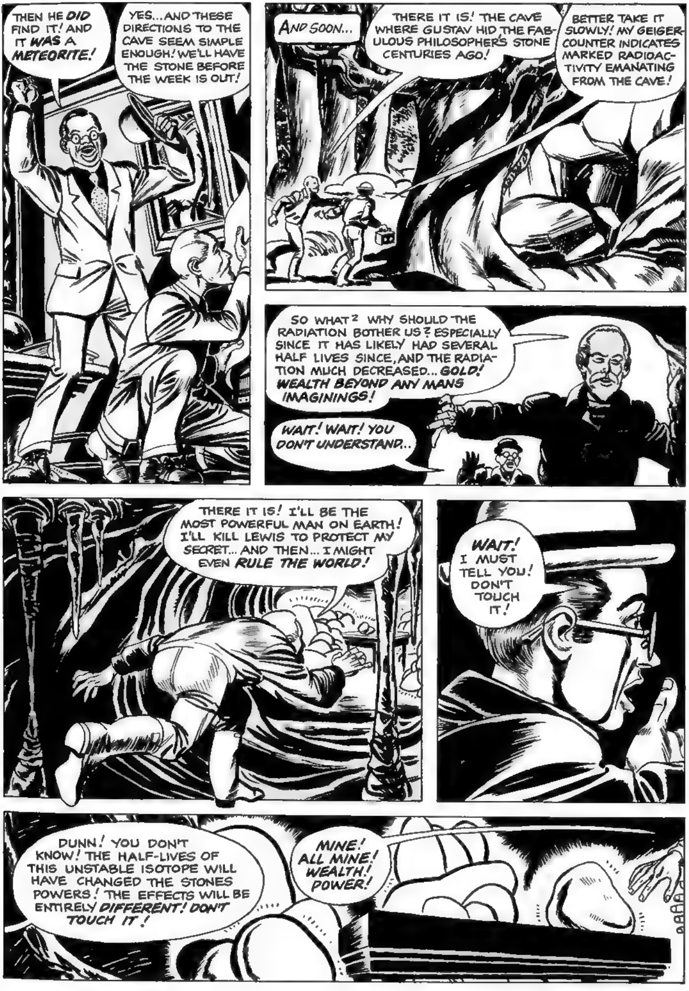
LEGEND IN GOLD

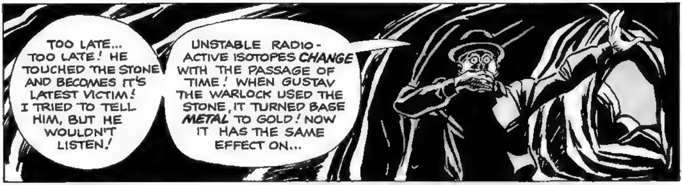

NATIONAL WIZARDS' SOC
...AND SO LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I BELIEVE THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE DID EXIST! THE SECRET OF IT'S CREATION IS LOST TO US!
Roger Brand '70

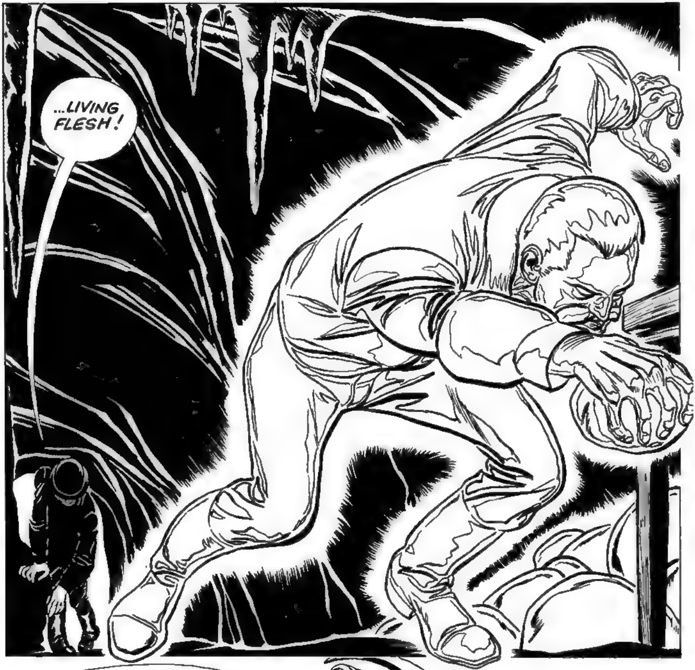

SOCIETY
...BUT THE STONE ITSELF MUST STILL EXIST! I BELIEVE IT CAN BE FOUND AND I INTEND TO TRY. I'LL MAKE A FURTHER EFFORT AT OUR CONVENTION NEXT YEAR!

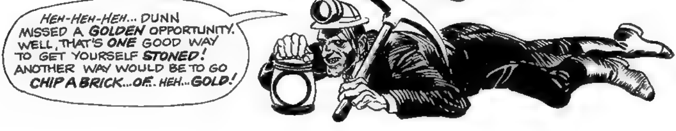

GREAT SPEECH, DUNN! HAW, HAW, HAW! THESE WIZARDS CONVENTIONS ARE THE GREATEST THINGS YET FOR LAUGHS! SAY, WHERE DID YOU GET THAT GUFF ABOUT THAT WHATCHA MA-CALL IT STONE?
WELL... ER... THAT IS, I...
EXCUSE ME, MR. DUNN... BUT MAY I SPEAK TO YOU FOR A MOMENT?
NOW... WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
MY NAME IS RICHARD LEWIS... ARE YOU SERIOUS ABOUT SEEKING THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE?
QUITE SERIOUS! I'M CONVINCED I CAN TRACK IT DOWN!
I AM ALSO QUITE CLOSE, AFTER YEARS OF HUNTING. BUT I DON'T BELIEVE IN MAGIC. I'M AN ATOMIC PHYSICIST... AND I'M SURE THE STONE IS A FORM OF RADIOACTIVE ISOTOPE! PERHAPS AN ALCHEMIST CREATED IT UNKNOWINGLY AND THEN FELL VICTIM TO IT... OR PERHAPS IT WAS A METEORITE!
I BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND! BOMBARDING BASE METALS WITH RADIO ACTIVE PARTICLES IN A CYCLOTRON CAN TURN THEM INTO GOLD! YOU THINK THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE COULD WORK ON THE SAME PRINCIPLE!
YES! BUT SUCH ISOTOPES CAN BE UNSTABLE... THEY CHANGE OVER PERIODS OF TIME! IT COULD BE EXTREMELY DANGEROUS BY NOW! YOU'LL NEED A PHYSICIST! WILL YOU TAKE ME WITH YOU?
I'D WELCOME SUCH SCIENTIFIC HELP!
I PROPOSE WE GET STARTED AS SOON AS POSSIBLE! I LOST THE TRAIL OF THE STONE IN HAMBURG GERMANY... BUT IT SHOULDN'T BE TOO HARD TO PICK UP!
HERE WE ARE HALFWAY ACROSS THE ATLANTIC, AND I'M JUST BEGINNING TO REALIZE... THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE WILL MAKE AS MUCH GOLD AS EITHER OF US CAN WANT, SO I LOSE NOTHING BY DIVIDING IT WITH YOU!
A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF WEALTH TO FURTHER MY RESEARCH WOULD NOT BE UNWELCOME, BUT...

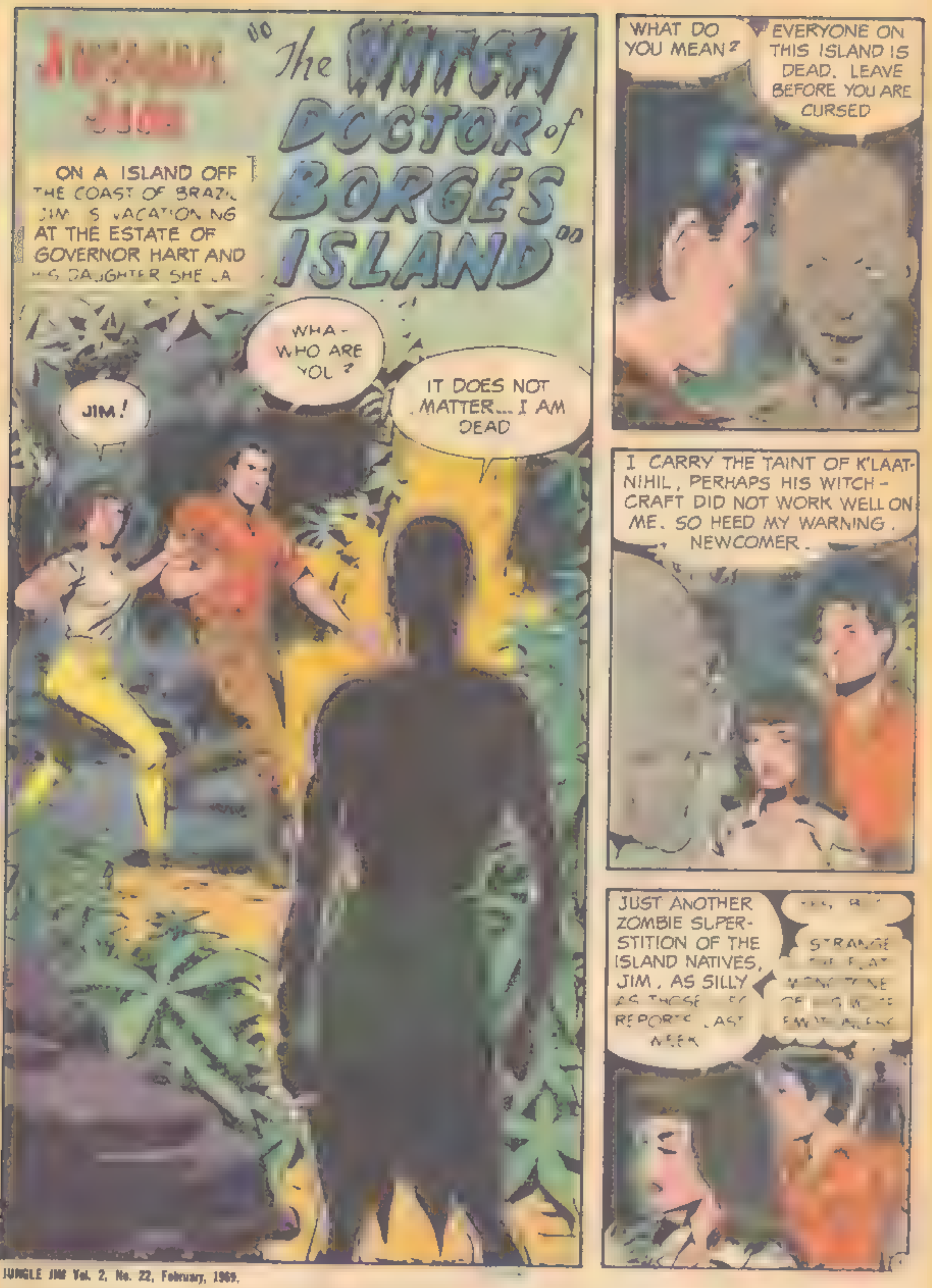

...MY MAIN INTEREST IN THE STONE IS SCIENTIFIC... TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS AND HOW IT CREATES *GOLD*... NOT TO MAKE MYSELF RICH!
YOU CAN DO AS YOU PLEASE WITH IT... ONCE I'VE GOTTEN ENOUGH FOR MYSELF!
HAMBURG...
MY LAST CLUE LED TO THIS OLD HOUSE ONCE INHABITED BY THE GREAT ALCHEMIST, GUSTAV THE WARLOCK! HE WAS SO FEARED THAT HIS NEIGHBORS NEVER TOLD THE AUTHORITIES OF HIS EVIL PRACTICES!
WELL, LET'S GO INSIDE AND SEE IF WE CAN FIND A CLUE YOU MISSED!
HERE IT IS... THE MAGIC ROOM OF GUSTAV THE WARLOCK! BUT ALL I COULD FIND WAS A PIECE OF PAPER HIDDEN BEHIND A LOOSE BRICK... IT WAS COVERED WITH MEANINGLESS SYMBOLS!
THEN SHOW IT TO ME!
AHHH... HERE IT COMES!
QUICK! LET ME SEE IT!
GOOD THING YOU JOINED FORCES WITH ME! THIS IS THE SECRET WRITING OF ALL ALCHEMISTS AND MAGICIANS! FROM MY STUDIES I CAN TRANSLATE IT EASILY!
IT SAYS," ON THIS NIGHT DID SATAN REWARD MY LOYALITY, FOR FROM THE SKY, WITH TRAIL OF FIRE, DID FALL THE GREAT PHILOSOPHERS STONE! MY SECRET I PROTECT IN A CAVE OUTSIDE"...


THEN HE *DID* FIND IT! AND IT *WAS* A *METEORITE!*
YES...AND THESE DIRECTIONS TO THE CAVE SEEM SIMPLE ENOUGH! WE'LL HAVE THE STONE BEFORE THE WEEK IS OUT!
AND SOON...
THERE IT IS! THE CAVE WHERE GUSTAV HID THE FABULOUS PHILOSOPHER'S STONE CENTURIES AGO!
BETTER TAKE IT SLOWLY! MY GEIGER-COUNTER INDICATES MARKED RADIOACTIVITY EMANATING FROM THE CAVE!
SO WHAT? WHY SHOULD THE RADIATION BOTHER US? ESPECIALLY SINCE IT HAS LIKELY HAD SEVERAL HALF LIVES SINCE, AND THE RADIATION MUCH DECREASED... *GOLD! WEALTH BEYOND ANY MANS IMAGININGS!*
WAIT! WAIT! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND...
THERE IT IS! I'LL BE THE MOST POWERFUL MAN ON EARTH! I'LL KILL LEWIS TO PROTECT MY SECRET... AND THEN... I MIGHT EVEN *RULE THE WORLD!*
WAIT! I MUST TELL YOU! DON'T TOUCH IT!
DUNN! YOU DON'T KNOW! THE HALF-LIVES OF THIS UNSTABLE ISOTOPE WILL HAVE CHANGED THE STONES POWERS! THE EFFECTS WILL BE ENTIRELY *DIFFERENT! DON'T TOUCH IT!*
MINE! ALL MINE! WEALTH! POWER!


TOO LATE... TOO LATE! HE TOUCHED THE STONE AND BECOMES IT'S LATEST VICTIM! I TRIED TO TELL HIM, BUT HE WOULDN'T LISTEN!
UNSTABLE RADIO-ACTIVE ISOTOPES *CHANGE* WITH THE PASSAGE OF TIME! WHEN GUSTAV THE WARLOCK USED THE STONE, IT TURNED BASE *METAL* TO GOLD! NOW IT HAS THE SAME EFFECT ON...


...*LIVING FLESH!*


HEH-HEH-HEH... DUNN MISSED A **GOLDEN** OPPORTUNITY. WELL, THAT'S **ONE** GOOD WAY TO GET YOURSELF **STONED!** ANOTHER WAY WOULD BE TO GO **CHIP A BRICK...OF...** *HEH*...**GOLD!**


JUNGLE JIM
"The WITCH DOCTOR of BORGES ISLAND"
ON A ISLAND OFF THE COAST OF BRAZIL JIM IS VACATIONING AT THE ESTATE OF GOVERNOR HART AND HIS DAUGHTER SHEILA
JIM!
WHA- WHO ARE YOU?
IT DOES NOT MATTER... I AM DEAD
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
EVERYONE ON THIS ISLAND IS DEAD. LEAVE BEFORE YOU ARE CURSED
I CARRY THE TAINT OF K'LAAT-NIHIL, PERHAPS HIS WITCH-CRAFT DID NOT WORK WELL ON ME. SO HEED MY WARNING, NEWCOMER.
JUST ANOTHER ZOMBIE SUPERSTITION OF THE ISLAND NATIVES, JIM, AS SILLY AS THOSE REPORTS LAST WEEK
STRANGE

JUNGLE JIM Vol. 2, No. 22, February, 1969.

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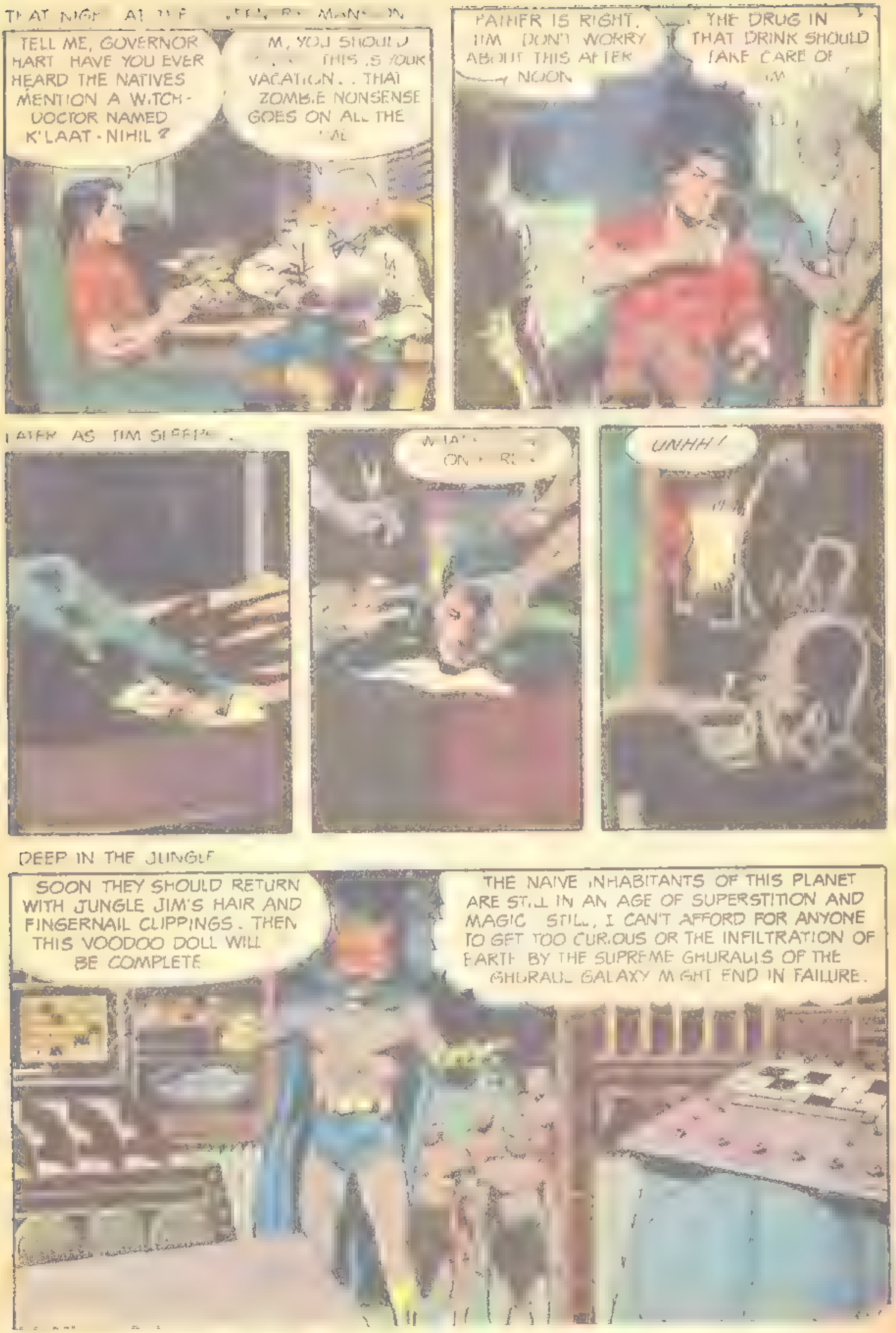
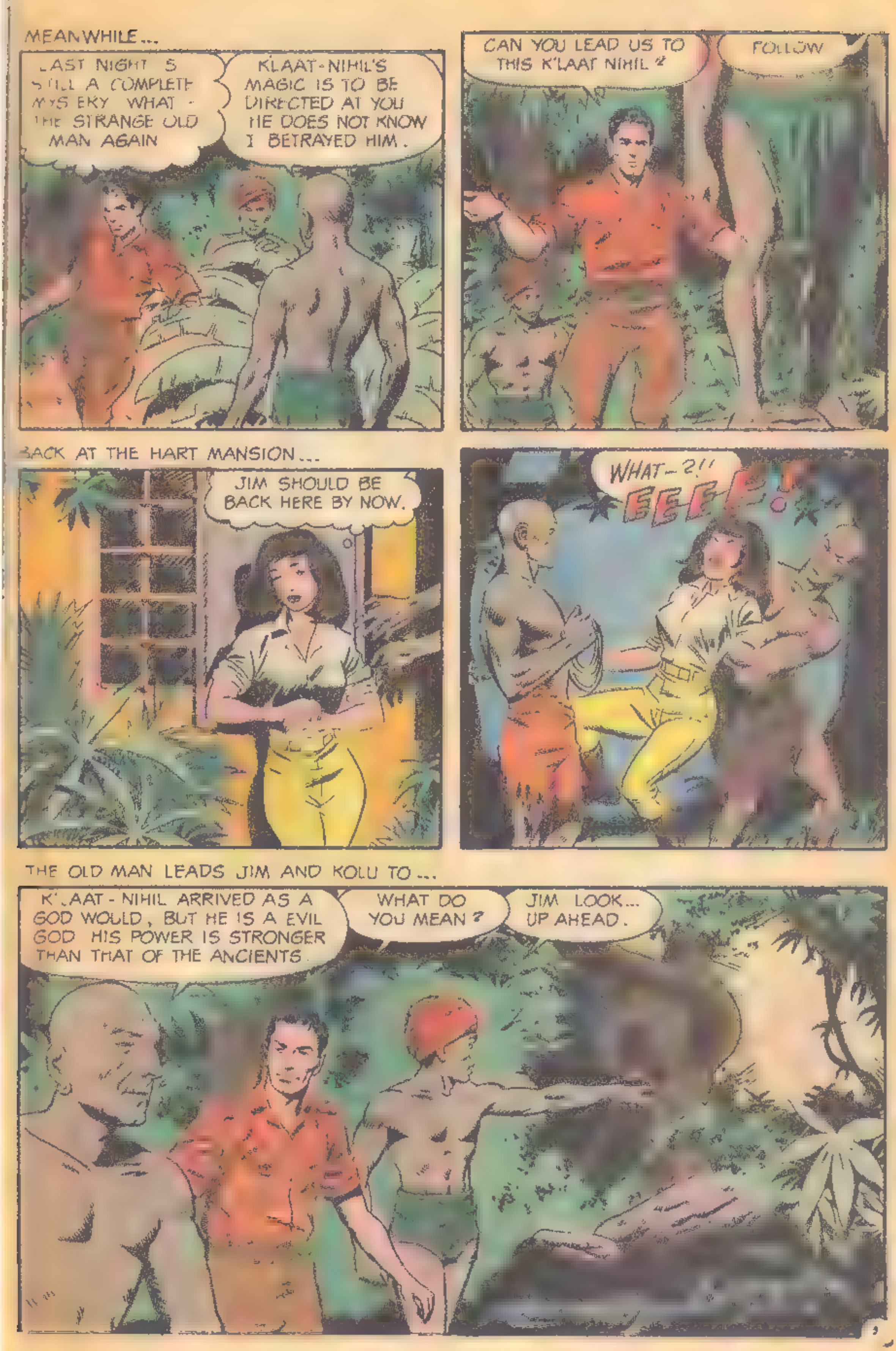
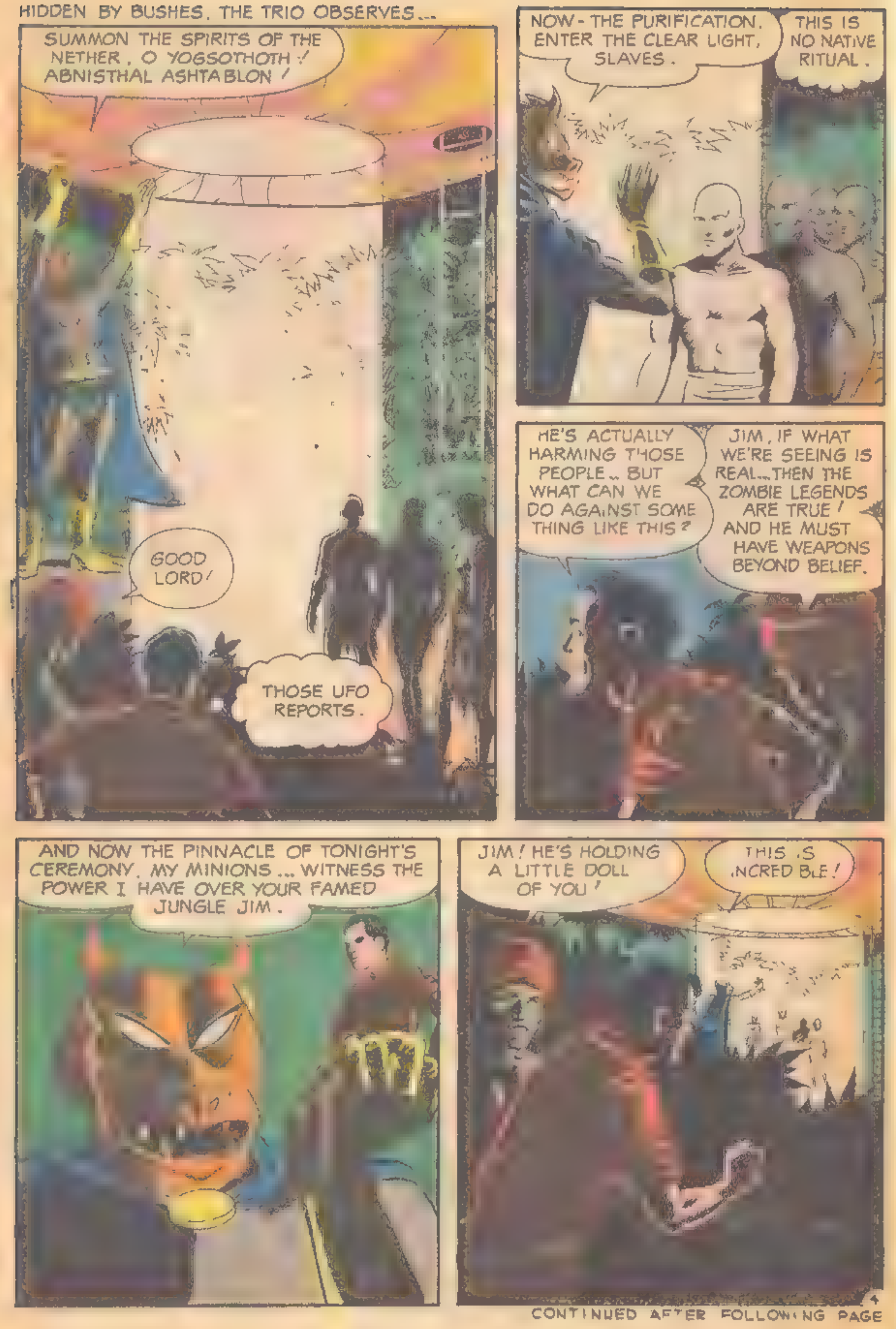

THAT NIGHT AT THE [illegible] MANSION
TELL ME, GOVERNOR HART, HAVE YOU EVER HEARD THE NATIVES MENTION A WITCH-DOCTOR NAMED K'LAAT-NIHIL ?
JIM, YOU SHOULD [illegible] THIS IS YOUR VACATION.. THAT ZOMBIE NONSENSE GOES ON ALL THE TIME
FATHER IS RIGHT, JIM. DON'T WORRY ABOUT THIS AFTERNOON
THE DRUG IN THAT DRINK SHOULD TAKE CARE OF HIM
LATER AS JIM SLEEPS.
WHAT'S [illegible] ON HERE
UNHH!
DEEP IN THE JUNGLE
SOON THEY SHOULD RETURN WITH JUNGLE JIM'S HAIR AND FINGERNAIL CLIPPINGS. THEN THIS VOODOO DOLL WILL BE COMPLETE
THE NAIVE INHABITANTS OF THIS PLANET ARE STILL IN AN AGE OF SUPERSTITION AND MAGIC. STILL, I CAN'T AFFORD FOR ANYONE TO GET TOO CURIOUS OR THE INFILTRATION OF EARTH BY THE SUPREME GHURAULS OF THE GHURAUL GALAXY MIGHT END IN FAILURE.


MEANWHILE...
LAST NIGHT IS STILL A COMPLETE MYSTERY. WHAT - THE STRANGE OLD MAN AGAIN
KLAAT-NIHIL'S MAGIC IS TO BE DIRECTED AT YOU. HE DOES NOT KNOW I BETRAYED HIM.
CAN YOU LEAD US TO THIS K'LAAT NIHIL ?
FOLLOW
BACK AT THE HART MANSION...
JIM SHOULD BE BACK HERE BY NOW.
WHAT-?!!
EEEP!
THE OLD MAN LEADS JIM AND KOLU TO...
K'LAAT-NIHIL ARRIVED AS A GOD WOULD, BUT HE IS A EVIL GOD. HIS POWER IS STRONGER THAN THAT OF THE ANCIENTS.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN ?
JIM LOOK... UP AHEAD.


HIDDEN BY BUSHES, THE TRIO OBSERVES...
SUMMON THE SPIRITS OF THE NETHER, O YOGSOTHOTH! ABNISTHAL ASHTABLON!
GOOD LORD!
THOSE UFO REPORTS.
NOW - THE PURIFICATION. ENTER THE CLEAR LIGHT, SLAVES.
THIS IS NO NATIVE RITUAL.
HE'S ACTUALLY HARMING THOSE PEOPLE.. BUT WHAT CAN WE DO AGAINST SOME THING LIKE THIS?
JIM, IF WHAT WE'RE SEEING IS REAL...THEN THE ZOMBIE LEGENDS ARE TRUE! AND HE MUST HAVE WEAPONS BEYOND BELIEF.
AND NOW THE PINNACLE OF TONIGHT'S CEREMONY, MY MINIONS ... WITNESS THE POWER I HAVE OVER YOUR FAMED JUNGLE JIM.
JIM! HE'S HOLDING A LITTLE DOLL OF YOU!
THIS IS INCREDIBLE!
4

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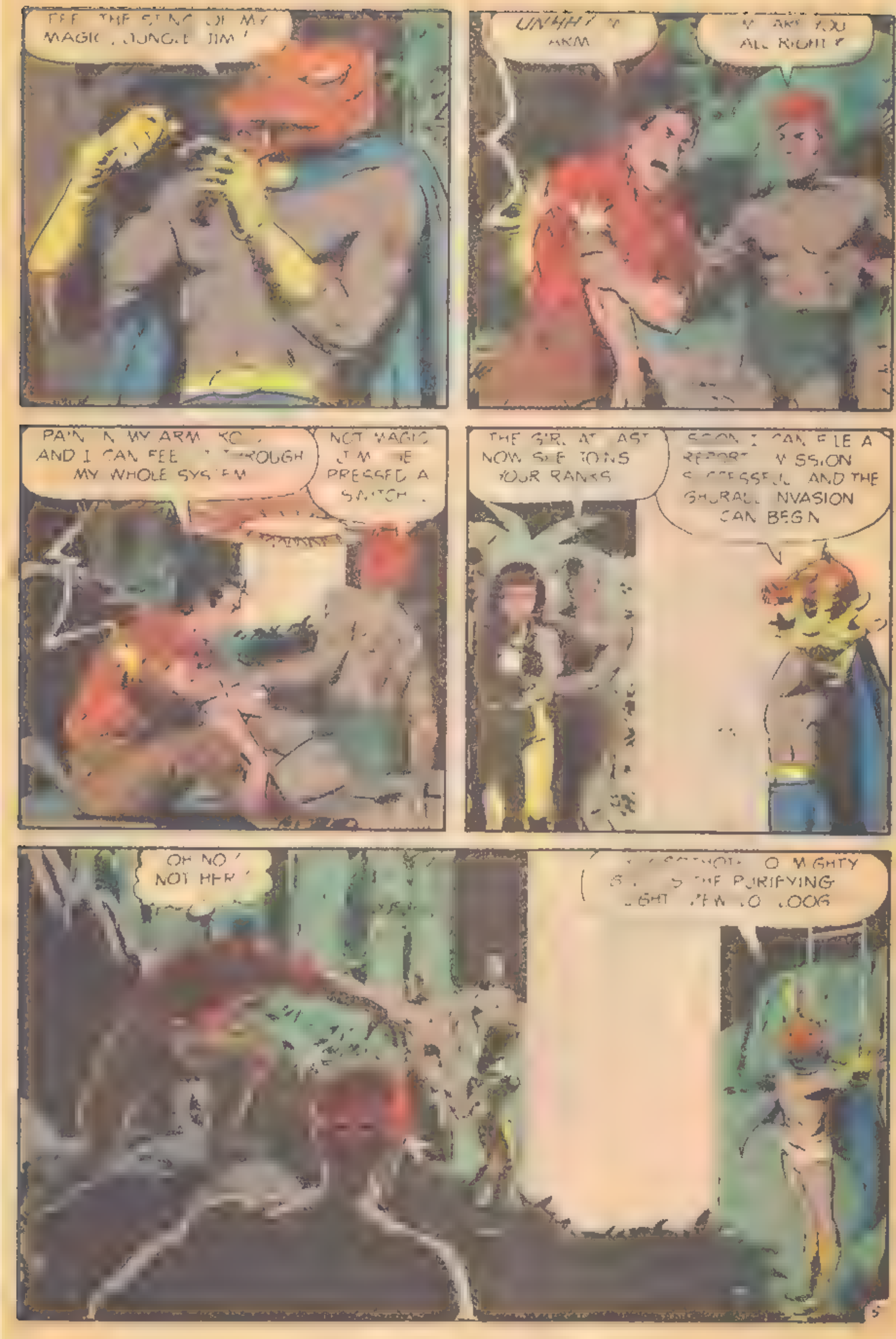
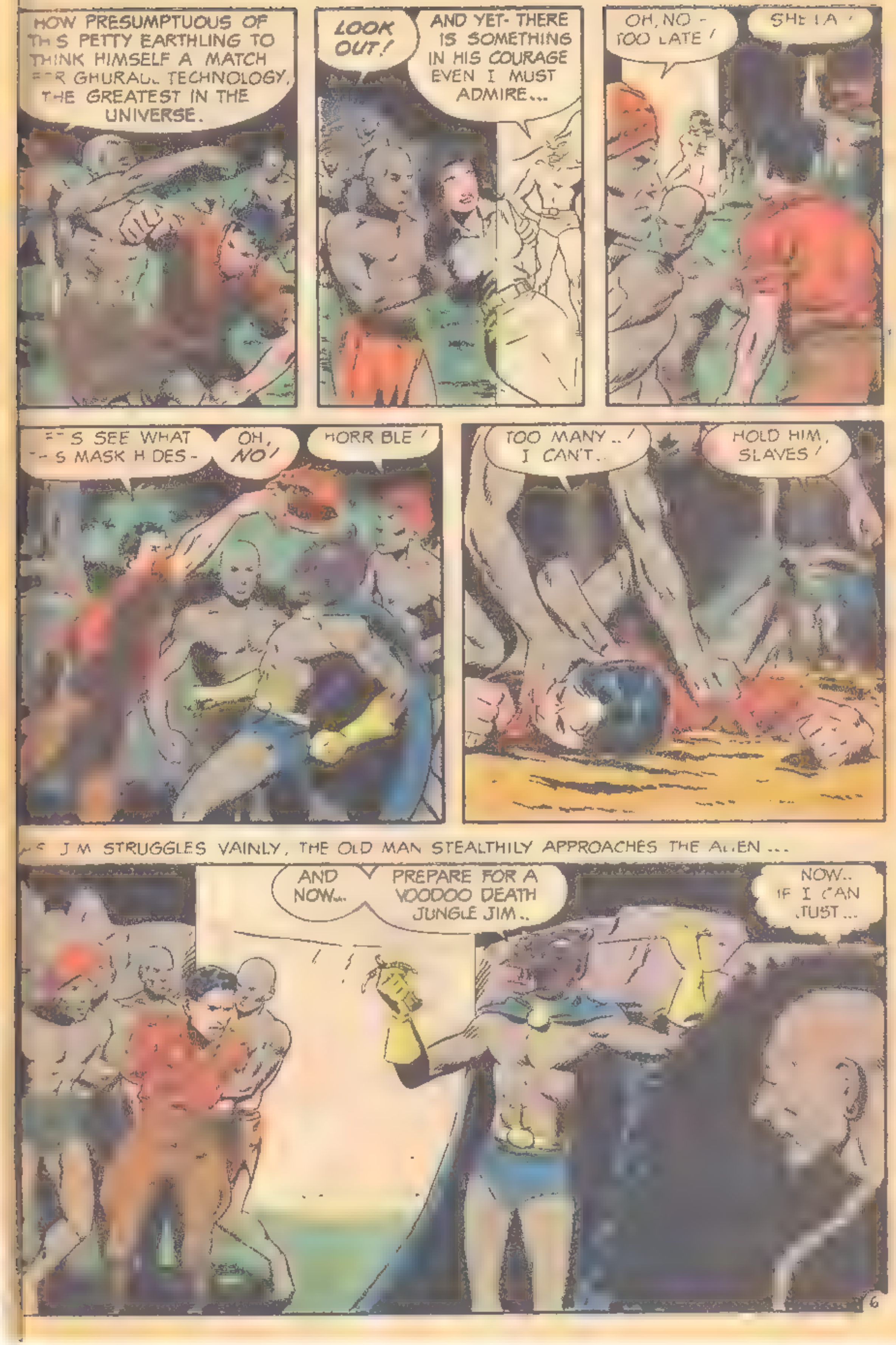
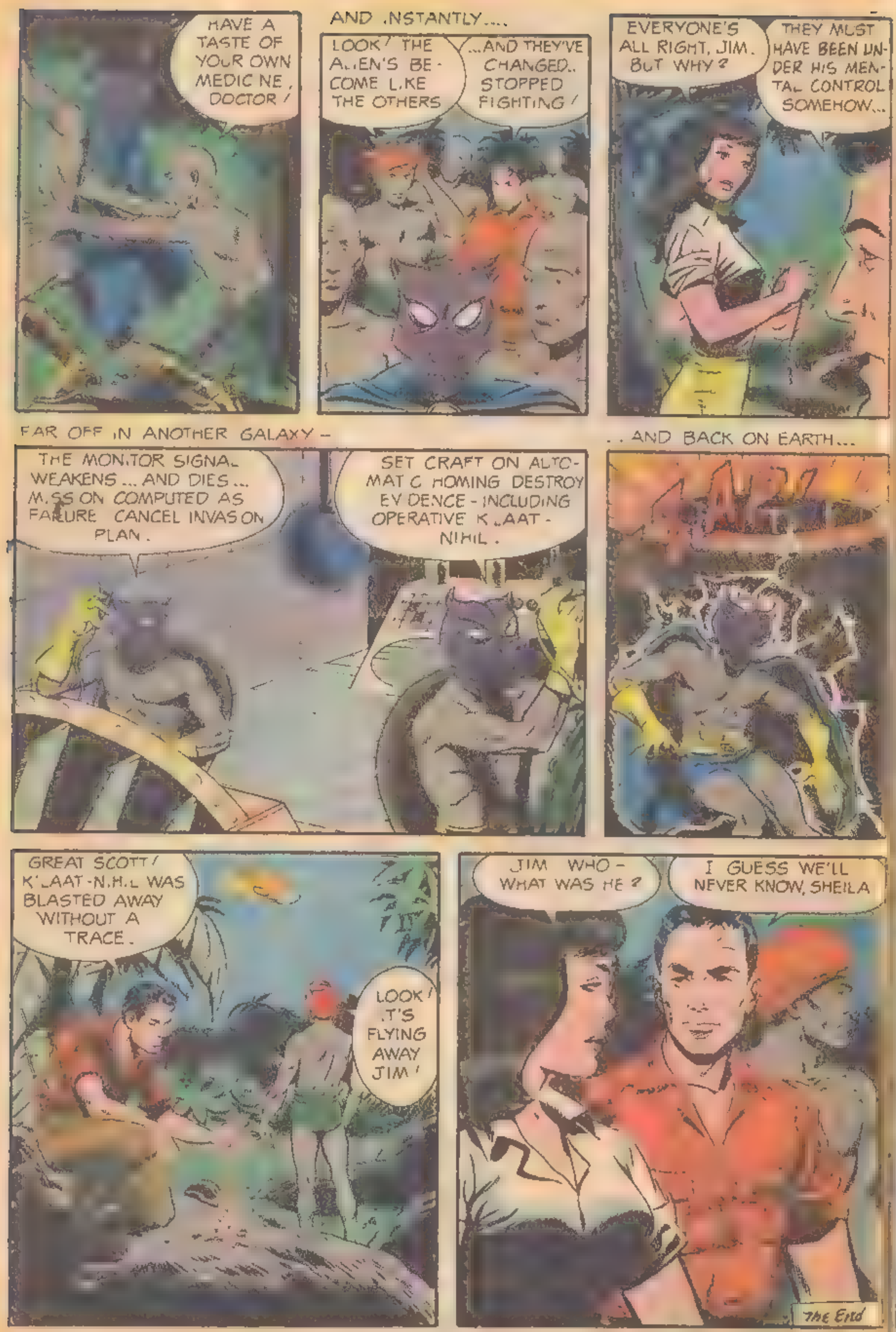
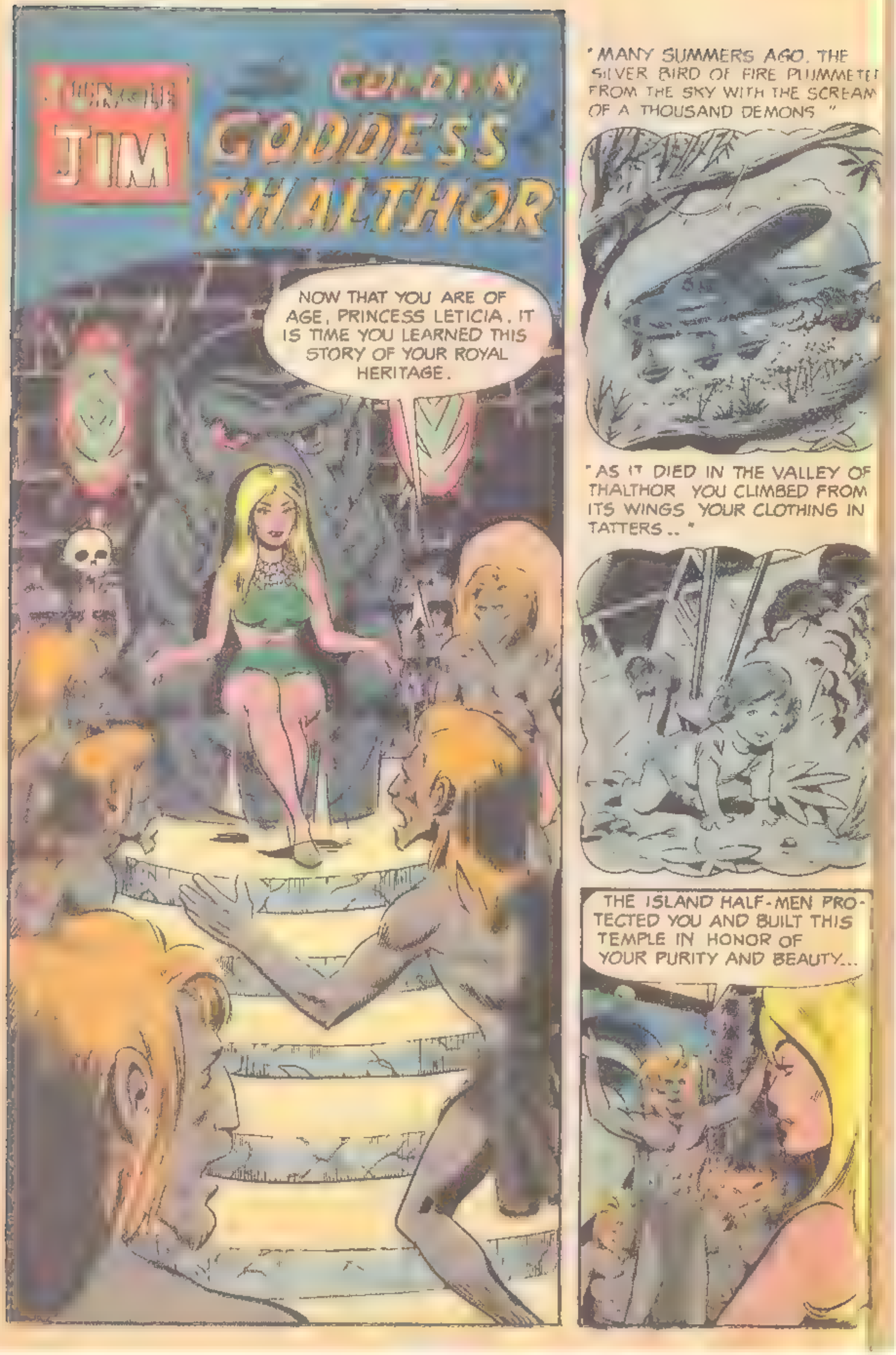
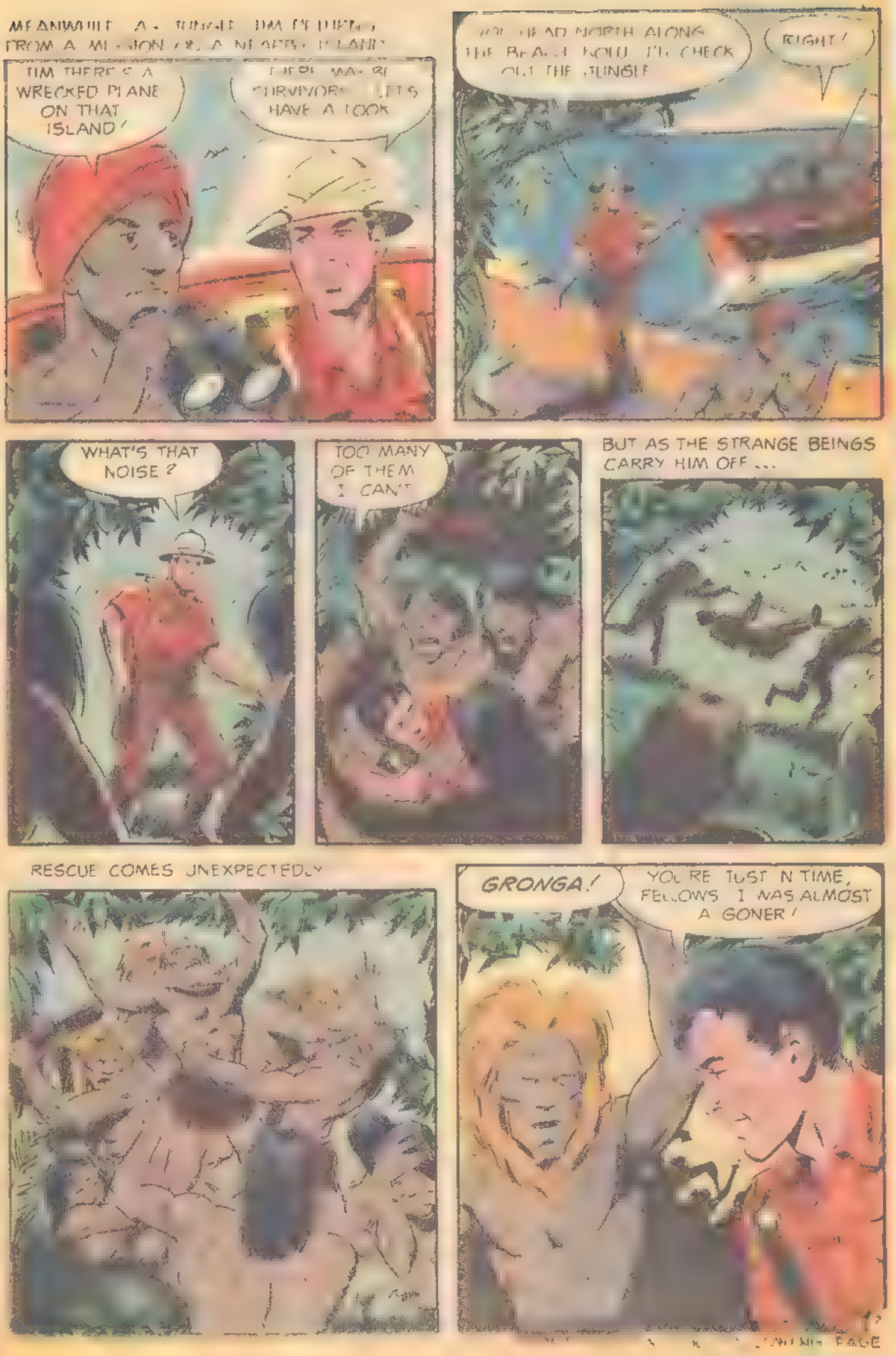

FEEL THE STING OF MY MAGIC, JUNGLE JIM!
UNHH! MY ARM
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
PAIN IN MY ARM [illegible] AND I CAN FEEL IT THROUGH MY WHOLE SYSTEM
NOT MAGIC, JIM! HE PRESSED A SWITCH!
THE GIRL AT LAST! NOW SHE JOINS YOUR RANKS
SOON I CAN FILE A REPORT [illegible] MISSION SUCCESSFUL AND THE SHURALL INVASION CAN BEGIN
OH NO! NOT HER!
[illegible] O MIGHTY [illegible] THE PURIFYING LIGHT [illegible]


HOW PRESUMPTUOUS OF THIS PETTY EARTHLING TO THINK HIMSELF A MATCH FOR GHURAUL TECHNOLOGY, THE GREATEST IN THE UNIVERSE.
LOOK OUT!
AND YET- THERE IS SOMETHING IN HIS COURAGE EVEN I MUST ADMIRE...
OH, NO - TOO LATE!
SHEILA!
LET'S SEE WHAT HIS MASK HIDES-
OH, NO!
HORRIBLE!
TOO MANY..! I CAN'T..
HOLD HIM, SLAVES!
AS JIM STRUGGLES VAINLY, THE OLD MAN STEALTHILY APPROACHES THE ALIEN...
AND NOW...
PREPARE FOR A VOODOO DEATH JUNGLE JIM..
NOW.. IF I CAN JUST...


HAVE A TASTE OF YOUR OWN MEDICINE, DOCTOR!
AND INSTANTLY....
LOOK! THE ALIEN'S BECOME LIKE THE OTHERS
...AND THEY'VE CHANGED.. STOPPED FIGHTING!
EVERYONE'S ALL RIGHT, JIM. BUT WHY?
THEY MUST HAVE BEEN UNDER HIS MENTAL CONTROL SOMEHOW...
FAR OFF IN ANOTHER GALAXY -
THE MONITOR SIGNAL WEAKENS ... AND DIES ... MISSION COMPUTED AS FAILURE. CANCEL INVASION PLAN.
SET CRAFT ON AUTOMATIC HOMING. DESTROY EVIDENCE - INCLUDING OPERATIVE K'LAAT-NIHIL.
...AND BACK ON EARTH...
GREAT SCOTT! K'LAAT-NIHIL WAS BLASTED AWAY WITHOUT A TRACE.
LOOK! IT'S FLYING AWAY JIM!
JIM WHO - WHAT WAS HE?
I GUESS WE'LL NEVER KNOW, SHEILA
The End


JUNGLE JIM
GOLDEN GODDESS THALTHOR
NOW THAT YOU ARE OF AGE, PRINCESS LETICIA, IT IS TIME YOU LEARNED THIS STORY OF YOUR ROYAL HERITAGE.
"MANY SUMMERS AGO, THE SILVER BIRD OF FIRE PLUMMETE FROM THE SKY WITH THE SCREAM OF A THOUSAND DEMONS."
"AS IT DIED IN THE VALLEY OF THALTHOR YOU CLIMBED FROM ITS WINGS YOUR CLOTHING IN TATTERS.."
THE ISLAND HALF-MEN PROTECTED YOU AND BUILT THIS TEMPLE IN HONOR OF YOUR PURITY AND BEAUTY...


MEANWHILE, AS JUNGLE JIM RETURNS FROM A MISSION ON A NEARBY ISLAND
TIM, THERE'S A WRECKED PLANE ON THAT ISLAND!
THERE MAY BE SURVIVORS! LET'S HAVE A LOOK!
YOU HEAD NORTH ALONG THE BEACH, KOLU! I'LL CHECK OUT THE JUNGLE!
RIGHT!
WHAT'S THAT NOISE?
TOO MANY OF THEM. I CAN'T
BUT AS THE STRANGE BEINGS CARRY HIM OFF...
RESCUE COMES UNEXPECTEDLY
GRONGA!
YOU'RE JUST IN TIME, FELLOWS! I WAS ALMOST A GONER!

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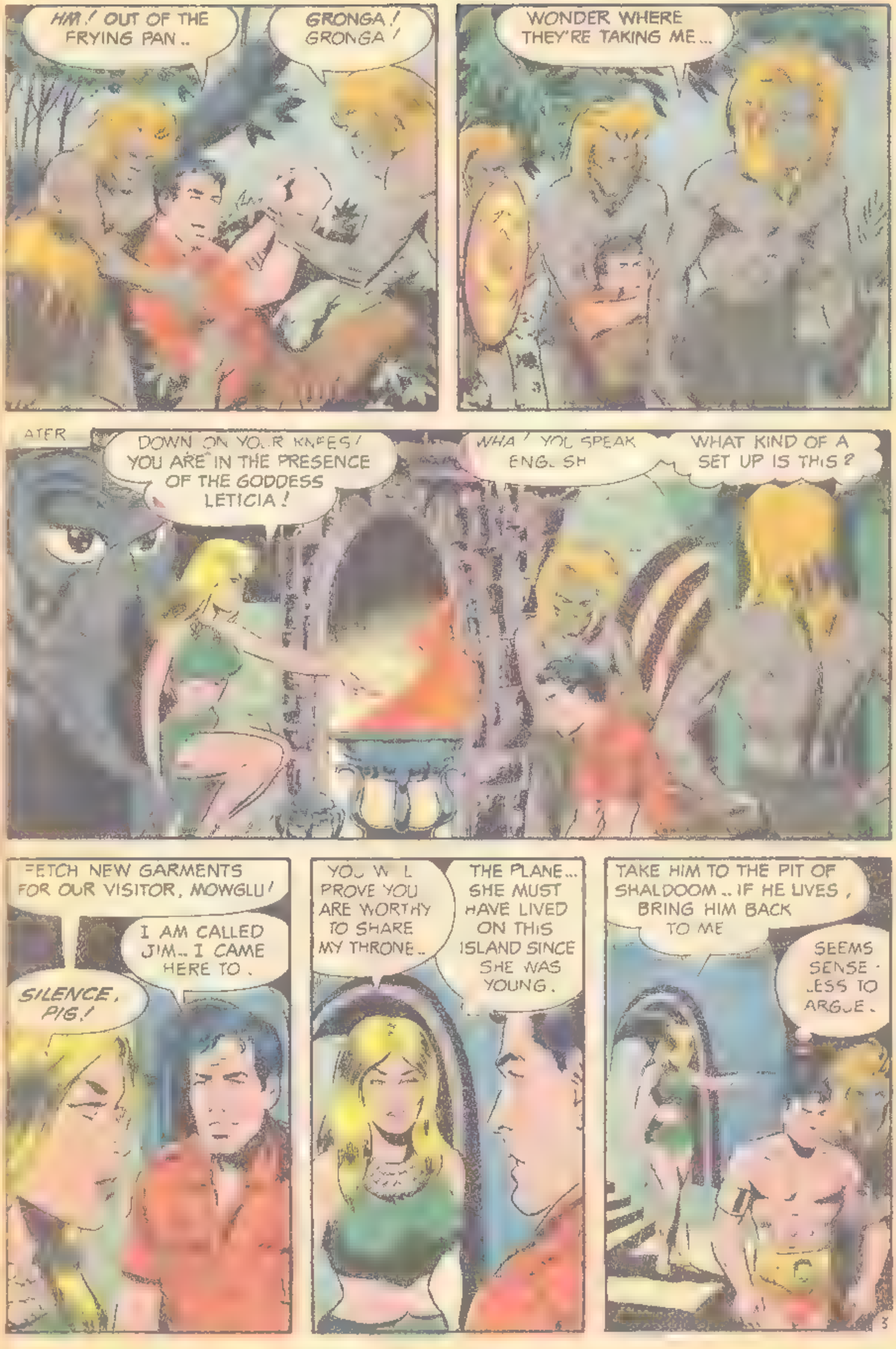
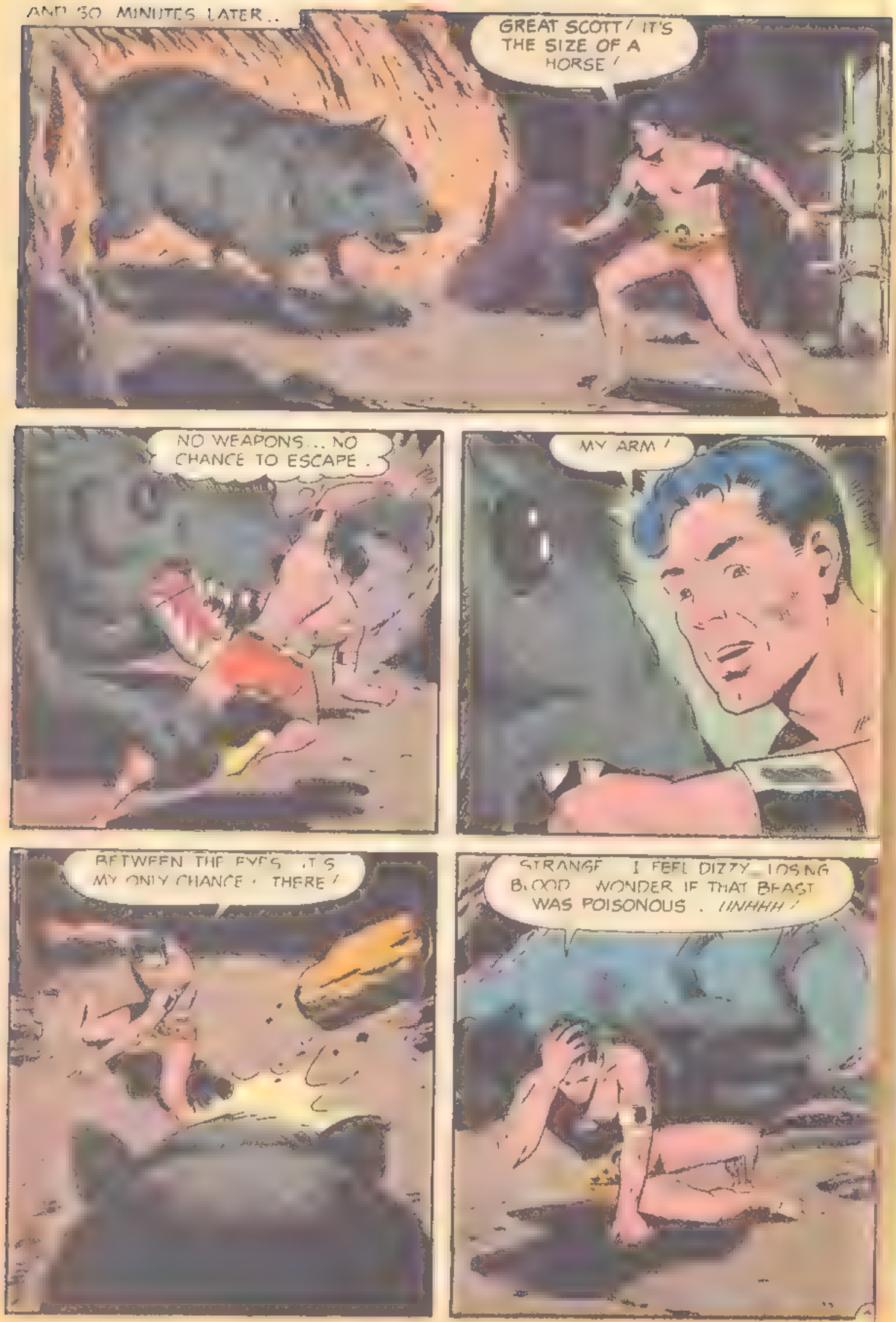
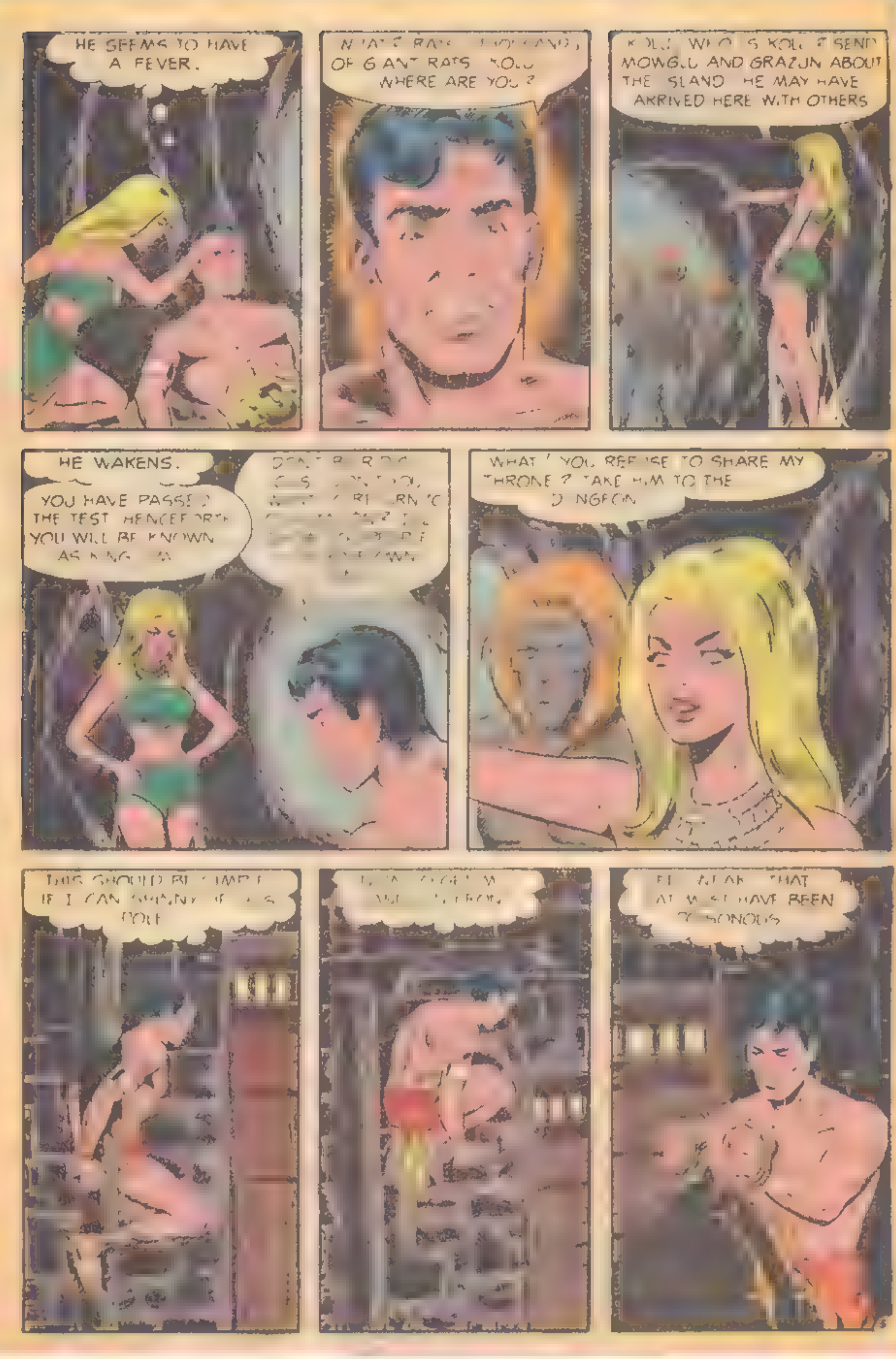
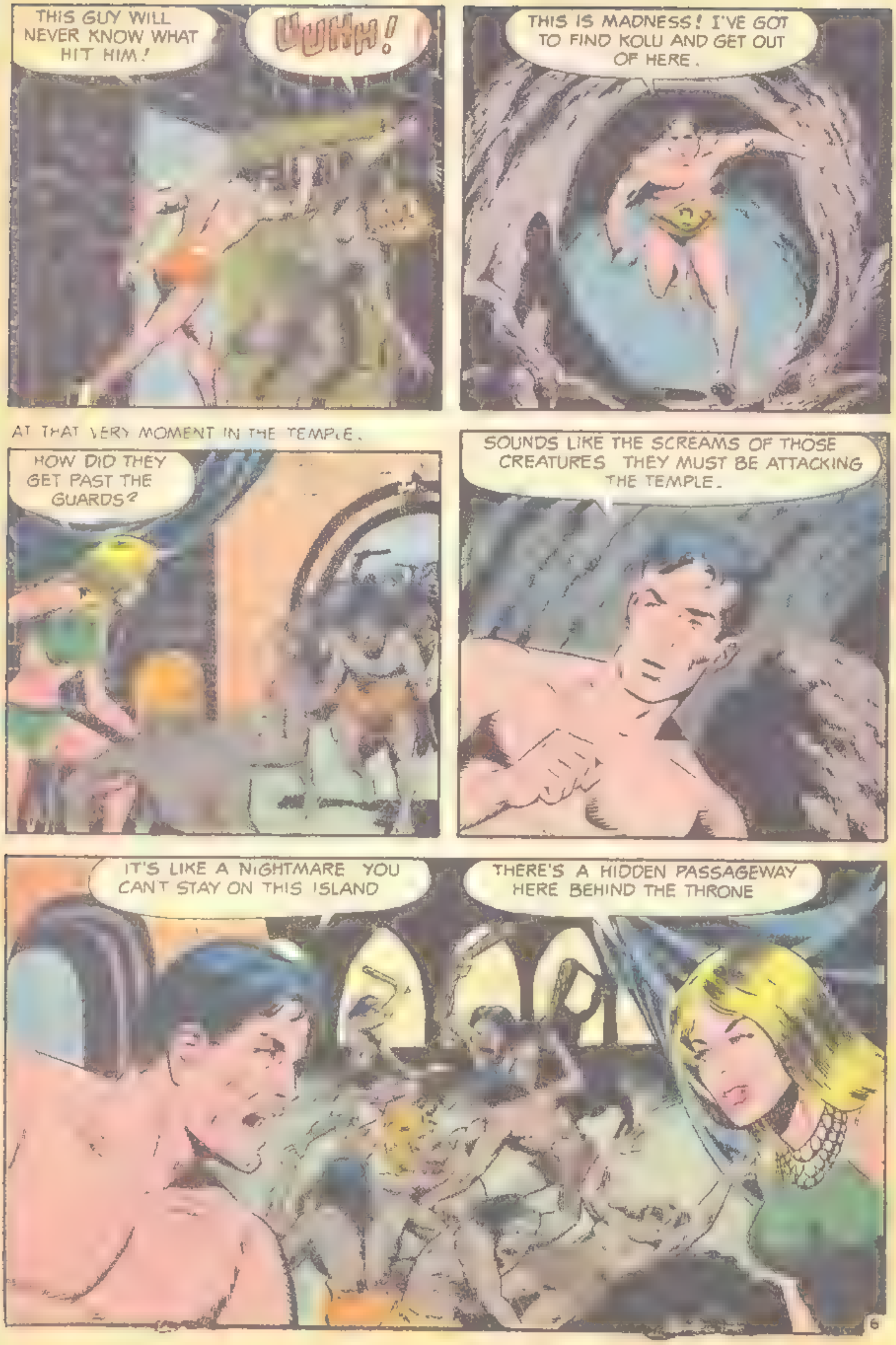
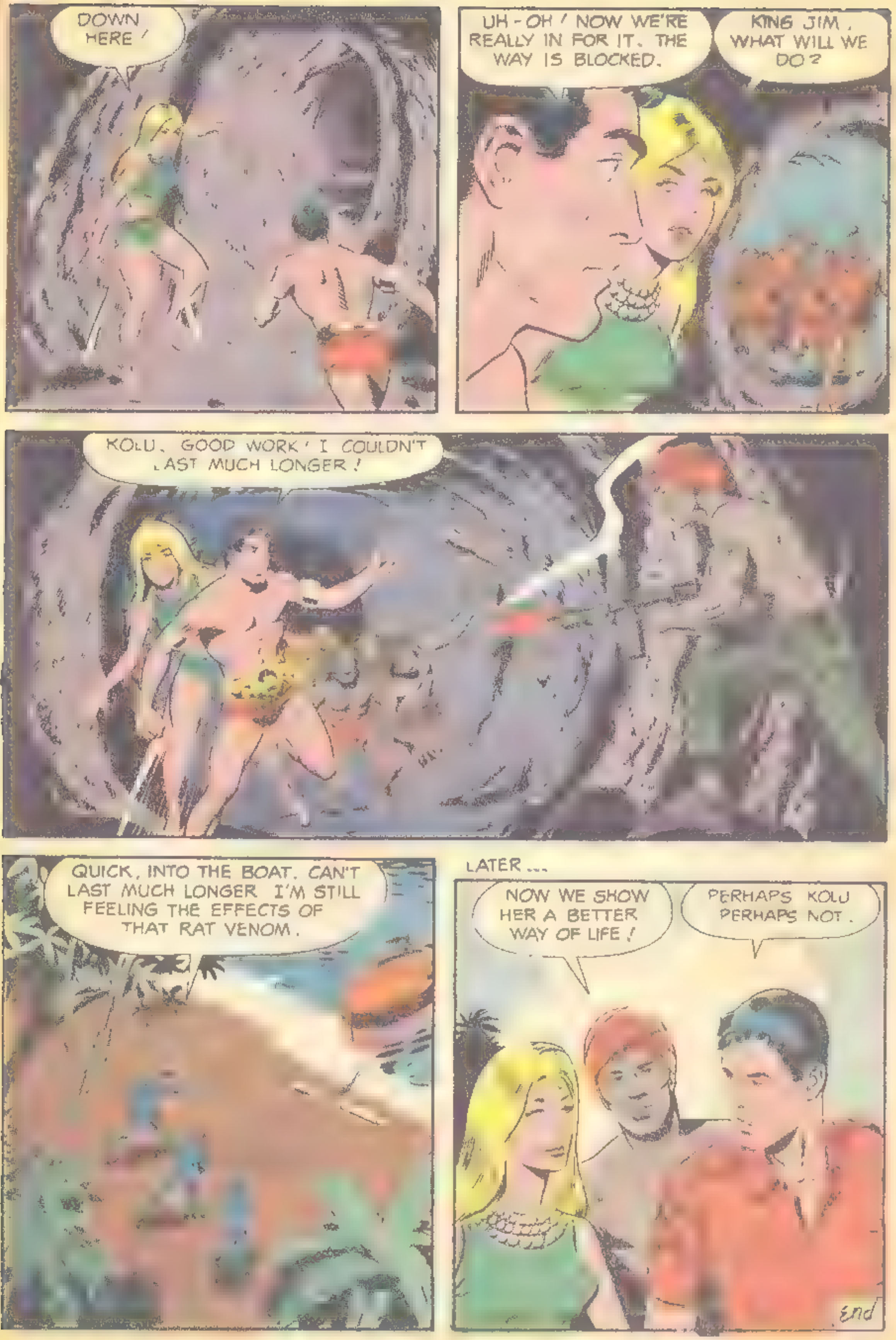

HM! OUT OF THE FRYING PAN..
GRONGA! GRONGA!
WONDER WHERE THEY'RE TAKING ME...
LATER
DOWN ON YOUR KNEES! YOU ARE IN THE PRESENCE OF THE GODDESS LETICIA!
WHAT! YOU SPEAK ENGLISH
WHAT KIND OF A SET UP IS THIS?
FETCH NEW GARMENTS FOR OUR VISITOR, MOWGLU!
I AM CALLED JIM.. I CAME HERE TO.
SILENCE, PIG!
YOU WILL PROVE YOU ARE WORTHY TO SHARE MY THRONE..
THE PLANE... SHE MUST HAVE LIVED ON THIS ISLAND SINCE SHE WAS YOUNG.
TAKE HIM TO THE PIT OF SHALDOOM.. IF HE LIVES, BRING HIM BACK TO ME
SEEMS SENSELESS TO ARGUE.


AND 30 MINUTES LATER..
GREAT SCOTT! IT'S THE SIZE OF A HORSE!
NO WEAPONS... NO CHANCE TO ESCAPE.
MY ARM!
BETWEEN THE EYES... IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE! THERE!
STRANGE... I FEEL DIZZY... LOSING BLOOD... WONDER IF THAT BEAST WAS POISONOUS... UNHHH!

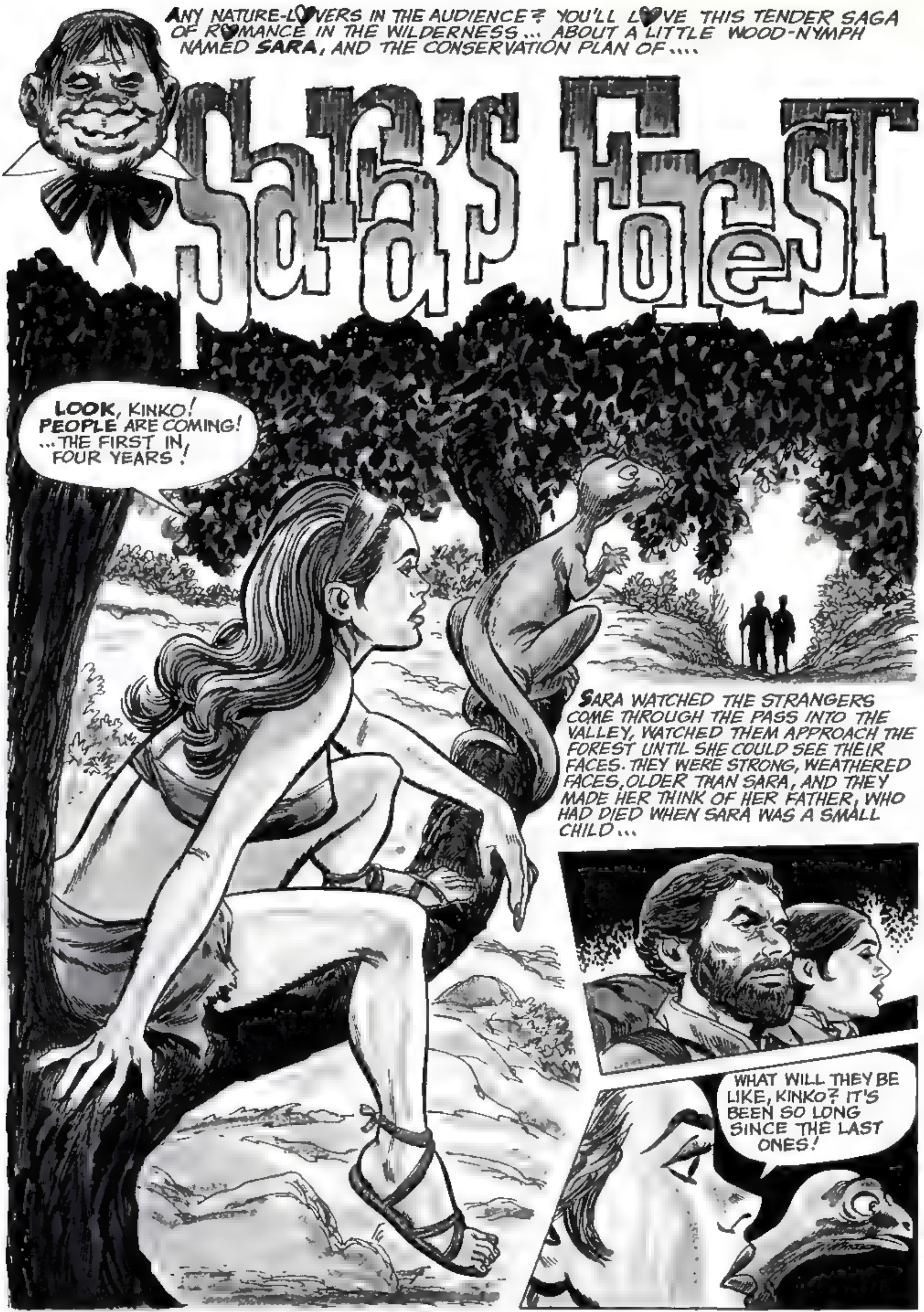

HE SEEMS TO HAVE A FEVER.
... RATS ... OF GIANT RATS. KOLU WHERE ARE YOU?
KOLU? WHO IS KOLU? SEND MOWGLU AND GRAZUN ABOUT THE ISLAND. HE MAY HAVE ARRIVED HERE WITH OTHERS
HE WAKENS.
YOU HAVE PASSED THE TEST. HENCEFORTH YOU WILL BE KNOWN AS KING ...
WHAT! YOU REFUSE TO SHARE MY THRONE? TAKE HIM TO THE DUNGEON.
THIS SHOULD BE SIMPLE IF I CAN SHINNY UP THIS POLE
... THAT ... HAVE BEEN POISONOUS


THIS GUY WILL NEVER KNOW WHAT HIT HIM!
UUHH!
THIS IS MADNESS! I'VE GOT TO FIND KOLU AND GET OUT OF HERE.
AT THAT VERY MOMENT IN THE TEMPLE.
HOW DID THEY GET PAST THE GUARDS?
SOUNDS LIKE THE SCREAMS OF THOSE CREATURES THEY MUST BE ATTACKING THE TEMPLE.
IT'S LIKE A NIGHTMARE YOU CAN'T STAY ON THIS ISLAND
THERE'S A HIDDEN PASSAGEWAY HERE BEHIND THE THRONE

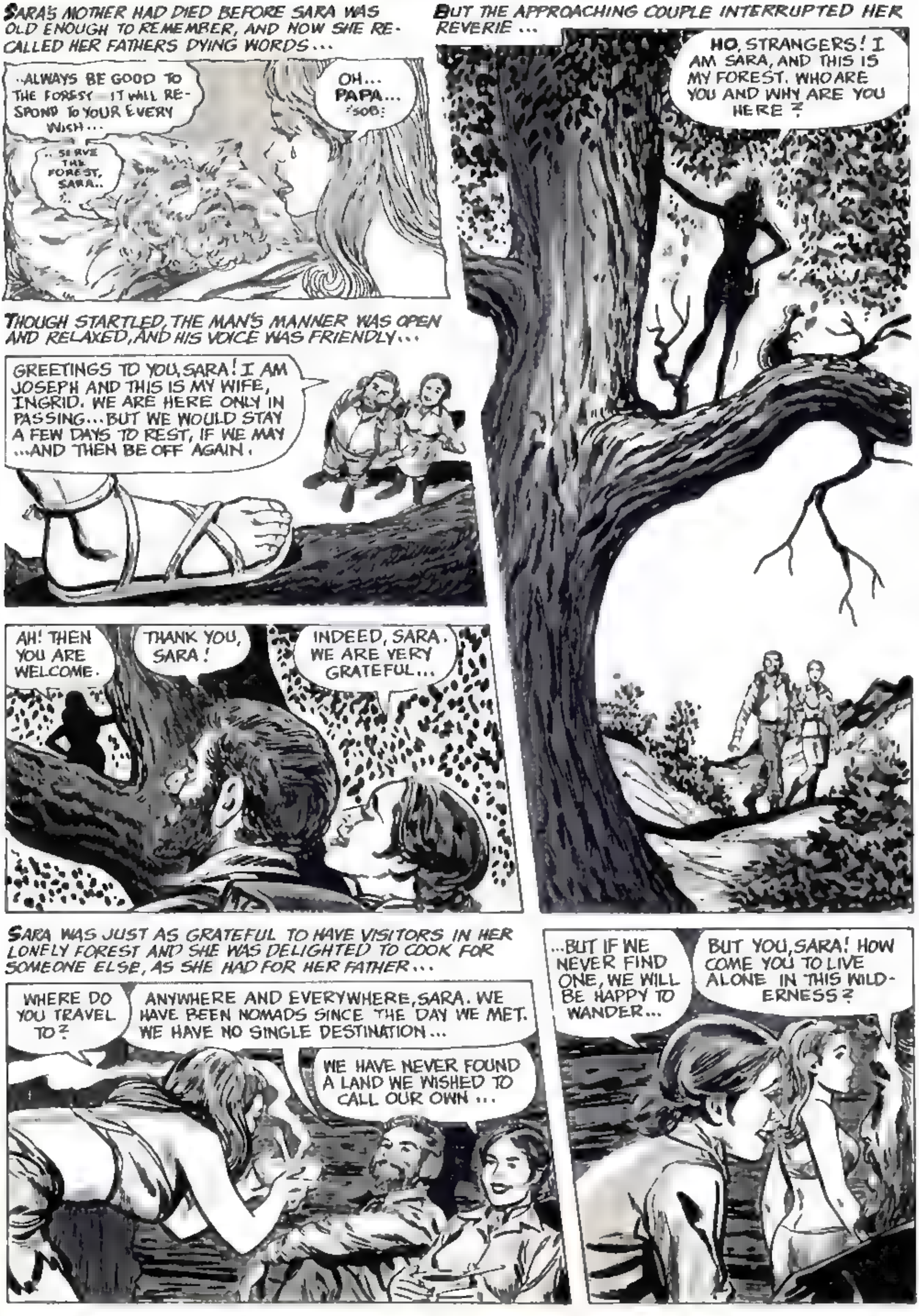

DOWN HERE!
UH-OH! NOW WE'RE REALLY IN FOR IT. THE WAY IS BLOCKED.
KING JIM, WHAT WILL WE DO?
KOLU, GOOD WORK! I COULDN'T LAST MUCH LONGER!
QUICK, INTO THE BOAT. CAN'T LAST MUCH LONGER. I'M STILL FEELING THE EFFECTS OF THAT RAT VENOM.
LATER...
NOW WE SHOW HER A BETTER WAY OF LIFE!
PERHAPS KOLU PERHAPS NOT.
End

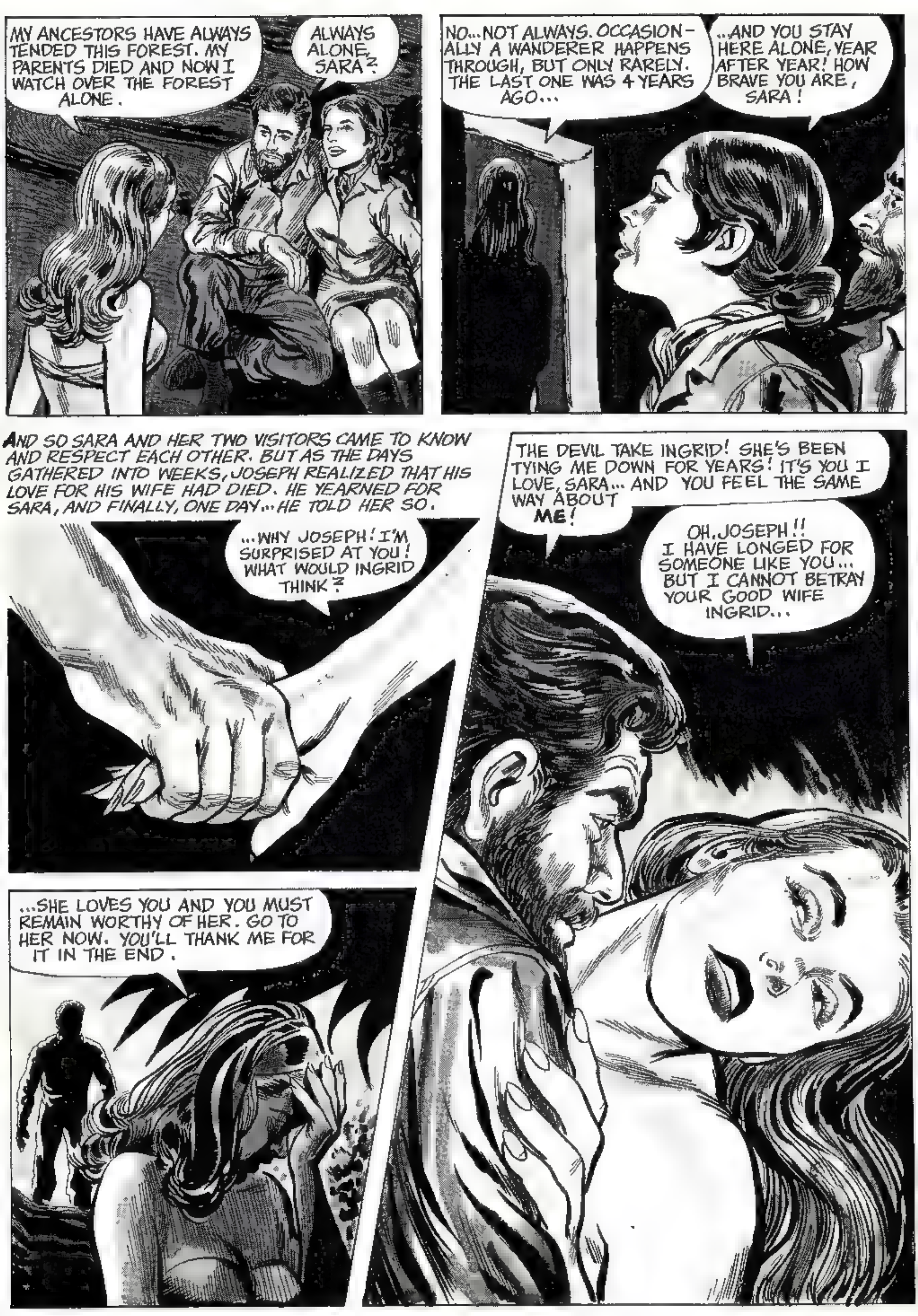
ANY NATURE-LOVERS IN THE AUDIENCE? YOU'LL LOVE THIS TENDER SAGA OF ROMANCE IN THE WILDERNESS... ABOUT A LITTLE WOOD-NYMPH NAMED **SARA**, AND THE CONSERVATION PLAN OF....

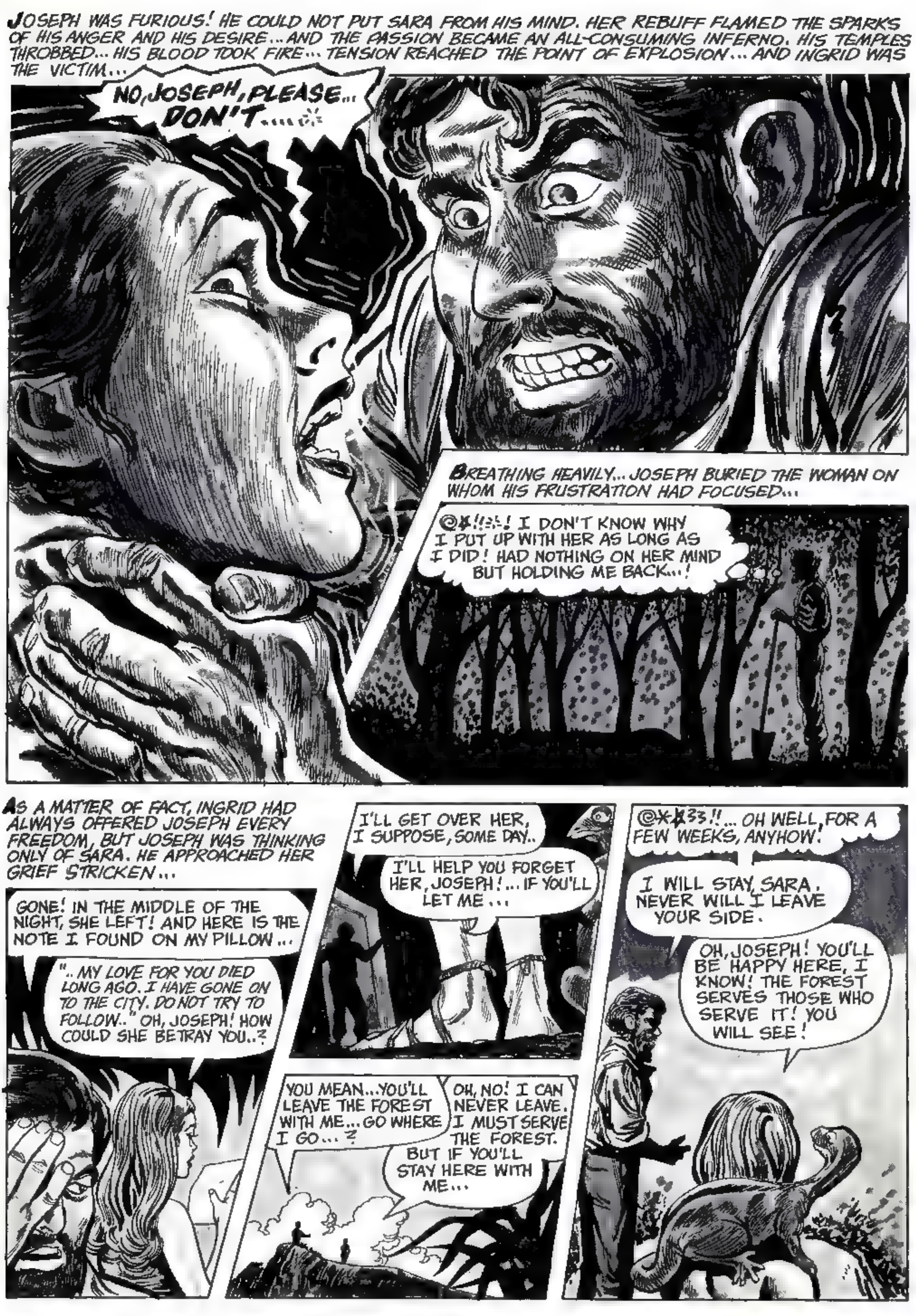
SARA'S FOREST

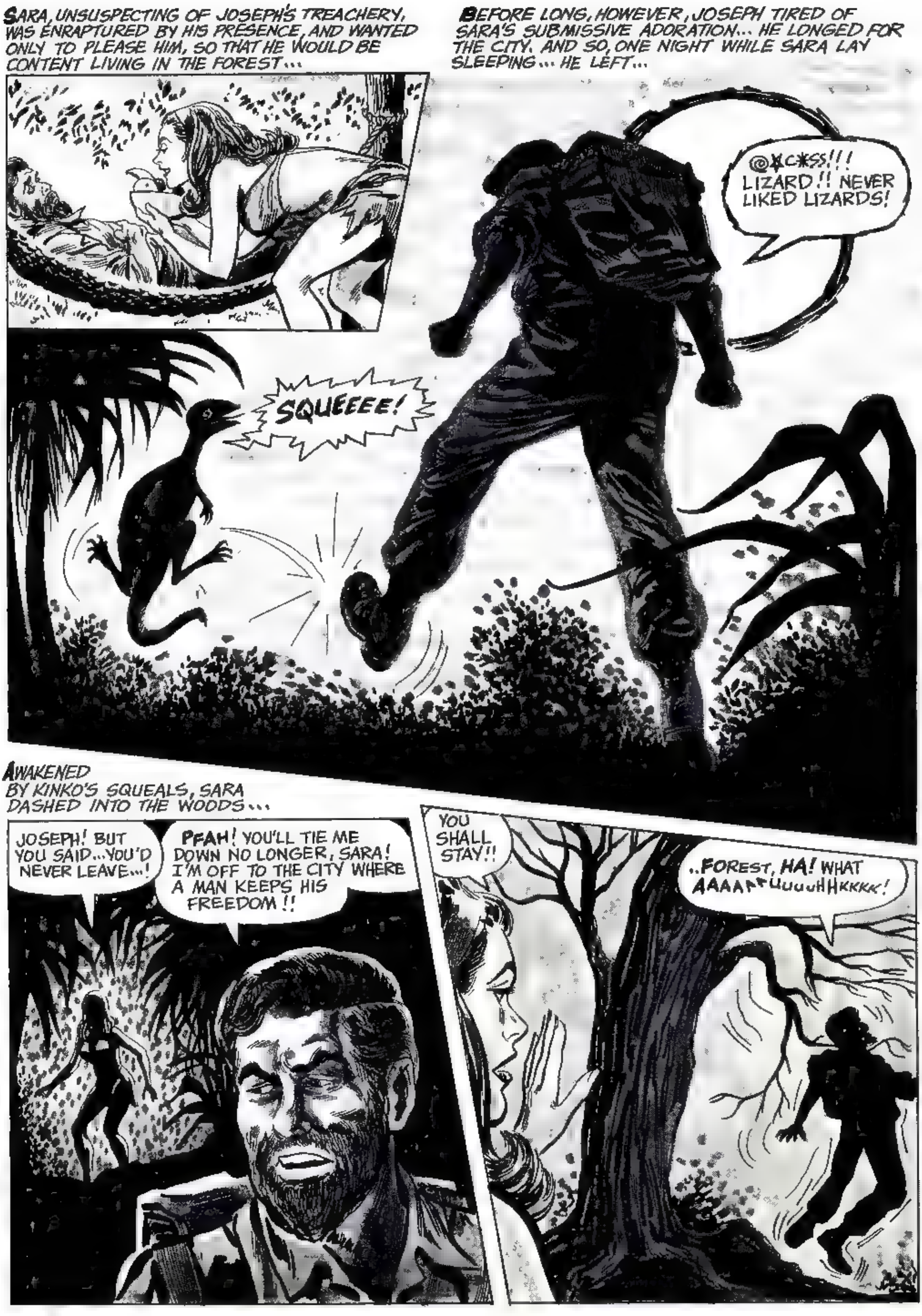

LOOK, KINKO! **PEOPLE** ARE COMING! ...THE FIRST IN FOUR YEARS!
SARA WATCHED THE STRANGERS COME THROUGH THE PASS INTO THE VALLEY, WATCHED THEM APPROACH THE FOREST UNTIL SHE COULD SEE THEIR FACES. THEY WERE STRONG, WEATHERED FACES, OLDER THAN SARA, AND THEY MADE HER THINK OF HER FATHER, WHO HAD DIED WHEN SARA WAS A SMALL CHILD...
WHAT WILL THEY BE LIKE, KINKO? IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE THE LAST ONES!

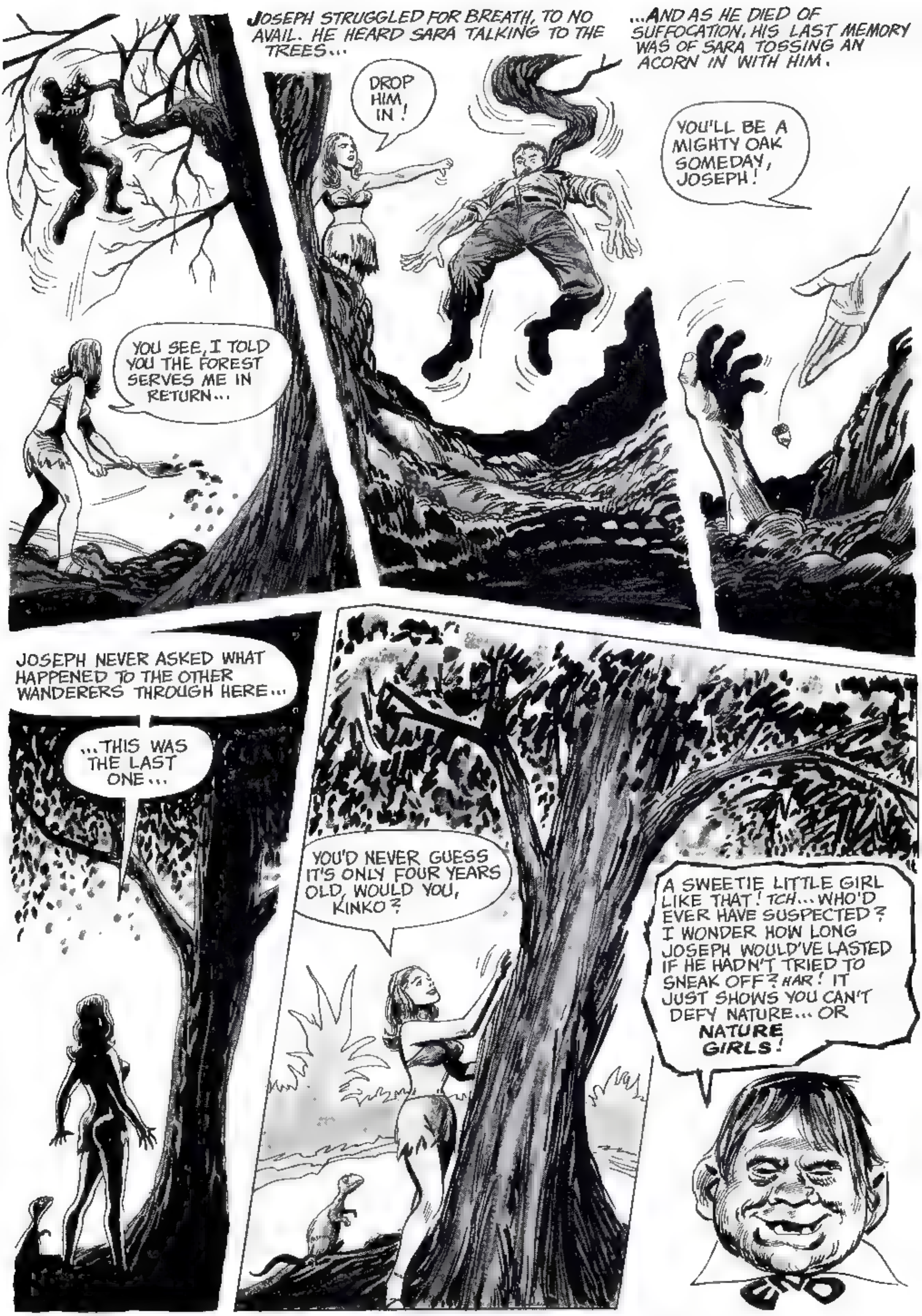
ART BY TONY WILLIAMSUNE/STORY BY ROGER BRAND


SARA'S MOTHER HAD DIED BEFORE SARA WAS OLD ENOUGH TO REMEMBER, AND NOW SHE RECALLED HER FATHERS DYING WORDS...
...ALWAYS BE GOOD TO THE FOREST - IT WILL RESPOND TO YOUR EVERY WISH...
OH... PAPA... *SOB*
...SERVE THE FOREST, SARA...
BUT THE APPROACHING COUPLE INTERRUPTED HER REVERIE...
HO, STRANGERS! I AM SARA, AND THIS IS MY FOREST. WHO ARE YOU AND WHY ARE YOU HERE?
THOUGH STARTLED, THE MAN'S MANNER WAS OPEN AND RELAXED, AND HIS VOICE WAS FRIENDLY...
GREETINGS TO YOU, SARA! I AM JOSEPH AND THIS IS MY WIFE, INGRID. WE ARE HERE ONLY IN PASSING... BUT WE WOULD STAY A FEW DAYS TO REST, IF WE MAY ...AND THEN BE OFF AGAIN.
AH! THEN YOU ARE WELCOME.
THANK YOU, SARA!
INDEED, SARA. WE ARE VERY GRATEFUL...
SARA WAS JUST AS GRATEFUL TO HAVE VISITORS IN HER LONELY FOREST AND SHE WAS DELIGHTED TO COOK FOR SOMEONE ELSE, AS SHE HAD FOR HER FATHER...
WHERE DO YOU TRAVEL TO?
ANYWHERE AND EVERYWHERE, SARA. WE HAVE BEEN NOMADS SINCE THE DAY WE MET. WE HAVE NO SINGLE DESTINATION...
WE HAVE NEVER FOUND A LAND WE WISHED TO CALL OUR OWN...
...BUT IF WE NEVER FIND ONE, WE WILL BE HAPPY TO WANDER...
BUT YOU, SARA! HOW COME YOU TO LIVE ALONE IN THIS WILDERNESS?


MY ANCESTORS HAVE ALWAYS TENDED THIS FOREST. MY PARENTS DIED AND NOW I WATCH OVER THE FOREST ALONE.
ALWAYS ALONE, SARA?
NO...NOT ALWAYS. OCCASIONALLY A WANDERER HAPPENS THROUGH, BUT ONLY RARELY. THE LAST ONE WAS 4 YEARS AGO...
..AND YOU STAY HERE ALONE, YEAR AFTER YEAR! HOW BRAVE YOU ARE, SARA!
AND SO SARA AND HER TWO VISITORS CAME TO KNOW AND RESPECT EACH OTHER. BUT AS THE DAYS GATHERED INTO WEEKS, JOSEPH REALIZED THAT HIS LOVE FOR HIS WIFE HAD DIED. HE YEARNED FOR SARA, AND FINALLY, ONE DAY... HE TOLD HER SO.
...WHY JOSEPH! I'M SURPRISED AT YOU! WHAT WOULD INGRID THINK?
THE DEVIL TAKE INGRID! SHE'S BEEN TYING ME DOWN FOR YEARS! IT'S YOU I LOVE, SARA... AND YOU FEEL THE SAME WAY ABOUT ME!
OH, JOSEPH!! I HAVE LONGED FOR SOMEONE LIKE YOU... BUT I CANNOT BETRAY YOUR GOOD WIFE INGRID...
...SHE LOVES YOU AND YOU MUST REMAIN WORTHY OF HER. GO TO HER NOW. YOU'LL THANK ME FOR IT IN THE END.


JOSEPH WAS FURIOUS! HE COULD NOT PUT SARA FROM HIS MIND. HER REBUFF FLAMED THE SPARKS OF HIS ANGER AND HIS DESIRE... AND THE PASSION BECAME AN ALL-CONSUMING INFERNO. HIS TEMPLES THROBBED... HIS BLOOD TOOK FIRE... TENSION REACHED THE POINT OF EXPLOSION... AND INGRID WAS THE VICTIM...
NO, JOSEPH, PLEASE... DON'T.....
BREATHING HEAVILY... JOSEPH BURIED THE WOMAN ON WHOM HIS FRUSTRATION HAD FOCUSED...
@✱!!?!! I DON'T KNOW WHY I PUT UP WITH HER AS LONG AS I DID! HAD NOTHING ON HER MIND BUT HOLDING ME BACK...!
AS A MATTER OF FACT, INGRID HAD ALWAYS OFFERED JOSEPH EVERY FREEDOM, BUT JOSEPH WAS THINKING ONLY OF SARA. HE APPROACHED HER GRIEF STRICKEN...
GONE! IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT, SHE LEFT! AND HERE IS THE NOTE I FOUND ON MY PILLOW...
".. MY LOVE FOR YOU DIED LONG AGO. I HAVE GONE ON TO THE CITY. DO NOT TRY TO FOLLOW.." OH, JOSEPH! HOW COULD SHE BETRAY YOU..?
I'LL GET OVER HER, I SUPPOSE, SOME DAY..
I'LL HELP YOU FORGET HER, JOSEPH!... IF YOU'LL LET ME...
YOU MEAN... YOU'LL LEAVE THE FOREST WITH ME... GO WHERE I GO...?
OH, NO! I CAN NEVER LEAVE. I MUST SERVE THE FOREST.
BUT IF YOU'LL STAY HERE WITH ME...
@✱✱33!!... OH WELL, FOR A FEW WEEKS, ANYHOW.
I WILL STAY, SARA. NEVER WILL I LEAVE YOUR SIDE.
OH, JOSEPH! YOU'LL BE HAPPY HERE, I KNOW! THE FOREST SERVES THOSE WHO SERVE IT! YOU WILL SEE!


SARA, UNSUSPECTING OF JOSEPH'S TREACHERY, WAS ENRAPTURED BY HIS PRESENCE, AND WANTED ONLY TO PLEASE HIM, SO THAT HE WOULD BE CONTENT LIVING IN THE FOREST...
BEFORE LONG, HOWEVER, JOSEPH TIRED OF SARA'S SUBMISSIVE ADORATION... HE LONGED FOR THE CITY. AND SO, ONE NIGHT WHILE SARA LAY SLEEPING... HE LEFT...
@✱C✱SS!!! LIZARD!! NEVER LIKED LIZARDS!
SQUEEEE!
AWAKENED BY KINKO'S SQUEALS, SARA DASHED INTO THE WOODS...
JOSEPH! BUT YOU SAID...YOU'D NEVER LEAVE...!
PFAH! YOU'LL TIE ME DOWN NO LONGER, SARA! I'M OFF TO THE CITY WHERE A MAN KEEPS HIS FREEDOM!!
YOU SHALL STAY!!
..FOREST, HA! WHAT AAAAATUUUUHHKKKK!


JOSEPH STRUGGLED FOR BREATH, TO NO AVAIL. HE HEARD SARA TALKING TO THE TREES...
DROP HIM IN!
YOU SEE, I TOLD YOU THE FOREST SERVES ME IN RETURN...
...AND AS HE DIED OF SUFFOCATION, HIS LAST MEMORY WAS OF SARA TOSSING AN ACORN IN WITH HIM.
YOU'LL BE A MIGHTY OAK SOMEDAY, JOSEPH!
JOSEPH NEVER ASKED WHAT HAPPENED TO THE OTHER WANDERERS THROUGH HERE...
...THIS WAS THE LAST ONE...
YOU'D NEVER GUESS IT'S ONLY FOUR YEARS OLD, WOULD YOU, KINKO?
A SWEETIE LITTLE GIRL LIKE THAT! TCH... WHO'D EVER HAVE SUSPECTED? I WONDER HOW LONG JOSEPH WOULD'VE LASTED IF HE HADN'T TRIED TO SNEAK OFF? HAR! IT JUST SHOWS YOU CAN'T DEFY NATURE... OR NATURE GIRLS!
END

The GREEN SORCERESS

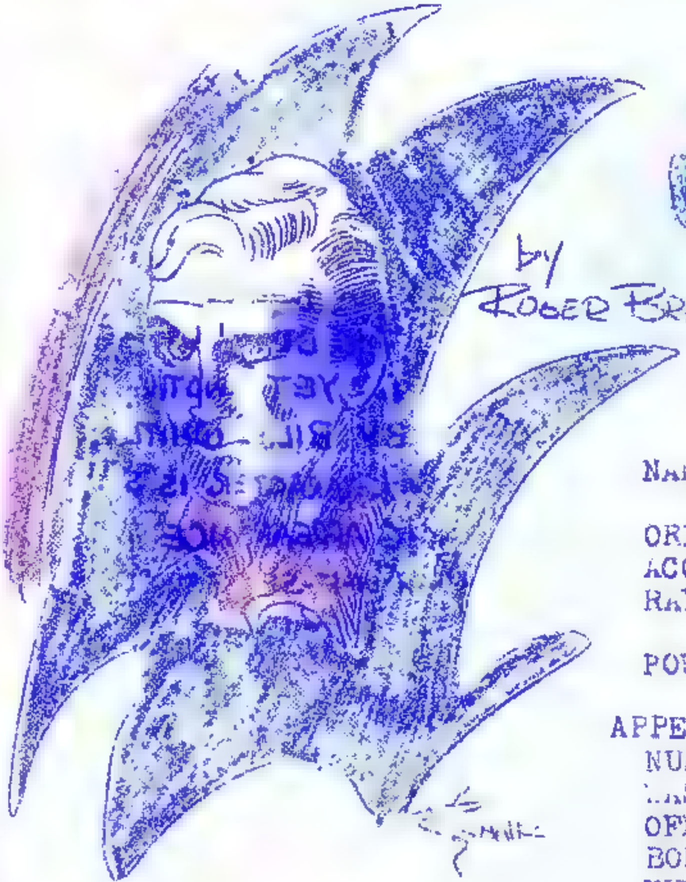
by Roger Brand

NAME: THE GREEN SORCERESS.

ORIGIN: UNKNOWN. HOWEVER, SHE IS REVIVED FROM THE EARLY BLUE BOLT COMICS. THEREFORE, SHE IS REALLY THE CREATION OF A PROFESSIONAL.

POWERS: THEY ARE THAT OF SORCERY.

APPEARANCE: SHE WILL APPEAR IN ALL STARS. A PHOTO-OFFSET ZINE THAT SHOULD BE OUT BY THE END OF OCT.



JOHN ORSON

by ROGER BRAND

NAME: JOHN ORSON.

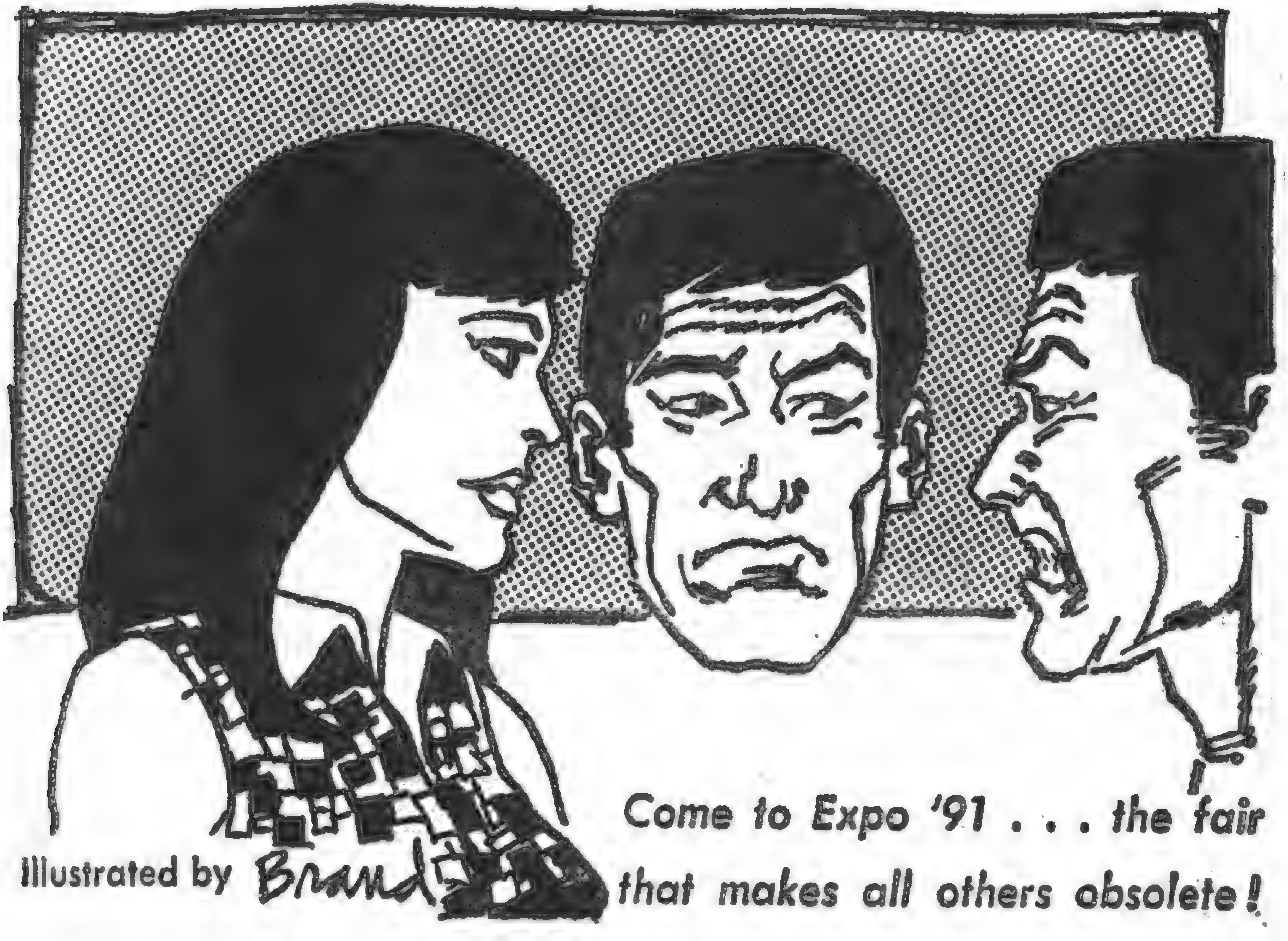
ORIGIN: JOHN RECEIVED HIS POWER BY ACCIDENTLY BE STRUCK BY AN UNUSUAL RAY.

POWER: SUPER INTELLIGENCE.

APPEARANCE: JOHN APPEARED IN ISSUE NUMBER ONE OF HEROES' HANGOUT. HE WAS PUT INTO A SPECIAL 8 PAGE PHOTO OFFSET BOOK, THIS WAS AN EXTRA BONUS FOR THOSE THAT ORDERED ISSUE NUMBER ONE OF HEROES' HANGOUT.

HOUSE OF ANCESTORS

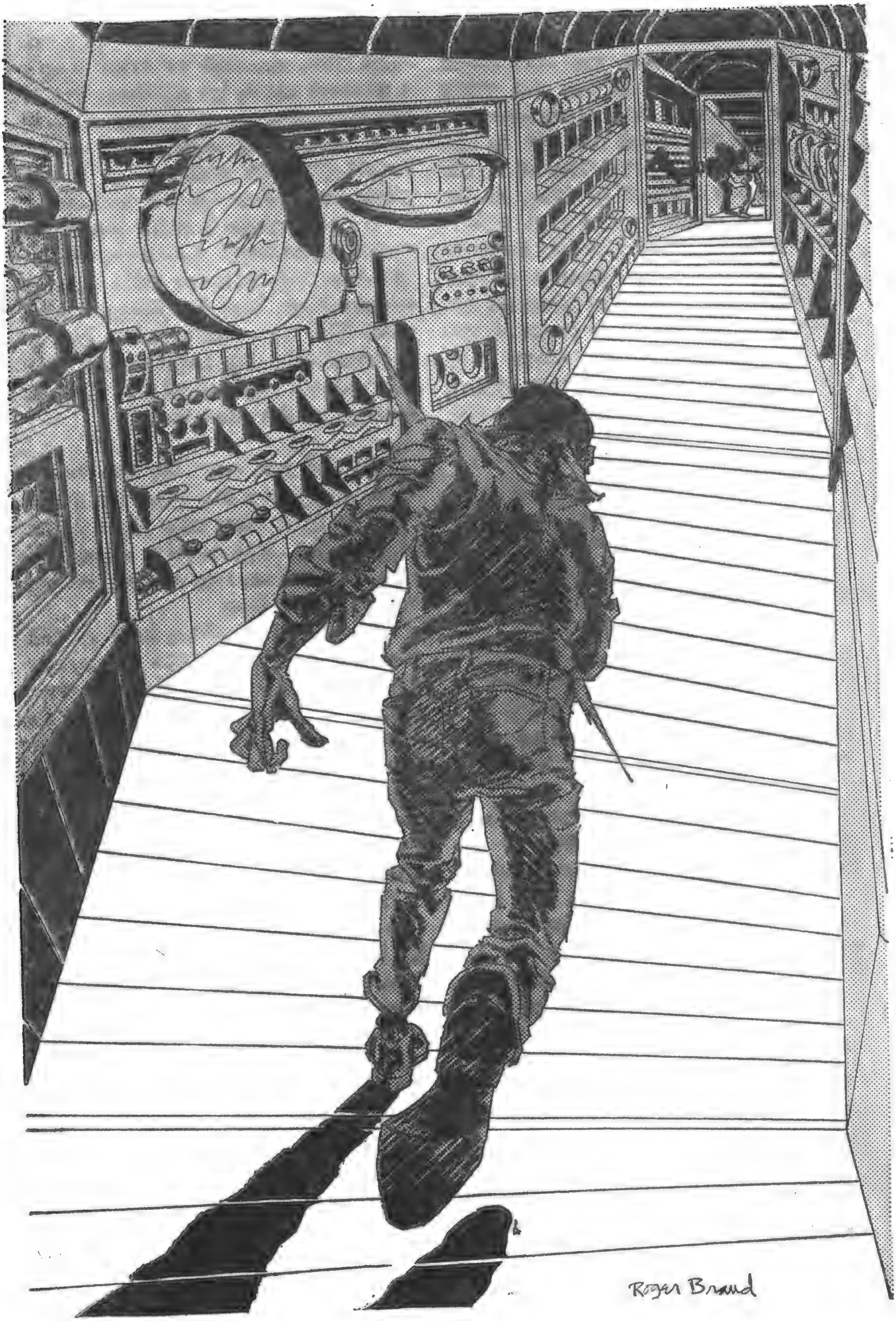
by GENE WOLFE



Come to Expo '91 . . . the fair that makes all others obsolete!

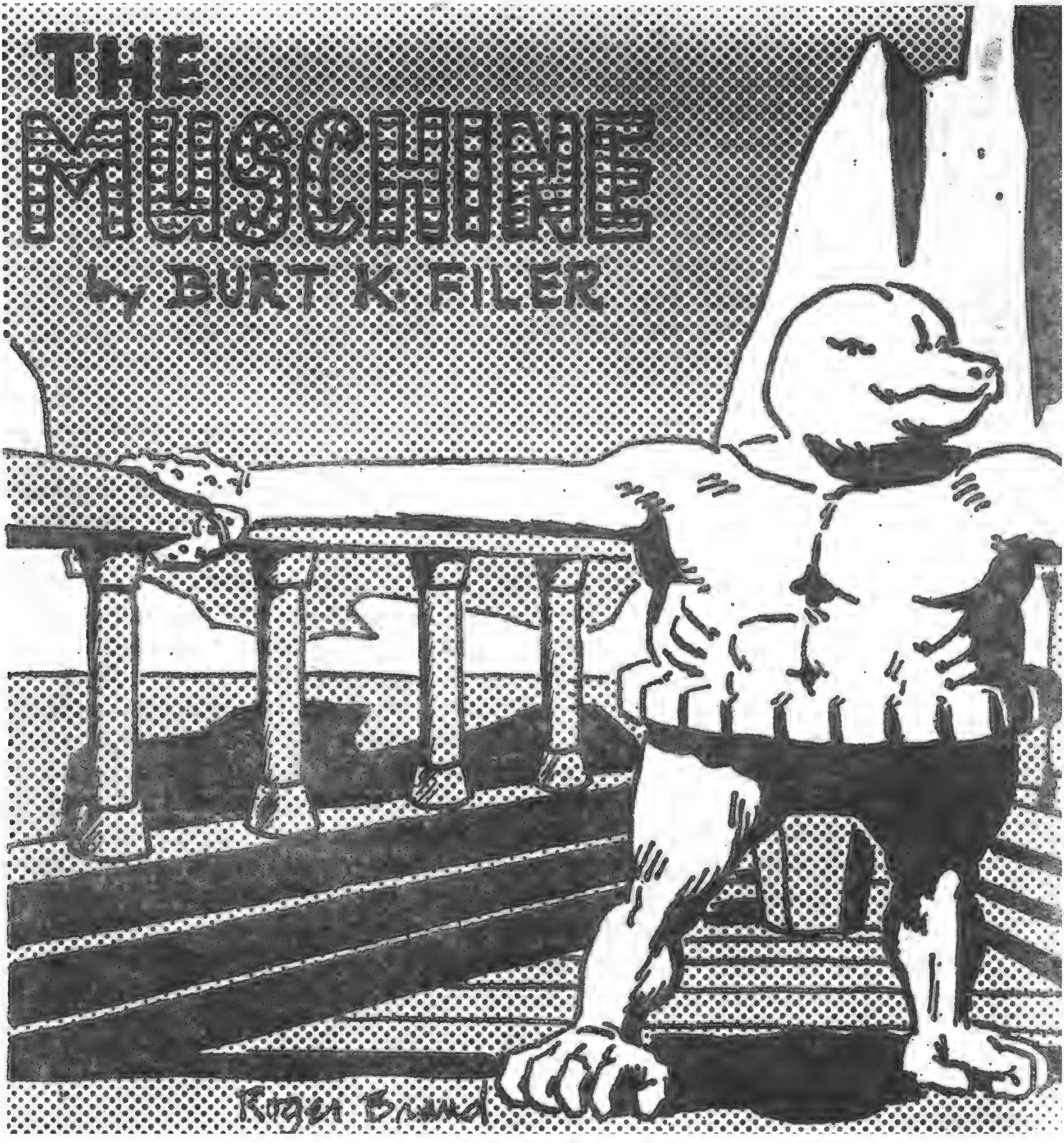
Illustrated by Brand

R. Brand


Roger Brand

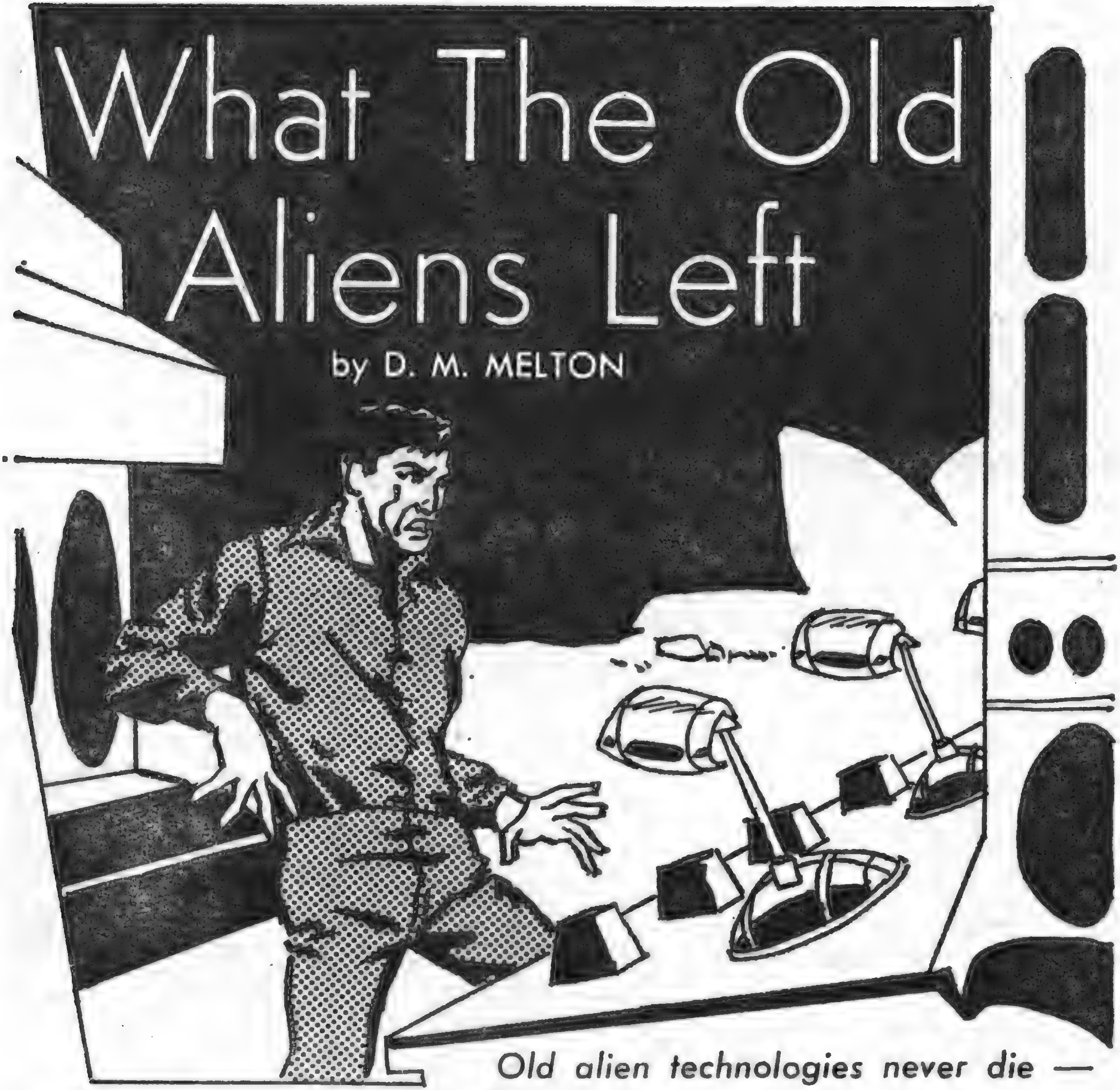
THE MUSCHINE

by BURT K. FILER


Roger Brand

What The Old Aliens Left

by D. M. MELTON



Illustrated by Brand

Old alien technologies never die — instead, they just whither away . . .

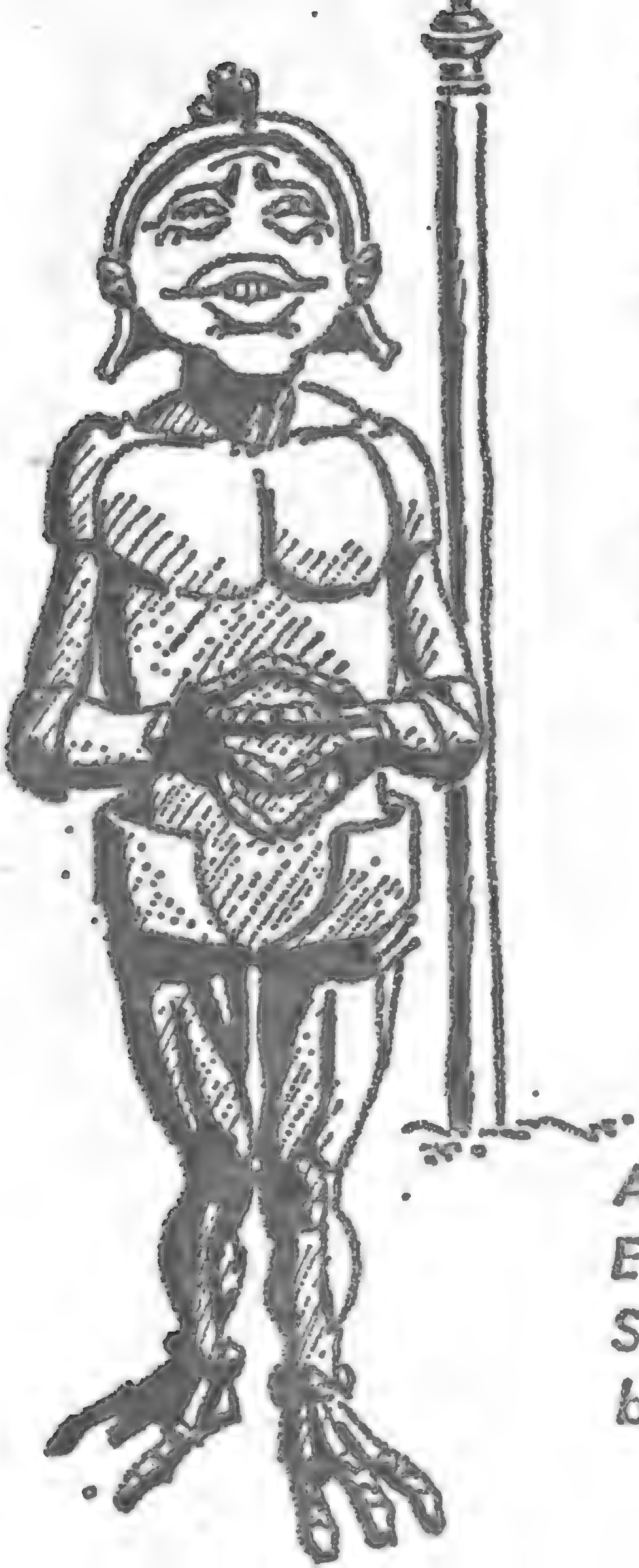
Roger Brand

Roger Brand

Roger Brand

Roger Brand

DREAMBIRD



PUPA KNOWS BEST

by JAMES TIPTREE, JR.

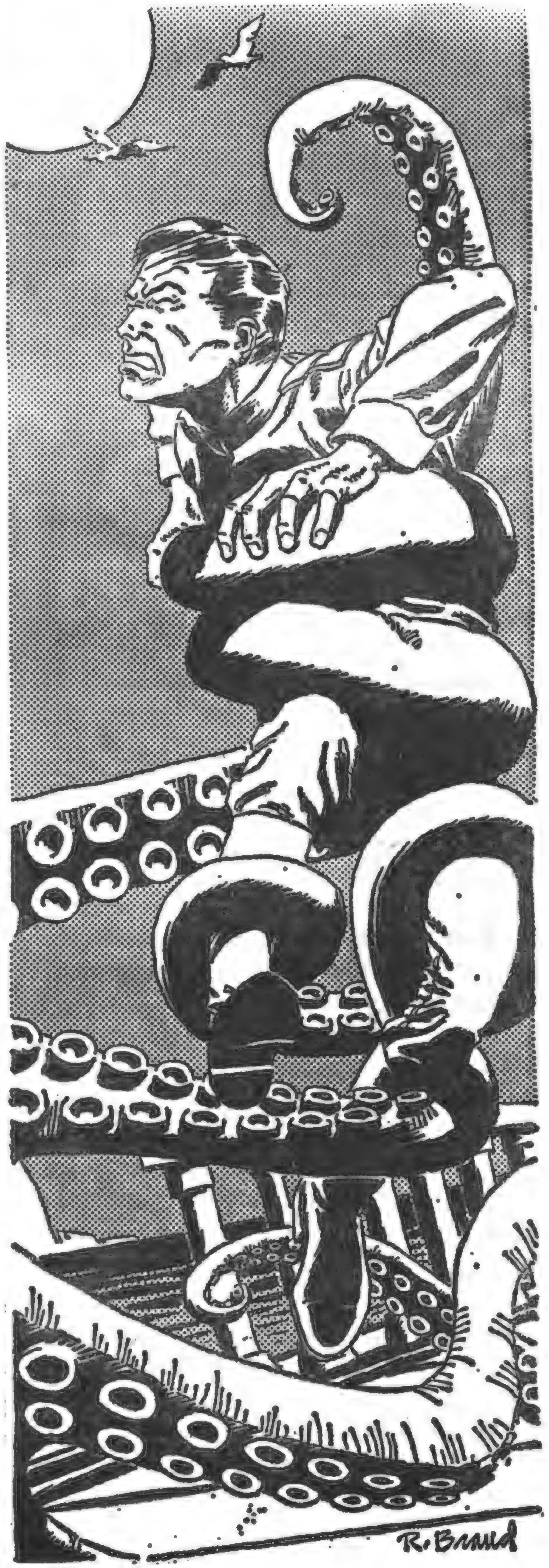
After the first two alien contacts, Earth got used to alienation. The Siggies were cute, anyhow, and they brought the most ancient of gifts.

Illustrated by Brand

R. Brand

R. Brand

Roger Brand


R. Brand

R. Brand

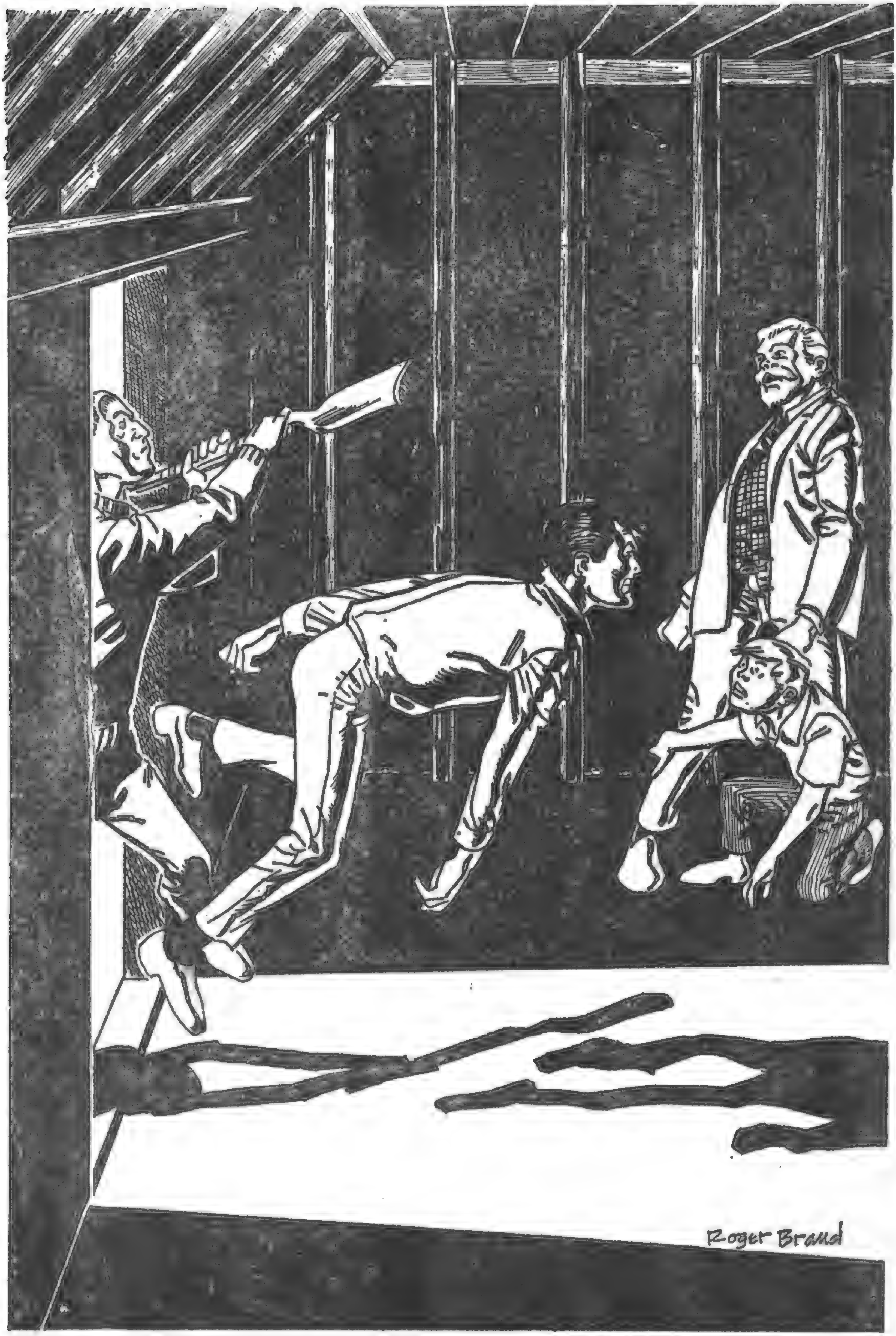
R. Bland
IF

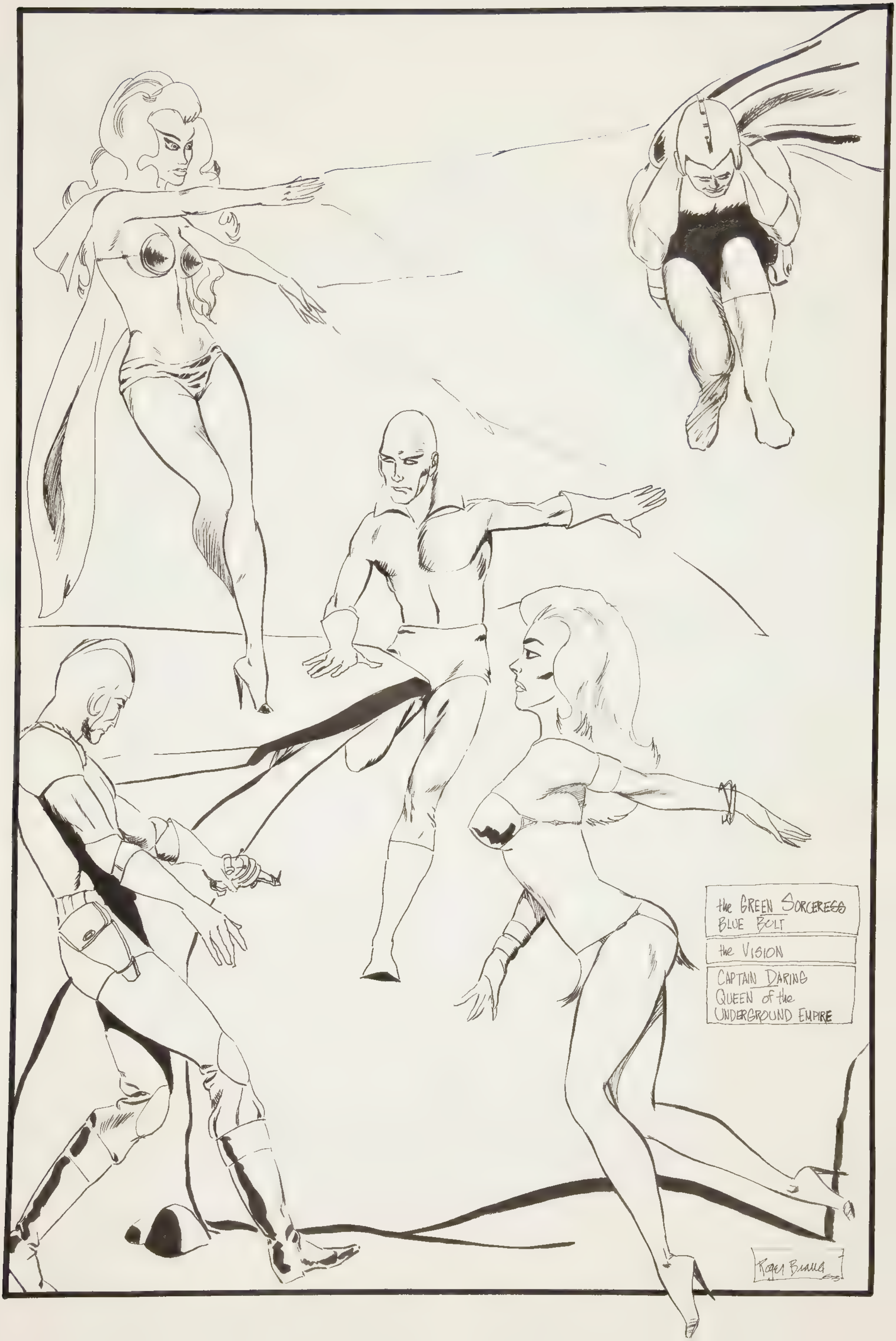
OPERATION HIGH TIME

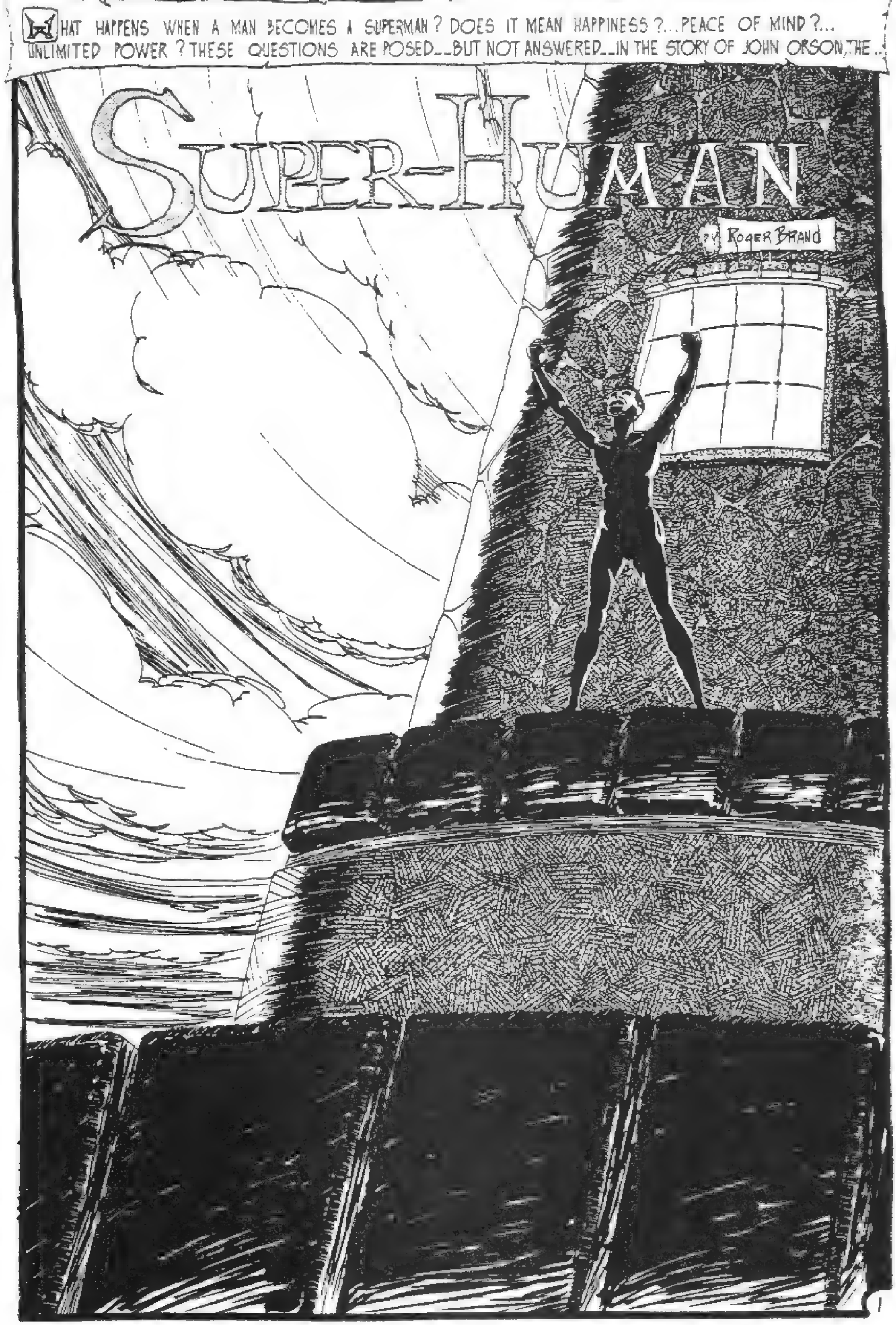
by JACQUELINE LICHTENBERG

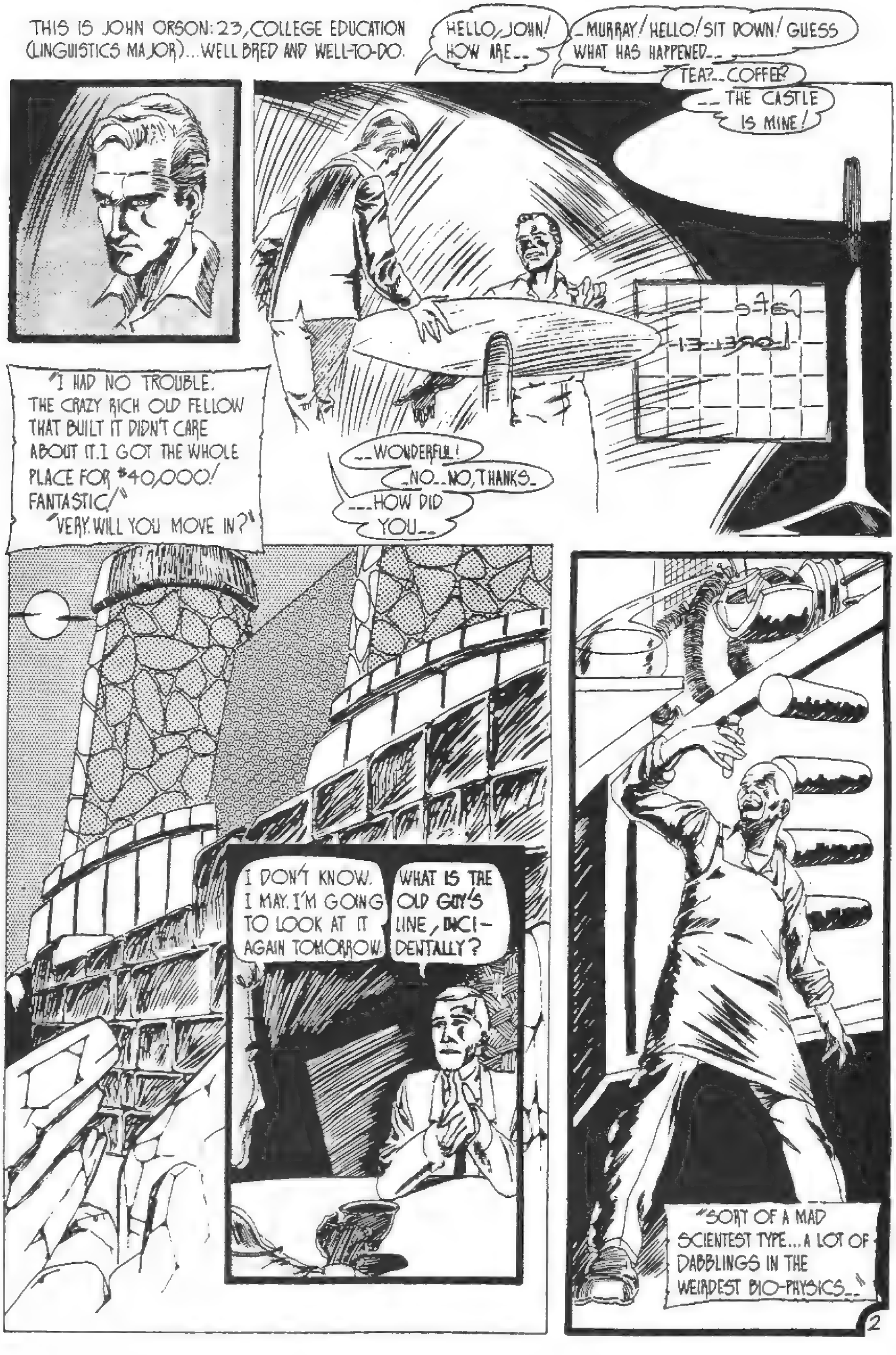
To a Gen, the Changeover can be fatal — to himself and the hopes of all the Simes. An IF First.

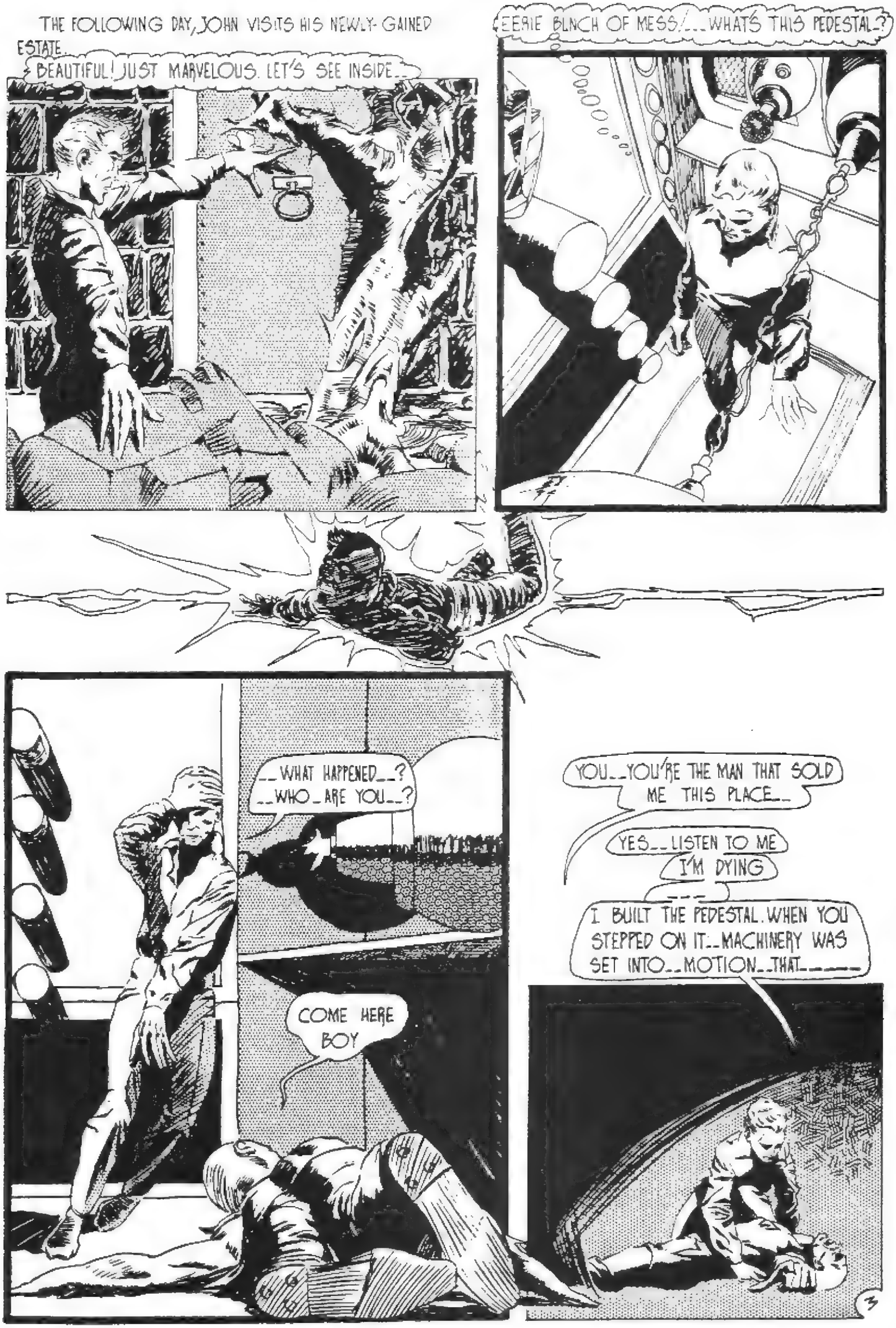
Illustrated by Brand

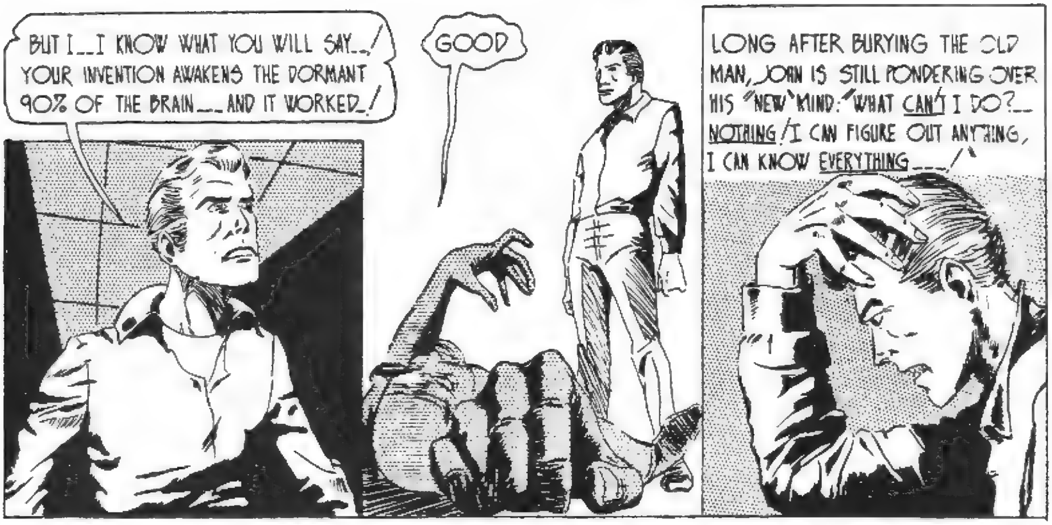

Roger Brand

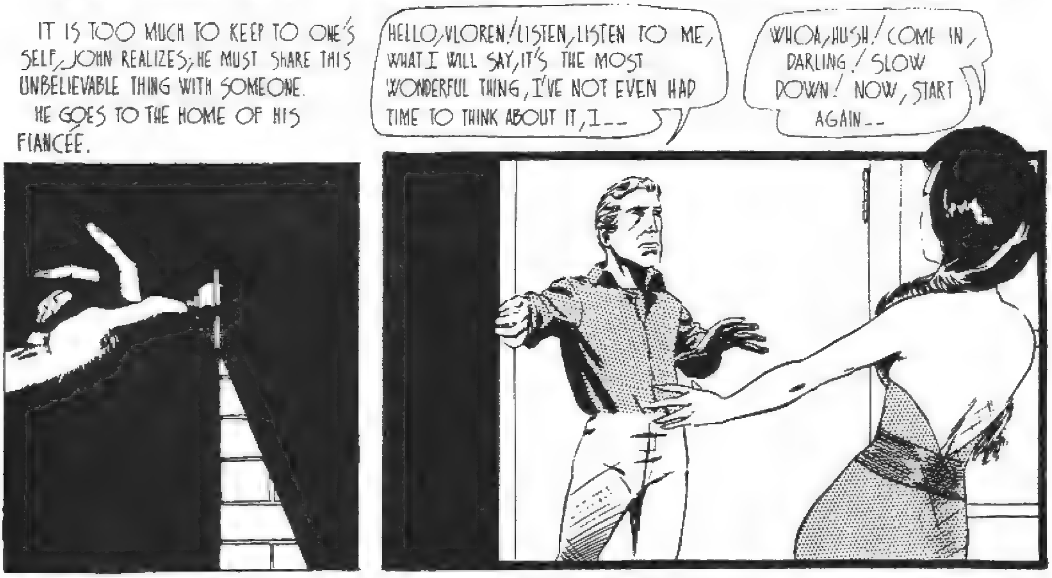

the GREEN SORCERESS
BLUE BOLT
the VISION
CAPTAIN DARING
QUEEN of the
UNDERGROUND EMPIRE
Roger Brand 65

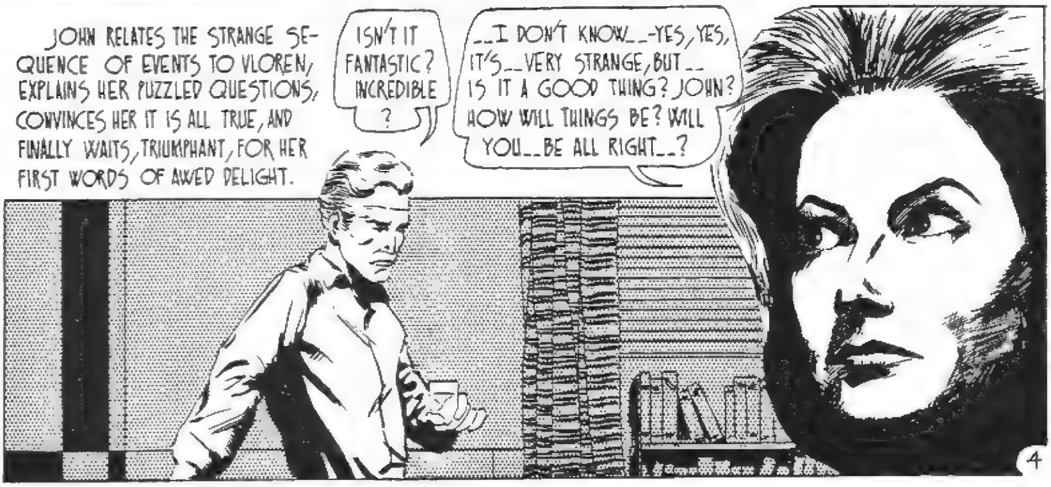

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A MAN BECOMES A SUPERMAN? DOES IT MEAN HAPPINESS?...PEACE OF MIND?... UNLIMITED POWER? THESE QUESTIONS ARE POSED...BUT NOT ANSWERED...IN THE STORY OF JOHN ORSON, THE...
SUPER-HUMAN
BY ROGER BRAND

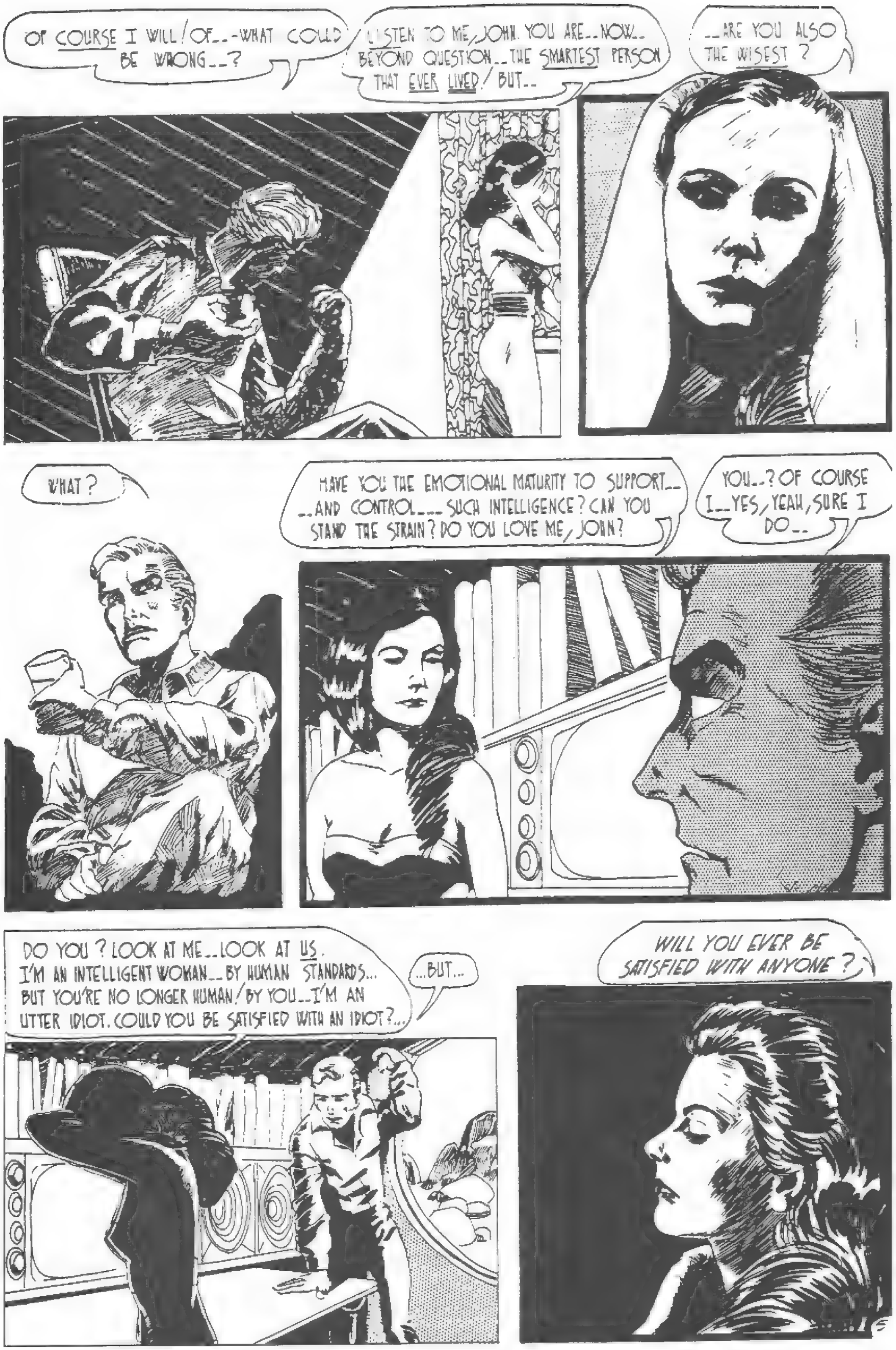

THIS IS JOHN ORSON: 23, COLLEGE EDUCATION (LINGUISTICS MAJOR)... WELL BRED AND WELL-TO-DO.
HELLO, JOHN! HOW ARE--
--MURRAY! HELLO! SIT DOWN! GUESS WHAT HAS HAPPENED--
TEA?--COFFEE?
--THE CASTLE IS MINE!
--WONDERFUL!
--NO--NO, THANKS--
---HOW DID YOU--
"I HAD NO TROUBLE. THE CRAZY RICH OLD FELLOW THAT BUILT IT DIDN'T CARE ABOUT IT. I GOT THE WHOLE PLACE FOR $40,000! FANTASTIC!"
"VERY. WILL YOU MOVE IN?"
I DON'T KNOW. I MAY. I'M GOING TO LOOK AT IT AGAIN TOMORROW.
WHAT IS THE OLD GUY'S LINE, INCIDENTALLY?
"SORT OF A MAD SCIENTEST TYPE... A LOT OF DABBLINGS IN THE WEIRDEST BIO-PHYSICS--"

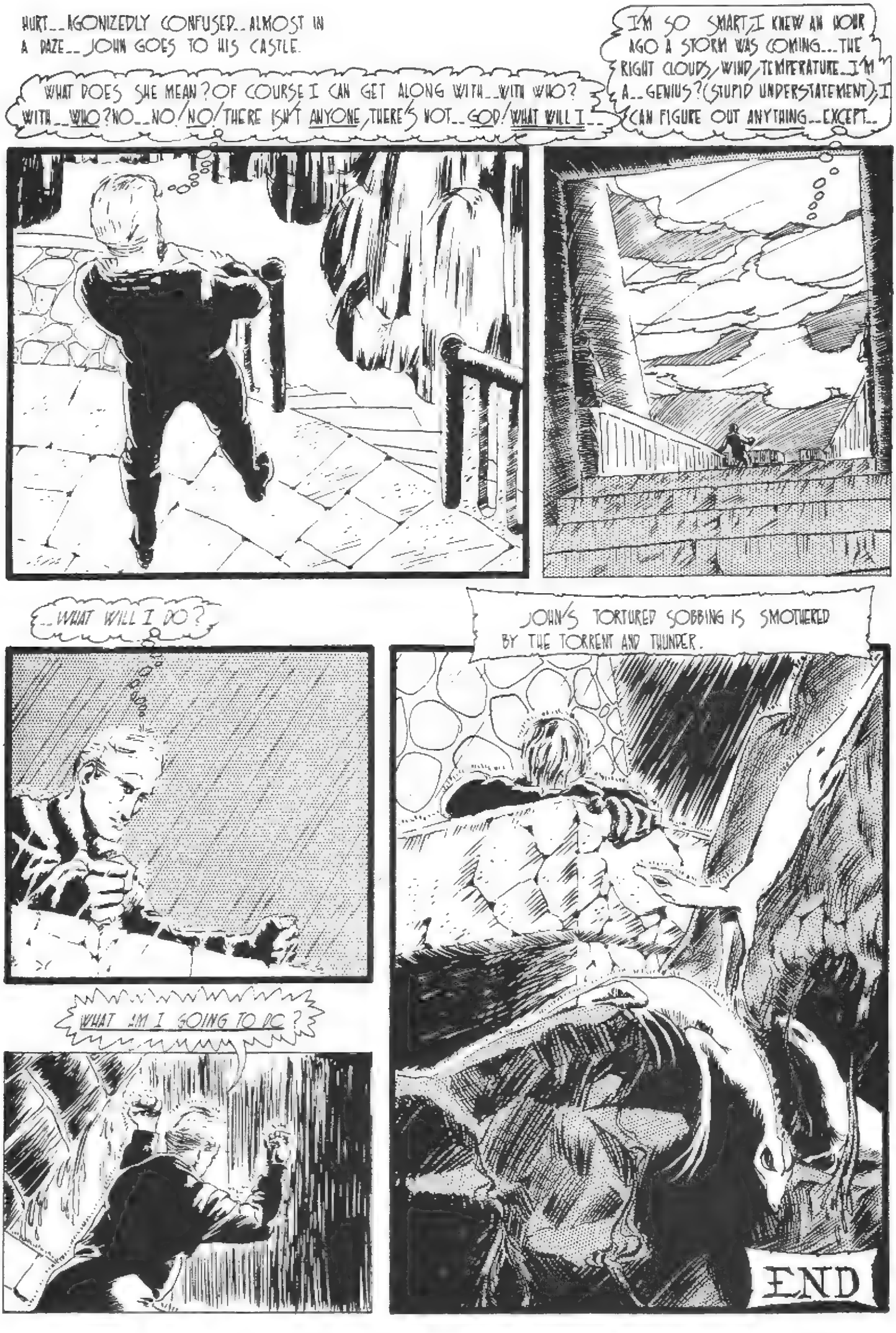

THE FOLLOWING DAY, JOHN VISITS HIS NEWLY-GAINED ESTATE.
BEAUTIFUL! JUST MARVELOUS. LET'S SEE INSIDE..
EERIE BUNCH OF MESS!... WHAT'S THIS PEDESTAL?
..WHAT HAPPENED..? ..WHO..ARE YOU..?
COME HERE BOY
YOU..YOU'RE THE MAN THAT SOLD ME THIS PLACE..
YES..LISTEN TO ME I'M DYING
I BUILT THE PEDESTAL. WHEN YOU STEPPED ON IT..MACHINERY WAS SET INTO..MOTION..THAT....


BUT I__I KNOW WHAT YOU WILL SAY__! YOUR INVENTION AWAKENS THE DORMANT 90% OF THE BRAIN___AND IT WORKED_!
GOOD
LONG AFTER BURYING THE OLD MAN, JOHN IS STILL PONDERING OVER HIS "NEW" MIND: "WHAT CAN'T I DO?__ NOTHING! I CAN FIGURE OUT ANYTHING, I CAN KNOW EVERYTHING___!"

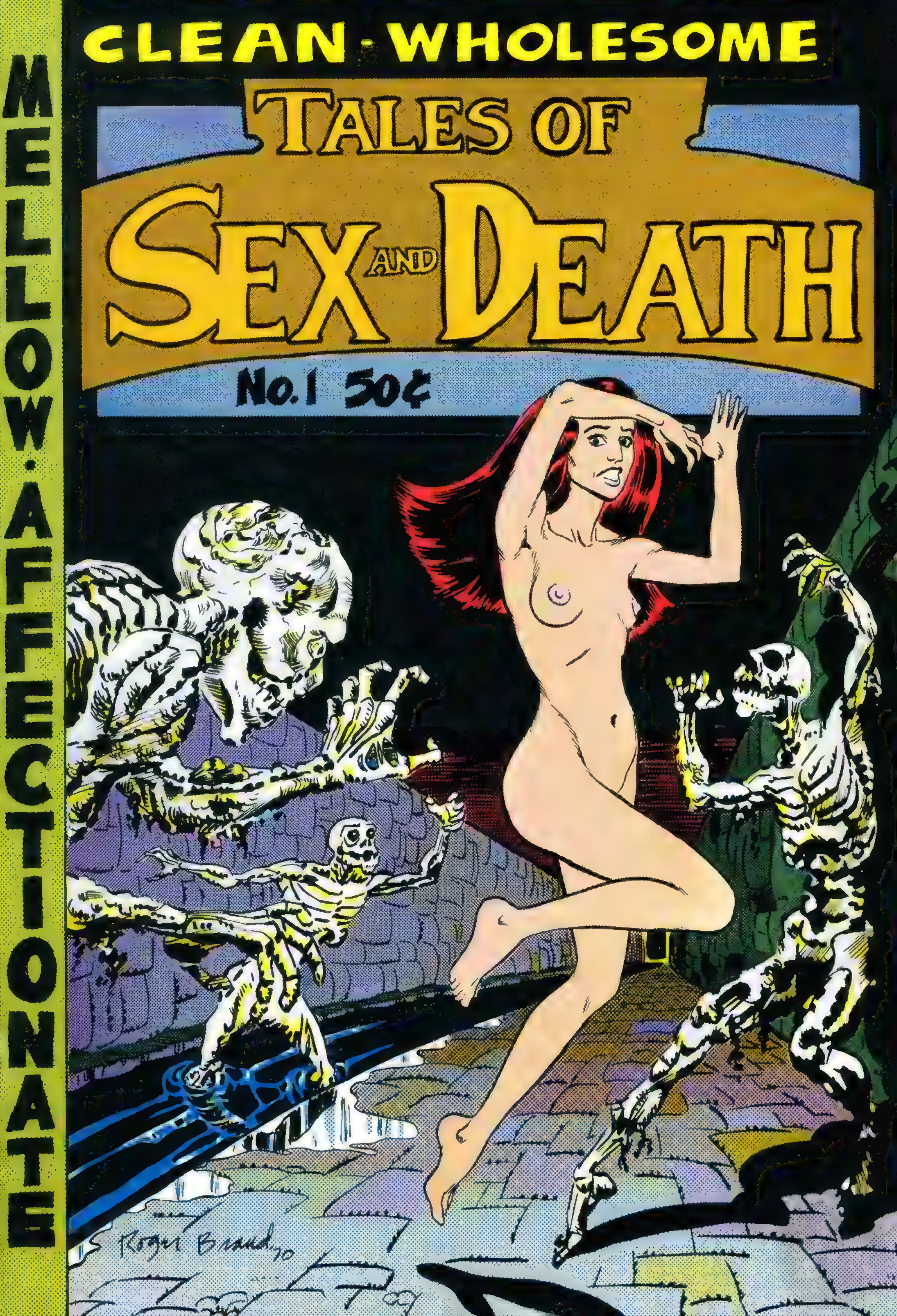

IT IS TOO MUCH TO KEEP TO ONE'S SELF, JOHN REALIZES; HE MUST SHARE THIS UNBELIEVABLE THING WITH SOMEONE. HE GOES TO THE HOME OF HIS FIANCÉE.
HELLO, VLOREN! LISTEN, LISTEN TO ME, WHAT I WILL SAY, IT'S THE MOST WONDERFUL THING, I'VE NOT EVEN HAD TIME TO THINK ABOUT IT, I__
WHOA, HUSH! COME IN, DARLING! SLOW DOWN! NOW, START AGAIN__


JOHN RELATES THE STRANGE SEQUENCE OF EVENTS TO VLOREN, EXPLAINS HER PUZZLED QUESTIONS, CONVINCES HER IT IS ALL TRUE, AND FINALLY WAITS, TRIUMPHANT, FOR HER FIRST WORDS OF AWED DELIGHT.
ISN'T IT FANTASTIC? INCREDIBLE?
__I DON'T KNOW__-YES, YES, IT'S__VERY STRANGE, BUT__ IS IT A GOOD THING? JOHN? HOW WILL THINGS BE? WILL YOU__BE ALL RIGHT__?

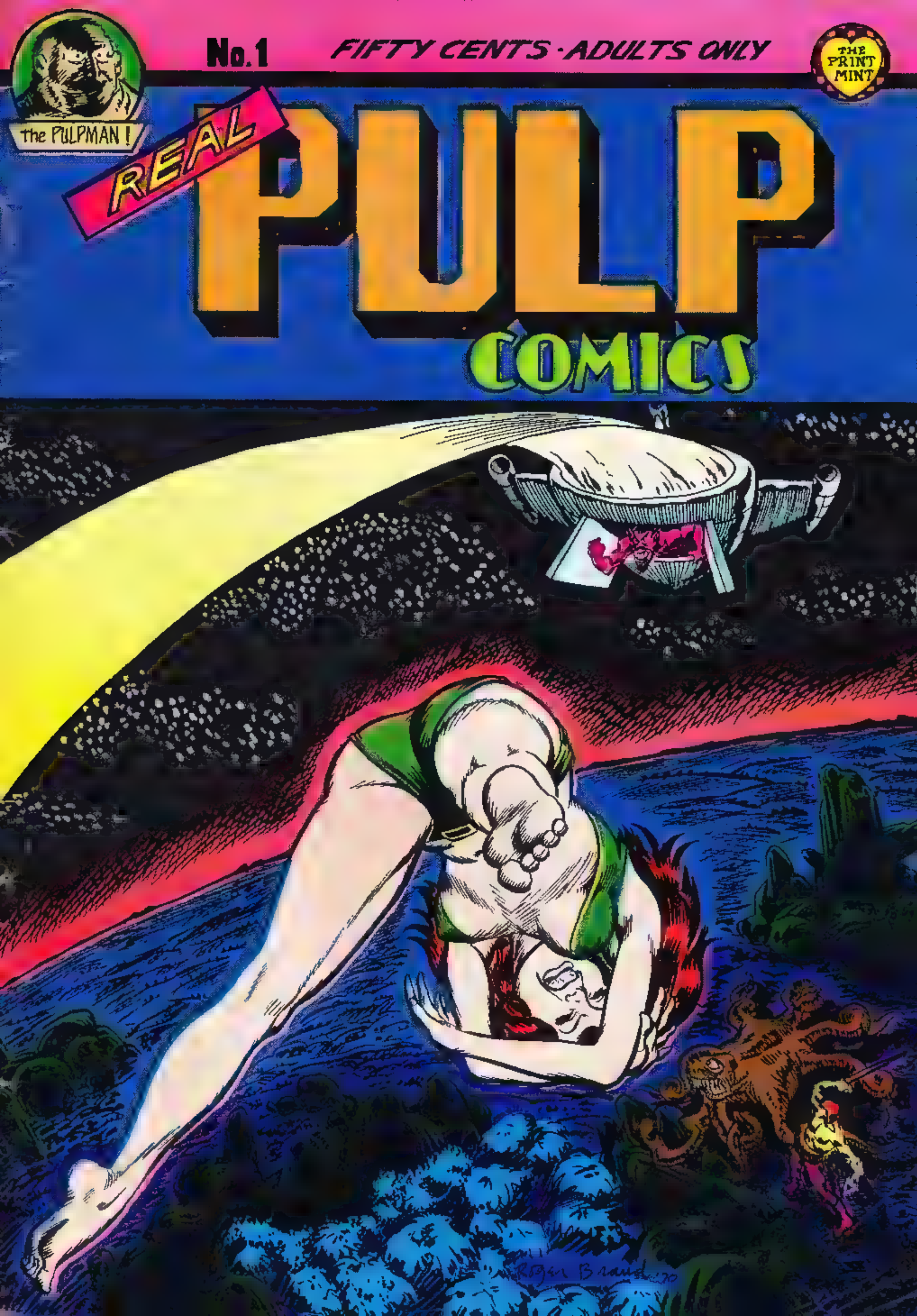

OF COURSE I WILL! OF---WHAT COULD BE WRONG--?
LISTEN TO ME, JOHN. YOU ARE--NOW--BEYOND QUESTION--THE SMARTEST PERSON THAT EVER LIVED! BUT--
--ARE YOU ALSO THE WISEST?
WHAT?
HAVE YOU THE EMOTIONAL MATURITY TO SUPPORT-- --AND CONTROL--- SUCH INTELLIGENCE? CAN YOU STAND THE STRAIN? DO YOU LOVE ME, JOHN?
YOU--? OF COURSE I--YES, YEAH, SURE I DO--
DO YOU? LOOK AT ME--LOOK AT US. I'M AN INTELLIGENT WOMAN--BY HUMAN STANDARDS... BUT YOU'RE NO LONGER HUMAN! BY YOU--I'M AN UTTER IDIOT. COULD YOU BE SATISFIED WITH AN IDIOT?...
...BUT...
WILL YOU EVER BE SATISFIED WITH ANYONE?


HURT--AGONIZEDLY CONFUSED--ALMOST IN A DAZE--JOHN GOES TO HIS CASTLE.
WHAT DOES SHE MEAN? OF COURSE I CAN GET ALONG WITH--WITH WHO? WITH--WHO? NO--NO! NO! THERE ISN'T ANYONE, THERE'S NOT--GOD! WHAT WILL I--
I'M SO SMART, I KNEW AN HOUR AGO A STORM WAS COMING--THE RIGHT CLOUDS, WIND, TEMPERATURE--I'M A--GENIUS? (STUPID UNDERSTATEMENT), I CAN FIGURE OUT ANYTHING--EXCEPT--
--WHAT WILL I DO?
JOHN'S TORTURED SOBBING IS SMOTHERED BY THE TORRENT AND THUNDER.
WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?
END

THE
UNDERGROUND
YEARS


CLEAN · WHOLESOME
TALES OF
SEX AND DEATH
No.1 50¢
MELLOW · AFFECTIONATE
Roger Brand 70

THE PRINT MINT
ADULTS ONLY
No.2
TALES OF SEX AND DEATH
75¢
YOU? LOVE ME?
HA HA HA HA HA!!
BUT PROFESSOR! THOUGH BRILLIANT, YOU'RE SUCH A MISSHAPEN WRETCH!
...SPURN MY AFFECTIONS?? ...LAUGH WHILE YOU CAN, MY PRETTY!
Roger Brand, 71


the PULPMAN!
No.1
FIFTY CENTS · ADULTS ONLY
THE PRINT MINT
REAL
PULP
COMICS
Roger Brand '70

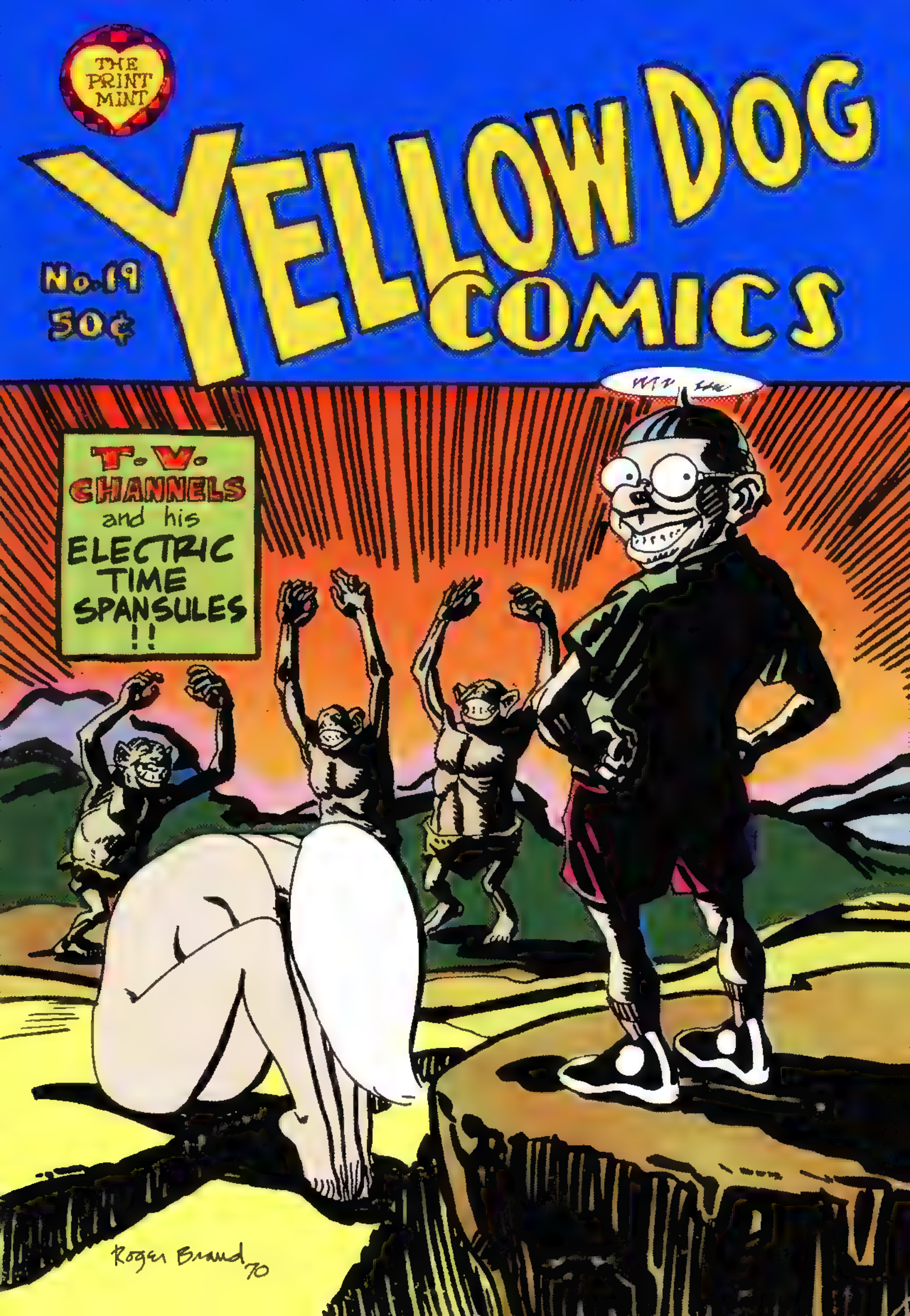
No.2 FIFTY CENTS · ADULTS ONLY

the HEAD!

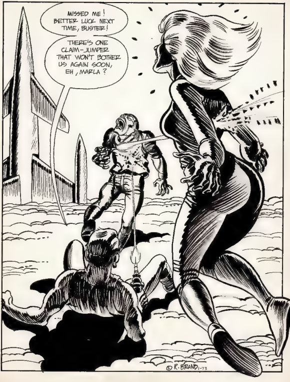
THE PRINT MINT

REAL PULP COMICS

Roger Brand '71


THE PRINT MINT
YELLOW DOG COMICS
No. 19
50¢
T.V. CHANNELS and his ELECTRIC TIME SPANSULES !!
Roger Brand 70

ADULTS ONLY
SAN FRANCISCO COMIC BOOK
SF
LAST GASP
No. 6 $1.50
COMING UP, BREAK, WIND, AND FIRE!
GONNA PUT ON MY BOOGIE SHOES
GET UP AN' BOOO-GEEE
"...AND THAT WAS... K.K.K. AND THE SNAKEPIT BUND..."!
AIN' NUTHIN' RIGHT... WITH KNOWIN' MY BABY
SUCK WITH "THE GEE-BEES" SUCK WITH "THE GEE-BEES
DISCO CRAP IS WHERE IT'S AT PUNK DISCO JUNK DISCO
TNT
DISCO AIN'T MUSIC LA LA LA AND WE'RE PROUD OF IT LA LA LA
©F H "NEGATIVE" Brand 1979


MISSED ME! BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME, BUSTER!
THERE'S ONE CLAIM-JUMPER THAT WON'T BOTHER US AGAIN SOON, EH, MARLA?
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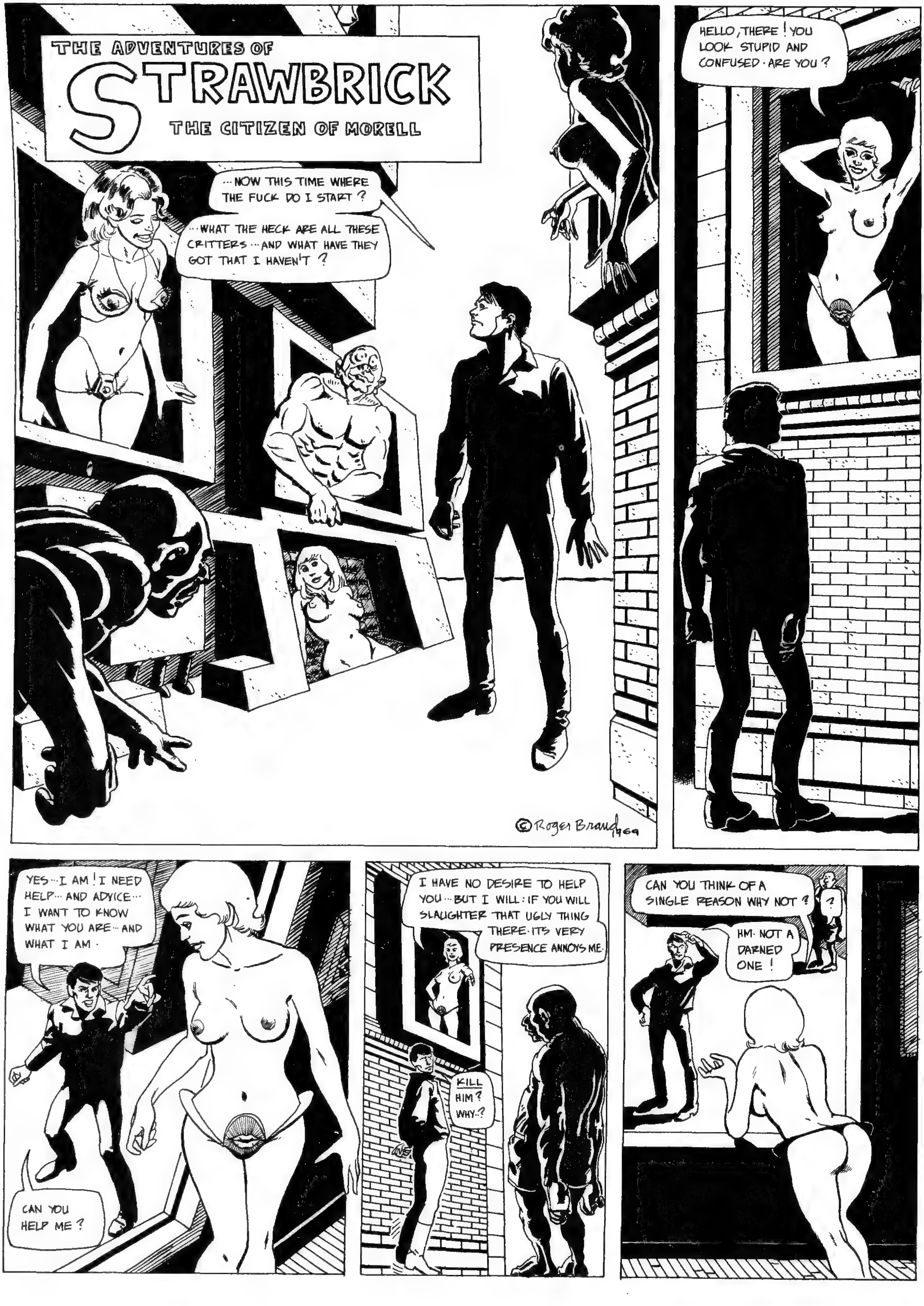
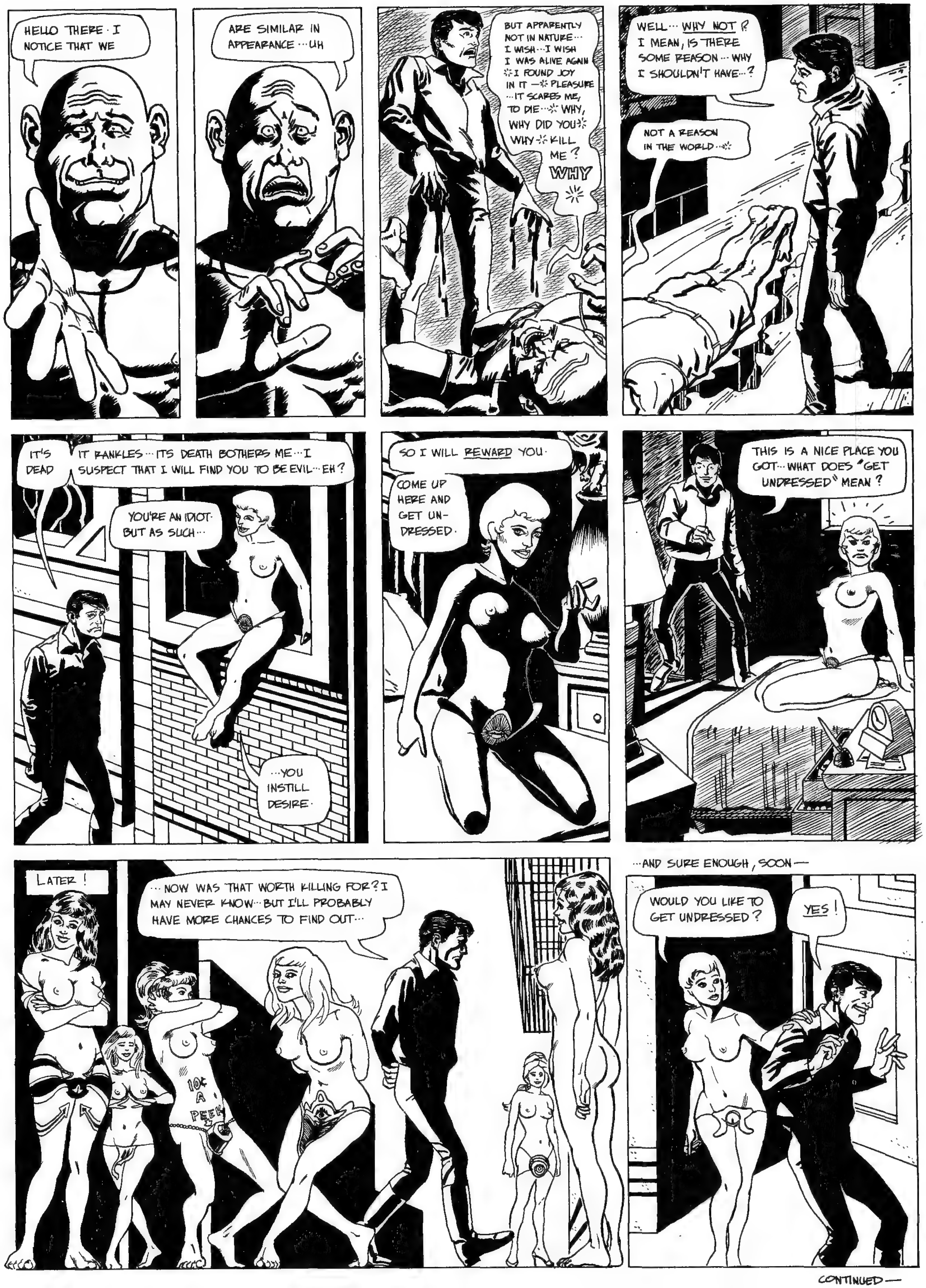
37. NICKEL LIBRARY PAGES


THE ADVENTURES OF
STRAWBRICK
THE CITIZEN OF MORELL
...NOW THIS TIME WHERE THE FUCK DO I START ?
...WHAT THE HECK ARE ALL THESE CRITTERS ...AND WHAT HAVE THEY GOT THAT I HAVEN'T ?
© Roger Brand 1969
HELLO, THERE! YOU LOOK STUPID AND CONFUSED. ARE YOU ?
YES...I AM! I NEED HELP... AND ADVICE... I WANT TO KNOW WHAT YOU ARE...AND WHAT I AM.
CAN YOU HELP ME ?
I HAVE NO DESIRE TO HELP YOU...BUT I WILL: IF YOU WILL SLAUGHTER THAT UGLY THING THERE. ITS VERY PRESENCE ANNOYS ME.
KILL HIM? WHY..?
CAN YOU THINK OF A SINGLE REASON WHY NOT ?
?
HM. NOT A DARNED ONE !


HELLO THERE · I NOTICE THAT WE
ARE SIMILAR IN APPEARANCE ···UH
BUT APPARENTLY NOT IN NATURE··· I WISH···I WISH I WAS ALIVE AGAIN ✳ I FOUND JOY IN IT —✳ PLEASURE ···IT SCARES ME, TO DIE···✳ WHY, WHY DID YOU✳ WHY ✳ KILL ME? WHY ✳
WELL··· WHY NOT? I MEAN, IS THERE SOME REASON··· WHY I SHOULDN'T HAVE···?
NOT A REASON IN THE WORLD···✳
IT'S DEAD
IT RANKLES··· ITS DEATH BOTHERS ME··· I SUSPECT THAT I WILL FIND YOU TO BE EVIL··· EH?
YOU'RE AN IDIOT · BUT AS SUCH···
···YOU INSTILL DESIRE ·
SO I WILL REWARD YOU ·
COME UP HERE AND GET UNDRESSED ·
THIS IS A NICE PLACE YOU GOT··· WHAT DOES "GET UNDRESSED" MEAN?
LATER!
···NOW WAS THAT WORTH KILLING FOR? I MAY NEVER KNOW··· BUT I'LL PROBABLY HAVE MORE CHANCES TO FIND OUT···
10¢ A PEEK
···AND SURE ENOUGH, SOON—
WOULD YOU LIKE TO GET UNDRESSED?
YES!

CONTINUED—

OL' STRAWBRICK

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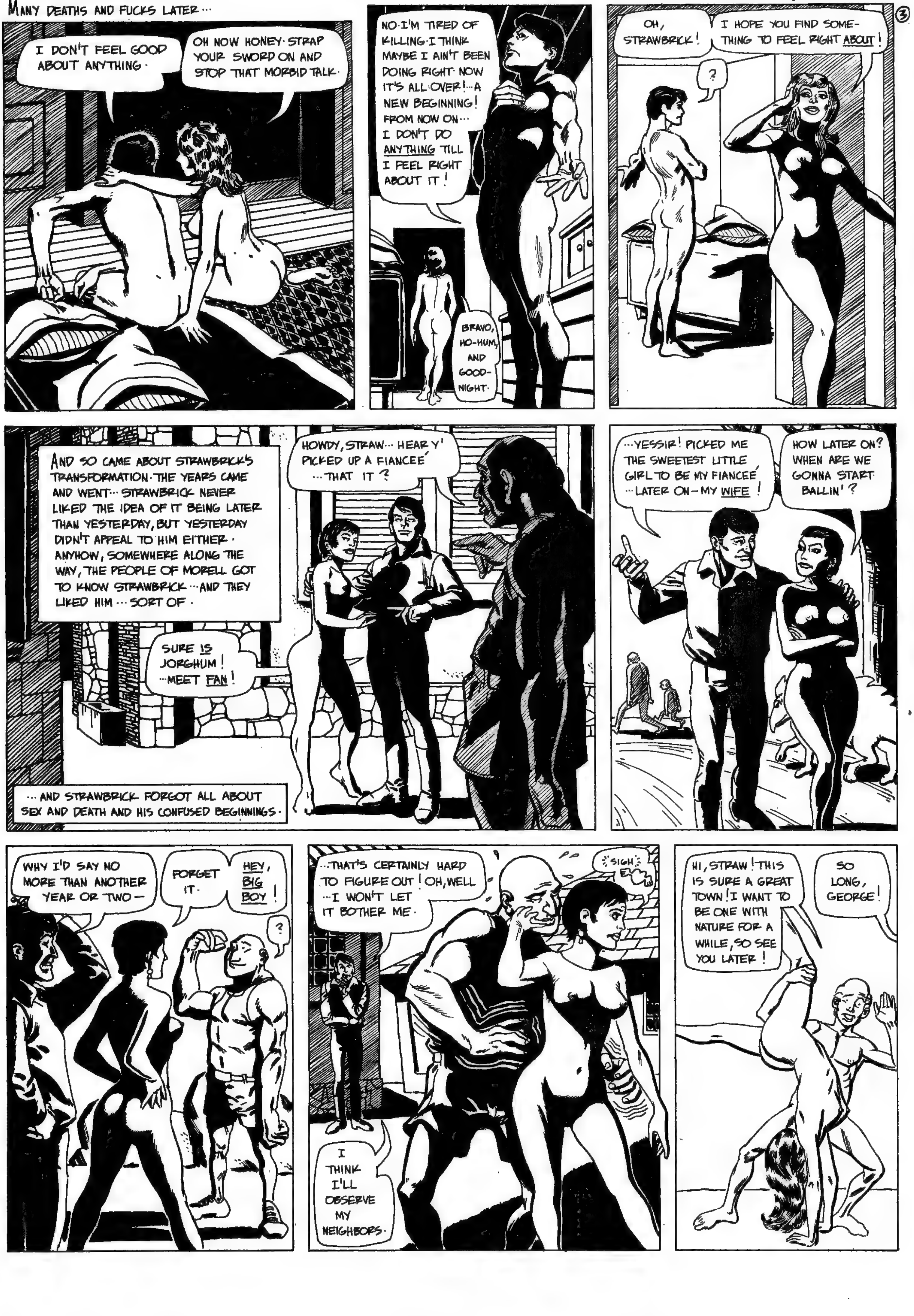
MANY DEATHS AND FUCKS LATER...
I DON'T FEEL GOOD ABOUT ANYTHING.
OH NOW HONEY. STRAP YOUR SWORD ON AND STOP THAT MORBID TALK.
NO. I'M TIRED OF KILLING. I THINK MAYBE I AIN'T BEEN DOING RIGHT. NOW IT'S ALL OVER!... A NEW BEGINNING! FROM NOW ON... I DON'T DO ANYTHING TILL I FEEL RIGHT ABOUT IT!
BRAVO, HO-HUM, AND GOOD-NIGHT.
OH, STRAWBRICK!
I HOPE YOU FIND SOMETHING TO FEEL RIGHT ABOUT!
?
AND SO CAME ABOUT STRAWBRICK'S TRANSFORMATION. THE YEARS CAME AND WENT... STRAWBRICK NEVER LIKED THE IDEA OF IT BEING LATER THAN YESTERDAY, BUT YESTERDAY DIDN'T APPEAL TO HIM EITHER. ANYHOW, SOMEWHERE ALONG THE WAY, THE PEOPLE OF MORELL GOT TO KNOW STRAWBRICK... AND THEY LIKED HIM... SORT OF.
HOWDY, STRAW... HEAR Y' PICKED UP A FIANCEE'... THAT IT?
SURE IS JORGHUM!... MEET FAN!
... AND STRAWBRICK FORGOT ALL ABOUT SEX AND DEATH AND HIS CONFUSED BEGINNINGS.
...YESSIR! PICKED ME THE SWEETEST LITTLE GIRL TO BE MY FIANCEE'... LATER ON– MY WIFE!
HOW LATER ON? WHEN ARE WE GONNA START BALLIN'?
WHY I'D SAY NO MORE THAN ANOTHER YEAR OR TWO—
FORGET IT.
HEY, BIG BOY!
?
...THAT'S CERTAINLY HARD TO FIGURE OUT! OH, WELL... I WON'T LET IT BOTHER ME.
SIGH
I THINK I'LL OBSERVE MY NEIGHBORS.
HI, STRAW! THIS IS SURE A GREAT TOWN! I WANT TO BE ONE WITH NATURE FOR A WHILE, SO SEE YOU LATER!
SO LONG, GEORGE!

YEP, HE'S RIGHT! WHAT A GREAT TOWN!...WHAT'S EDGAR DOING?...*HELLO, EDGAR!*
HA HA! NO THANKS, EDGAR!
NEXT I'M GONNA BLOW MY SON! ALWAYS WANTED TO GO QUEER A LITTLE BIT, BUT I NEVER COULD TILL I GOT TO MORELL! WHAT A GREAT TOWN!
I GUESS THAT'S HOW ALL OF US FEEL, EDGAR!
HI STRAW! DID YOU KNOW MY SON HAS A COCK TO CHOKE A HORSE?...HOW ABOUT ROLLING ON WHEN HE'S THROUGH?
HA HA
ER, MAYBE LATER, PURITY!
WHAT A GRAND VILLAGE! BEST IN THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD! (WISH I KNEW HOW WIDE IT WAS) THEY'RE ALL HAVING SUCH A FINE TIME...AND THAT MAKES ME HAPPY, TOO...
WOOPS! HA HA!
A FINE TIME...
...NOW WHY IN THUNDER CAN'T I JUMP INTO IT LIKE THEY ALL DO?
HI, STRAW!
HI (SLURP) STRAW! (SMACK)
I THINK IT HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH ALL THOSE PEOPLE I KILLED!
AM I DIFFERENT FROM ALL THE OTHERS? SURELY THEY'VE ALL DONE THINGS THEY WISH THEY HADN'T DONE!
WHY SHOULD MY MIND BE THE ONLY ONE THAT'S...THAT'S WHAT?
...STOPPED! THAT'S WHAT! I'M ALL FULL OF BARRIERS—
...I'M HELD ON THE OTHER SIDE OF EVERYTHING! THAT'S MY PROBLEM! HOORAY! I'VE SOLVED IT ALL—!
HEY, EVERYBODY!
...LISTEN! MY PROBLEM IS THIS: I'M STOPPED! HELD IN! INHIBITED! BEHIND WALLS IN MY MIND! THAT'S WHY I'VE JUST BEEN A SPECTATOR, ONLY A FRIENDLY COMMENTATOR ON THE SCENE!
DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS?

MORE TO COME——

OL' STRAWBRICK AN' TH' TROUBLE HE SEES

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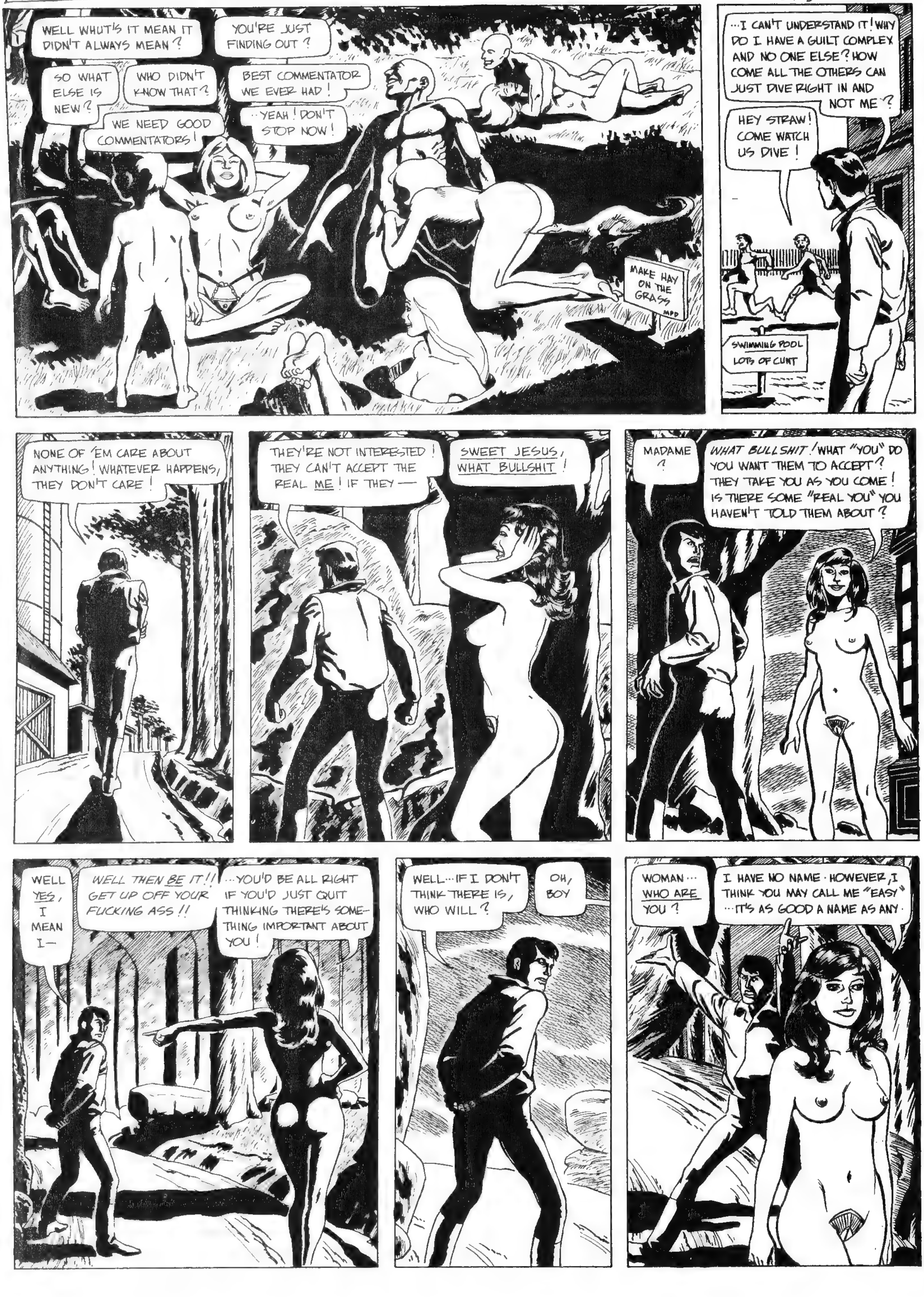
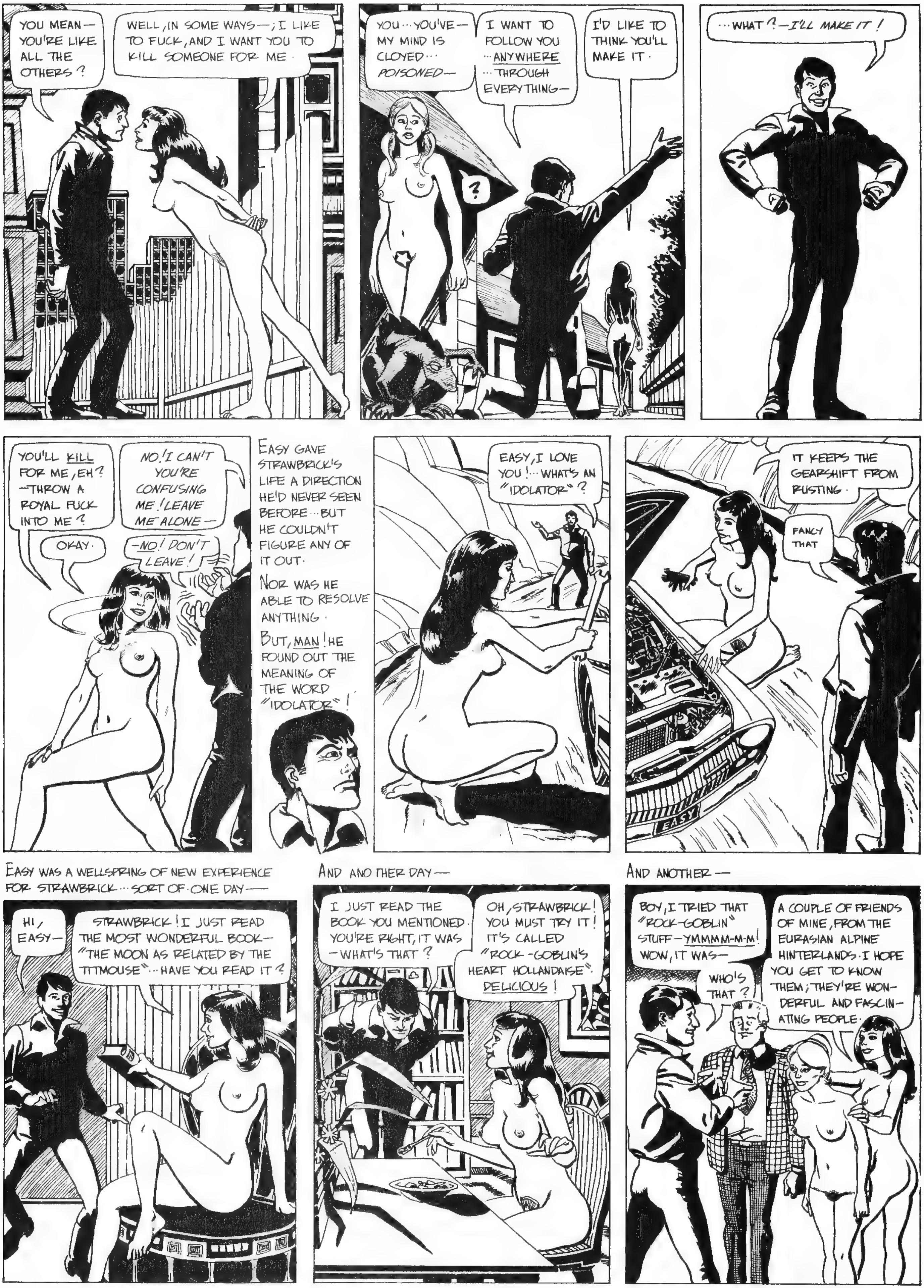

WELL WHUT'S IT MEAN IT DIDN'T ALWAYS MEAN?
YOU'RE JUST FINDING OUT?
SO WHAT ELSE IS NEW?
WHO DIDN'T KNOW THAT?
BEST COMMENTATOR WE EVER HAD!
WE NEED GOOD COMMENTATORS!
...YEAH! DON'T STOP NOW!
MAKE HAY ON THE GRASS MPD
...I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! WHY DO I HAVE A GUILT COMPLEX AND NO ONE ELSE? HOW COME ALL THE OTHERS CAN JUST DIVE RIGHT IN AND NOT ME?
HEY STRAW! COME WATCH US DIVE!
SWIMMING POOL
LOTS OF CUNT
NONE OF 'EM CARE ABOUT ANYTHING! WHATEVER HAPPENS, THEY DON'T CARE!
THEY'RE NOT INTERESTED! THEY CAN'T ACCEPT THE REAL ME! IF THEY —
SWEET JESUS, WHAT BULLSHIT!
MADAME?
WHAT BULLSHIT! WHAT "YOU" DO YOU WANT THEM TO ACCEPT? THEY TAKE YOU AS YOU COME! IS THERE SOME "REAL YOU" YOU HAVEN'T TOLD THEM ABOUT?
WELL YES, I MEAN I—
WELL THEN BE IT!! GET UP OFF YOUR FUCKING ASS!!
...YOU'D BE ALL RIGHT IF YOU'D JUST QUIT THINKING THERE'S SOMETHING IMPORTANT ABOUT YOU!
WELL... IF I DON'T THINK THERE IS, WHO WILL?
OH, BOY
WOMAN... WHO ARE YOU?
I HAVE NO NAME. HOWEVER, I THINK YOU MAY CALL ME "EASY" ...IT'S AS GOOD A NAME AS ANY.


YOU MEAN— YOU'RE LIKE ALL THE OTHERS?
WELL, IN SOME WAYS—; I LIKE TO FUCK, AND I WANT YOU TO KILL SOMEONE FOR ME.
YOU… YOU'VE— MY MIND IS CLOYED… *POISONED*—
I WANT TO FOLLOW YOU ANYWHERE …THROUGH EVERYTHING—
?
I'D LIKE TO THINK YOU'LL MAKE IT.
…WHAT?—*I'LL MAKE IT!*
YOU'LL KILL FOR ME, EH? —THROW A ROYAL FUCK INTO ME?
NO! I CAN'T YOU'RE CONFUSING ME! LEAVE ME ALONE—
OKAY.
—NO! DON'T LEAVE!
EASY GAVE STRAWBRICK'S LIFE A DIRECTION HE'D NEVER SEEN BEFORE… BUT HE COULDN'T FIGURE ANY OF IT OUT.
NOR WAS HE ABLE TO RESOLVE ANYTHING.
BUT, MAN! HE FOUND OUT THE MEANING OF THE WORD "IDOLATOR"!
EASY, I LOVE YOU!… WHAT'S AN "IDOLATOR"?
IT KEEPS THE GEARSHIFT FROM RUSTING.
FANCY THAT
EASY
EASY WAS A WELLSPRING OF NEW EXPERIENCE FOR STRAWBRICK… SORT OF. ONE DAY—
HI, EASY—
STRAWBRICK! I JUST READ THE MOST WONDERFUL BOOK— "THE MOON AS RELATED BY THE TITTMOUSE"… HAVE YOU READ IT?
AND ANOTHER DAY—
I JUST READ THE BOOK YOU MENTIONED. YOU'RE RIGHT, IT WAS —WHAT'S THAT?
OH, STRAWBRICK! YOU MUST TRY IT! IT'S CALLED "ROCK-GOBLIN'S HEART HOLLANDAISE". DELICIOUS!
AND ANOTHER—
BOY, I TRIED THAT "ROCK-GOBLIN" STUFF—YMMMM-M-M! WOW, IT WAS—
WHO'S THAT?
A COUPLE OF FRIENDS OF MINE, FROM THE EURASIAN ALPINE HINTERLANDS. I HOPE YOU GET TO KNOW THEM; THEY'RE WONDERFUL AND FASCINATING PEOPLE.
TO BE DRAGGED ON——

OL' STRAWBRICK PAYS HIS DUES AND FORGETS TO ASK FOR A RECEIPT

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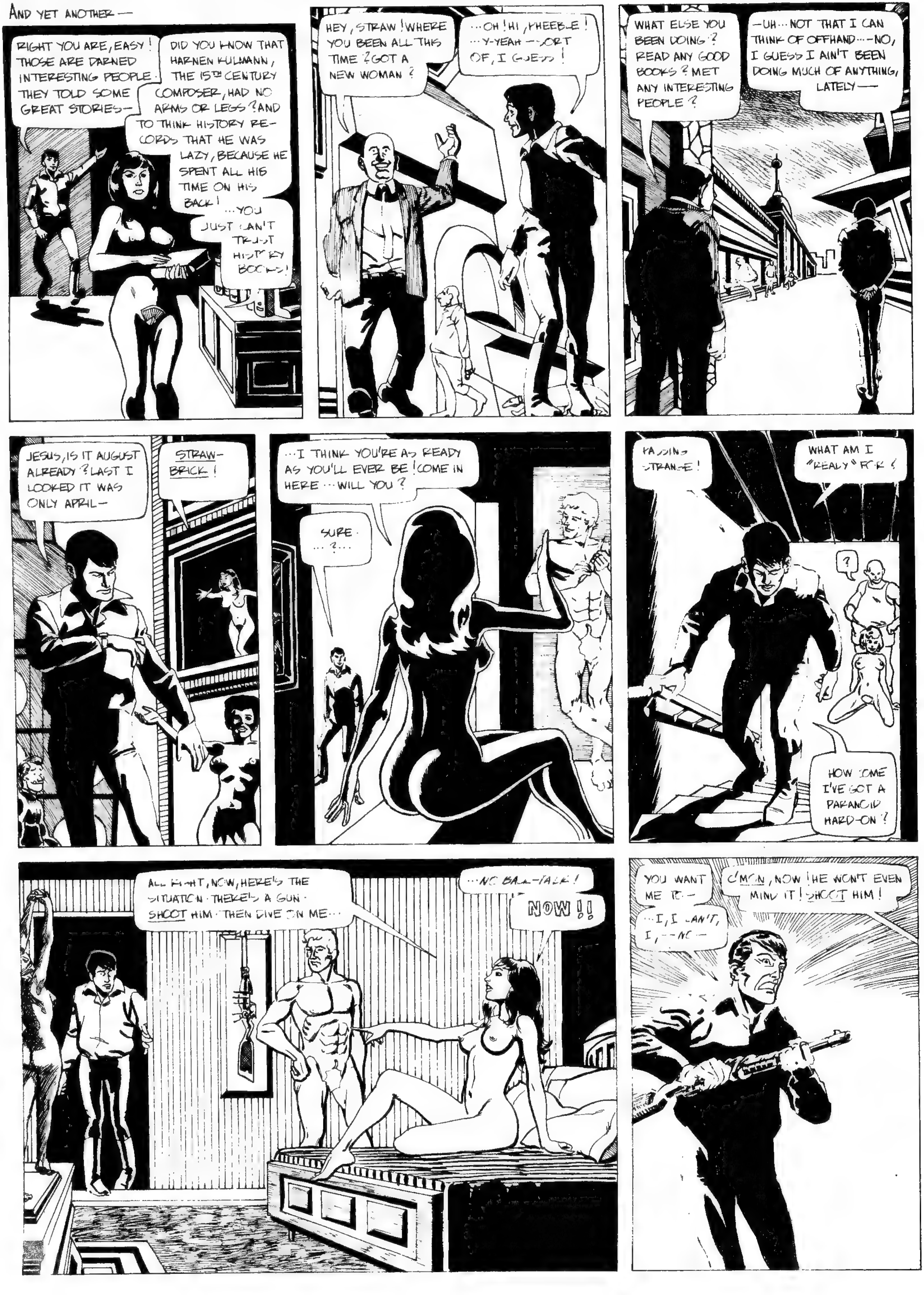
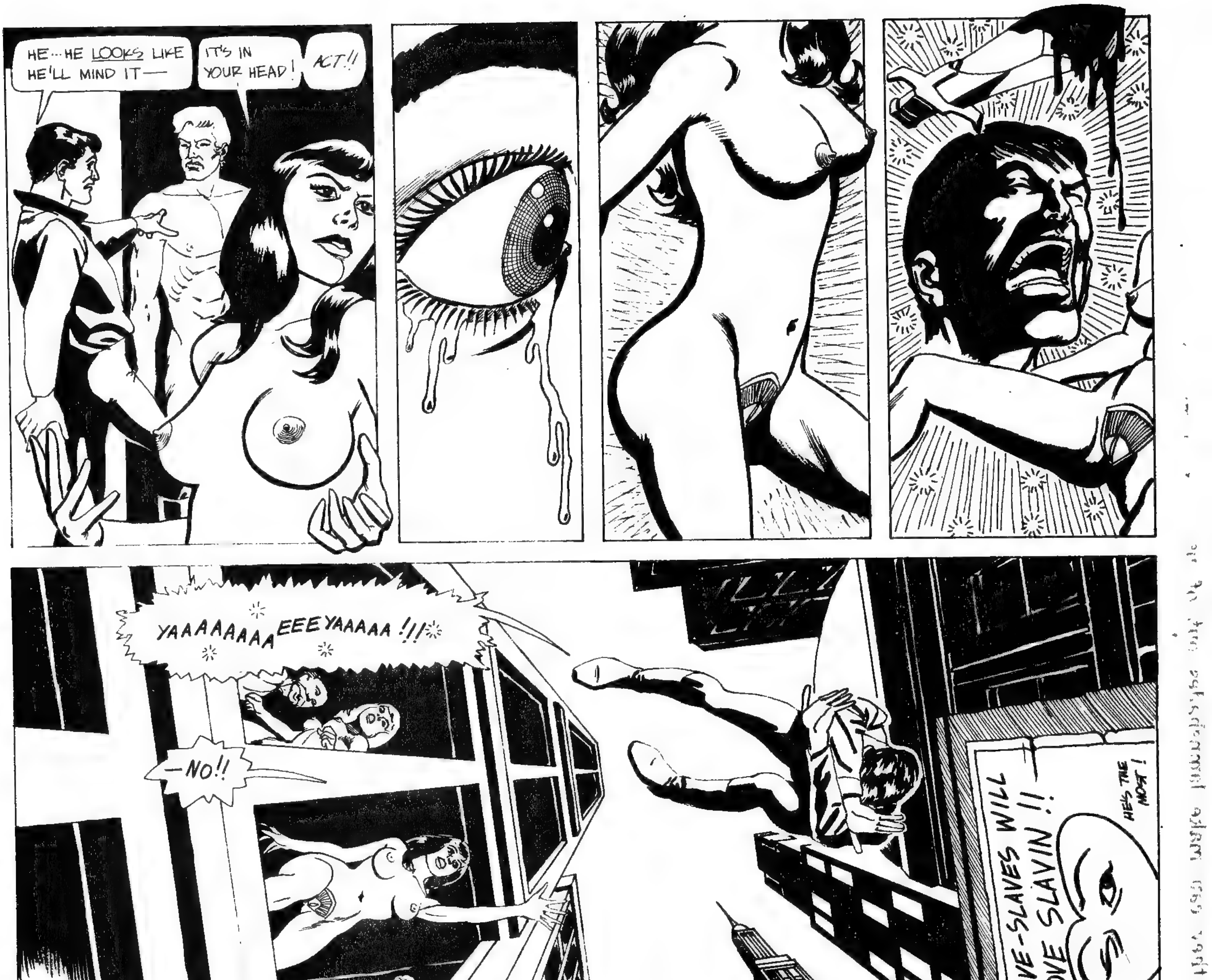

AND YET ANOTHER —
RIGHT YOU ARE, EASY! THOSE ARE DARNED INTERESTING PEOPLE. THEY TOLD SOME GREAT STORIES—
DID YOU KNOW THAT HARNEN KULMANN, THE 15TH CENTURY COMPOSER, HAD NO ARMS OR LEGS? AND TO THINK HISTORY RECORDS THAT HE WAS LAZY, BECAUSE HE SPENT ALL HIS TIME ON HIS BACK!
...YOU JUST CAN'T TRUST HISTORY BOOKS!
HEY, STRAW! WHERE YOU BEEN ALL THIS TIME? GOT A NEW WOMAN?
...OH! HI, FHEEBLE! ...Y-YEAH — SORT OF, I GUESS!
WHAT ELSE YOU BEEN DOING? READ ANY GOOD BOOKS? MET ANY INTERESTING PEOPLE?
—UH... NOT THAT I CAN THINK OF OFFHAND... —NO, I GUESS I AIN'T BEEN DOING MUCH OF ANYTHING, LATELY —
JESUS, IS IT AUGUST ALREADY? LAST I LOOKED IT WAS ONLY APRIL—
STRAWBRICK!
...I THINK YOU'RE AS READY AS YOU'LL EVER BE! COME IN HERE... WILL YOU?
SURE ... ?...
PASSING STRANGE!
WHAT AM I "READY" FOR?
?
HOW COME I'VE GOT A PARANOID HARD-ON?
ALL RIGHT, NOW, HERE'S THE SITUATION. THERE'S A GUN. SHOOT HIM. THEN DIVE ON ME...
...NO BALL-TALK!
NOW!!
YOU WANT ME TO—
...I, I CAN'T, I, —NO—
C'MON, NOW! HE WON'T EVEN MIND IT! SHOOT HIM!


HE…HE LOOKS LIKE HE'LL MIND IT—
IT'S IN YOUR HEAD!
ACT!!
YAAAAAAAAEEEYAAAAA!!!
—NO!!
LOVE-SLAVES WILL LOVE SLAVIN!!
HE'S THE MOST!
HE'LL TEACH YOU!
LOOK, WHAT IS THIS? I THOUGHT I WAS GONNA GET SHOT OR SOMETHIN'! IF NOT, THEN WHAT ARE WE WASTIN' ALL THIS TIME FOR?
RIGHT YOU ARE, DUTCHBUTT… NOTHING HAS CHANGED.
…WELL… BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME… AS USUAL.

PANTS GITTIN' HOT? KUNT-INUED!

STRAWBRICK THINKS HE'S HOT SHIT, BUT HE'S JUST COLD TURDS WARMED OVER

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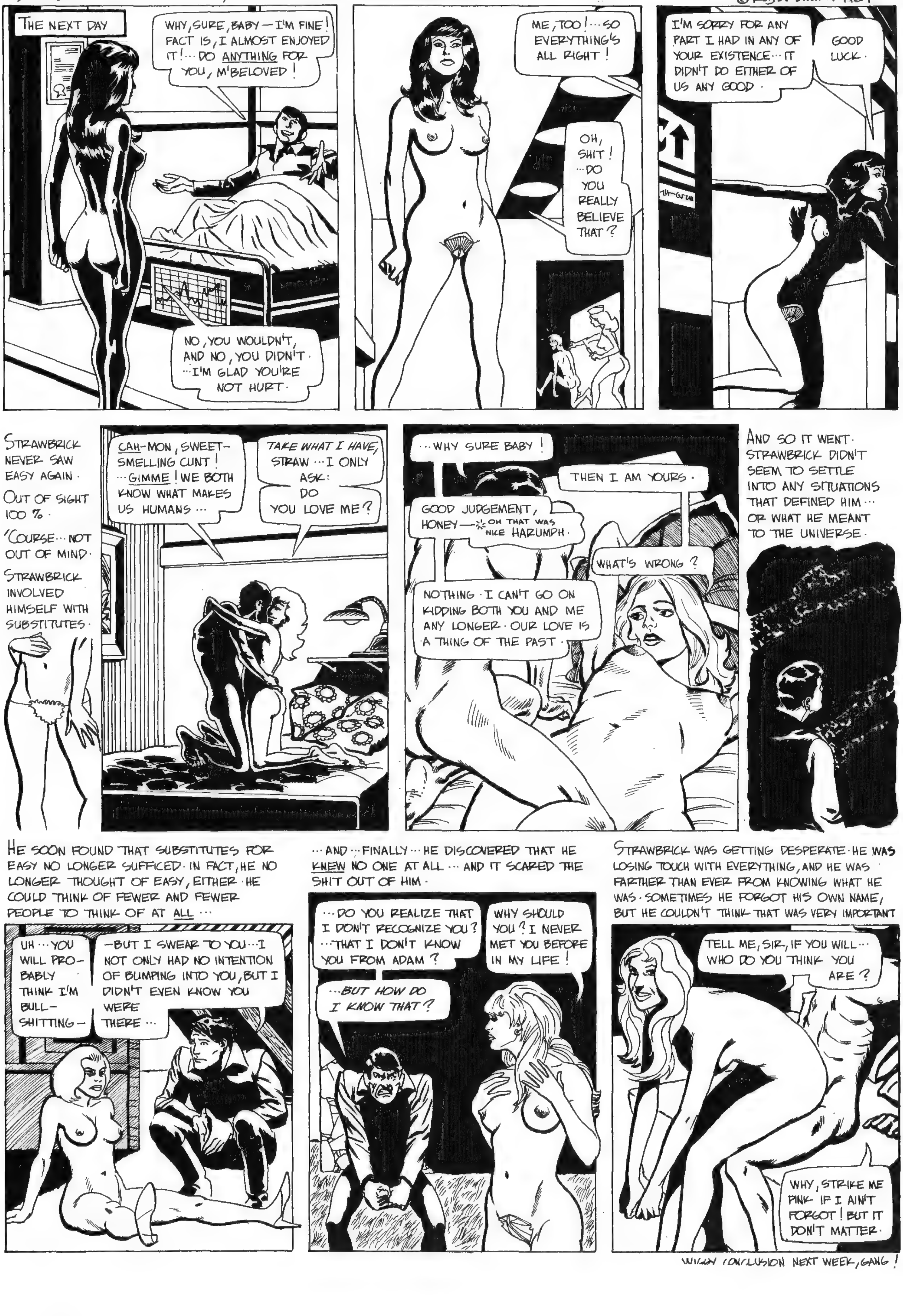
THE NEXT DAY
WHY, SURE, BABY — I'M FINE! FACT IS, I ALMOST ENJOYED IT! ... DO ANYTHING FOR YOU, M'BELOVED!
NO, YOU WOULDN'T, AND NO, YOU DIDN'T. ... I'M GLAD YOU'RE NOT HURT.
ME, TOO! ... SO EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT!
OH, SHIT! ... DO YOU REALLY BELIEVE THAT?
I'M SORRY FOR ANY PART I HAD IN ANY OF YOUR EXISTENCE ... IT DIDN'T DO EITHER OF US ANY GOOD.
GOOD LUCK.
STRAWBRICK NEVER SAW EASY AGAIN. OUT OF SIGHT 100%. 'COURSE ... NOT OUT OF MIND. STRAWBRICK INVOLVED HIMSELF WITH SUBSTITUTES.
CAH-MON, SWEET-SMELLING CUNT! ... GIMME! WE BOTH KNOW WHAT MAKES US HUMANS ...
TAKE WHAT I HAVE, STRAW ... I ONLY ASK: DO YOU LOVE ME?
... WHY SURE BABY!
THEN I AM YOURS.
GOOD JUDGEMENT, HONEY — OH THAT WAS NICE HARUMPH.
WHAT'S WRONG?
NOTHING. I CAN'T GO ON KIDDING BOTH YOU AND ME ANY LONGER. OUR LOVE IS A THING OF THE PAST.
AND SO IT WENT. STRAWBRICK DIDN'T SEEM TO SETTLE INTO ANY SITUATIONS THAT DEFINED HIM ... OR WHAT HE MEANT TO THE UNIVERSE.
HE SOON FOUND THAT SUBSTITUTES FOR EASY NO LONGER SUFFICED. IN FACT, HE NO LONGER THOUGHT OF EASY, EITHER. HE COULD THINK OF FEWER AND FEWER PEOPLE TO THINK OF AT ALL ...
UH ... YOU WILL PROBABLY THINK I'M BULL-SHITTING —
— BUT I SWEAR TO YOU ... I NOT ONLY HAD NO INTENTION OF BUMPING INTO YOU, BUT I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW YOU WERE THERE ...
... AND ... FINALLY ... HE DISCOVERED THAT HE KNEW NO ONE AT ALL ... AND IT SCARED THE SHIT OUT OF HIM.
... DO YOU REALIZE THAT I DON'T RECOGNIZE YOU? ... THAT I DON'T KNOW YOU FROM ADAM?
WHY SHOULD YOU? I NEVER MET YOU BEFORE IN MY LIFE!
... BUT HOW DO I KNOW THAT?
STRAWBRICK WAS GETTING DESPERATE. HE WAS LOSING TOUCH WITH EVERYTHING, AND HE WAS FARTHER THAN EVER FROM KNOWING WHAT HE WAS. SOMETIMES HE FORGOT HIS OWN NAME, BUT HE COULDN'T THINK THAT WAS VERY IMPORTANT
TELL ME, SIR, IF YOU WILL ... WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?
WHY, STRIKE ME PINK IF I AIN'T FORGOT! BUT IT DON'T MATTER.

WIGGY CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK, GANG!

THE LAST DAYS OF STRAWBRICK

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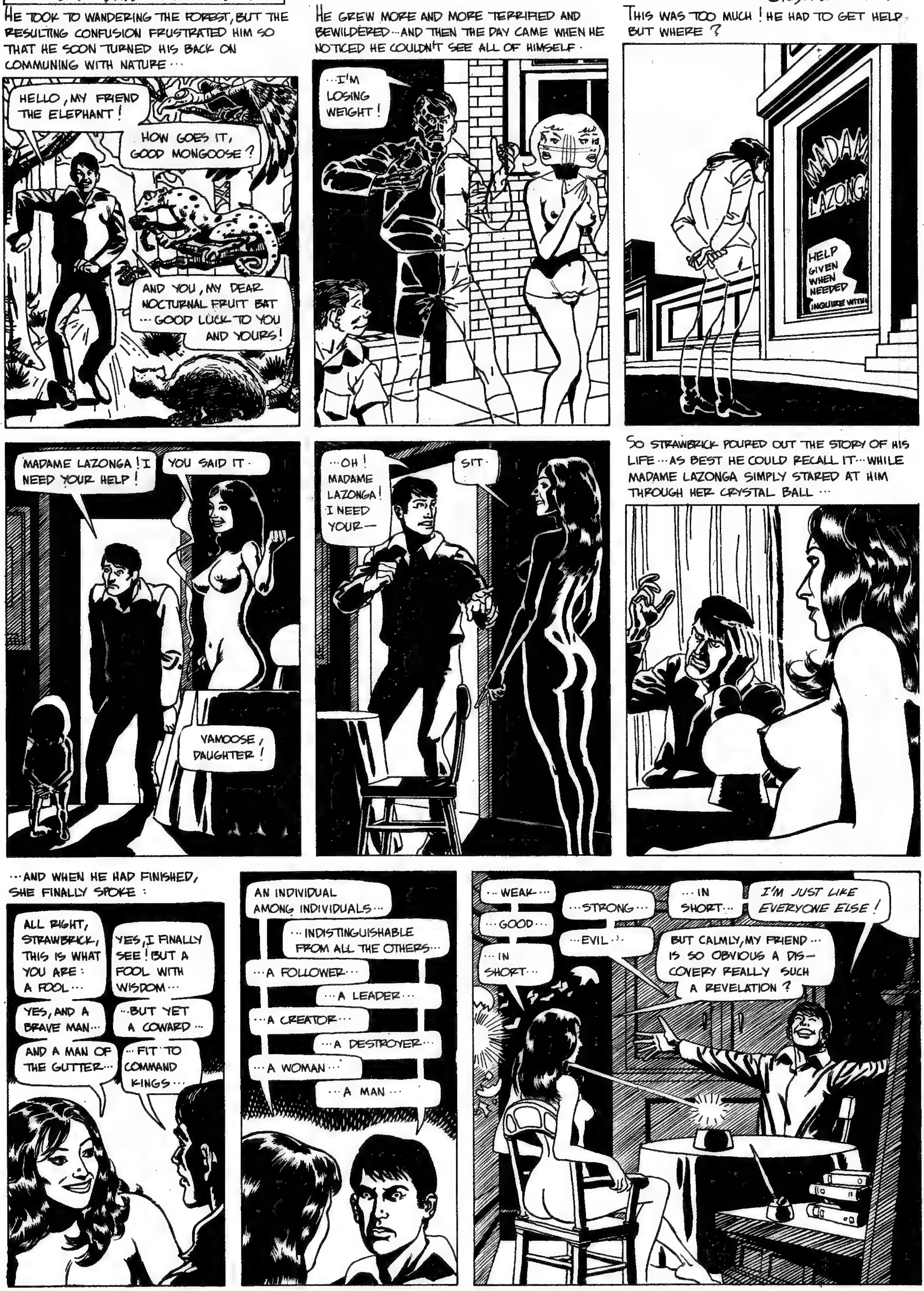
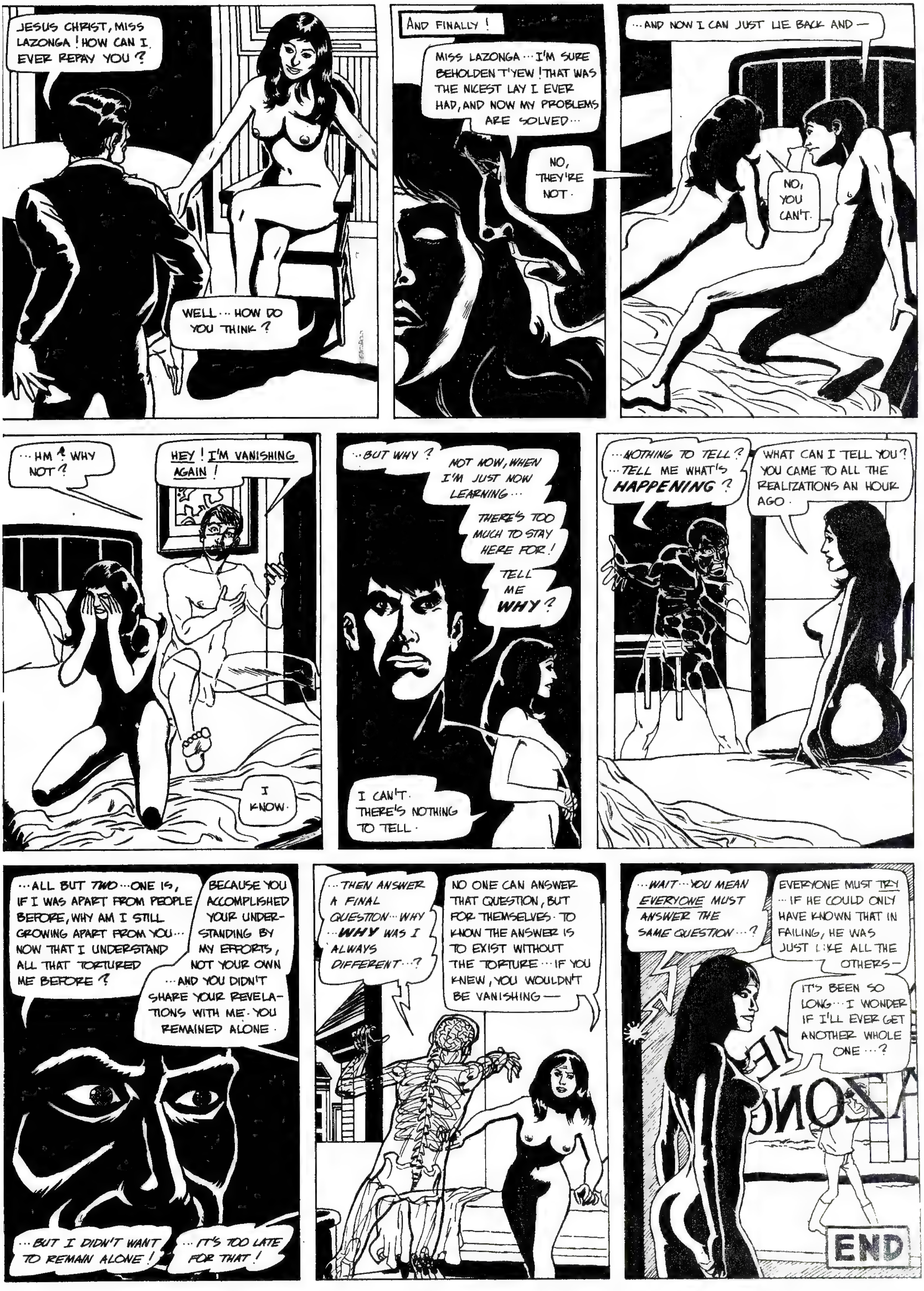
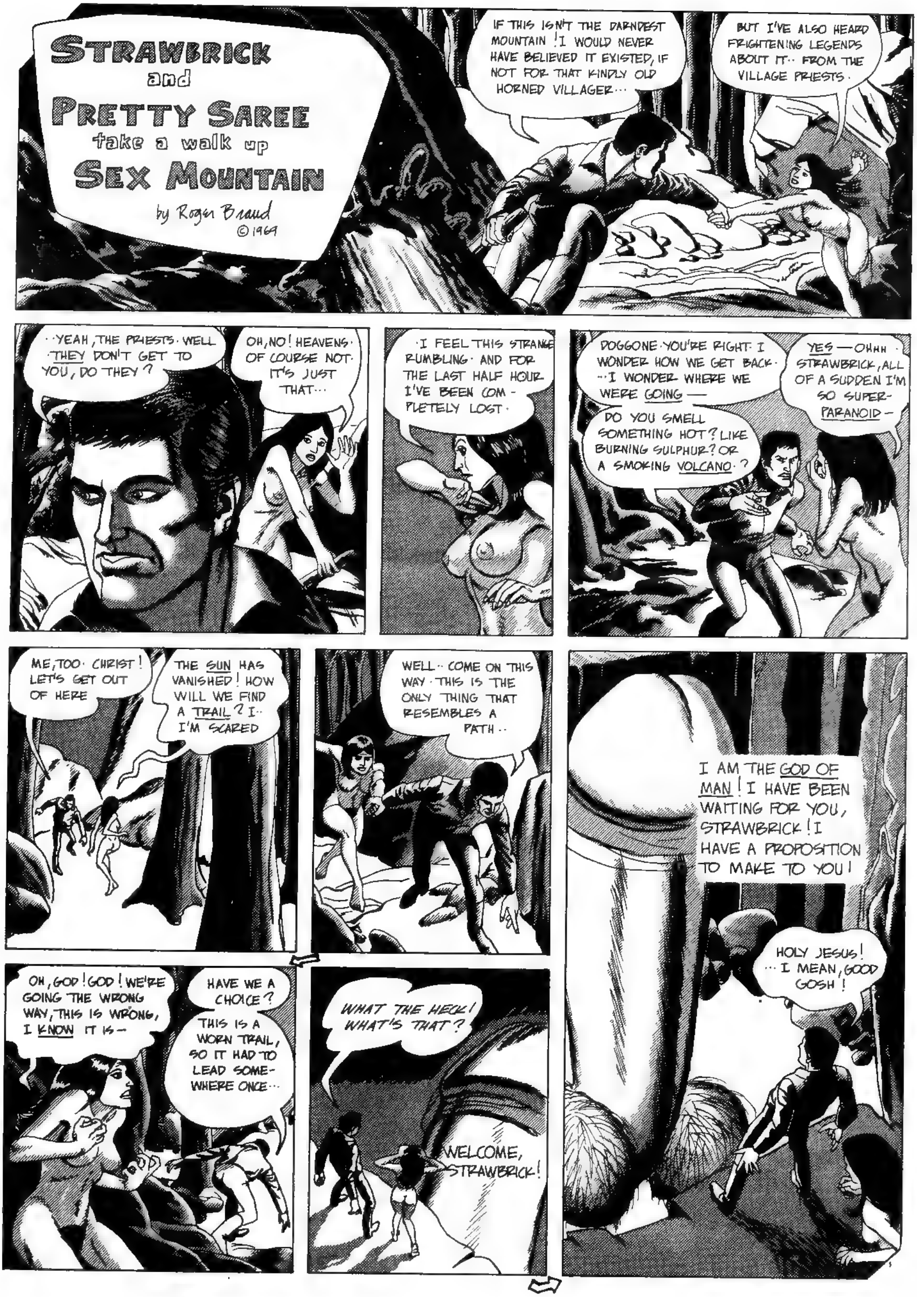
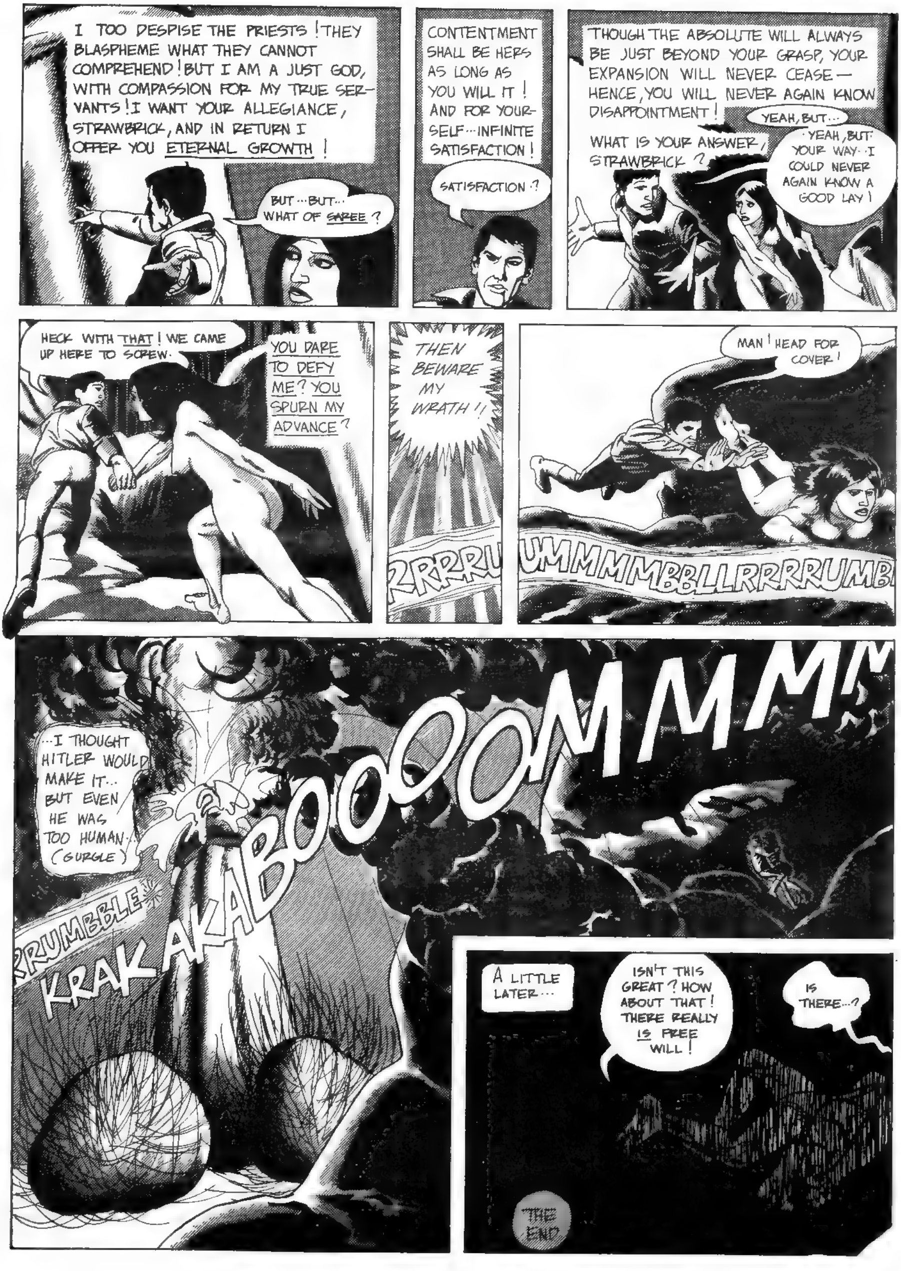

HE TOOK TO WANDERING THE FOREST, BUT THE RESULTING CONFUSION FRUSTRATED HIM SO THAT HE SOON TURNED HIS BACK ON COMMUNING WITH NATURE ···
HELLO, MY FRIEND THE ELEPHANT!
HOW GOES IT, GOOD MONGOOSE?
AND YOU, MY DEAR NOCTURNAL FRUIT BAT ··· GOOD LUCK TO YOU AND YOURS!
HE GREW MORE AND MORE TERRIFIED AND BEWILDERED ··· AND THEN THE DAY CAME WHEN HE NOTICED HE COULDN'T SEE ALL OF HIMSELF ·
··· I'M LOSING WEIGHT!
THIS WAS TOO MUCH! HE HAD TO GET HELP. BUT WHERE?
MADAME LAZONGA
HELP GIVEN WHEN NEEDED
INQUIRE WITHIN
MADAME LAZONGA! I NEED YOUR HELP!
YOU SAID IT ·
VAMOOSE, DAUGHTER!
··· OH! MADAME LAZONGA! I NEED YOUR—
SIT ·
SO STRAWBRICK POURED OUT THE STORY OF HIS LIFE ··· AS BEST HE COULD RECALL IT ··· WHILE MADAME LAZONGA SIMPLY STARED AT HIM THROUGH HER CRYSTAL BALL ···
··· AND WHEN HE HAD FINISHED, SHE FINALLY SPOKE :
ALL RIGHT, STRAWBRICK, THIS IS WHAT YOU ARE : A FOOL ···
YES, I FINALLY SEE! BUT A FOOL WITH WISDOM ···
YES, AND A BRAVE MAN ···
··· BUT YET A COWARD ···
AND A MAN OF THE GUTTER ···
··· FIT TO COMMAND KINGS ···
AN INDIVIDUAL AMONG INDIVIDUALS ···
··· INDISTINGUISHABLE FROM ALL THE OTHERS ···
··· A FOLLOWER ···
··· A LEADER ···
··· A CREATOR ···
··· A DESTROYER ···
··· A WOMAN ···
··· A MAN ···
··· WEAK ···
··· GOOD ···
··· IN SHORT ···
··· STRONG ···
··· EVIL ···
··· IN SHORT ···
I'M JUST LIKE EVERYONE ELSE!
BUT CALMLY, MY FRIEND ··· IS SO OBVIOUS A DISCOVERY REALLY SUCH A REVELATION?


JESUS CHRIST, MISS LAZONGA! HOW CAN I EVER REPAY YOU?
WELL... HOW DO YOU THINK?
AND FINALLY!
MISS LAZONGA... I'M SURE BEHOLDEN T'YEW! THAT WAS THE NICEST LAY I EVER HAD, AND NOW MY PROBLEMS ARE SOLVED...
NO, THEY'RE NOT.
...AND NOW I CAN JUST LIE BACK AND —
NO, YOU CAN'T.
...HM? WHY NOT?
HEY! I'M VANISHING AGAIN!
I KNOW.
...BUT WHY?
NOT NOW, WHEN I'M JUST NOW LEARNING...
THERE'S TOO MUCH TO STAY HERE FOR!
TELL ME WHY?
I CAN'T. THERE'S NOTHING TO TELL.
...NOTHING TO TELL? ...TELL ME WHAT'S HAPPENING?
WHAT CAN I TELL YOU? YOU CAME TO ALL THE REALIZATIONS AN HOUR AGO.
...ALL BUT TWO... ONE IS, IF I WAS APART FROM PEOPLE BEFORE, WHY AM I STILL GROWING APART FROM YOU... NOW THAT I UNDERSTAND ALL THAT TORTURED ME BEFORE?
BECAUSE YOU ACCOMPLISHED YOUR UNDERSTANDING BY MY EFFORTS, NOT YOUR OWN ...AND YOU DIDN'T SHARE YOUR REVELATIONS WITH ME. YOU REMAINED ALONE.
...BUT I DIDN'T WANT TO REMAIN ALONE!
...IT'S TOO LATE FOR THAT!
...THEN ANSWER A FINAL QUESTION... WHY ...WHY WAS I ALWAYS DIFFERENT...?
NO ONE CAN ANSWER THAT QUESTION, BUT FOR THEMSELVES. TO KNOW THE ANSWER IS TO EXIST WITHOUT THE TORTURE... IF YOU KNEW, YOU WOULDN'T BE VANISHING —
...WAIT... YOU MEAN EVERYONE MUST ANSWER THE SAME QUESTION...?
EVERYONE MUST TRY ...IF HE COULD ONLY HAVE KNOWN THAT IN FAILING, HE WAS JUST LIKE ALL THE OTHERS —
IT'S BEEN SO LONG... I WONDER IF I'LL EVER GET ANOTHER WHOLE ONE...?
ME
AZONGA
END

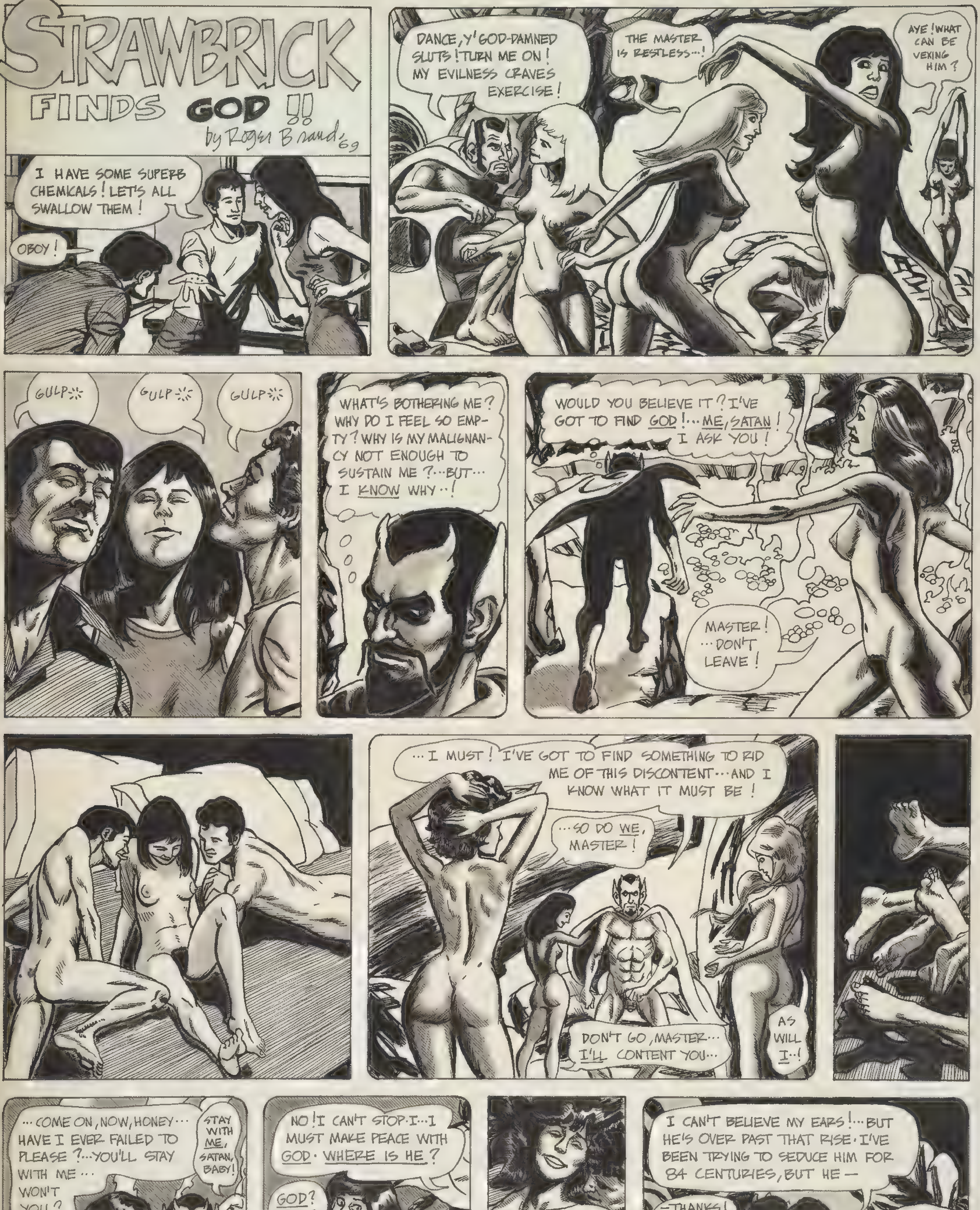
STRAWBRICK ... "SEX MOUNTAIN" ... PAGE ONE

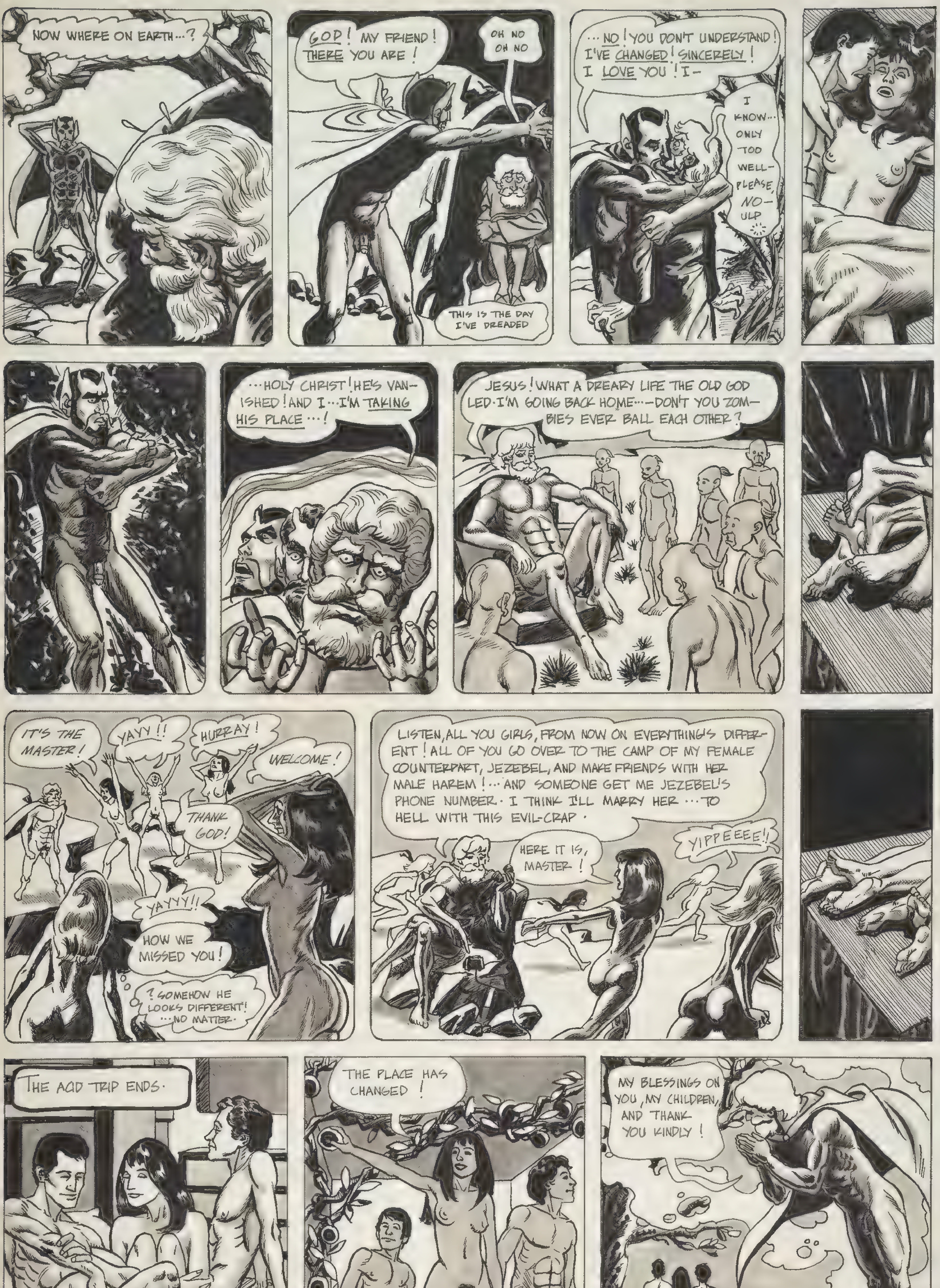

STRAWBRICK and PRETTY SAREE take a walk up SEX MOUNTAIN
by Roger Brand ©1969
IF THIS ISN'T THE DARNDEST MOUNTAIN! I WOULD NEVER HAVE BELIEVED IT EXISTED, IF NOT FOR THAT KINDLY OLD HORNED VILLAGER...
BUT I'VE ALSO HEARD FRIGHTENING LEGENDS ABOUT IT.. FROM THE VILLAGE PRIESTS.
..YEAH, THE PRIESTS. WELL THEY DON'T GET TO YOU, DO THEY?
OH, NO! HEAVENS. OF COURSE NOT. IT'S JUST THAT...
.I FEEL THIS STRANGE RUMBLING. AND FOR THE LAST HALF HOUR I'VE BEEN COMPLETELY LOST.
DOGGONE. YOU'RE RIGHT. I WONDER HOW WE GET BACK. ..I WONDER WHERE WE WERE GOING —
DO YOU SMELL SOMETHING HOT? LIKE BURNING SULPHUR? OR A SMOKING VOLCANO.?
YES — OHHH. STRAWBRICK, ALL OF A SUDDEN I'M SO SUPER-PARANOID —
ME, TOO. CHRIST! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE
THE SUN HAS VANISHED! HOW WILL WE FIND A TRAIL? I.. I'M SCARED
WELL.. COME ON THIS WAY. THIS IS THE ONLY THING THAT RESEMBLES A PATH..
OH, GOD! GOD! WE'RE GOING THE WRONG WAY, THIS IS WRONG, I KNOW IT IS —
HAVE WE A CHOICE? THIS IS A WORN TRAIL, SO IT HAD TO LEAD SOME-WHERE ONCE...
WHAT THE HECK! WHAT'S THAT?
WELCOME, STRAWBRICK!
I AM THE GOD OF MAN! I HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU, STRAWBRICK! I HAVE A PROPOSITION TO MAKE TO YOU!
HOLY JESUS! ...I MEAN, GOOD GOSH!

STRAWBRICK ..."SEX MOUNTAIN"... PAGE TWO AND FINAL


I TOO DESPISE THE PRIESTS! THEY BLASPHEME WHAT THEY CANNOT COMPREHEND! BUT I AM A JUST GOD, WITH COMPASSION FOR MY TRUE SERVANTS! I WANT YOUR ALLEGIANCE, STRAWBRICK, AND IN RETURN I OFFER YOU ETERNAL GROWTH!
BUT...BUT... WHAT OF SAREE?
CONTENTMENT SHALL BE HERS AS LONG AS YOU WILL IT! AND FOR YOURSELF...INFINITE SATISFACTION!
SATISFACTION?
THOUGH THE ABSOLUTE WILL ALWAYS BE JUST BEYOND YOUR GRASP, YOUR EXPANSION WILL NEVER CEASE — HENCE, YOU WILL NEVER AGAIN KNOW DISAPPOINTMENT!
YEAH, BUT...
WHAT IS YOUR ANSWER, STRAWBRICK?
...YEAH, BUT: YOUR WAY...I COULD NEVER AGAIN KNOW A GOOD LAY!
HECK WITH THAT! WE CAME UP HERE TO SCREW.
YOU DARE TO DEFY ME? YOU SPURN MY ADVANCE?
THEN BEWARE MY WRATH!!
MAN! HEAD FOR COVER!
RRRRUMMMMMBBLLRRRRUMB
...I THOUGHT HITLER WOULD MAKE IT... BUT EVEN HE WAS TOO HUMAN (GURGLE)
KRAKAKABOOOOOMMMMM
RRUMBBLE
A LITTLE LATER...
ISN'T THIS GREAT? HOW ABOUT THAT! THERE REALLY IS FREE WILL!
IS THERE...?
THE END

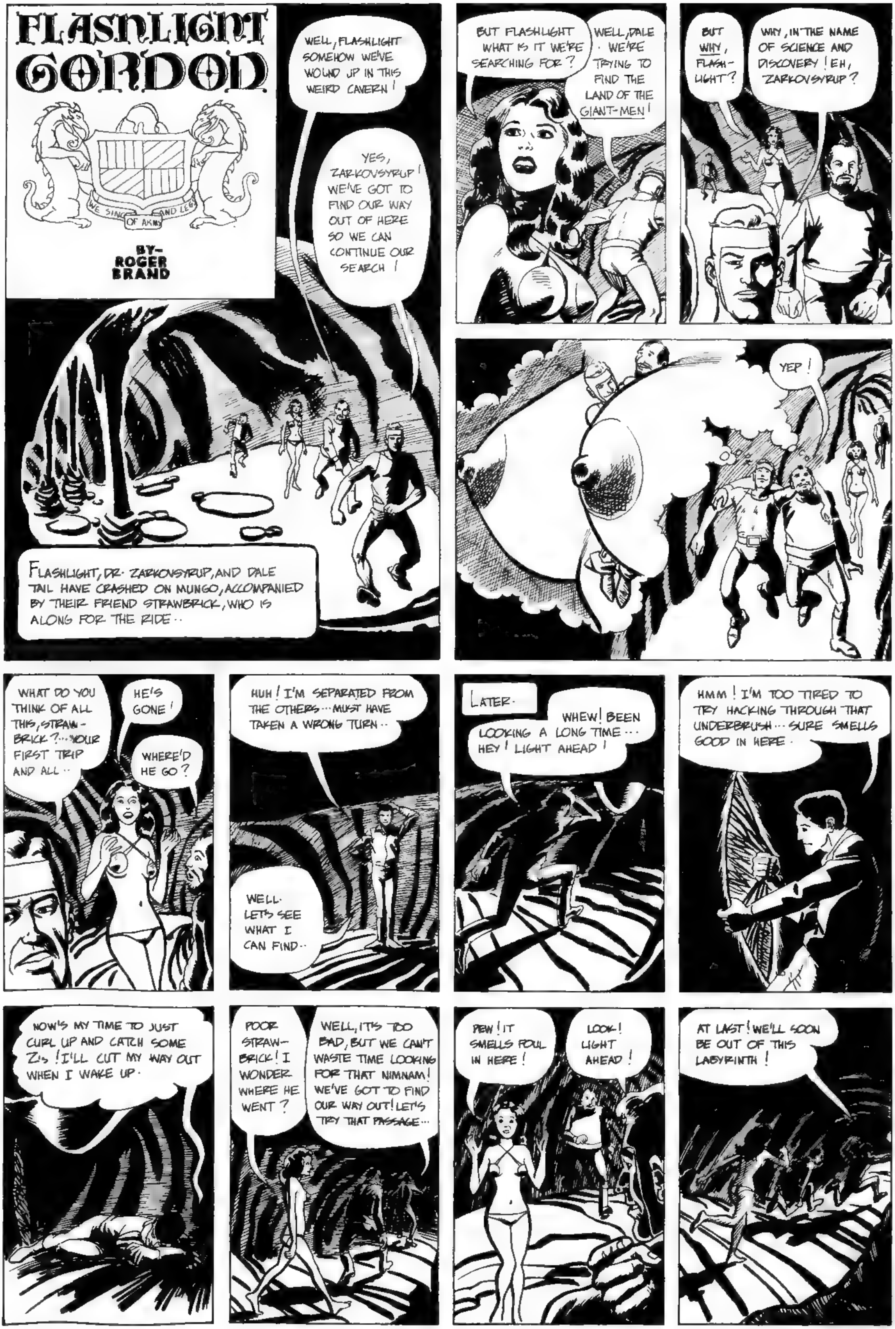
" STRAWBRICK FINDS GOD !" / PAGE ONE


STRAWBRICK
FINDS GOD !!
by Roger Brand '69
I HAVE SOME SUPERB CHEMICALS! LET'S ALL SWALLOW THEM!
OBOY!
DANCE, Y' GOD-DAMNED SLUTS! TURN ME ON! MY EVILNESS CRAVES EXERCISE!
THE MASTER IS RESTLESS...!
AYE! WHAT CAN BE VEXING HIM?
GULP
GULP
GULP
WHAT'S BOTHERING ME? WHY DO I FEEL SO EMPTY? WHY IS MY MALIGNANCY NOT ENOUGH TO SUSTAIN ME?...BUT... I KNOW WHY...!
WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT? I'VE GOT TO FIND GOD!...ME, SATAN! I ASK YOU!
MASTER! ...DON'T LEAVE!
...I MUST! I'VE GOT TO FIND SOMETHING TO RID ME OF THIS DISCONTENT...AND I KNOW WHAT IT MUST BE!
...SO DO WE, MASTER!
DON'T GO, MASTER... I'LL CONTENT YOU...
AS WILL I...!
...COME ON, NOW, HONEY... HAVE I EVER FAILED TO PLEASE?...YOU'LL STAY WITH ME... WON'T YOU?
STAY WITH ME, SATAN, BABY!
NO! I CAN'T STOP. I...I MUST MAKE PEACE WITH GOD. WHERE IS HE?
GOD? YOU?
I CAN'T BELIEVE MY EARS!...BUT HE'S OVER PAST THAT RISE. I'VE BEEN TRYING TO SEDUCE HIM FOR 84 CENTURIES, BUT HE—
—THANKS! I'LL FIND HIM.

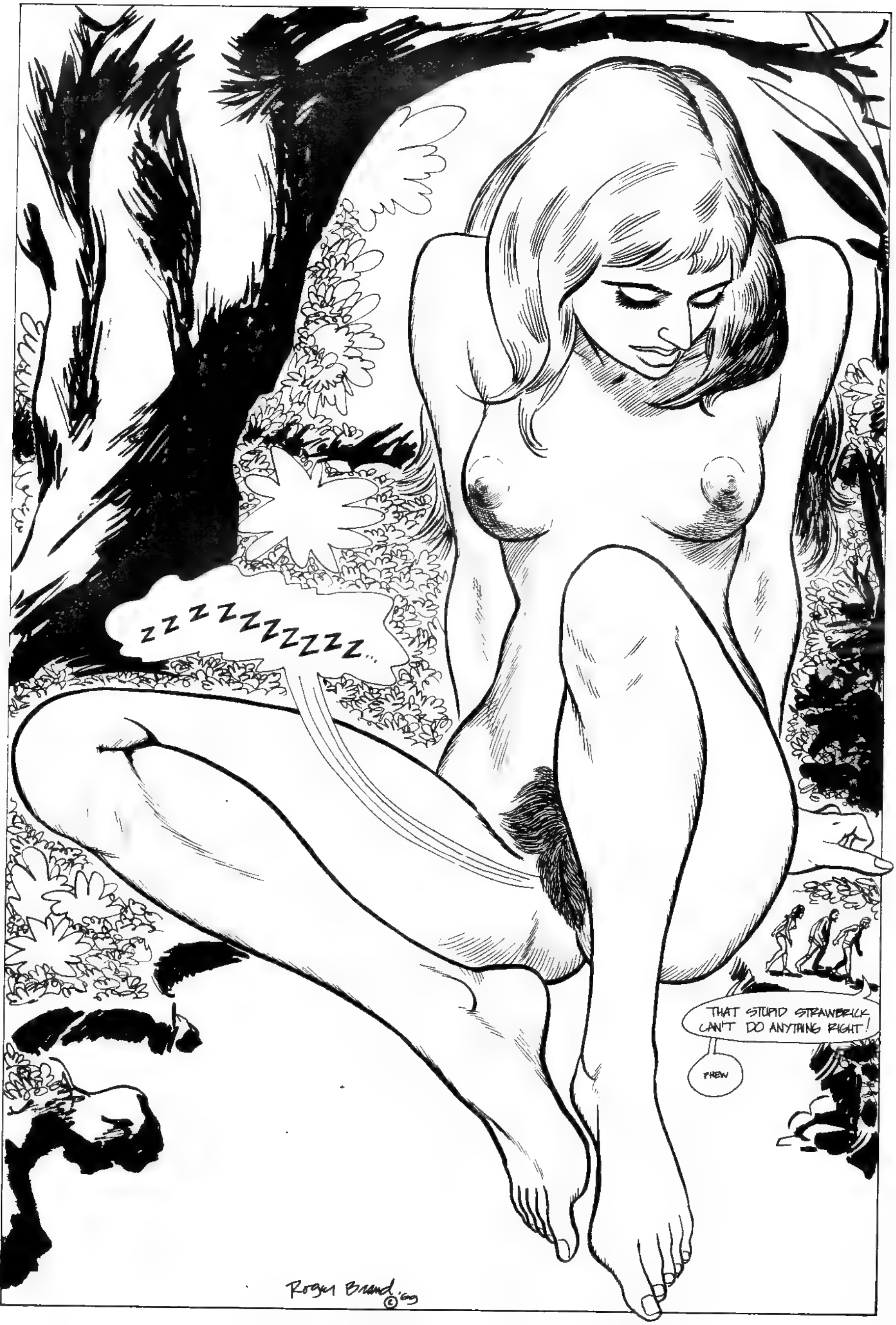

NOW WHERE ON EARTH...?
GOD! MY FRIEND! THERE YOU ARE!
OH NO OH NO
THIS IS THE DAY I'VE DREADED
...NO! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! I'VE CHANGED! SINCERELY! I LOVE YOU! I-
I KNOW... ONLY TOO WELL- PLEASE, NO- ULP
...HOLY CHRIST! HE'S VANISHED! AND I...I'M TAKING HIS PLACE...!
JESUS! WHAT A DREARY LIFE THE OLD GOD LED. I'M GOING BACK HOME...-DON'T YOU ZOMBIES EVER BALL EACH OTHER?
IT'S THE MASTER!
YAYY!!
HURRAY!
WELCOME!
THANK GOD!
YAYYY!!
HOW WE MISSED YOU!
? SOMEHOW HE LOOKS DIFFERENT! ...NO MATTER.
LISTEN, ALL YOU GIRLS, FROM NOW ON EVERYTHING'S DIFFERENT! ALL OF YOU GO OVER TO THE CAMP OF MY FEMALE COUNTERPART, JEZEBEL, AND MAKE FRIENDS WITH HER MALE HAREM! ...AND SOMEONE GET ME JEZEBEL'S PHONE NUMBER. I THINK I'LL MARRY HER ... TO HELL WITH THIS EVIL-CRAP.
HERE IT IS, MASTER!
YIPPEEEE!!
THE ACID TRIP ENDS.
THE PLACE HAS CHANGED!
MY BLESSINGS ON YOU, MY CHILDREN, AND THANK YOU KINDLY!
THE END

FLASHLIGHT GORDON

BY—
ROGER BRAND


WE SING
AND LEG
OF ARMS
WELL, FLASHLIGHT SOMEHOW WE'VE WOUND UP IN THIS WEIRD CAVERN!
YES, ZARKOVSYRUP! WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUR WAY OUT OF HERE SO WE CAN CONTINUE OUR SEARCH!
FLASHLIGHT, DR. ZARKOVSYRUP, AND DALE TAIL HAVE CRASHED ON MUNGO, ACCOMPANIED BY THEIR FRIEND STRAWBRICK, WHO IS ALONG FOR THE RIDE..
BUT FLASHLIGHT WHAT IS IT WE'RE SEARCHING FOR?
WELL, DALE · WE'RE TRYING TO FIND THE LAND OF THE GIANT-MEN!
BUT WHY, FLASH-LIGHT?
WHY, IN THE NAME OF SCIENCE AND DISCOVERY! EH, ZARKOVSYRUP?
YEP!
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF ALL THIS, STRAW-BRICK?... YOUR FIRST TRIP AND ALL..
HE'S GONE!
WHERE'D HE GO?
HUH! I'M SEPARATED FROM THE OTHERS... MUST HAVE TAKEN A WRONG TURN..
WELL. LET'S SEE WHAT I CAN FIND..
LATER.
WHEW! BEEN LOOKING A LONG TIME... HEY! LIGHT AHEAD!
HMM! I'M TOO TIRED TO TRY HACKING THROUGH THAT UNDERBRUSH... SURE SMELLS GOOD IN HERE.
NOW'S MY TIME TO JUST CURL UP AND CATCH SOME Z'S! I'LL CUT MY WAY OUT WHEN I WAKE UP.
POOR STRAW-BRICK! I WONDER WHERE HE WENT?
WELL, IT'S TOO BAD, BUT WE CAN'T WASTE TIME LOOKING FOR THAT NIMNAM! WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUR WAY OUT! LET'S TRY THAT PASSAGE...
PEW! IT SMELLS FOUL IN HERE!
LOOK! LIGHT AHEAD!
AT LAST! WE'LL SOON BE OUT OF THIS LABYRINTH!

MORE

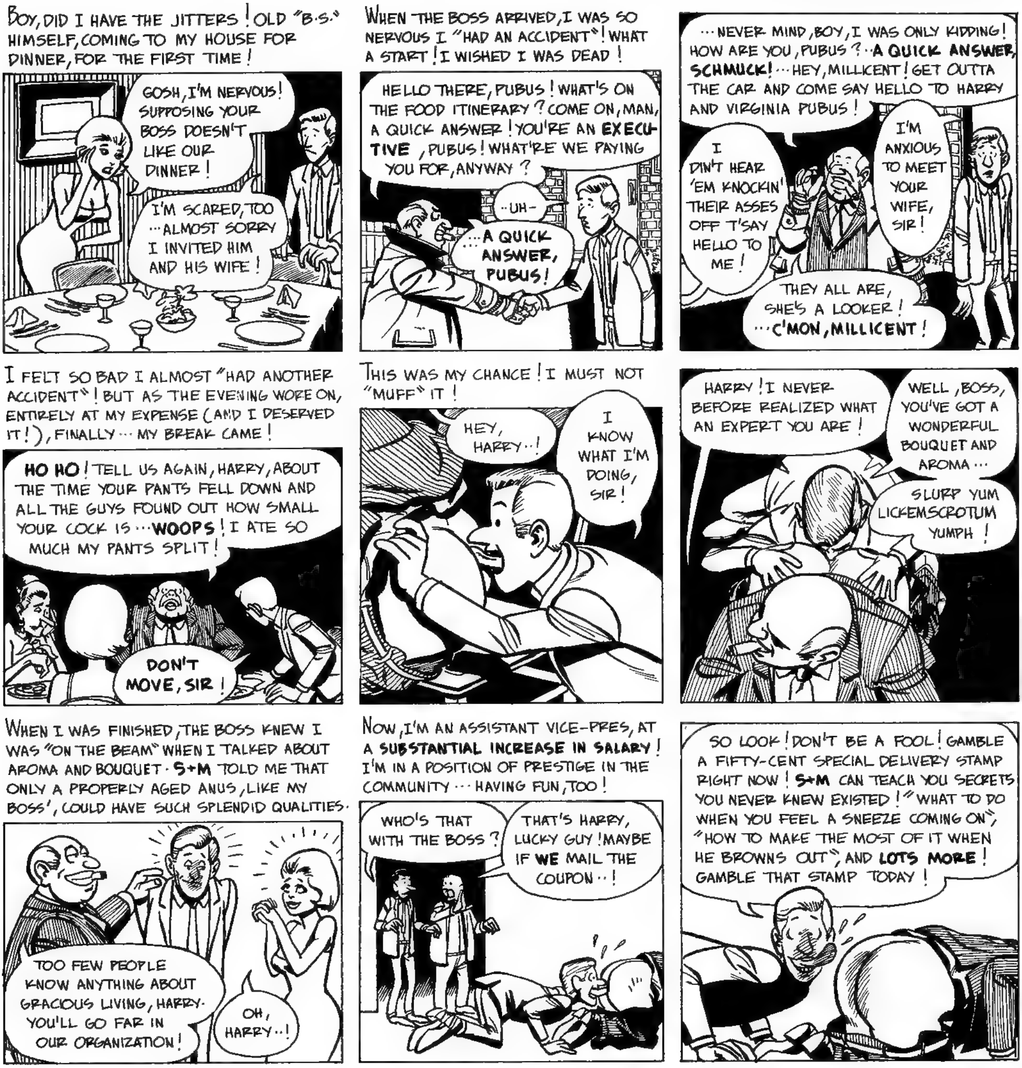

ZZZZZZZZZZ...
THAT STUPID STRAWBRICK CAN'T DO ANYTHING RIGHT!
PHEW
Roger Brand ©'69

AS A RISING YOUNG IBM EXECUTIVE "ON-THE-GO", I WAS A "WASHOUT"!... UNTIL S+M TAUGHT ME HOW TO

LICK THE BOSS'S ASS!

A true story from **S+M**'s files, from HARRY PUBUS of Manhattan!

© Roger Brand, S+M archivist, 1969


BOY, DID I HAVE THE JITTERS! OLD "B.S." HIMSELF, COMING TO MY HOUSE FOR DINNER, FOR THE FIRST TIME!
GOSH, I'M NERVOUS! SUPPOSING YOUR BOSS DOESN'T LIKE OUR DINNER!
I'M SCARED, TOO ... ALMOST SORRY I INVITED HIM AND HIS WIFE!
WHEN THE BOSS ARRIVED, I WAS SO NERVOUS I "HAD AN ACCIDENT"! WHAT A START! I WISHED I WAS DEAD!
HELLO THERE, PUBUS! WHAT'S ON THE FOOD ITINERARY? COME ON, MAN, A QUICK ANSWER! YOU'RE AN EXECUTIVE, PUBUS! WHAT'RE WE PAYING YOU FOR, ANYWAY?
... UH-
... A QUICK ANSWER, PUBUS!
... NEVER MIND, BOY, I WAS ONLY KIDDING! HOW ARE YOU, PUBUS? .. A QUICK ANSWER, SCHMUCK! ... HEY, MILLICENT! GET OUTTA THE CAR AND COME SAY HELLO TO HARRY AND VIRGINIA PUBUS!
I DIN'T HEAR 'EM KNOCKIN' THEIR ASSES OFF T'SAY HELLO TO ME!
I'M ANXIOUS TO MEET YOUR WIFE, SIR!
THEY ALL ARE, SHE'S A LOOKER! ... C'MON, MILLICENT!
I FELT SO BAD I ALMOST "HAD ANOTHER ACCIDENT"! BUT AS THE EVENING WORE ON, ENTIRELY AT MY EXPENSE (AND I DESERVED IT!), FINALLY ... MY BREAK CAME!
HO HO! TELL US AGAIN, HARRY, ABOUT THE TIME YOUR PANTS FELL DOWN AND ALL THE GUYS FOUND OUT HOW SMALL YOUR COCK IS ... WOOPS! I ATE SO MUCH MY PANTS SPLIT!
DON'T MOVE, SIR!
THIS WAS MY CHANCE! I MUST NOT "MUFF" IT!
HEY, HARRY..!
I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING, SIR!
HARRY! I NEVER BEFORE REALIZED WHAT AN EXPERT YOU ARE!
WELL, BOSS, YOU'VE GOT A WONDERFUL BOUQUET AND AROMA ...
SLURP YUM LICKEMSCROTUM YUMPH!
WHEN I WAS FINISHED, THE BOSS KNEW I WAS "ON THE BEAM" WHEN I TALKED ABOUT AROMA AND BOUQUET. S+M TOLD ME THAT ONLY A PROPERLY AGED ANUS, LIKE MY BOSS', COULD HAVE SUCH SPLENDID QUALITIES.
TOO FEW PEOPLE KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT GRACIOUS LIVING, HARRY. YOU'LL GO FAR IN OUR ORGANIZATION!
OH, HARRY..!
NOW, I'M AN ASSISTANT VICE-PRES, AT A SUBSTANTIAL INCREASE IN SALARY! I'M IN A POSITION OF PRESTIGE IN THE COMMUNITY ... HAVING FUN, TOO!
WHO'S THAT WITH THE BOSS?
THAT'S HARRY, LUCKY GUY! MAYBE IF WE MAIL THE COUPON..!
SO LOOK! DON'T BE A FOOL! GAMBLE A FIFTY-CENT SPECIAL DELIVERY STAMP RIGHT NOW! S+M CAN TEACH YOU SECRETS YOU NEVER KNEW EXISTED! "WHAT TO DO WHEN YOU FEEL A SNEEZE COMING ON", "HOW TO MAKE THE MOST OF IT WHEN HE BROWNS OUT", AND LOTS MORE! GAMBLE THAT STAMP TODAY!

YES! MY TONGUE'S A-ITCHIN' ... I WANT TO CASH **FAT JUICY CHECKS** AND BE A **BIG BREADWINNER** IN THE "SUCTION" GAME! SEND ME YOUR **FREE SAMPLE KIT**! ... I'M A-DROOLIN'!

NAME (OR OTHER HUMILIATING DESIGNATION) ____________

PLACE WHERE YOU CAN BE CONTACTED (... WITHOUT OUR MESSENGER BEING SPAT ON) ____________

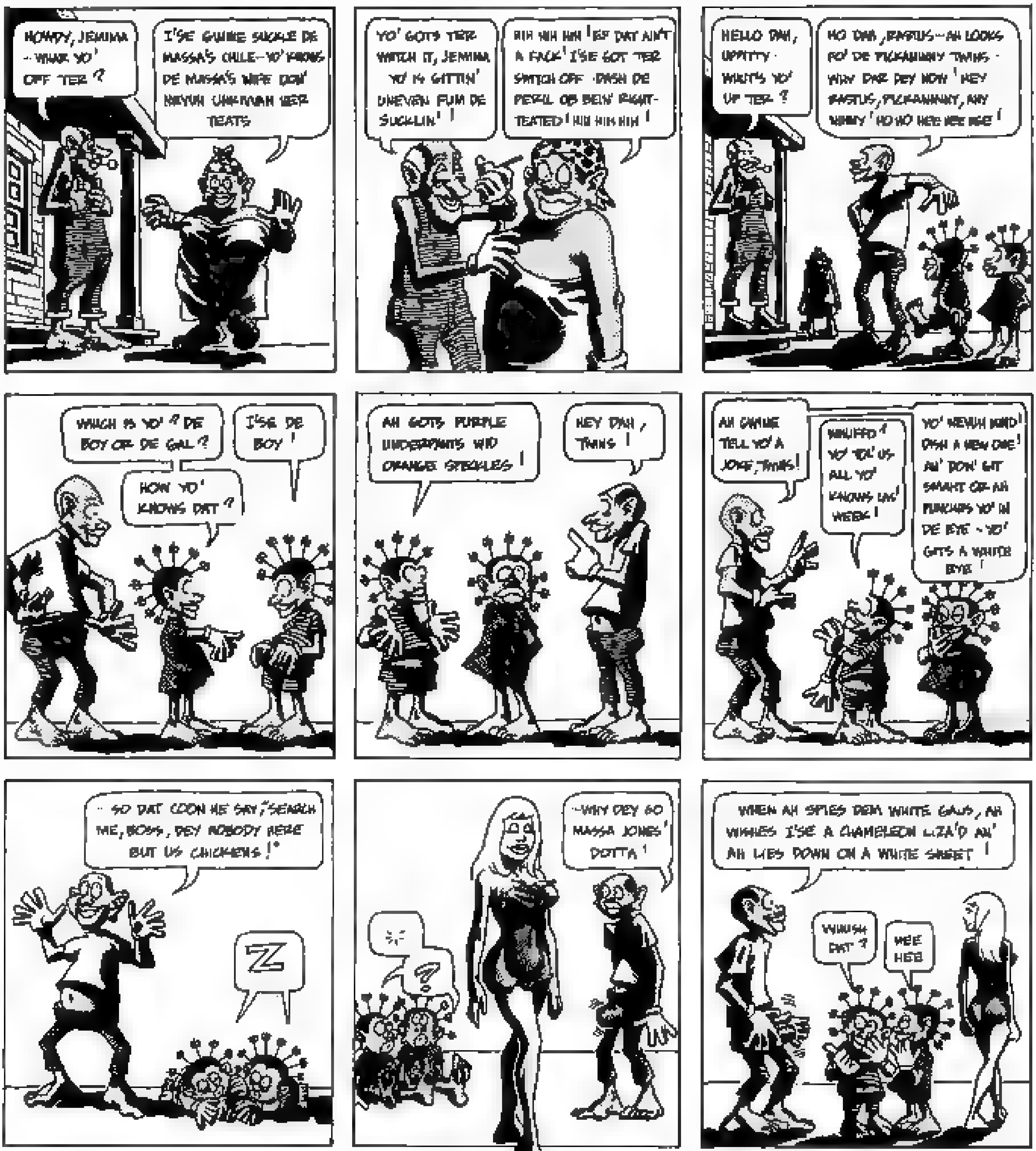
DO WE SOUND CONTEMPTUOUS? ... NO SUCH THING! WE AIN'T FORGETTING ... **YOU'RE PATRIOTIC!**

ETHNIC REPRINT FUNNIES PRESENTS A RARE OLD "GOOD-TIMES" CLASSIC!

THE JOLLY JIGABOOS !!

by "REB" LYNCH,

FROM THE ARCHIVES OF R. BRAND



HOWDY, JEMIMA -- WHAR YO' OFF TER?
I'SE GWINE SUCKLE DE MASSA'S CHILE--YO' KNOWS DE MASSA'S WIFE DON' NEVUH UNWRAP HER TEATS
YO' GOTS TER WATCH IT, JEMIMA YO' IS GITTIN' UNEVEN FUM DE SUCKLIN'!
HIH HIH HIH! EF DAT AIN'T A FACK! I'SE GOT TER SWITCH OFF--DASH DE PERIL OB BEIN' RIGHT-TEATED! HIH HIH HIH!
HELLO DAH, UPPITTY. WHAT'S YO' UP TER?
HO DAH, RASTUS--AH LOOKS FO' DE PICKANINNY TWINS. WHY DAR DEY NOW! HEY RASTUS, PICKANINNY, AN' MAMMY! HO HO HEE HEE HEE!
WHICH IS YO'? DE BOY OR DE GAL?
I'SE DE BOY!
HOW YO' KNOWS DAT?
AH GOTS PURPLE UNDERPANTS WID ORANGE SPECKLES!
HEY DAH, TWINS!
AH GWINE TELL YO' A JOKE, TWINS!
WHUFFO? YO' TOL' US ALL YO' KNOWS LAS' WEEK!
YO' NEVUH MIND! DAH A NEW ONE! AN' DON' GIT SMART OR AH PUNCHES YO' IN DE EYE -- YO' GITS A WHITE EYE!
-- SO DAT COON HE SAY, "SEARCH ME, BOSS, DEY NOBODY HERE BUT US CHICKENS!"
Z
?
--WHY DEY GO MASSA JONES' DOTTA!
WHEN AH SPIES DEM WHITE GALS, AH WISHES I'SE A CHAMELEON LIZA'D AN' AH LIES DOWN ON A WHITE SHEET!
WHUSH DAT?
HEE HEE

AND NOW A WORD ABOUT THE CARTOONIST !!

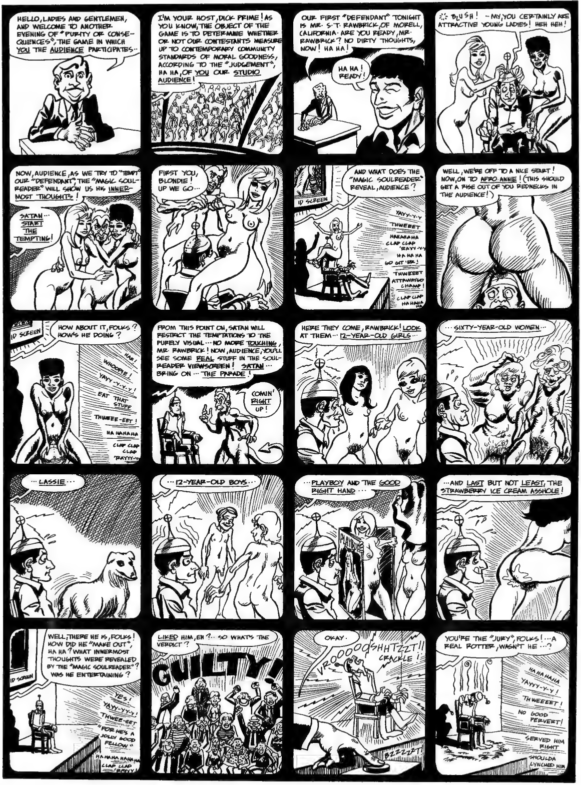
Photo taken in 1928

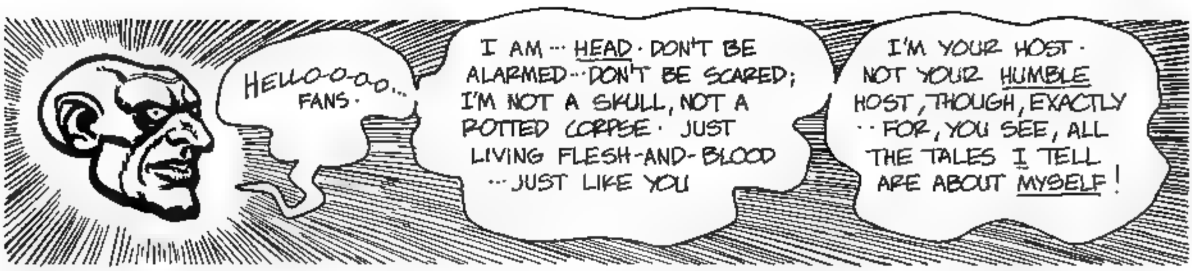
GENIAL "REB" LYNCH WAS BORN IN MONTGOMERY COUNTY, ALABAMA, IN 1887. THIS OCTOGENARIAN FROM DIXIE HAS THIS TO SAY ABOUT HIS CARTOON MASTERPIECE FROM YESTERYEAR. "IT'S TOO BAD FREEDOM OF EXPRESSION IS AT SUCH A LOW EBB IN THE U.S. TODAY. THERE WAS NO SUCH BARRIER IN THE '20s AND '30s, WHEN I HAD SUCH A GREAT TIME WRITING AND DRAWING 'THE JOLLY JIGABOOS.' THEY WERE ALL TAKEN FROM LIFE, TOO. 'RASTUS' WAS THE FRIENDLY OLD DRUNKEN NIGGER WHO WAS NEVER TOO DRUNK TO SING US A BEAUTIFUL SONG AS WE SAT ON THE PORCH SIPPING MINT JULEPS. 'JEMIMA' WAS YOUR TYPICAL 'DOMESTIC' WHO WE ALL LOVED SO. LORDY, HOW MANY OF OUR YOUNGUNS SHE HELPED BRING INTO THE WORLD! YOU'VE ALL SEEN, EVEN TODAY, DARKIE KIDS AS YET UNSPOILED LIKE THOSE CUTE 'PICKANINNY TWINS'. AND 'UPPITTY' WAS THE YOUNG BUCK WHO WAS ALWAYS GETTING IN TROUBLE FOR WANTING TO DIDDLE A WHITE GIRL.

"YEP, THOSE WERE THE COLOREDS I GREW UP WITH AND LOVED. LOOKS LIKE THOSE DAYS ARE GONE FOREVER, WHAT WITH ALL THE TROUBLE, BUT THERE'S STILL A CHANCE IF WE TRY. THAT'S WHY I'M VOTING FOR MR. WALLACE, THE PEACE CANDIDATE, IF I HAVE THE STRENGTH TO GET TO THE POLLS. I THINK MR. WALLACE WILL STRAIGHTEN THINGS OUT AGAIN."

ONE of the LAST JUDGEMENTS

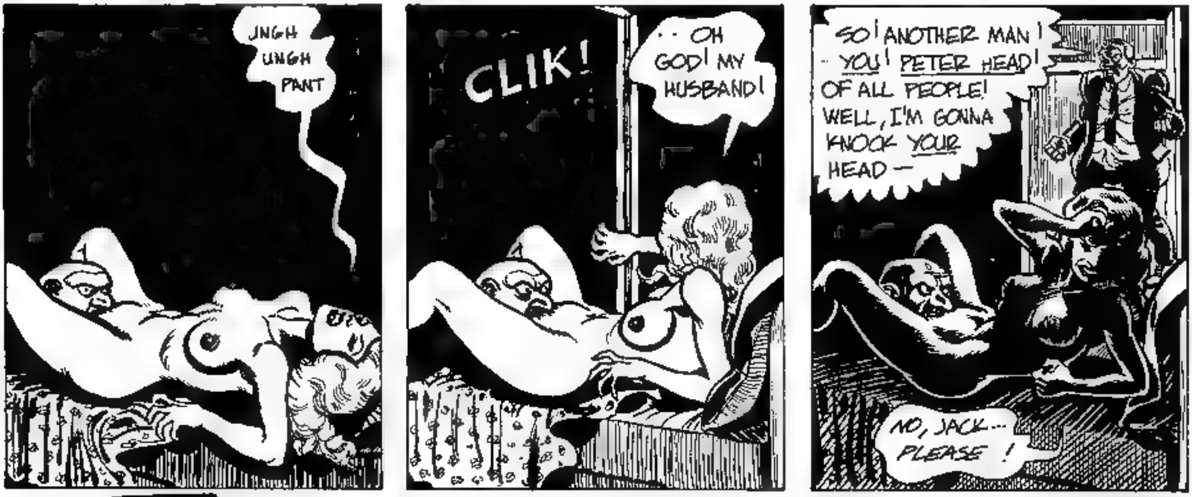
© OL' BRAND, 19-OUGHT-69


HELLO, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, AND WELCOME TO ANOTHER EVENING OF "PURITY OF CONSEQUENCES", THE GAME IN WHICH YOU THE AUDIENCE PARTICIPATES…
I'M YOUR HOST, DICK PRIME! AS YOU KNOW, THE OBJECT OF THE GAME IS TO DETERMINE WHETHER OR NOT OUR CONTESTANTS MEASURE UP TO CONTEMPORARY COMMUNITY STANDARDS OF MORAL GOODNESS, ACCORDING TO THE "JUDGEMENT", HA HA, OF YOU OUR STUDIO AUDIENCE!
OUR FIRST "DEFENDANT" TONIGHT IS MR. S. T. RAWBRICK, OF MORELL, CALIFORNIA. ARE YOU READY, MR. RAWBRICK? NO DIRTY THOUGHTS, NOW! HA HA!
HA HA! READY!
BLUSH! —MY, YOU CERTAINLY ARE ATTRACTIVE YOUNG LADIES! HEH HEH!
NOW, AUDIENCE, AS WE TRY TO "TEMPT" OUR "DEFENDANT", THE "MAGIC SOULREADER" WILL SHOW US HIS INNERMOST THOUGHTS!
SATAN… START THE TEMPTING!
FIRST YOU, BLONDIE! UP WE GO…
ID SCREEN
AND WHAT DOES THE "MAGIC SOULREADER" REVEAL, AUDIENCE?
YAYY-Y-Y
THWEEET
HAHAHAHA
CLAP CLAP
'RAYY-Y-Y
HA HA HA
GO GIT 'ER!
THWEEET
ATTAWAYGO CHAMP!
CLAP CLAP
HA HAHA HA
WELL, WE'RE OFF TO A NICE START! NOW, ON TO AFRO-ANNIE! (THIS SHOULD GET A RISE OUT OF YOU REDNECKS IN THE AUDIENCE!)
ID SCREEN
HOW ABOUT IT, FOLKS? HOW'S HE DOING?
HAR!
WHOOPIE!
YAYY-Y-Y-Y!
EAT THAT STUFF
THWEEE-EET!
HA HAHAHA
CLAP CLAP CLAP
'RAYYY-Y
FROM THIS POINT ON, SATAN WILL RESTRICT THE TEMPTATIONS TO THE PURELY VISUAL… NO MORE TOUCHING, MR. RAWBRICK! NOW, AUDIENCE, YOU'LL SEE SOME REAL STUFF IN THE SOULREADER VIEWSCREEN! SATAN… BRING ON… THE PARADE!
COMIN' RIGHT UP!
HERE THEY COME, RAWBRICK! LOOK AT THEM… 12-YEAR-OLD GIRLS…
…SIXTY-YEAR-OLD WOMEN…
…LASSIE…
…12-YEAR-OLD BOYS…
…PLAYBOY AND THE GOOD RIGHT HAND…
PLAYBOY
…AND LAST BUT NOT LEAST, THE STRAWBERRY ICE CREAM ASSHOLE!
ID SCREEN
WELL, THERE HE IS, FOLKS! HOW DID HE "MAKE OUT", HA HA? WHAT INNERMOST THOUGHTS WERE REVEALED BY THE "MAGIC SOULREADER"? WAS HE ENTERTAINING?
YES!
YAYY-YY-Y!
THWEE-EET
"FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW"
HA HAHA HAHAHA
CLAP CLAP
'RAYYY!
LIKED HIM, EH?… SO WHAT'S THE VERDICT?
GUILTY!
OKAY.
VROOOOOSHHTZZT!!
CRACKLE!
BZZZZZT!
YOU'RE THE "JURY", FOLKS!… A REAL ROTTER, WASN'T HE…?
HA HA HAHA
YAYYY-Y-Y!
THWEEEET!
NO GOOD PERVERT!
SERVED HIM RIGHT
SHOULDA LYNCHED HIM


HELLO-O-O-O-O... FANS.
I AM... HEAD. DON'T BE ALARMED... DON'T BE SCARED; I'M NOT A SKULL, NOT A ROTTED CORPSE. JUST LIVING FLESH-AND-BLOOD ...JUST LIKE YOU
I'M YOUR HOST. NOT YOUR HUMBLE HOST, THOUGH, EXACTLY ...FOR, YOU SEE, ALL THE TALES I TELL ARE ABOUT MYSELF!

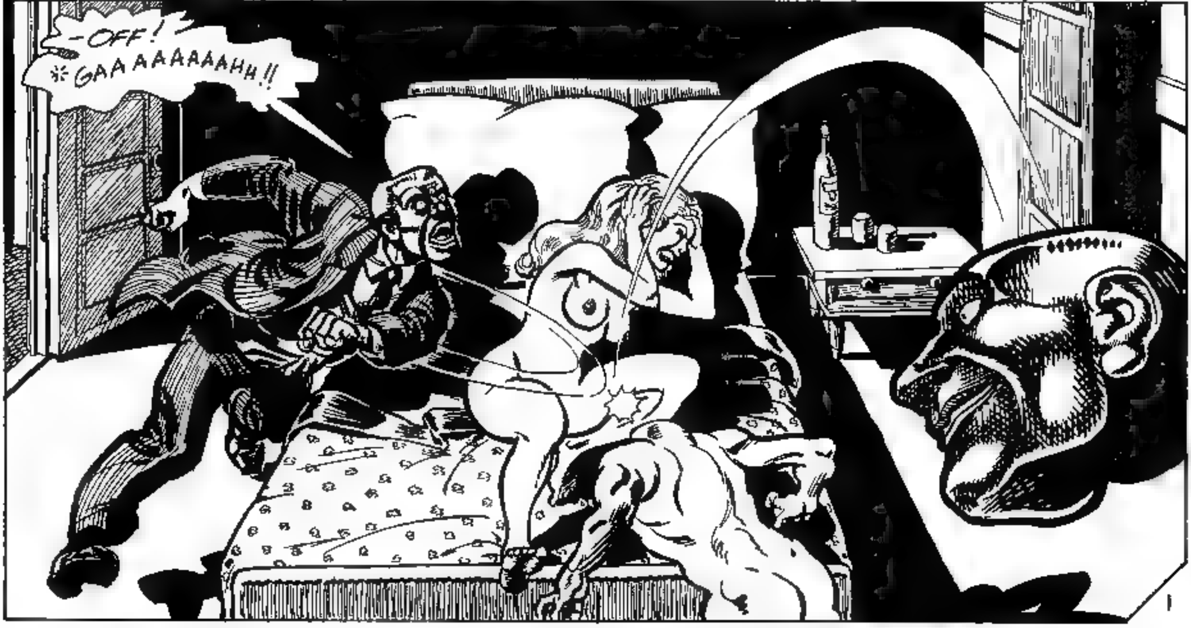
LET ME START WITH THE TIME I WAS SATISFYING MY DESIRES BY SATISFYING HERS... THE FORMER SABRINA FELDSPAR, WITH WHOM I HAD FALLEN IN LOVE AS A YOUNG LAD, AND FOR WHOM I STILL HELD A CERTAIN MEASURE OF AFFECTION... NO LONGER LOVE, THOUGH, THAT WAS AS LONG-GONE AS MY YOUTH.

ANYWAY, THERE WE WERE... REUNITED, SO TO SPEAK, AFTER 20 YEARS WHEN IN WALKED HER IDIOT HUSBAND, POLICE CAPTAIN JACK DRUMM

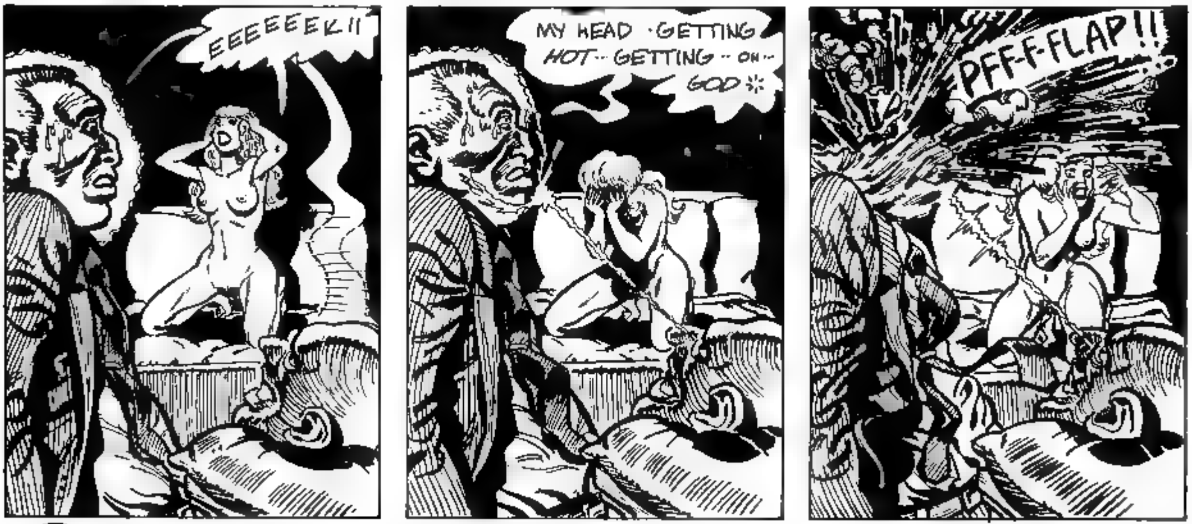

UNGH UNGH PANT
CLIK!
...OH GOD! MY HUSBAND!
SO! ANOTHER MAN! ...YOU! PETER HEAD! OF ALL PEOPLE! WELL, I'M GONNA KNOCK YOUR HEAD—
NO, JACK... PLEASE!

THE FLOATING HEAD

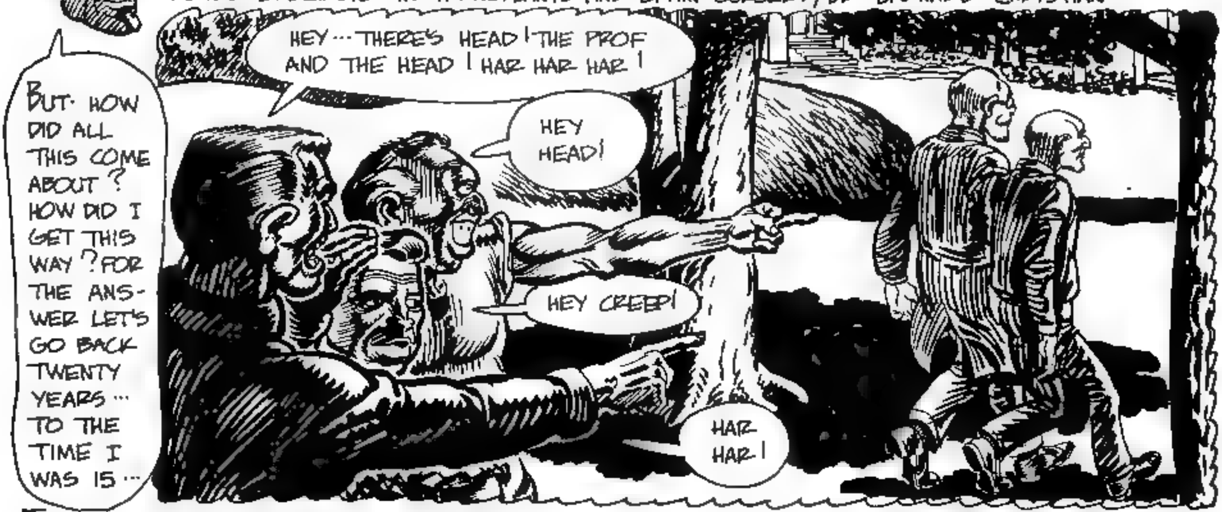
by Roger Brand


—OFF! *GAAAAAAAAHH!!

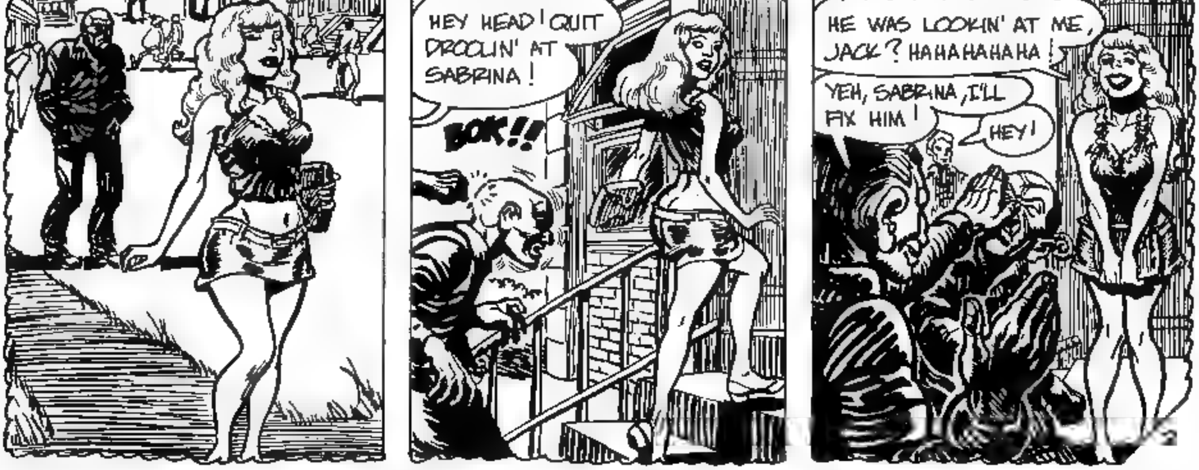
I CHANGED FLIGHT EFFORTLESSLY AND ALIGHTED ON A NEARBY PILLOW. SABRINA SCREAMED TOO... AND WHO COULD BLAME HER? FOR IN THE NEXT INSTANT—


EEEEEEK!!
MY HEAD. GETTING *HOT*.. GETTING.. OH.. GOD!
PFF-F-FLAP!!

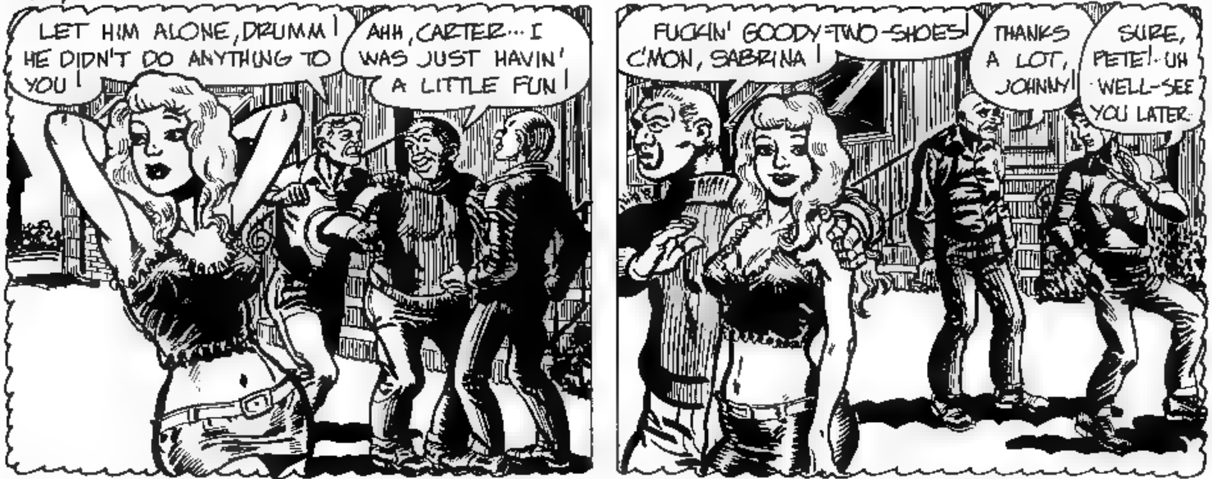
AT CENTRAL HIGH I WAS A BRILLIANT STUDENT. A PRODIGY. I LIVED ONLY FOR KNOWLEDGE. MY CLASSMATES SCORNED ME. MY ONLY REAL FRIEND WAS MY SCIENCE PROFESSOR, THE NOTED SPECIALIST IN TRANSPLANTS AND BRAIN SURGERY, DR. BARNARD CHRISTIAN.


BUT. HOW DID ALL THIS COME ABOUT? HOW DID I GET THIS WAY? FOR THE ANSWER LET'S GO BACK TWENTY YEARS... TO THE TIME I WAS 15...
HEY... THERE'S HEAD! THE PROF AND THE HEAD! HAR HAR HAR!
HEY HEAD!
HEY CREEP!
HAR HAR!

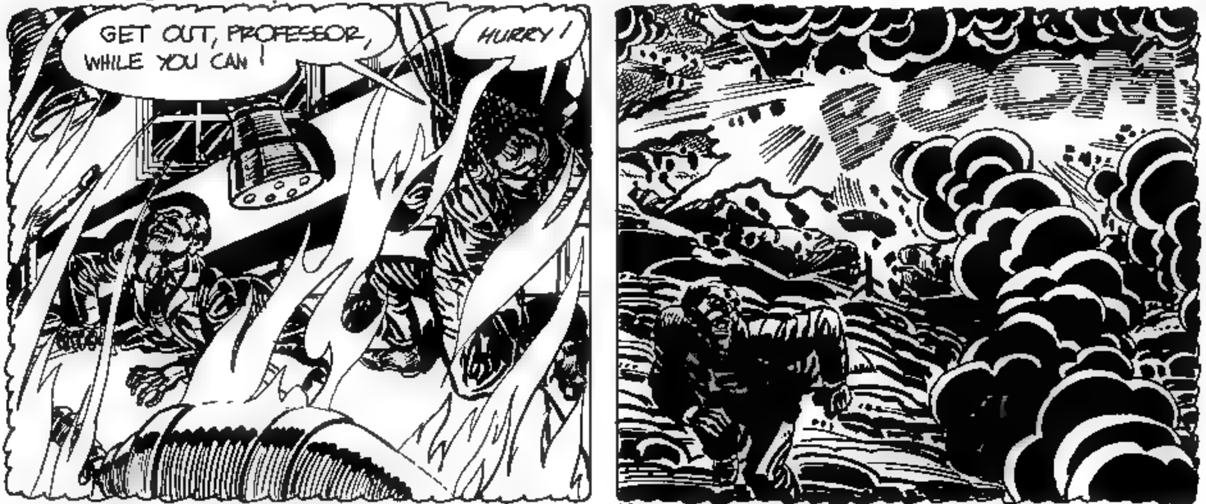
THEIR RIDICULE WAS A CONSTANT ANNOYANCE, BUT I DIDN'T MISS THEIR FRIENDSHIP... THEY WERE MORONS, INSECTS. BESIDES THE PROFESSOR, I CARED FOR NO ONE. EXCEPT SABRINA FELDSPAR. SHE WAS ONLY 13, BUT A PRODIGY HERSELF, IN HER OWN WAY... AND BY THE CRUELEST TWIST OF FATE, SHE WAS THE GIRLFRIEND OF JACK DRUMM, THE FOOTBALL CAPTAIN... MY WORST TORMENTOR.


HEY HEAD! QUIT DROOLIN' AT SABRINA!
BOK!!
HE WAS LOOKIN' AT ME, JACK? HAHAHAHAHA!
YEH, SABRINA, I'LL FIX HIM!
HEY!

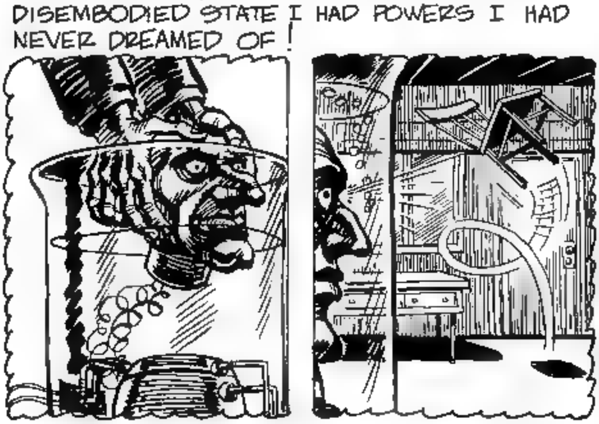
FOR SOME REASON, I HAD ONE DEFENDER: JOHNNY CARTER, THE STAR QUARTERBACK · NOT THAT WE WERE FRIENDS, REALLY; HE, LIKE THE OTHERS, THOUGHT I WAS "WEIRD", AND SHIED FROM ME BUT HIS NAÏVE SENSE OF "FAIR PLAY" WAS BENEFICIAL TO ME AT TIMES I DIDN'T FIND OUT 'TIL LATER, BUT CARTER, TOO, WAS SECRETLY IN LOVE WITH SABRINA ·


LET HIM ALONE, DRUMM! HE DIDN'T DO ANYTHING TO YOU!
AHH, CARTER... I WAS JUST HAVIN' A LITTLE FUN!
FUCKIN' GOODY-TWO-SHOES! C'MON, SABRINA!
THANKS A LOT, JOHNNY!
SURE, PETE! · UH · WELL-SEE YOU LATER.

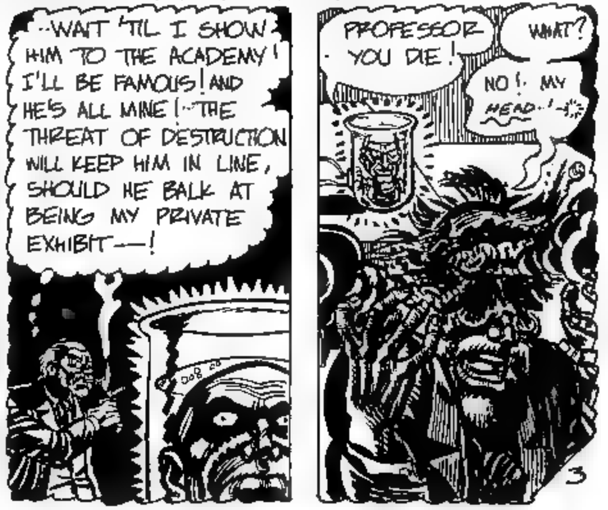
THINGS WENT ON THIS WAY FOR AWHILE, UNTIL THE NIGHT THE LAB CAUGHT FIRE · THE PROFESSOR WAS TRAPPED UNDER A FALLEN BEAM · I SAVED HIM, BUT FOUND MYSELF BLOCKED BY THE FIRE I COULDN'T GET OUT! THEN —


GET OUT, PROFESSOR, WHILE YOU CAN!
HURRY!
BOOM!

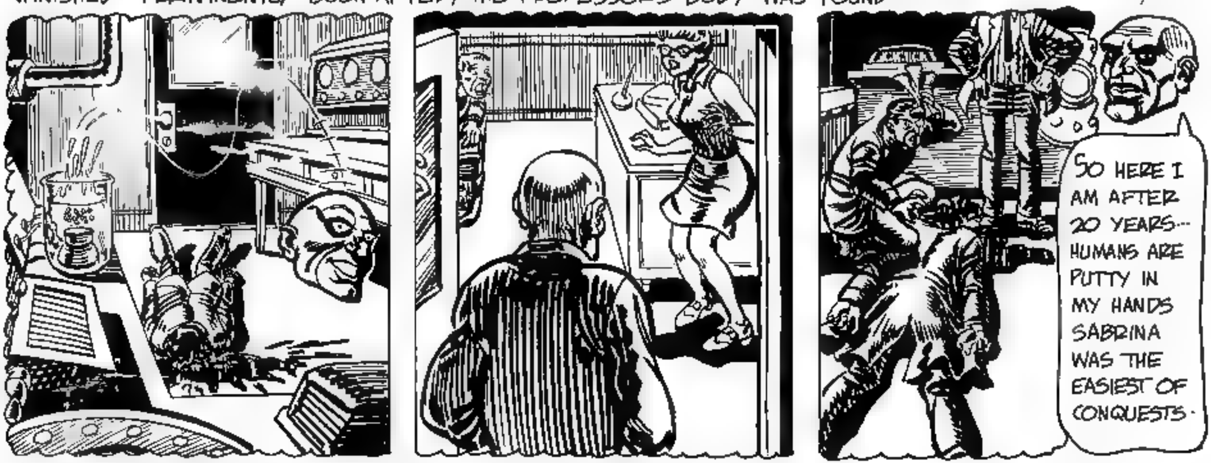
BEFORE ANYONE HAD ARRIVED, THE PROFESSOR HAD CONCEALED MY REMAINS AND, IN A REVOLUTIONARY EXPERIMENTAL OPERATION, HE MANAGED TO KEEP MY HEAD ALIVE THOUGH THE REST OF MY BODY WAS TOTALLY DESTROYED! IN THE COMING WEEKS, I DISCOVERED THAT IN MY DISEMBODIED STATE I HAD POWERS I HAD NEVER DREAMED OF!



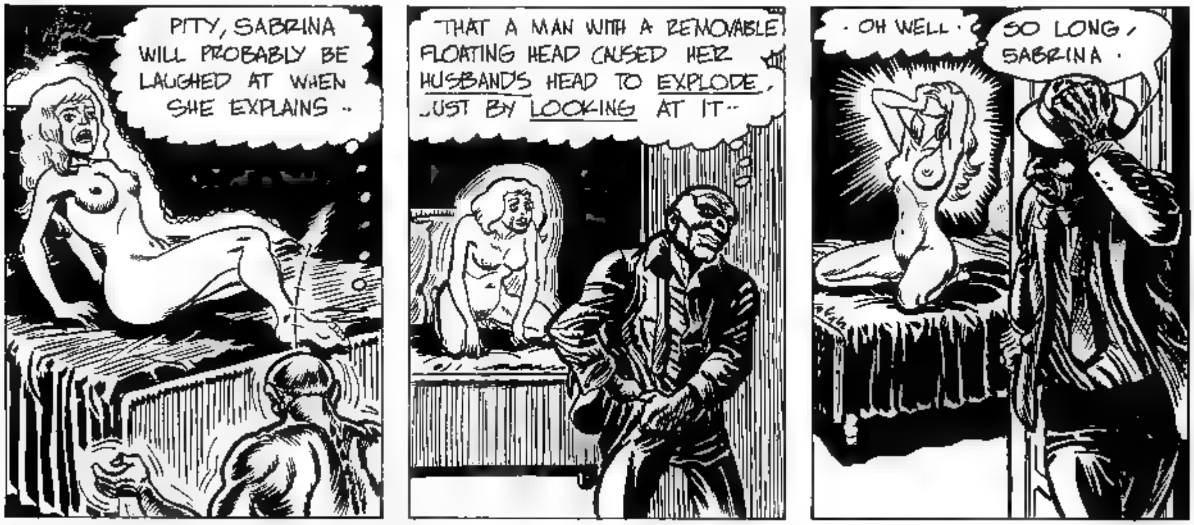
MY GRATITUDE TO THE PROFESSOR WAS BOUNDLESS·· UNTIL THE DAY I DISCOVERED YET ANOTHER ABILITY ·· TELEPATHY!


··WAIT 'TIL I SHOW HIM TO THE ACADEMY! I'LL BE FAMOUS! AND HE'S ALL MINE! ·· THE THREAT OF DESTRUCTION WILL KEEP HIM IN LINE, SHOULD HE BALK AT BEING MY PRIVATE EXHIBIT——!
PROFESSOR · YOU DIE!
WHAT?
NO! · MY HEAD ·!

I FOUND I COULD MOVE ABOUT BY LEVITATION AT FIRST I HAD TO RETURN TO THE JAR PERIODICALLY, BUT LATER LEARNED TO ABSORB FOOD FROM THE AIR ITSELF. I FASHIONED A ROBOT BODY AND APPEARED AT SCHOOL ONE DAY, AFTER BEING THOUGHT DEAD, AND EXPLAINED THAT I HAD CRAWLED FROM THE WRECKAGE IN A DAZE, WITHOUT THE PROFESSOR KNOWING, AND HAD SPENT THE TIME RECUPERATING. THEN, THE SAME DAY, I VANISHED · PERMANENTLY SOON AFTER, THE PROFESSOR'S BODY WAS FOUND

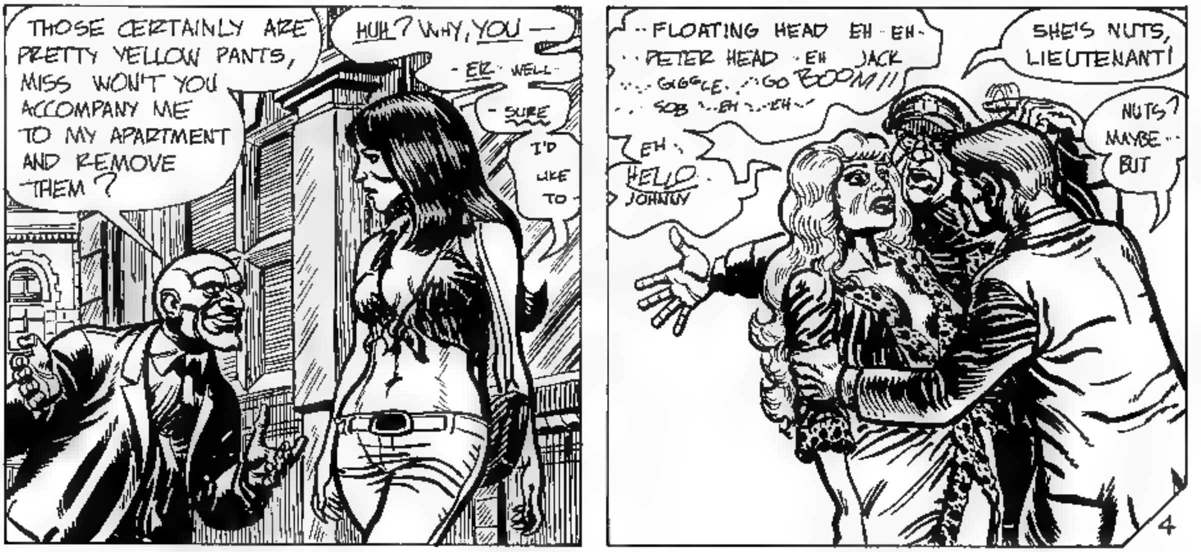

SO HERE I AM AFTER 20 YEARS... HUMANS ARE PUTTY IN MY HANDS SABRINA WAS THE EASIEST OF CONQUESTS.

NO LONGER INTERESTED IN SABRINA, I ASSUMED MY HUMAN FORM, DRESSED, AND LEFT HER, A GIBBERING WRECK

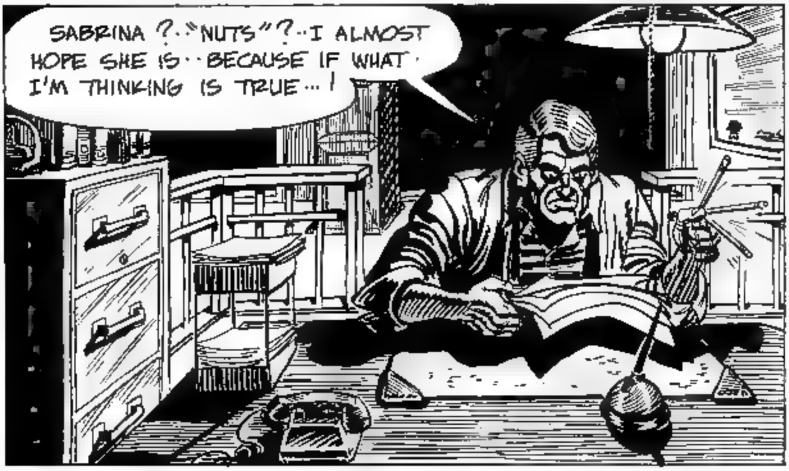

PITY, SABRINA WILL PROBABLY BE LAUGHED AT WHEN SHE EXPLAINS ..
THAT A MAN WITH A REMOVABLE FLOATING HEAD CAUSED HER HUSBAND'S HEAD TO EXPLODE, JUST BY LOOKING AT IT..
· OH WELL ·
SO LONG, SABRINA ·

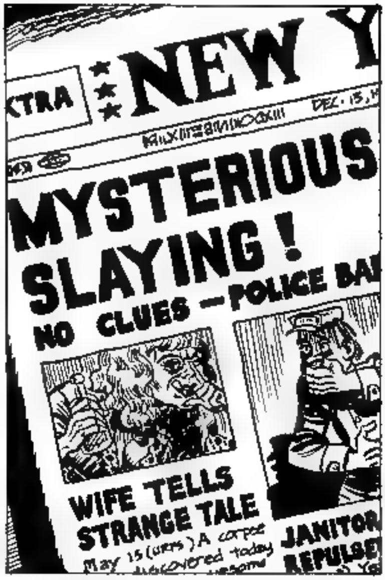
I SET ABOUT ORDERING MY UNIVERSE —

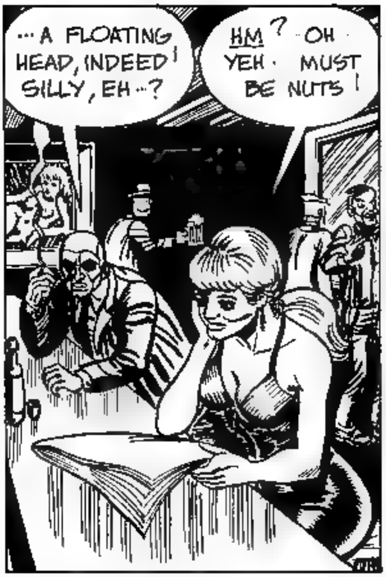
BUT I WAS WRONG ABOUT SABRINA BEING LAUGHED AT ..

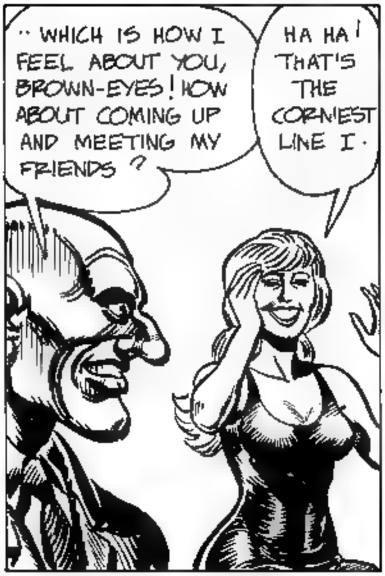

THOSE CERTAINLY ARE PRETTY YELLOW PANTS, MISS WON'T YOU ACCOMPANY ME TO MY APARTMENT AND REMOVE THEM?
HUH? WHY, YOU —
- ER- WELL-
- SURE
I'D LIKE TO -
..FLOATING HEAD EH EH.. ..PETER HEAD ·EH JACK ...GIGGLE... GO BOOM!! ...SOB ...EH ...EH...
EH.. HELLO. JOHNNY
SHE'S NUTS, LIEUTENANT!
NUTS? MAYBE.. BUT

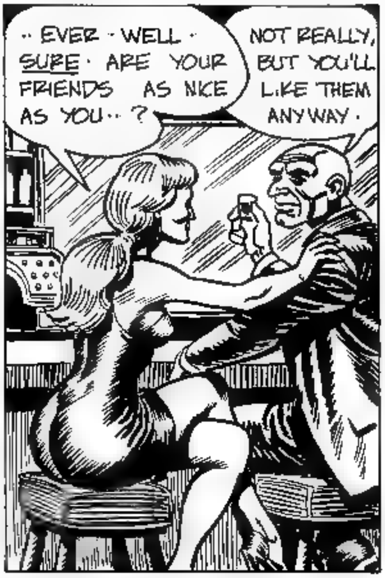
YES, JOHNNY CARTER HAD ALSO BECOME A POLICE OFFICER -- A DETECTIVE LIEUTENANT! HE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO BELIEVE BUT HE WAS OUT TO AVENGE SABRINA, NO MATTER WHAT! (THOUGH, ACTUALLY, I'VE ALWAYS SUSPECTED HE WAS RATHER PLEASED ABOUT DRUMM)


SABRINA ?.."NUTS"?..I ALMOST HOPE SHE IS..BECAUSE IF WHAT I'M THINKING IS TRUE...!

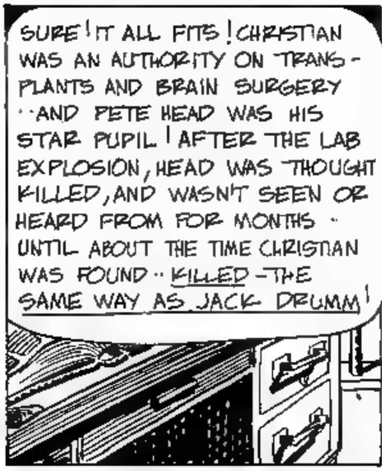

XTRA
NEW Y
DEC. 13, 1
MYSTERIOUS SLAYING!
NO CLUES —POLICE BA
WIFE TELLS STRANGE TALE
May 15 (UPS) A corpse discovered today
JANITOR REPULSE

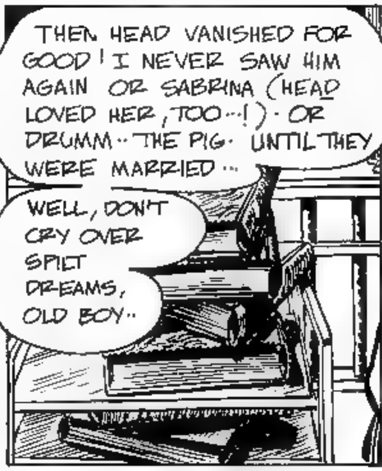

...A FLOATING HEAD, INDEED! SILLY, EH..?
HM? ..OH.. YEH.. MUST BE NUTS!

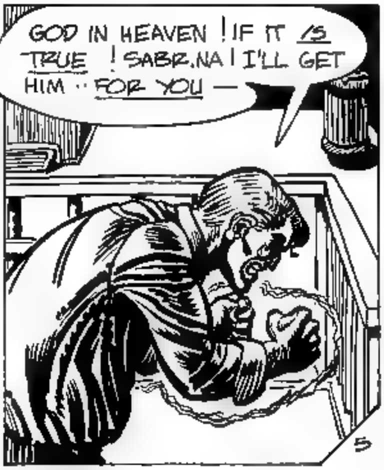

..WHICH IS HOW I FEEL ABOUT YOU, BROWN-EYES! HOW ABOUT COMING UP AND MEETING MY FRIENDS?
HA HA! THAT'S THE CORNIEST LINE I..


..EVER..WELL.. SURE.. ARE YOUR FRIENDS AS NICE AS YOU..?
NOT REALLY, BUT YOU'LL LIKE THEM ANYWAY.

BUT WHILE I WAS ARRANGING MY STABLE, CARTER WAS INVESTIGATING. HE SEARCHED SCIENTIFIC JOURNALS AND FOUND THAT CHRISTIAN'S PUBLISHED PAPERS SUBSTANTIATED HIS SUSPICIONS...IN ONE LITTLE-KNOWN TREATISE, CHRISTIAN HAD PRACTICALLY SPELLED OUT THE OPERATION HE LATER PERFORMED ON ME!


SURE! IT ALL FITS! CHRISTIAN WAS AN AUTHORITY ON TRANSPLANTS AND BRAIN SURGERY ..AND PETE HEAD WAS HIS STAR PUPIL! AFTER THE LAB EXPLOSION, HEAD WAS THOUGHT KILLED, AND WASN'T SEEN OR HEARD FROM FOR MONTHS.. UNTIL ABOUT THE TIME CHRISTIAN WAS FOUND..KILLED--THE SAME WAY AS JACK DRUMM!


THEN HEAD VANISHED FOR GOOD! I NEVER SAW HIM AGAIN OR SABRINA (HEAD LOVED HER, TOO...!)..OR DRUMM..THE PIG..UNTIL THEY WERE MARRIED...
WELL, DON'T CRY OVER SPILT DREAMS, OLD BOY..

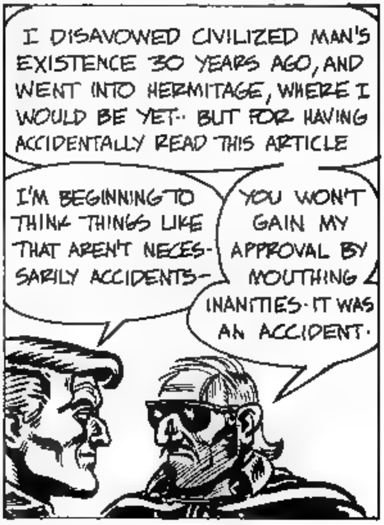

GOD IN HEAVEN! IF IT IS TRUE! SABRINA! I'LL GET HIM..FOR YOU —

GOING FURTHER BACK, CARTER DISCOVERED THE NAME OF CHRISTIAN'S TEACHER ·· DR ISAAC DESMOND DRU ·

··HE'S THE KEY! I MUST LOCATE DR DRU!

BUT CARTER SEARCHED FOR WEEKS, WITHOUT SUCCESS · DRU SEEMED TO HAVE DISAPPEARED FROM THE EARTH ··· UNTIL, ONE DAY—

I AM DR I·D· DRU


I DISAVOWED CIVILIZED MAN'S EXISTENCE 30 YEARS AGO, AND WENT INTO HERMITAGE, WHERE I WOULD BE YET ·· BUT FOR HAVING ACCIDENTALLY READ THIS ARTICLE
I'M BEGINNING TO THINK THINGS LIKE THAT AREN'T NECESSARILY ACCIDENTS—
YOU WON'T GAIN MY APPROVAL BY MOUTHING INANITIES · IT WAS AN ACCIDENT ·

DRU WAS ABLE TO PIECE TOGETHER THE WHOLE STORY IN AN INSTANT · NOR WAS HE SLOWED BY IDIOCY LIKE "OH-IF-ONLY-IT-ISN'T-TRUE" HE DECIDED I WAS A MENACE TO HIS IDEA OF "GOOD" · WHICH I WAS · AND CHOSE CARTER AS HIS AGENT OF MY DESTRUCTION, SINCE CARTER WAS (THOUGH A FOOL), ① TOTALLY HONEST IN HIS SIMPLE, CONSCIOUS WAY, ② PERSONALLY INVOLVED WITH ALL THE IMMEDIATE PARTIES, ③ · IT MUST BE ADMITTED · A SUPERB DETECTIVE · DRU SET ABOUT TRAINING CARTER ·

··MOST HUMANS WOULD CALL THESE TEACHINGS THE "BLACK ARTS" ··

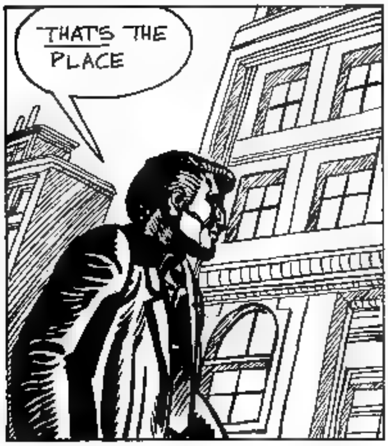
BY THIS TIME MY CONTROL OF HUMANS WAS SUCH THAT, THROUGH MANIPULATION OF HIGH FINANCE, I HAD EVERY MATERIAL THING I WANTED ·· YET THIS WAS MERELY A PRELUDE, A VACATION—

··SOON—THE WORLD WILL BE MINE!
GEE, YER SMART, LOVER! AREN'CHA?
YEH, LIL ·

AND DRU CONTINUED TO INVEST HIS KNOWLEDGE AND POWERS IN CARTER, UNTIL—

NOW, JOHNNY CARTER · YOU ARE READY · GO FORTH ·· FIND PETER HEAD — DESTROY HIM
I GO, MASTER DRU ·

IT DIDN'T TAKE CARTER LONG. HE NOW HAD DRU'S INSTINCT FOR RECOGNIZING THE PRESENCE OF "EVIL" .. BESIDES HIS COP INSTINCT .. AND FINALLY —


THAT'S THE PLACE

THE LOOK ON HIS FACE WAS PRICELESS.

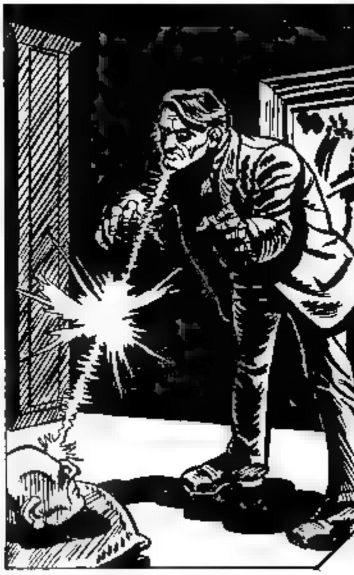
I .. I WAS TOLD THAT. IT WOULD BE. I MEAN IT I WASN'T PREPARED FOR .. BUT — NO MATTER —!
HEAD! THIS IS YOUR FINISH—!

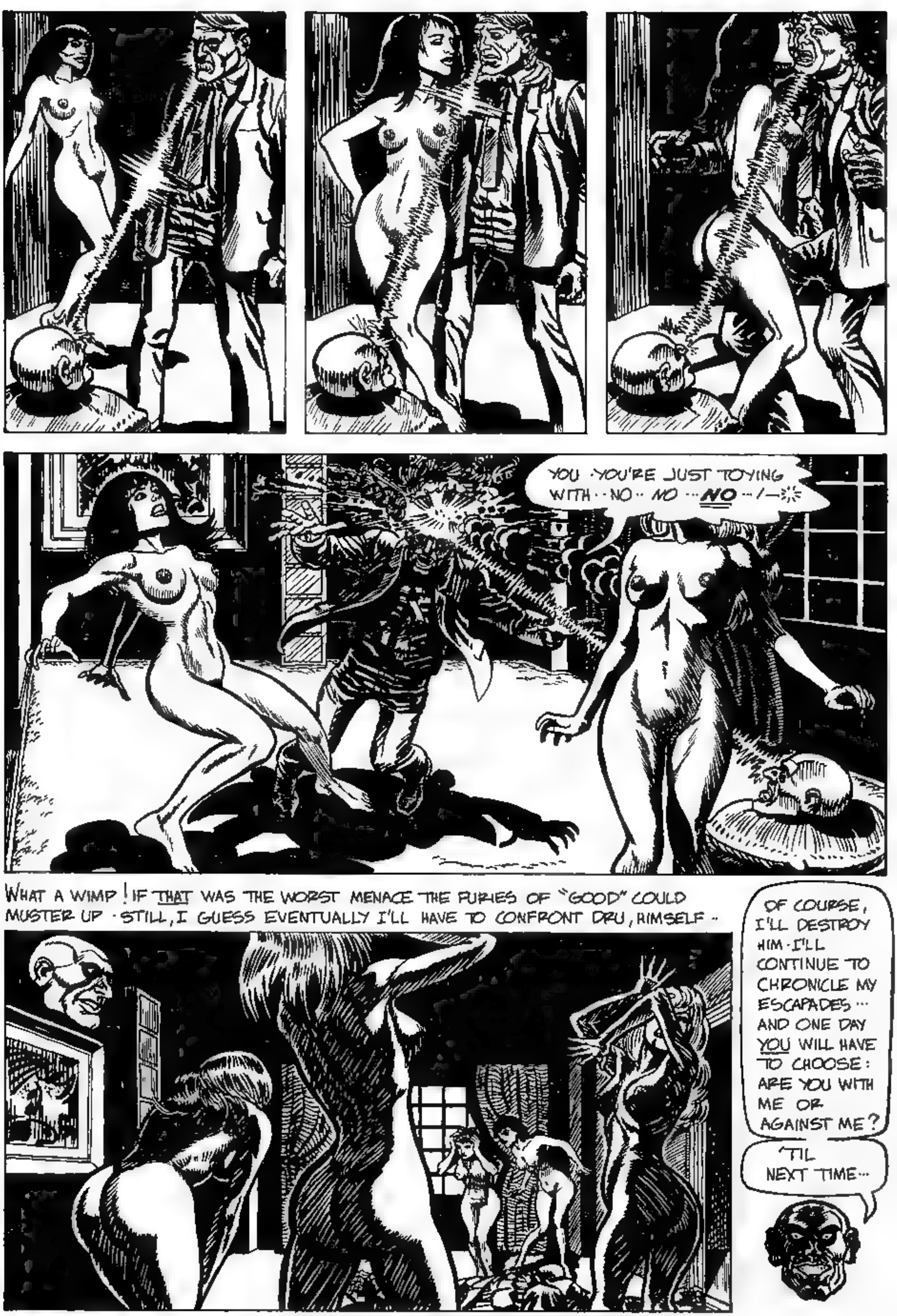
HO-HUM EXCUSE ME, GIRLS
HEY! YOU'VE GOT A LOTTA NERVE, NTERRUPTING US!

WHO DO YOU THINK YOOO-O-O-O-FF !!
GET AWAY

... SO YOU KNOW MORE THAN I THOUGHT YOU MUST HAVE FOUND DRU
YES

WELL, THIS SHOULD BE AMUSING. COME, DO YOUR WORST.

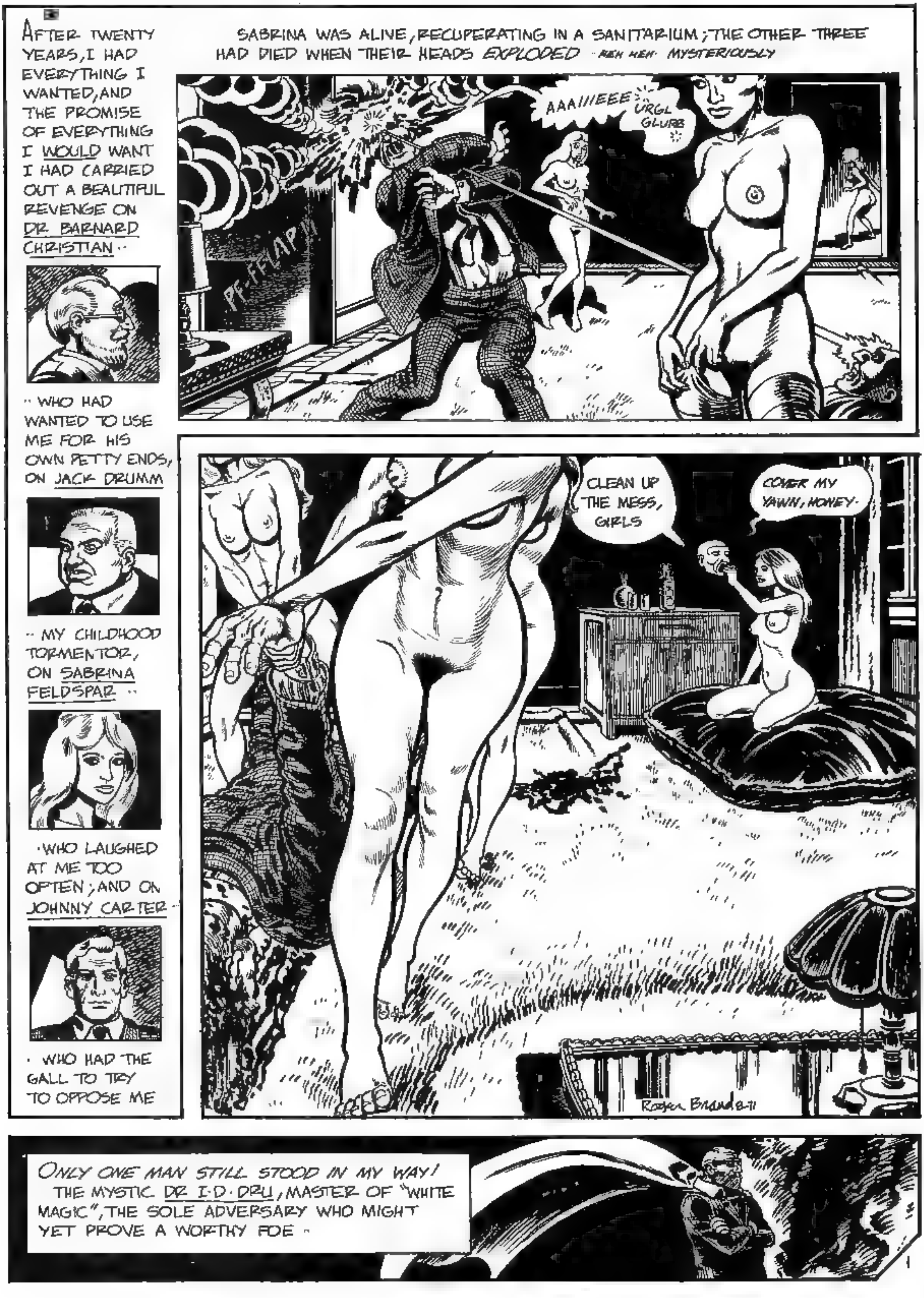


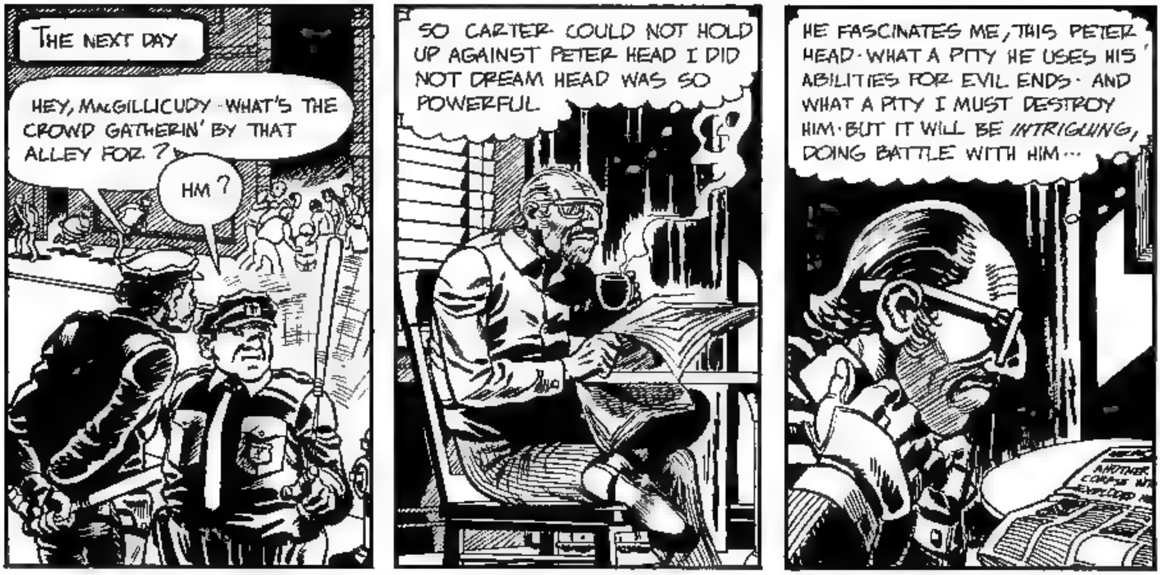

YOU · YOU'RE JUST TOYING WITH · · NO · · NO · · · NO · · / —
WHAT A WIMP! IF THAT WAS THE WORST MENACE THE FURIES OF "GOOD" COULD MUSTER UP · STILL, I GUESS EVENTUALLY I'LL HAVE TO CONFRONT DRU, HIMSELF ·
OF COURSE, I'LL DESTROY HIM · I'LL CONTINUE TO CHRONICLE MY ESCAPADES … AND ONE DAY YOU WILL HAVE TO CHOOSE: ARE YOU WITH ME OR AGAINST ME?
'TIL NEXT TIME …

THE SECOND
AND FINAL
INSTALLMENT OF

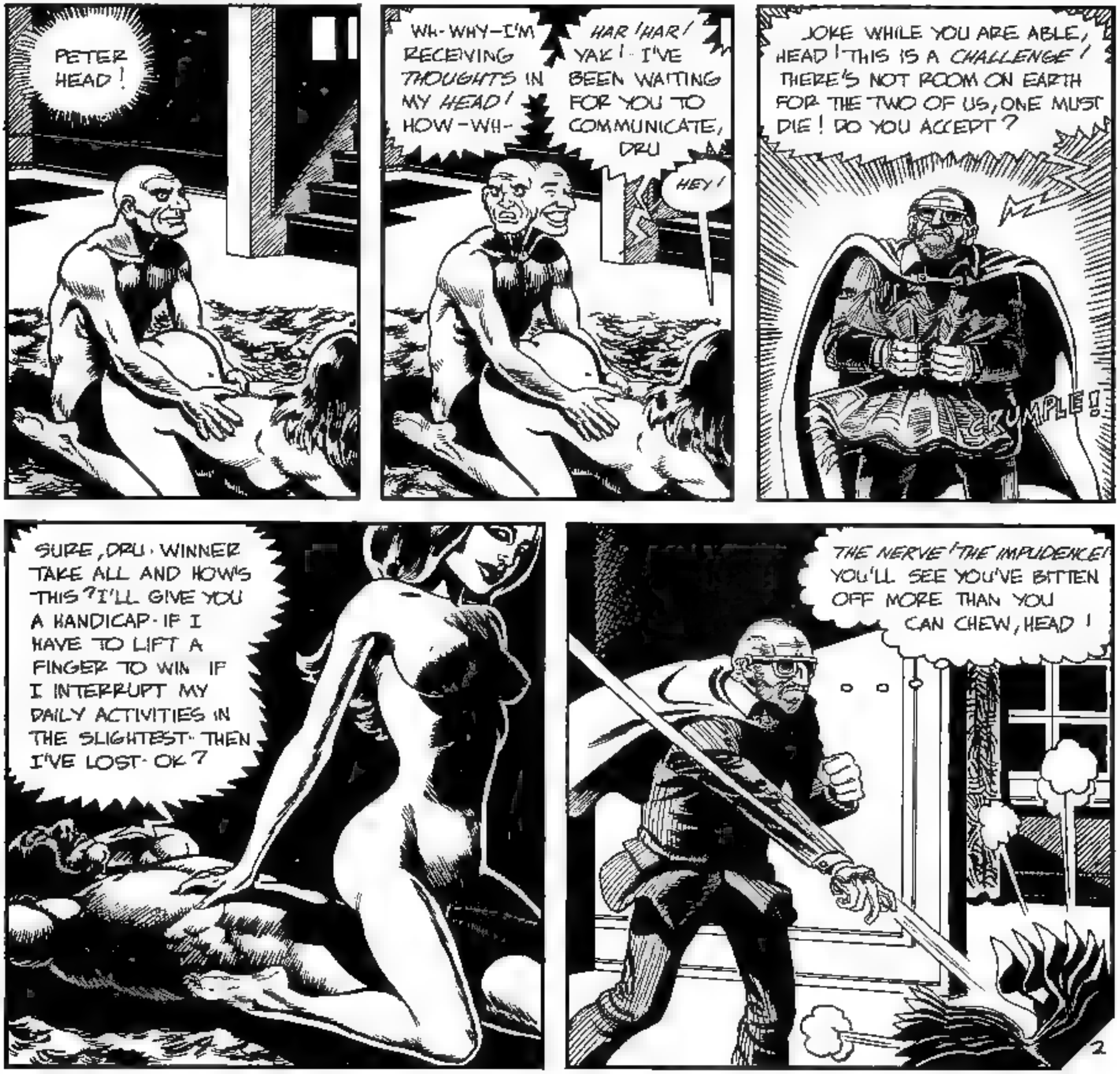
THE FLOATING HEAD!®

SEE
REAL PULP
#1-

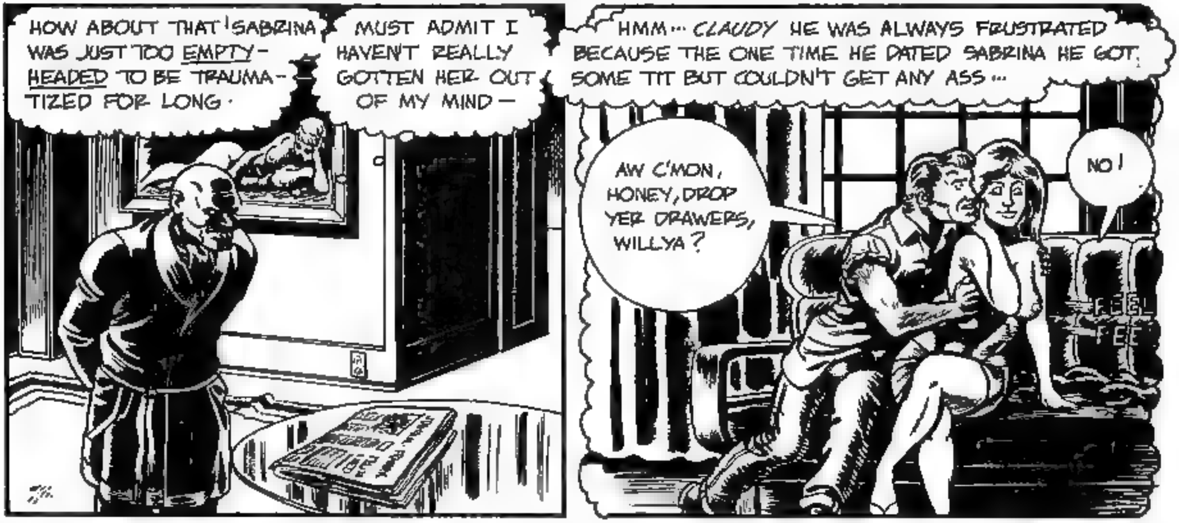

AFTER TWENTY YEARS, I HAD EVERYTHING I WANTED, AND THE PROMISE OF EVERYTHING I WOULD WANT I HAD CARRIED OUT A BEAUTIFUL REVENGE ON DR BARNARD CHRISTIAN ··
·· WHO HAD WANTED TO USE ME FOR HIS OWN PETTY ENDS, ON JACK DRUMM
·· MY CHILDHOOD TORMENTOR, ON SABRINA FELDSPAR ··
·WHO LAUGHED AT ME TOO OFTEN; AND ON JOHNNY CARTER··
· WHO HAD THE GALL TO TRY TO OPPOSE ME
SABRINA WAS ALIVE, RECUPERATING IN A SANITARIUM; THE OTHER THREE HAD DIED WHEN THEIR HEADS EXPLODED · HEH HEH · MYSTERIOUSLY
PF-FFLAP!!
AAAIIIEEE
URGL GLURB
CLEAN UP THE MESS, GIRLS
COVER MY YAWN, HONEY·
Roger Brand 8-71
ONLY ONE MAN STILL STOOD IN MY WAY! THE MYSTIC DR I·D·DRU, MASTER OF "WHITE MAGIC", THE SOLE ADVERSARY WHO MIGHT YET PROVE A WORTHY FOE -


THE NEXT DAY
HEY, MACGILLICUDY · WHAT'S THE CROWD GATHERIN' BY THAT ALLEY FOR ?
HM ?
SO CARTER COULD NOT HOLD UP AGAINST PETER HEAD I DID NOT DREAM HEAD WAS SO POWERFUL
HE FASCINATES ME, THIS PETER HEAD · WHAT A PITY HE USES HIS ABILITIES FOR EVIL ENDS · AND WHAT A PITY I MUST DESTROY HIM · BUT IT WILL BE *INTRIGUING*, DOING BATTLE WITH HIM ···
ANOTHER
CORPSE WI
EXPLODED

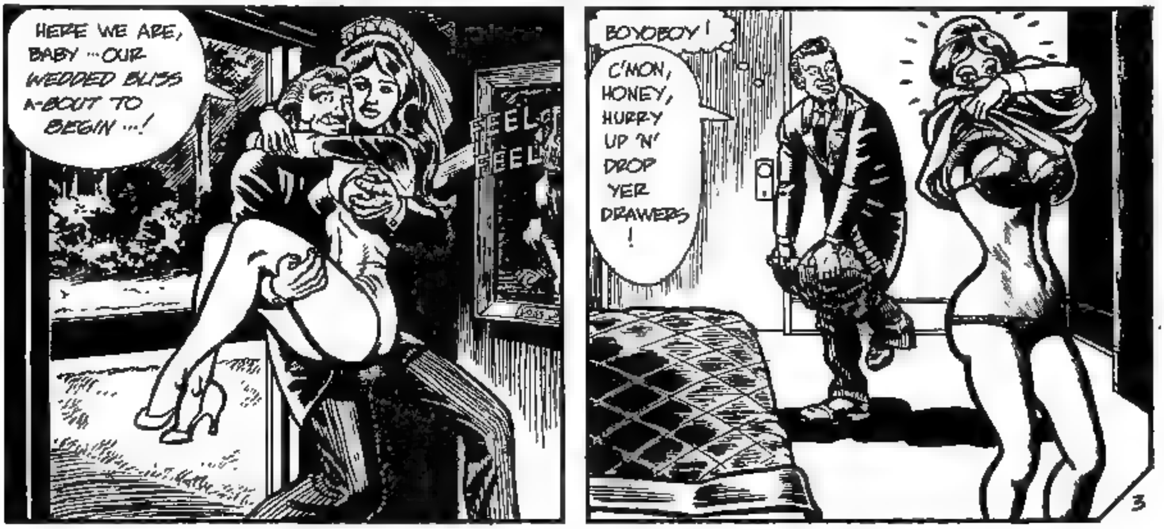
THE STUPE ! I KNEW WHAT HE WAS THINKING I KNEW THE TYPE · AND WHEN HE CONTACTED ME, I WAS EXPECTING IT ·

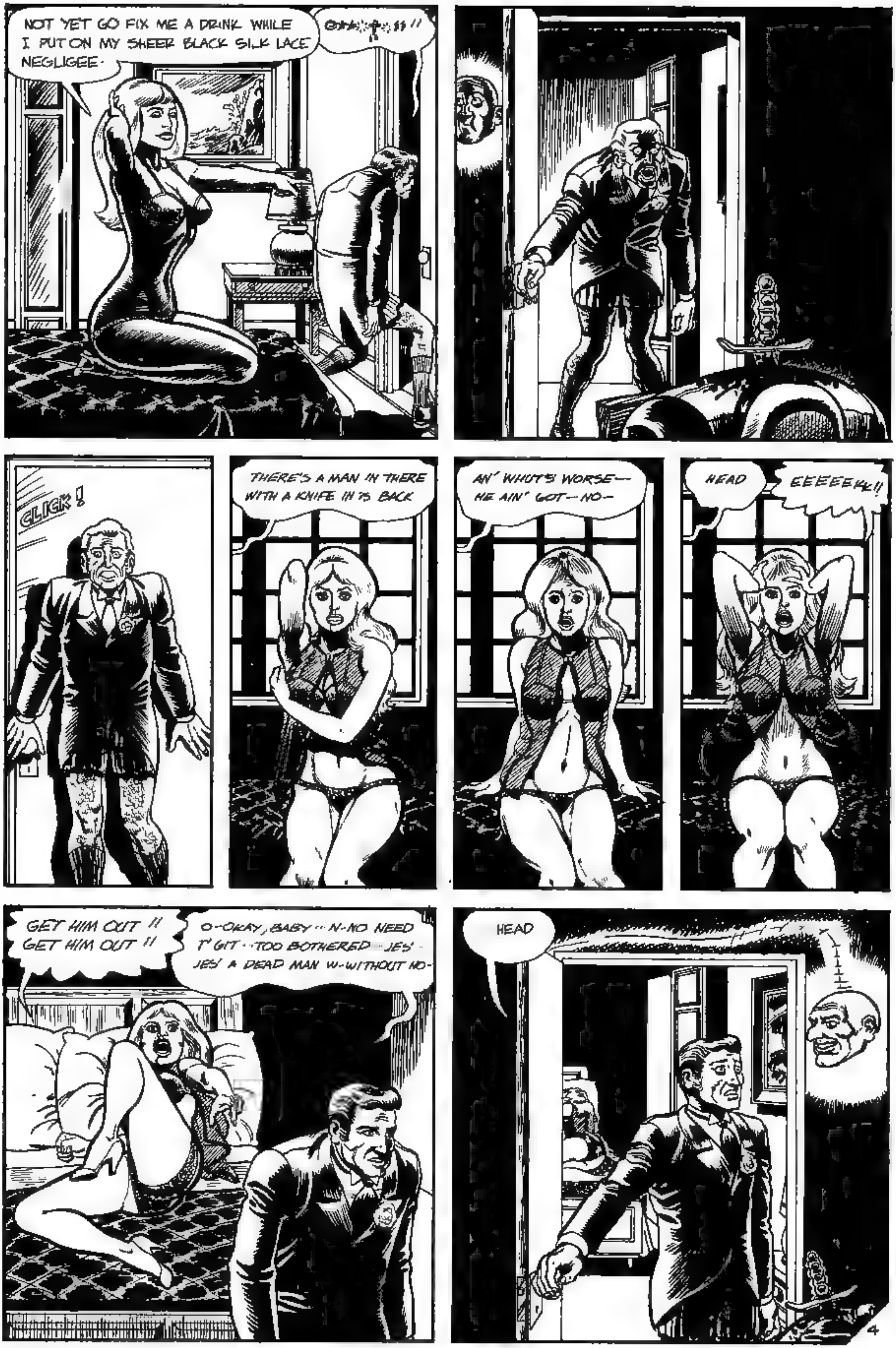

PETER HEAD !
WH- WHY- I'M RECEIVING *THOUGHTS* IN MY *HEAD* ! HOW - WH-
HAR ! HAR ! YAK ! · I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU TO COMMUNICATE, DRU
HEY !
JOKE WHILE YOU ARE ABLE, HEAD ! THIS IS A *CHALLENGE* ! THERE'S NOT ROOM ON EARTH FOR THE TWO OF US, ONE MUST DIE ! DO YOU ACCEPT ?
CRUMPLE !
SURE, DRU · WINNER TAKE ALL AND HOW'S THIS ? I'LL GIVE YOU A HANDICAP · IF I HAVE TO LIFT A FINGER TO WIN IF I INTERRUPT MY DAILY ACTIVITIES IN THE SLIGHTEST · THEN I'VE LOST · OK ?
THE NERVE ! THE IMPUDENCE ! YOU'LL SEE YOU'VE BITTEN OFF MORE THAN YOU CAN CHEW, HEAD !

MEANWHILE, SABRINA HAD RECENTLY BEEN RELEASED FROM THE SANITARIUM, AND WAS MARRIED AGAIN ... TO, OF ALL THINGS, FLOYD CLAUDY, WHO USED TO SLUG ME IN THE SHOULDERS AND ONCE "PANTSED" ME, IN HIGH SCHOOL.

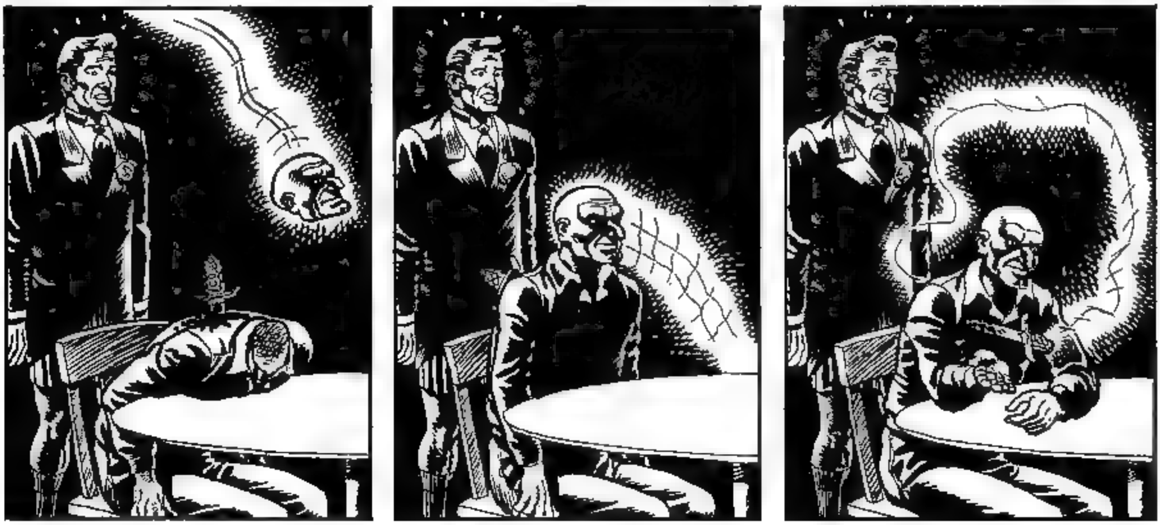

HOW ABOUT THAT! SABRINA WAS JUST TOO EMPTY-HEADED TO BE TRAUMATIZED FOR LONG.
MUST ADMIT I HAVEN'T REALLY GOTTEN HER OUT OF MY MIND —
HMM ... *CLAUDY* HE WAS ALWAYS FRUSTRATED BECAUSE THE ONE TIME HE DATED SABRINA HE GOT SOME TIT BUT COULDN'T GET ANY ASS ...
AW C'MON, HONEY, DROP YER DRAWERS, WILLYA?
NO!
FEEL
FEEL

"...THEY'RE HONEYMOONING AT THE *BACKWOODS BEARTRAP MOTEL AND MOUNTAIN LODGE*. I THINK I'LL PLAY A LITTLE *PRANK* ON MY OLD FRIEND FLOYD. AND HIS CHARMING BRIDE ... *HEH HEH HEH* .. A LITTLE PRANK ..."

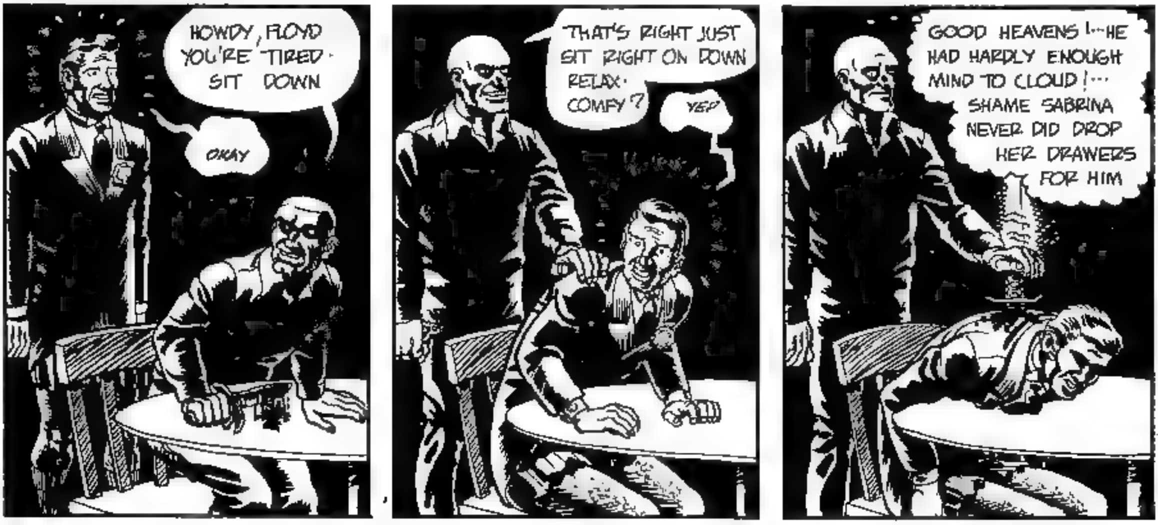

HERE WE ARE, BABY ... OUR *WEDDED BLISS* A-BOUT TO BEGIN ...!
FEEL
FEEL
BOYOBOY!
C'MON, HONEY, HURRY UP 'N' DROP YER DRAWERS !

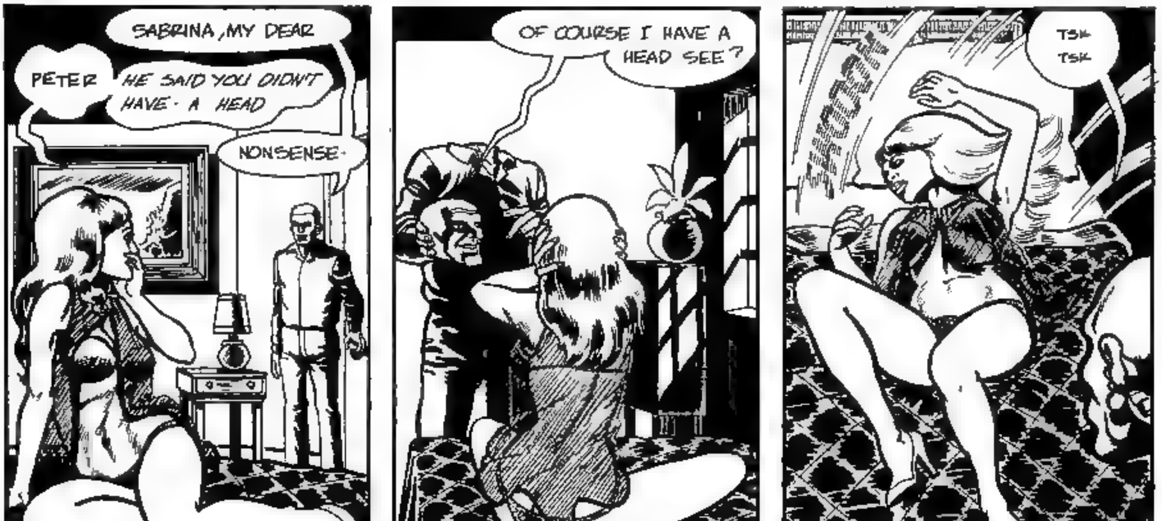

NOT YET GO FIX ME A DRINK WHILE I PUT ON MY SHEER BLACK SILK LACE NEGLIGEE·
@#%*†*$$!!
CLICK!
THERE'S A MAN IN THERE WITH A KNIFE IN 'IS BACK
AN' WHUT'S WORSE— HE AIN' GOT—NO—
HEAD
EEEEEEK!!
GET HIM OUT!! GET HIM OUT!!
O-OKAY, BABY·· N-NO NEED T' GIT··TOO BOTHERED··JES'·· JES' A DEAD MAN W-WITHOUT NO-
HEAD

POOR OLD CLAUDY! FLOATING HEADS, CORPSES COMING BACK TO LIFE, KNIVES MOVING THROUGH THE AIR ... HE JUST WASN'T READY FOR IT

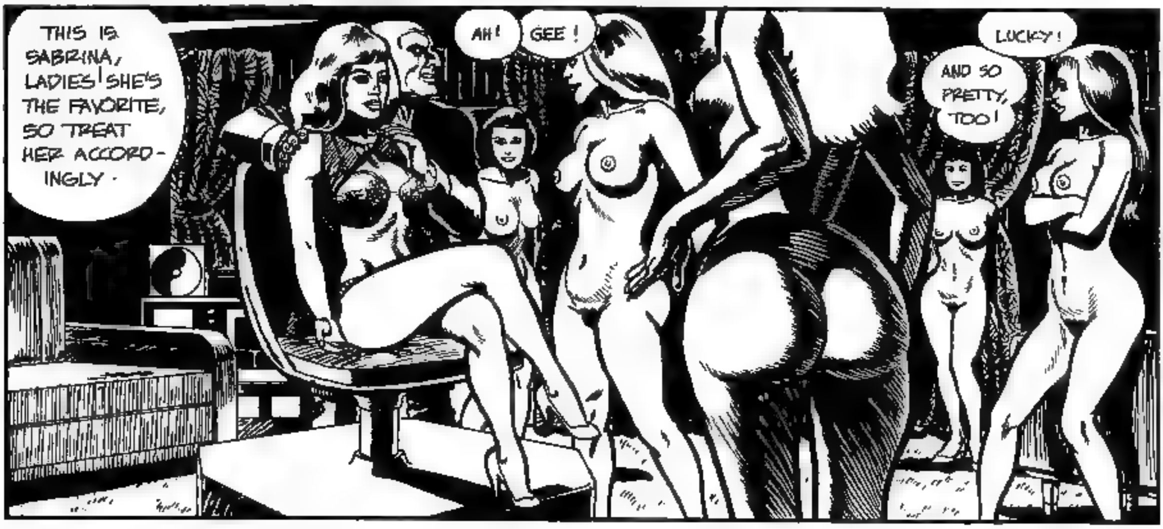


...BUT HE GRACIOUSLY TOOK MY PLACE AT THE TABLE, DAGGER AND ALL (NOT THAT HE FELT THE SLIGHTEST DESIRE TO DO OTHERWISE).

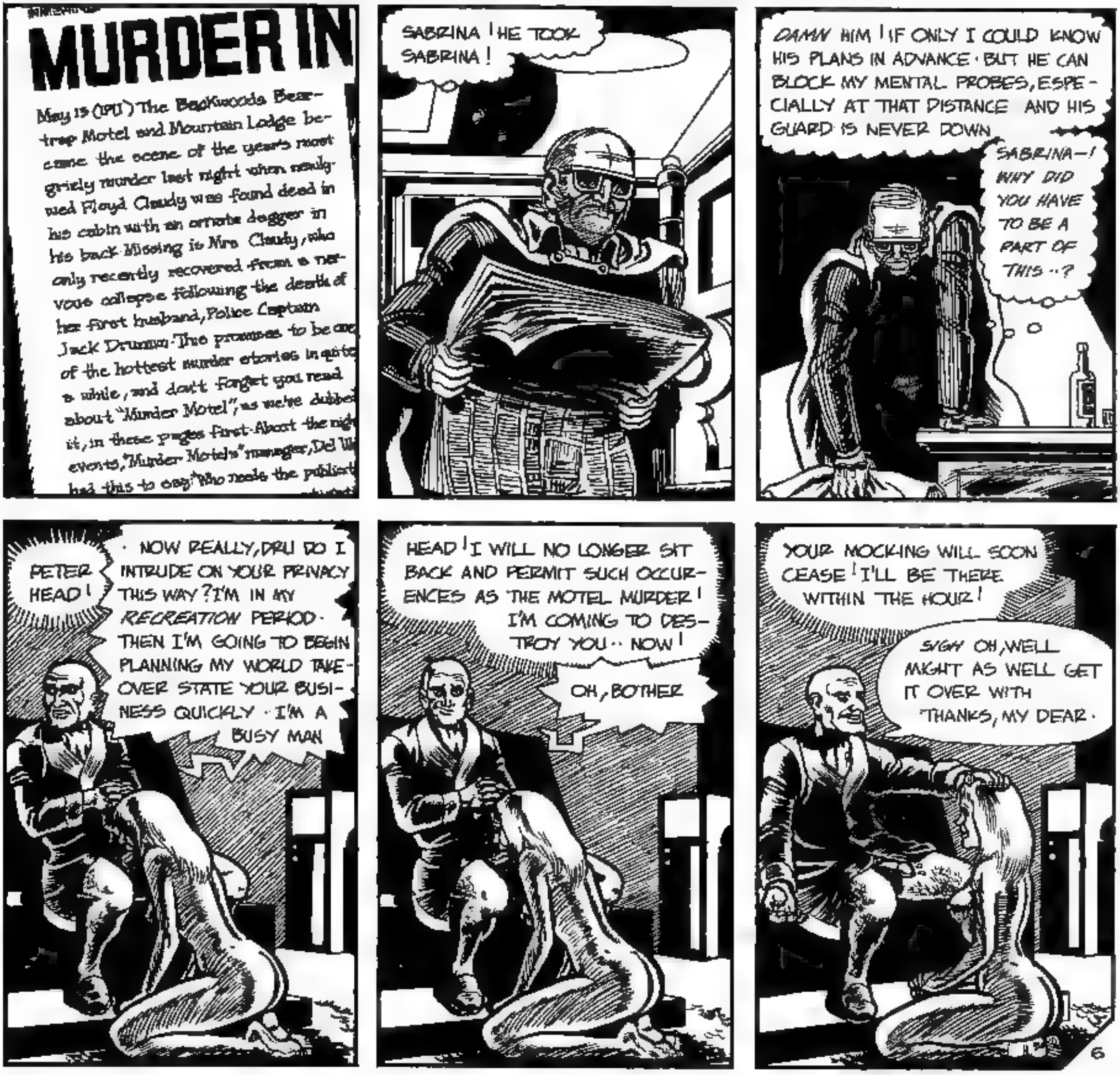

HOWDY, FLOYD YOU'RE TIRED. SIT DOWN
OKAY
THAT'S RIGHT JUST SIT RIGHT ON DOWN RELAX. COMFY?
YEP
GOOD HEAVENS! ... HE HAD HARDLY ENOUGH MIND TO CLOUD! ... SHAME SABRINA NEVER DID DROP HER DRAWERS FOR HIM


SABRINA, MY DEAR
PETER
HE SAID YOU DIDN'T HAVE A HEAD
NONSENSE.
OF COURSE I HAVE A HEAD SEE?
TSK TSK

WHEN SABRINA WOKE FROM HER FAINT, MY PERSUASIVE CHARMS DISPELLED HER INITIAL FEAR I TOOK HER BACK WITH ME TO MY APARTMENT, LEAVING CLAUDY FOR THE MOTEL-KEEPERS TO FIND


THIS IS SABRINA, LADIES! SHE'S THE FAVORITE, SO TREAT HER ACCORDINGLY.
AH!
GEE!
LUCKY!
AND SO PRETTY, TOO!

OF COURSE DRU WAS KEEPING CLOSE TRACK OF MY ACTIONS THE MOTEL INCIDENT ENRAGED HIM, BUT ONLY LATER WAS I TO LEARN THAT IT WAS MORE THAN MERE SELF-RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION

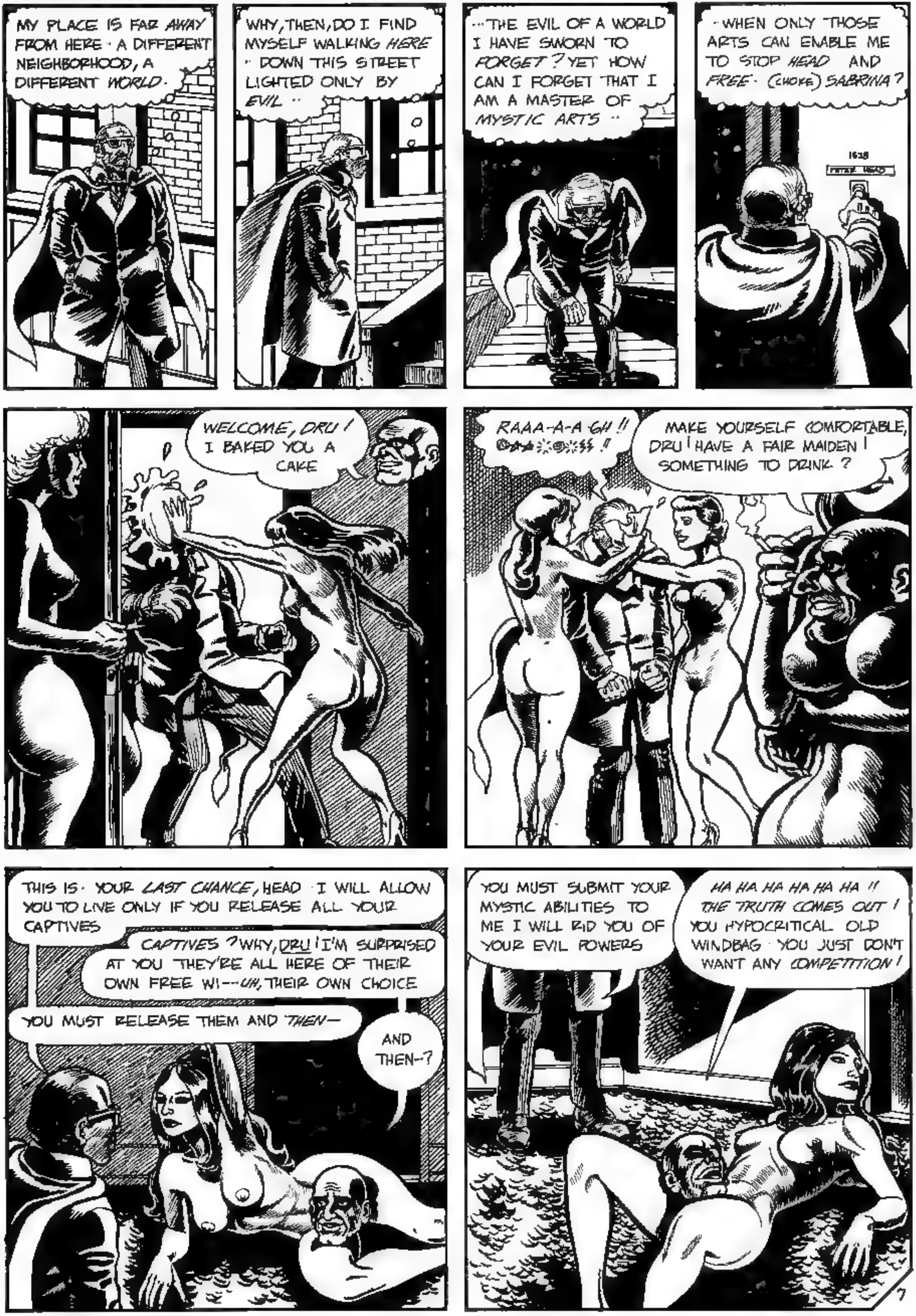


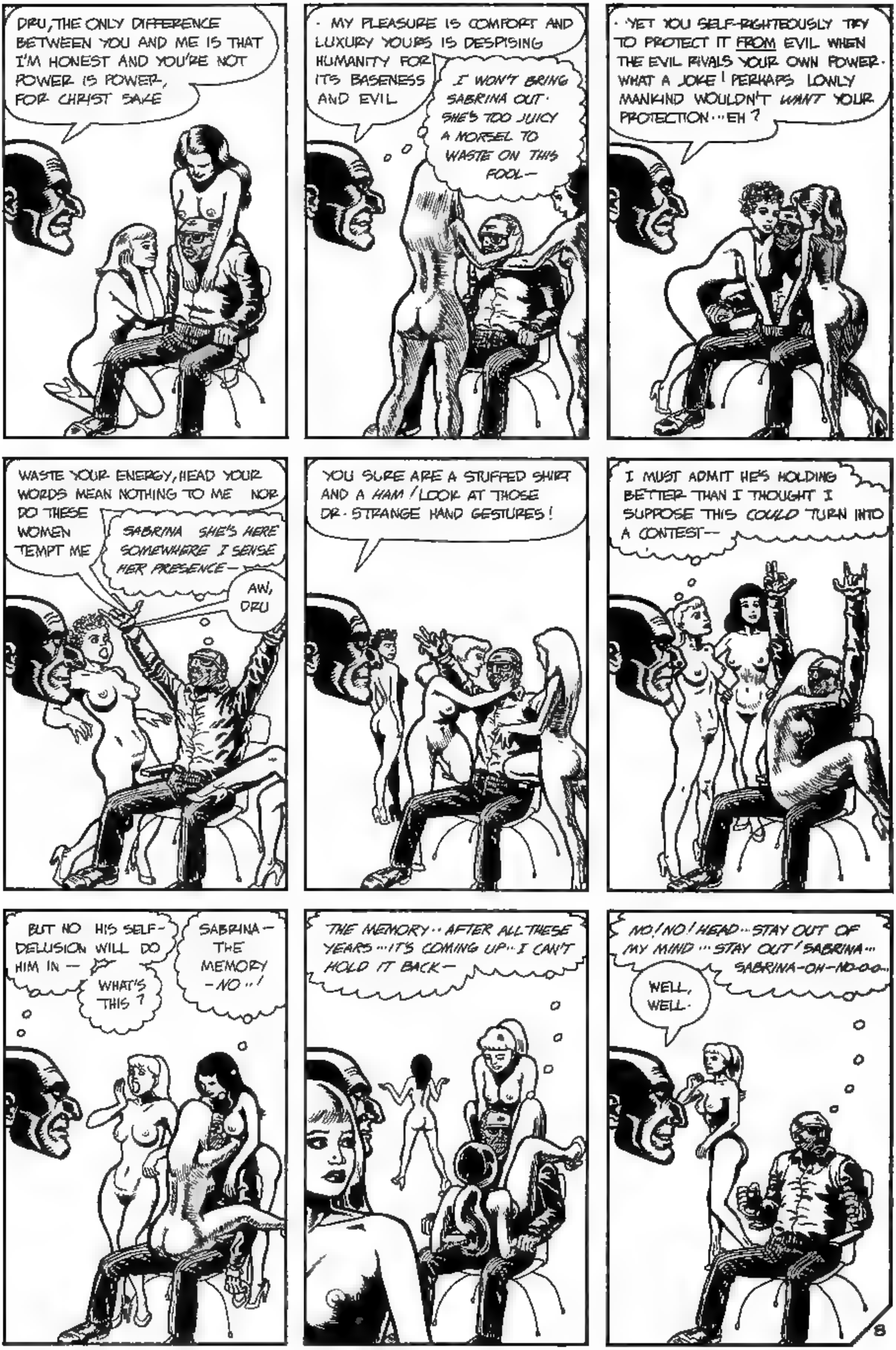
MURDER IN

May 15 (UPI) The Backwoods Bear-
trap Motel and Mountain Lodge be-
came the scene of the year's most
grisly murder last night when newly-
wed Floyd Claudy was found dead in
his cabin with an ornate dagger in
his back. Missing is Mrs. Claudy, who
only recently recovered from a ner-
vous collapse following the death of
her first husband, Police Captain
Jack Drumm. This promises to be one
of the hottest murder stories in quite
a while, and don't forget you read
about "Murder Motel", as we've dubbed
it, in these pages first. About the nig
events, "Murder Motel's" manager, Del W
had this to say: "Who needs the publicit

SABRINA! HE TOOK SABRINA!
DAMN HIM! IF ONLY I COULD KNOW HIS PLANS IN ADVANCE. BUT HE CAN BLOCK MY MENTAL PROBES, ESPECIALLY AT THAT DISTANCE AND HIS GUARD IS NEVER DOWN
SABRINA—! WHY DID YOU HAVE TO BE A PART OF THIS..?
PETER HEAD!
. NOW REALLY, DRU DO I INTRUDE ON YOUR PRIVACY THIS WAY? I'M IN MY RECREATION PERIOD. THEN I'M GOING TO BEGIN PLANNING MY WORLD TAKE-OVER STATE YOUR BUSINESS QUICKLY. I'M A BUSY MAN
HEAD! I WILL NO LONGER SIT BACK AND PERMIT SUCH OCCURENCES AS THE MOTEL MURDER! I'M COMING TO DESTROY YOU.. NOW!
OH, BOTHER
YOUR MOCKING WILL SOON CEASE! I'LL BE THERE WITHIN THE HOUR!
SIGH OH, WELL MIGHT AS WELL GET IT OVER WITH THANKS, MY DEAR.

I WAS PUZZLED, THOUGH, WHY SHOULD HE RISK A DIRECT CONFRONTATION IN MY DOMAIN, WHERE I WOULD HAVE THE ADVANTAGES OF SURPRISE AND ORIENTATION? LITTLE DID I KNOW THAT IT WAS MERELY HIS FUCKED-UP EGO AND LIBIDO FORCING HIS HAND! I CAN'T DENY, HE COVERED THEM WELL.


MY PLACE IS FAR *AWAY* FROM HERE. A DIFFERENT NEIGHBORHOOD, A DIFFERENT *WORLD*.
WHY, THEN, DO I FIND MYSELF WALKING *HERE* - DOWN THIS STREET LIGHTED ONLY BY *EVIL* --
...THE EVIL OF A WORLD I HAVE SWORN TO *FORGET*? YET HOW CAN I FORGET THAT I AM A MASTER OF *MYSTIC ARTS* --
- WHEN ONLY THOSE ARTS CAN ENABLE ME TO STOP *HEAD* AND *FREE*. (CHOKE) *SABRINA*?
1618
PETER HEAD
WELCOME, DRU! I BAKED YOU A CAKE
RAAA-A-A GH!!
MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE, DRU! HAVE A FAIR MAIDEN! SOMETHING TO DRINK?
THIS IS. YOUR *LAST CHANCE*, HEAD. I WILL ALLOW YOU TO LIVE ONLY IF YOU RELEASE ALL YOUR CAPTIVES
CAPTIVES? WHY, DRU! I'M SURPRISED AT YOU. THEY'RE ALL HERE OF THEIR OWN FREE WI--*UH*, THEIR OWN CHOICE
YOU MUST RELEASE THEM AND *THEN*—
AND THEN--?
YOU MUST SUBMIT YOUR MYSTIC ABILITIES TO ME. I WILL RID YOU OF YOUR EVIL POWERS
HA HA HA HA HA HA!! THE TRUTH COMES OUT! YOU HYPOCRITICAL OLD WINDBAG. YOU JUST DON'T WANT ANY *COMPETITION*!

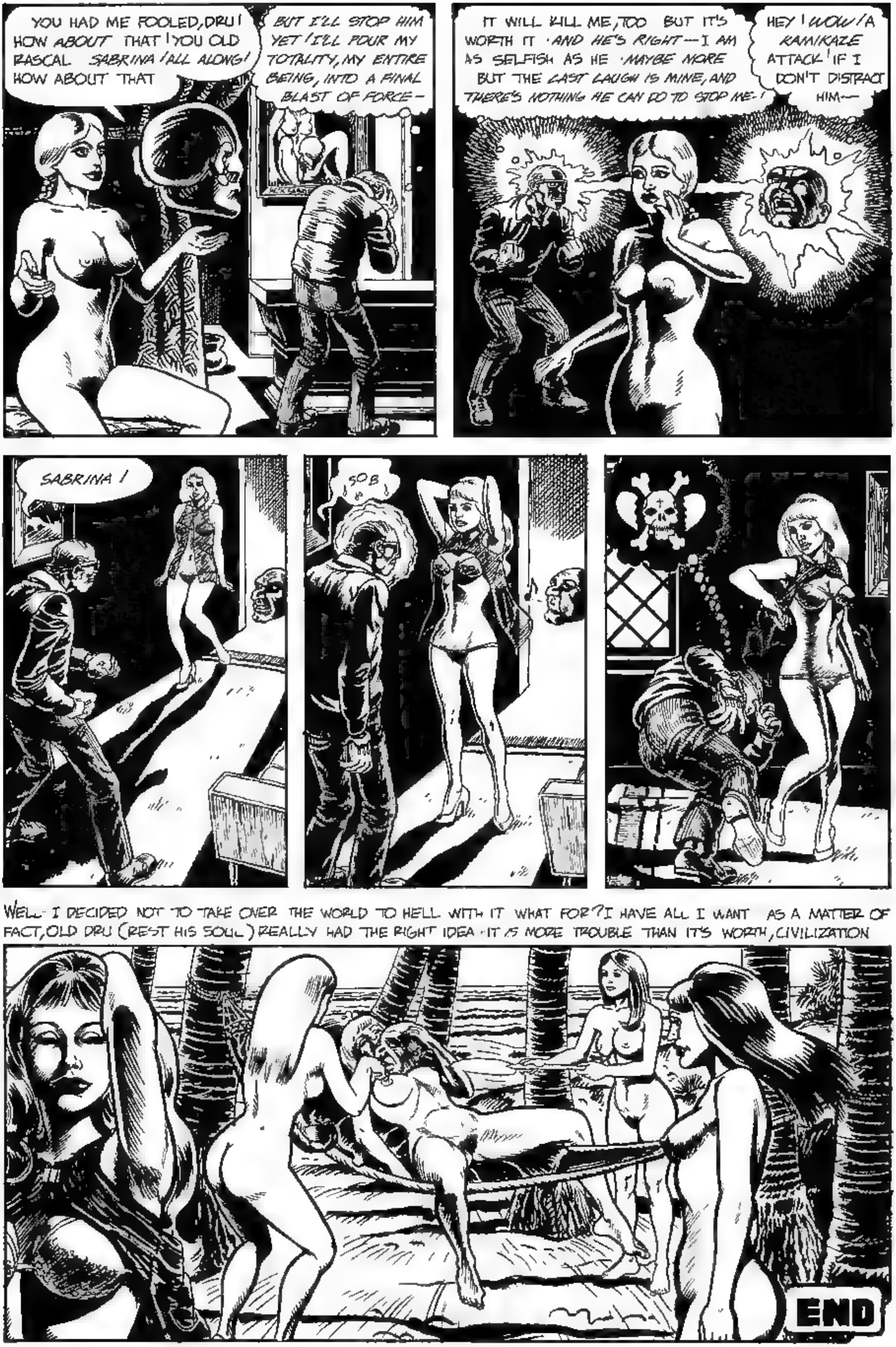

DRU, THE ONLY DIFFERENCE BETWEEN YOU AND ME IS THAT I'M HONEST AND YOU'RE NOT POWER IS POWER, FOR CHRIST SAKE
· MY PLEASURE IS COMFORT AND LUXURY YOURS IS DESPISING HUMANITY FOR ITS BASENESS AND EVIL
I WON'T BRING SABRINA OUT · SHE'S TOO JUICY A MORSEL TO WASTE ON THIS FOOL—
· YET YOU SELF-RIGHTEOUSLY TRY TO PROTECT IT FROM EVIL WHEN THE EVIL RIVALS YOUR OWN POWER · WHAT A JOKE! PERHAPS LOWLY MANKIND WOULDN'T *WANT* YOUR PROTECTION ··· EH?
WASTE YOUR ENERGY, HEAD YOUR WORDS MEAN NOTHING TO ME NOR DO THESE WOMEN TEMPT ME
SABRINA SHE'S HERE SOMEWHERE I SENSE HER PRESENCE—
AW, DRU
YOU SURE ARE A STUFFED SHIRT AND A *HAM*! LOOK AT THOSE DR· STRANGE HAND GESTURES!
I MUST ADMIT HE'S HOLDING BETTER THAN I THOUGHT I SUPPOSE THIS *COULD* TURN INTO A CONTEST—
BUT NO HIS SELF-DELUSION WILL DO HIM IN —
WHAT'S THIS?
SABRINA — THE MEMORY — *NO* ··!
THE MEMORY ·· AFTER ALL THESE YEARS ··· IT'S COMING UP ·· I CAN'T HOLD IT BACK—
NO! NO! HEAD ·· STAY OUT OF MY MIND ··· STAY OUT! SABRINA ··· SABRINA—OH—NO-O-O ··
WELL, WELL·

DRU'S WHOLE INNER MIND OPENED ITSELF UP IT WAS THE DAM BREAKING···SEEMS HE WAS *SABRINA'S UNCLE!* IMAGINE! · WHEN SHE WAS NINE YEARS OLD AND HE TWENTY HE FELL URGENTLY AND HOPELESSLY IN LOVE WITH HER

···SOON AFTER, WHEN HER PARENTS ASKED HIM TO BABYSIT WHILE THEY SAW A MOVIE, HE TALKED HER INTO CLIMBING IN BED WITH HIM; BUT THE PARENTS DIDN'T STAY FOR THE SECOND FEATURE·

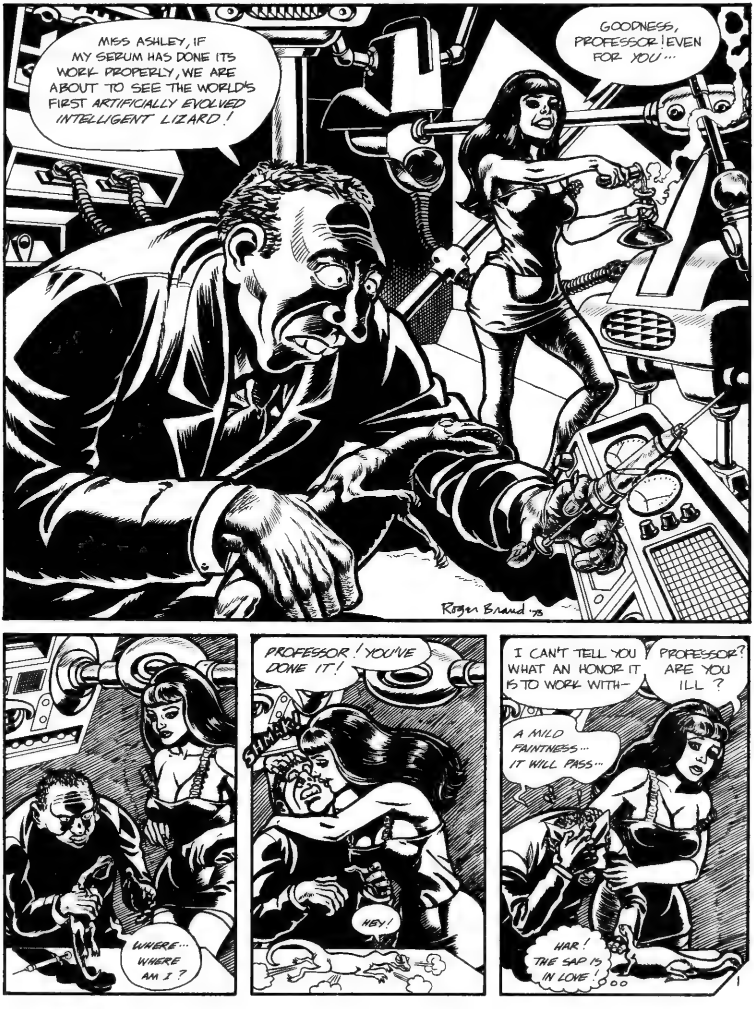
SABRINA WASN'T PARTICULARLY UPSET·· BUT TO AVOID SCANDAL THEY SENT DRU TO EUROPE· HE THEN WENT TO THE ORIENT, WHERE FOR THIRTY YEARS HE STUDIED AND MASTERED THE "MYSTIC ARTS"···OR "WHITE MAGIC"·

·TO DO GOOD · ALL I WANTED WAS TO DO GOOD ··*I THOUGHT*—

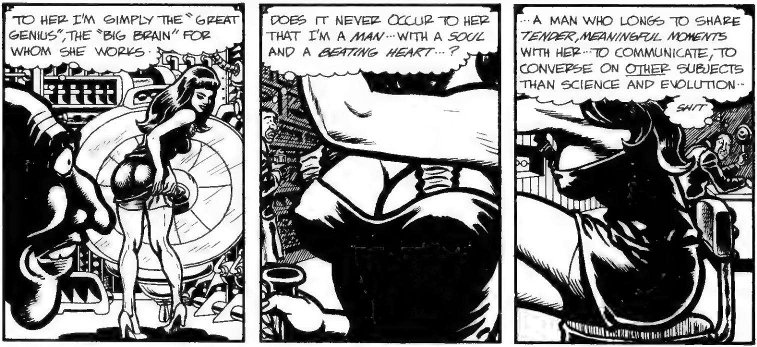

YOU HAD ME FOOLED, DRU! HOW ABOUT THAT! YOU OLD RASCAL. SABRINA! ALL ALONG! HOW ABOUT THAT
BUT I'LL STOP HIM YET! I'LL POUR MY TOTALITY, MY ENTIRE BEING, INTO A FINAL BLAST OF FORCE—
IT WILL KILL ME, TOO. BUT IT'S WORTH IT. AND HE'S RIGHT— I AM AS SELFISH AS HE. MAYBE MORE. BUT THE LAST LAUGH IS MINE, AND THERE'S NOTHING HE CAN DO TO STOP ME—!
HEY! WOW! A KAMIKAZE ATTACK! IF I DON'T DISTRACT HIM—
SABRINA!
SOB
WELL. I DECIDED NOT TO TAKE OVER THE WORLD. TO HELL WITH IT. WHAT FOR? I HAVE ALL I WANT. AS A MATTER OF FACT, OLD DRU (REST HIS SOUL) REALLY HAD THE RIGHT IDEA. IT IS MORE TROUBLE THAN IT'S WORTH, CIVILIZATION.
END

PROFESSOR HIRAM POTTEY, THOUGH A RENOWNED NOBEL PRIZE-WINNER AND THE ONLY MAN EVER TO BREED A COUNTING TURTLE, WAS NOT A HAPPY MAN … FOR HE CHERISHED A SECRET LOVE FOR HIS ASSISTANT, MISS DORA ASHLEY, WHO PREFERRED FOOTBALL PLAYERS. "AH," THOUGHT THE PROFESSOR OFTEN …

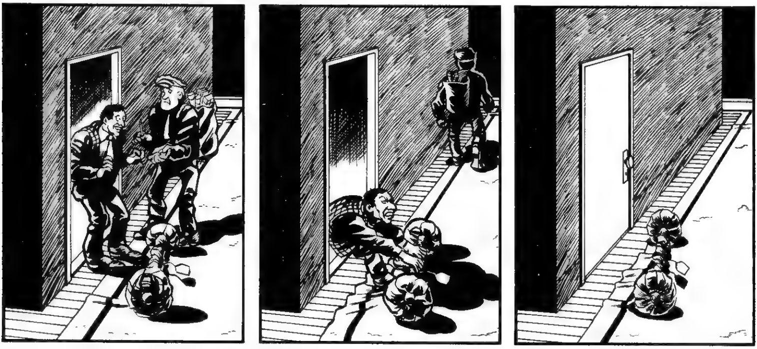
"IF BRAINS WERE MUSCLES…!"


MISS ASHLEY, IF MY SERUM HAS DONE ITS WORK PROPERLY, WE ARE ABOUT TO SEE THE WORLD'S FIRST *ARTIFICIALLY EVOLVED INTELLIGENT LIZARD!*
GOODNESS, PROFESSOR! EVEN FOR *YOU*…
Roger Brand '73
WHERE… WHERE AM I?
PROFESSOR! YOU'VE DONE IT!
SHMAK!
HEY!
I CAN'T TELL YOU WHAT AN HONOR IT IS TO WORK WITH—
PROFESSOR? ARE YOU ILL?
A MILD FAINTNESS… IT WILL PASS…
HAR! THE SAP IS IN LOVE!

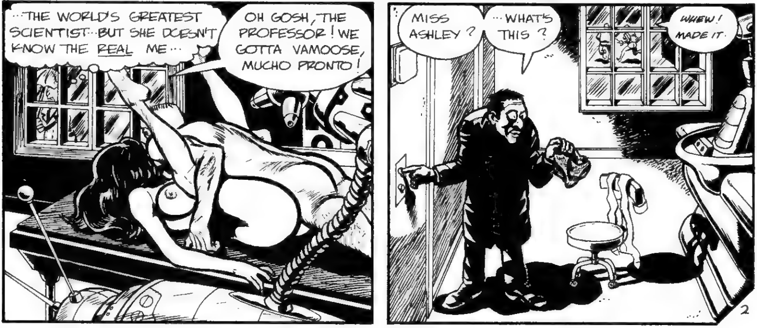
YES, THE SAP WAS IN LOVE, AND DORA ASHLEY'S SINCERE ADMIRATION FOR HIS BRILLIANCE WAS POOR SOLACE FOR HER INFURIATINGLY CONVENTIONAL AND PHYSICAL TASTE IN ROMANTIC PARTNERS.

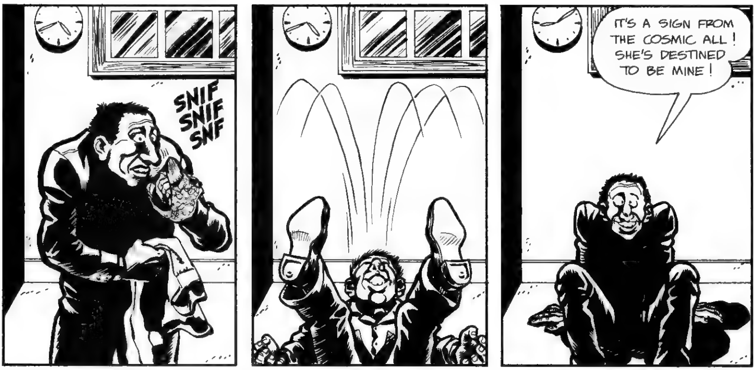

TO HER I'M SIMPLY THE "GREAT GENIUS", THE "BIG BRAIN" FOR WHOM SHE WORKS.
DOES IT NEVER OCCUR TO HER THAT I'M A *MAN*... WITH A *SOUL* AND A *BEATING HEART*...?
...A MAN WHO LONGS TO SHARE *TENDER, MEANINGFUL MOMENTS* WITH HER... TO COMMUNICATE, TO CONVERSE ON OTHER SUBJECTS THAN SCIENCE AND EVOLUTION...
SHIT

PROF. POTTEY ONCE DECIDED HE WOULD TRY TO MEET HER ON HER OWN TERMS, BY LIFTING WEIGHTS. BUT HE SOON ABANDONED THIS PLAN.

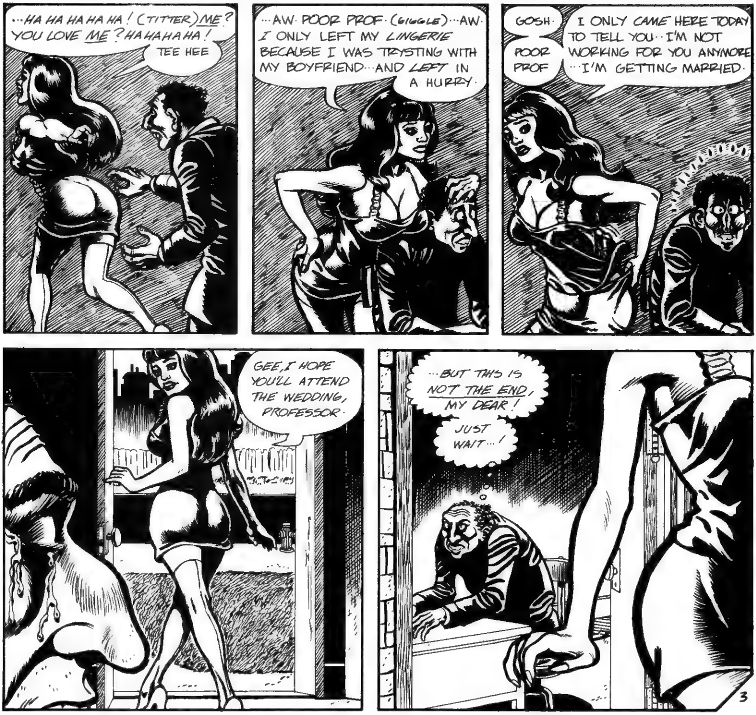


ONE DAY WHEN THE PROFESSOR WAS SUPPOSED TO BE ON A FIELD TRIP, HIS ASSISTANT WAS FUCKING HER BOYFRIEND IN THE LABORATORY. THEN IT STARTED RAINING, SO PROF POTTEY CAME BACK EARLY. IN HER HASTE TO LEAVE, MISS ASHLEY FORGOT TO PUT ON HER UNDERWEAR!

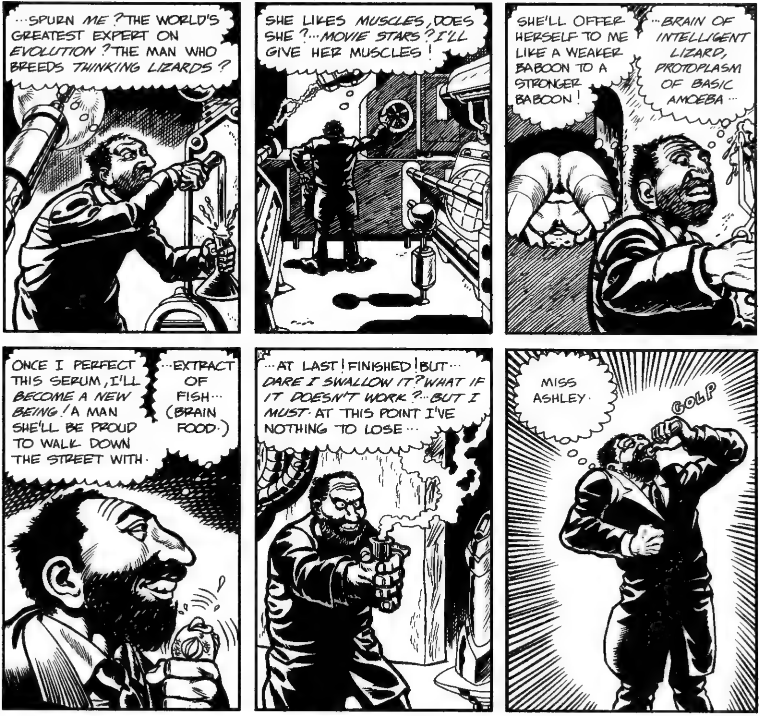

...THE WORLD'S GREATEST SCIENTIST... BUT SHE DOESN'T KNOW THE REAL ME...
OH GOSH, THE PROFESSOR! WE GOTTA VAMOOSE, MUCHO PRONTO!
MISS ASHLEY?
...WHAT'S THIS?
WHEW! MADE IT.


SNIF
SNIF
SNF
IT'S A SIGN FROM THE COSMIC ALL! SHE'S DESTINED TO BE MINE!

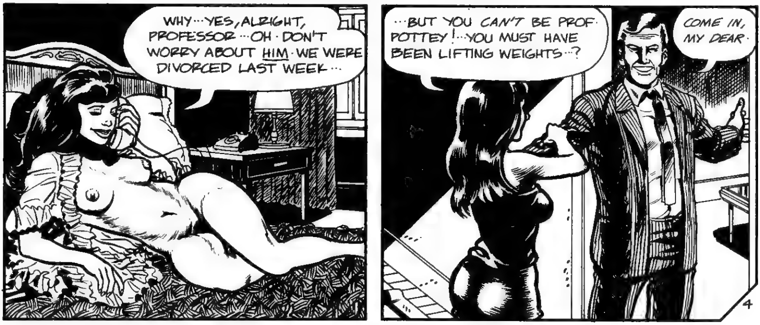
THE NEXT MORNING HE WENT TO THE LAB REEKING OF COURAGE AND CHEAP COLOGNE, AND TOLD HIS LOVELY ASSISTANT THAT HE "GOT HER MESSAGE" OF YESTERDAY, AND PROFESSED HIS LOVE.


...HA HA HA HA HA! (TITTER) ME? YOU LOVE ME? HAHAHAHA!
TEE HEE
...AW. POOR PROF. (GIGGLE)...AW. I ONLY LEFT MY LINGERIE BECAUSE I WAS TRYSTING WITH MY BOYFRIEND...AND LEFT IN A HURRY.
GOSH.
POOR PROF
I ONLY CAME HERE TODAY TO TELL YOU...I'M NOT WORKING FOR YOU ANYMORE ...I'M GETTING MARRIED.
GEE, I HOPE YOU'LL ATTEND THE WEDDING, PROFESSOR.
...BUT THIS IS NOT THE END, MY DEAR!
JUST WAIT...!

IN THE COMING WEEKS PROF. POTTEY WENT INTO SECLUSION, LIVING IN HIS LABORATORY AND SEEING NO ONE, WORKING FEVERISHLY, A MAN POSSESSED AND DRIVEN...


...SPURN *ME*? THE WORLD'S GREATEST EXPERT ON *EVOLUTION*? THE MAN WHO BREEDS *THINKING LIZARDS*?
SHE LIKES *MUSCLES*, DOES SHE?... *MOVIE STARS*? I'LL GIVE HER MUSCLES!
SHE'LL OFFER HERSELF TO ME LIKE A WEAKER BABOON TO A STRONGER BABOON!
...*BRAIN OF INTELLIGENT LIZARD, PROTOPLASM OF BASIC AMOEBA*...
ONCE I PERFECT THIS SERUM, I'LL *BECOME A NEW BEING*! A MAN SHE'LL BE PROUD TO WALK DOWN THE STREET WITH.
...EXTRACT OF FISH... (BRAIN FOOD.)
...AT LAST! FINISHED! BUT... *DARE I SWALLOW IT? WHAT IF IT DOESN'T WORK?... BUT I MUST*. AT THIS POINT I'VE NOTHING TO LOSE...
MISS ASHLEY.
GOLP

THE FOLLOWING DAY, DORA ASHLEY GOT A CALL FROM AN UNBELIEVABLY VIRILE AND DEBONAIR VOICE, WHICH CLAIMED TO BE THAT OF HIRAM POTTEY! WHEN HE ASKED HER TO COME SEE HIM AT HIS APARTMENT, SHE FOUND HERSELF TOO FASCINATED TO RESIST.

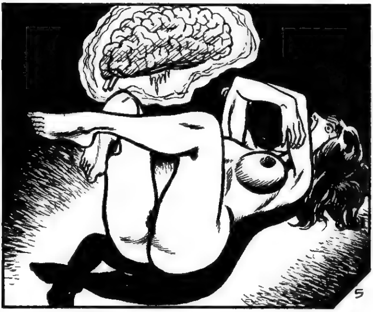

WHY... YES, ALRIGHT, PROFESSOR... OH. DON'T WORRY ABOUT HIM. WE WERE DIVORCED LAST WEEK...
...BUT YOU *CAN'T* BE PROF. POTTEY!... YOU MUST HAVE BEEN LIFTING WEIGHTS...?
COME IN, MY DEAR.

BUT!... THE PROFESSOR'S UNDERTAKING HAD BEEN FOR MORE THAN A MERE NEW FRAME; HE HAD SOUGHT TO EVOLVE HIMSELF TO HUMANITY'S VERY PINNACLE, OR AT LEAST HIS IDEA OF ITS PINNACLE. HE HAD DISPENSED WITH BODY ALTOGETHER (THO' HE STILL LUSTED AFTER MISS ASHLEY'S).

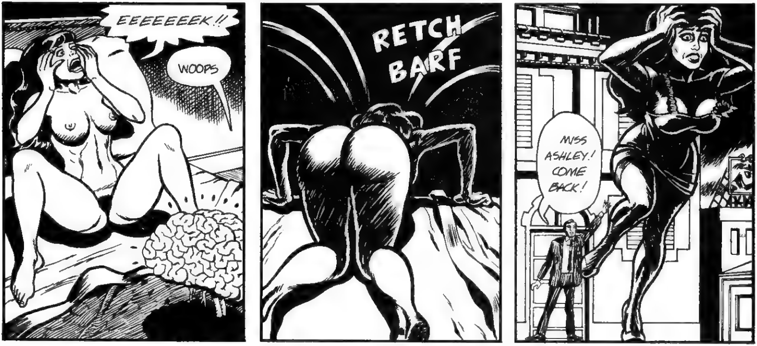
OH, PROFESSOR ...HIRAM... I... I THINK I LUV YOU...!
A SOUND DECISION, MISS ASHLEY.
HA! IF SHE BUT KNEW SHE WAS EMBRACING A HYPNOTIC IMAGE!... BOYOBOY! THIS IS GOING TO BE ENJOYABLE!
LUCKY FOR ME MY EXTRAORDINARILY DEVELOPED SENSES ALLOW ME TO EXPERIENCE ALL OF THIS THE SAME AS IF I WERE A PHYSICAL BODY...
MISS ASHLEY (GOOLP, SLURP), YOUR CUNT IS (SMAK) THE PUREST AMBROSIA! (SLUP, LICK)
OH HIRAM. YOU'RE SO FORMAL!... CALL ME "DORA".
BUT "MISS ASHLEY" HAS A NICER RING TO IT.

PROF. POTTEY WAS IN HEAVEN. UNFORTUNATELY, HE WAS APPROACHING ORGASM... SOMETHING HE JUST WASN'T PREPARED FOR... AND AT THE MOMENT HE "DROPPED HIS LOAD"...

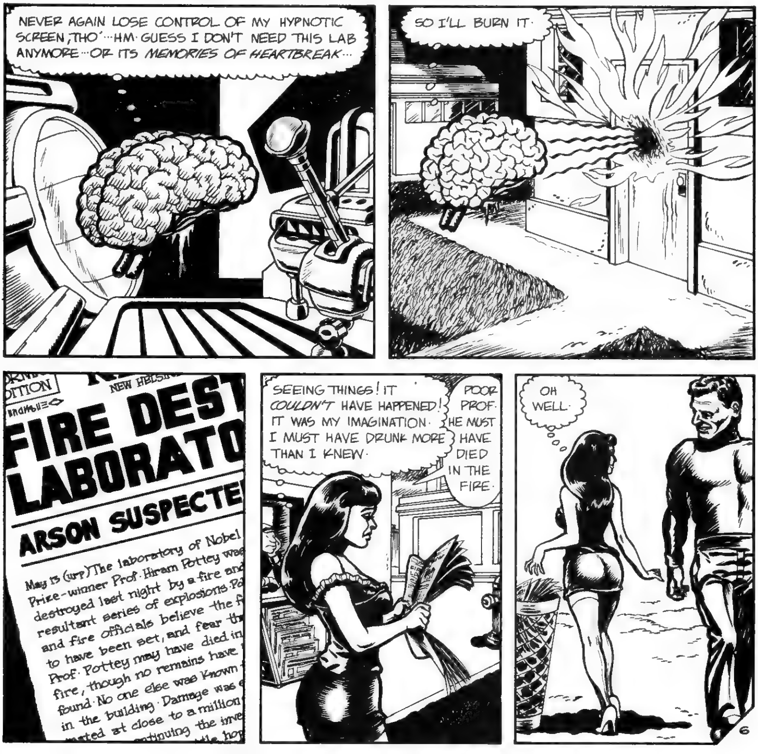
...HE ALSO DROPPED HIS HYPNOTIC SCREEN.



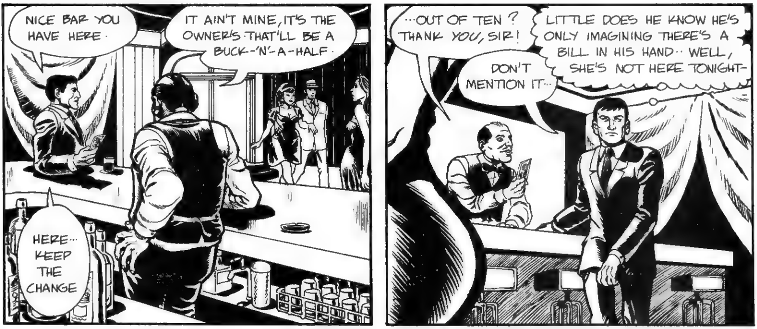
SHOWING AMAZING PRESENCE OF MIND, MISS ASHLEY MANAGED TO PUT HER CLOTHES ON BEFORE RUNNING OUT IN THE STREET··· THE PROFESSOR RESTORED HIS HUMAN IMAGE, BUT TO NO AVAIL···


EEEEEEEK!!
WOOPS
RETCH
BARF
MISS ASHLEY! COME BACK!

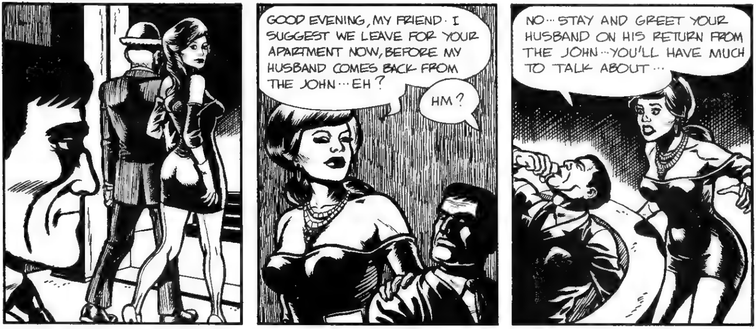
PROF· POTTEY VOWED TO FIND HER AND ONCE MORE WIN HER LOVE·


NEVER AGAIN LOSE CONTROL OF MY HYPNOTIC SCREEN, THO'···HM· GUESS I DON'T NEED THIS LAB ANYMORE···OR ITS *MEMORIES OF HEARTBREAK*···
SO I'LL BURN IT·
DITION
NEW HELSIN
FIRE DEST
LABORATO
ARSON SUSPECTE
May 13 (UPI) The laboratory of Nobel Prize-winner Prof· Hiram Pottey was destroyed last night by a fire and resultant series of explosions· Po and fire officials believe the f to have been set, and fear th Prof· Pottey may have died in fire, though no remains have found· No one else was known in the building· Damage was e mated at close to a million ontinuing the inve
SEEING THINGS! IT *COULDN'T* HAVE HAPPENED! IT WAS MY IMAGINATION· I MUST HAVE DRUNK MORE THAN I KNEW·
POOR PROF· HE MUST HAVE DIED IN THE FIRE·
OH WELL·

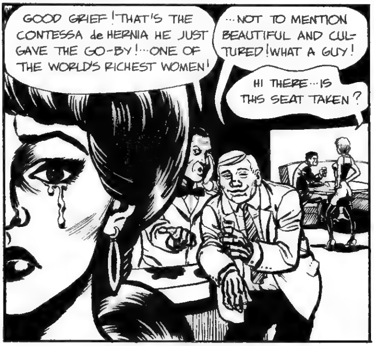
DORA ASHLEY MOVED SHORTLY AFTER, AND LEFT NO WORD OF HER WHEREABOUTS. THE PROFESSOR REMEMBERED THAT SHE LIKED THE FANCY UPTOWN BARS AND, FASHIONING A NEW HUMAN IMAGE, BEGAN HANGING OUT IN THEM.


NICE BAR YOU HAVE HERE.
IT AIN'T MINE, IT'S THE OWNER'S. THAT'LL BE A BUCK-'N'-A-HALF.
HERE... KEEP THE CHANGE
...OUT OF TEN? THANK YOU, SIR!
DON'T MENTION IT...
LITTLE DOES HE KNOW HE'S ONLY IMAGINING THERE'S A BILL IN HIS HAND... WELL, SHE'S NOT HERE TONIGHT-

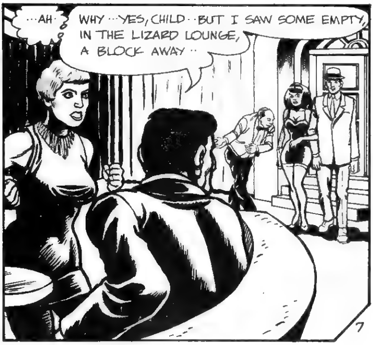
IN THE NEXT FEW DAYS THE BARTENDERS CAME TO MARVEL AT THE STRANGE GENTLEMAN WHO DRANK ALL NIGHT WITHOUT GETTING DRUNK, WHO TIPPED LIKE A RAJAH, AND WHO EYED EVERY WOMAN WHO CAME IN, BUT NEITHER MADE ANY PASSES NOR RESPONDED TO THEM...


GOOD EVENING, MY FRIEND. I SUGGEST WE LEAVE FOR YOUR APARTMENT NOW, BEFORE MY HUSBAND COMES BACK FROM THE JOHN...EH?
HM?
NO... STAY AND GREET YOUR HUSBAND ON HIS RETURN FROM THE JOHN... YOU'LL HAVE MUCH TO TALK ABOUT...

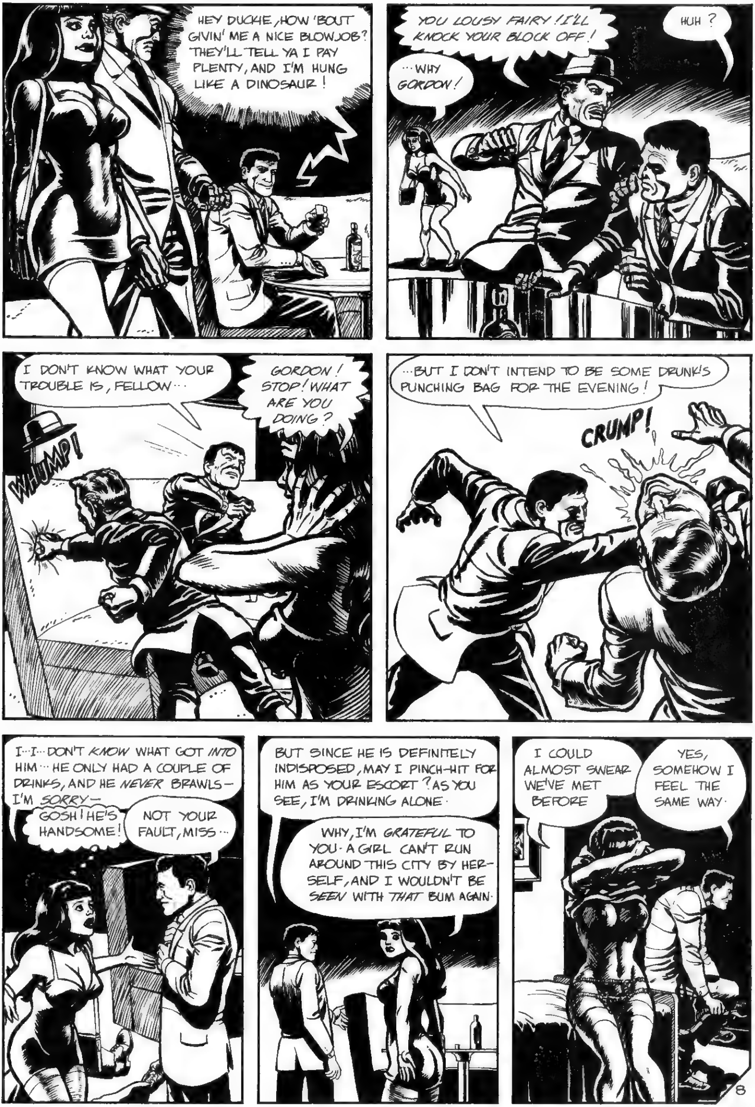
THE WOMEN HE TURNED DOWN WERE ACTUALLY CLASSIER NUMBERS THAN DORA ASHLEY...


GOOD GRIEF! THAT'S THE CONTESSA de HERNIA HE JUST GAVE THE GO-BY!... ONE OF THE WORLD'S RICHEST WOMEN!
...NOT TO MENTION BEAUTIFUL AND CULTURED! WHAT A GUY!
HI THERE... IS THIS SEAT TAKEN?

...BUT HE WAS A SOUL-IN-LOVE, AND STUBBORN. HE WAITED PATIENTLY, AND FINALLY —


...AH.
WHY... YES, CHILD.. BUT I SAW SOME EMPTY IN THE LIZARD LOUNGE, A BLOCK AWAY..

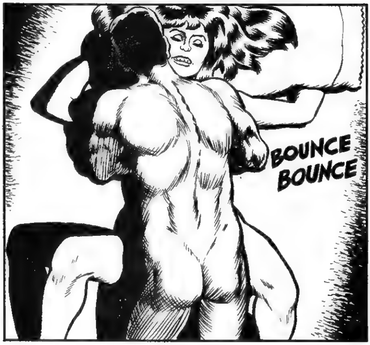
As miss Ashley walked near, Prof. Pottey hailed her escort telepathically, in such a way that he thought he heard a spoken voice...


HEY DUCKIE, HOW 'BOUT GIVIN' ME A NICE BLOWJOB? THEY'LL TELL YA I PAY PLENTY, AND I'M HUNG LIKE A DINOSAUR!
YOU LOUSY FAIRY! I'LL KNOCK YOUR BLOCK OFF!
HUH?
...WHY GORDON!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR TROUBLE IS, FELLOW...
GORDON! STOP! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
WHUMP!
...BUT I DON'T INTEND TO BE SOME DRUNK'S PUNCHING BAG FOR THE EVENING!
CRUMP!
I...I...DON'T *KNOW* WHAT GOT *INTO* HIM... HE ONLY HAD A COUPLE OF DRINKS, AND HE *NEVER* BRAWLS— I'M *SORRY*—
GOSH! HE'S HANDSOME!
NOT YOUR FAULT, MISS...
BUT SINCE HE IS DEFINITELY INDISPOSED, MAY I PINCH-HIT FOR HIM AS YOUR ESCORT? AS YOU SEE, I'M DRINKING ALONE.
WHY, I'M *GRATEFUL* TO YOU. A GIRL CAN'T RUN AROUND THIS CITY BY HERSELF, AND I WOULDN'T BE *SEEN* WITH *THAT* BUM AGAIN.
I COULD ALMOST SWEAR WE'VE MET BEFORE
YES, SOMEHOW I FEEL THE SAME WAY.

WHAT DID YOU SAY YOUR NAME WAS···?
WHY···UH···BRIAN···I GUESS···OR MAYBE SHAWN OR DEREK···

HA! SUCCESS! SWEET TRIUMPH! AND THIS TIME I'M IN CONTROL OF MY HYPNOTIC IMAGE.
···NOW··· STICK IT IN, AND—

HE HUMPED AWAY HAPPILY, APPROACHING ORGASM, AND AT THE MOMENT HE REACHED ORGASM···


BOUNCE BOUNCE

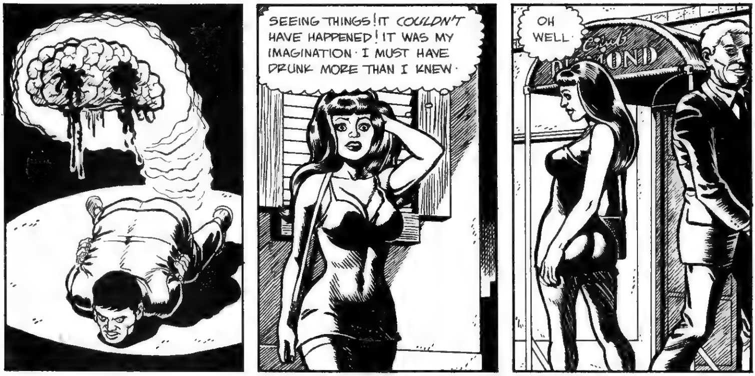
···HE DROPPED HIS MIND SCREEN (CHUCKLE).

MISS ASHLEY HAD TAKEN TO "PACKING A ROD", AS A WISE YOUNG LADY MIGHT WELL DO THESE DAYS···

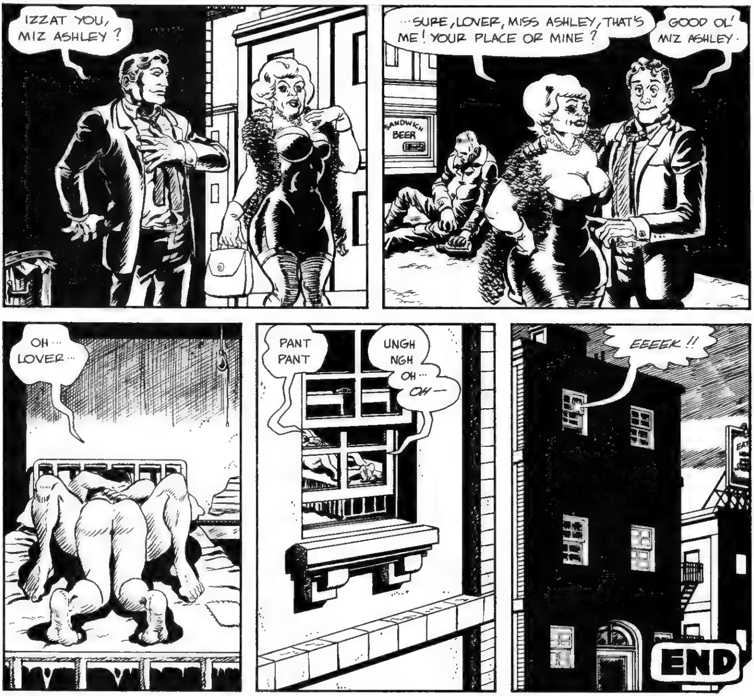
···NOT AGAIN!
WOOPS

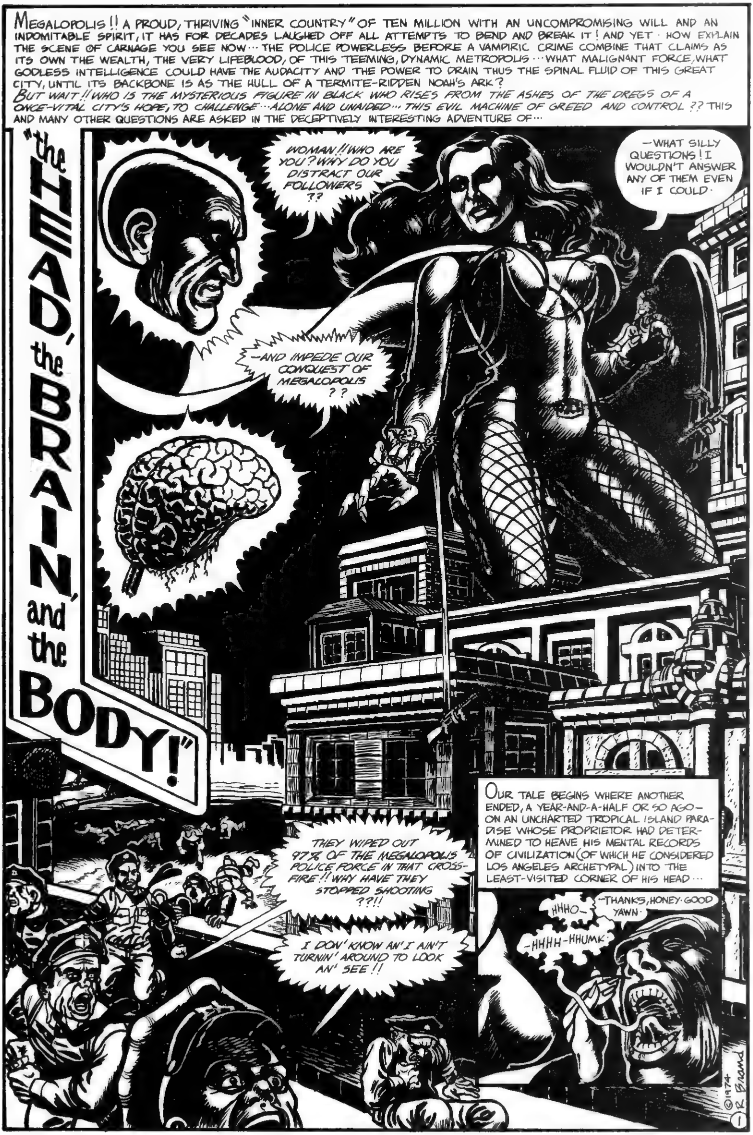
···PROF. POTTEY AGAIN "HUMANIZED" IN VAIN (FORGETTING HE HAD BEEN NUDE IMMEDIATELY BEFORE)···

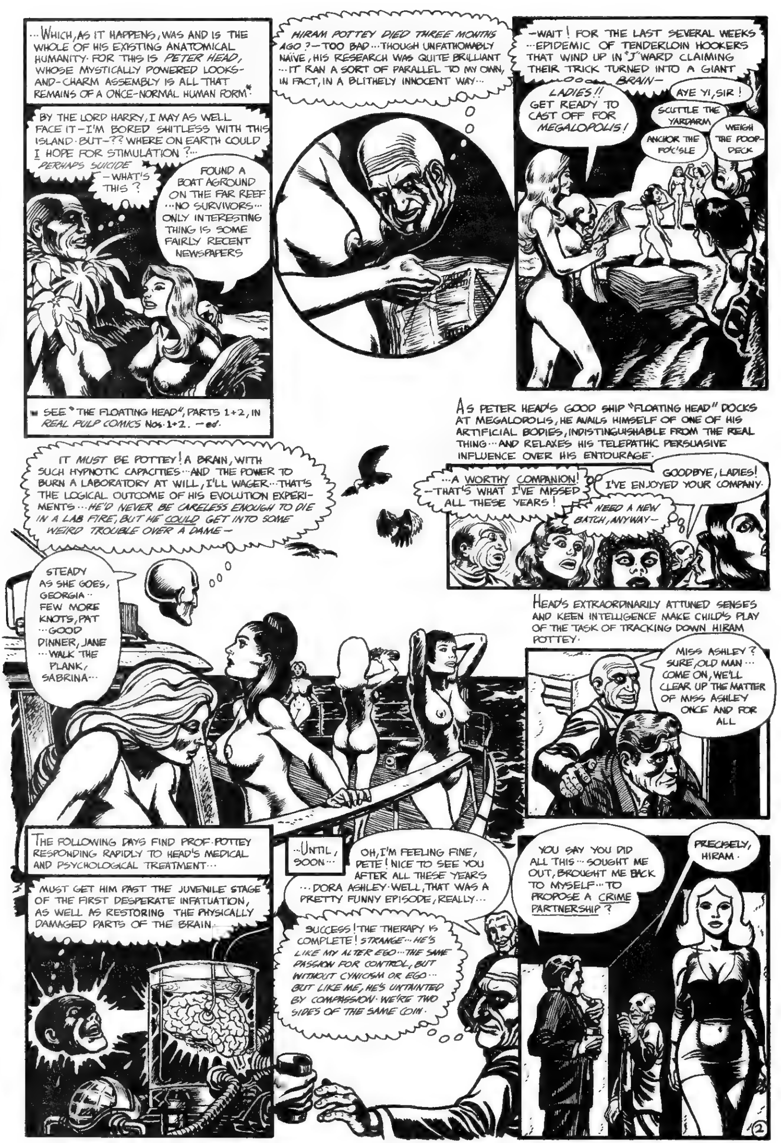
···AND MISS ASHLEY WAS BY NOW AN EXPERT AT DRESSING AND DASHING FOR THE DOOR.

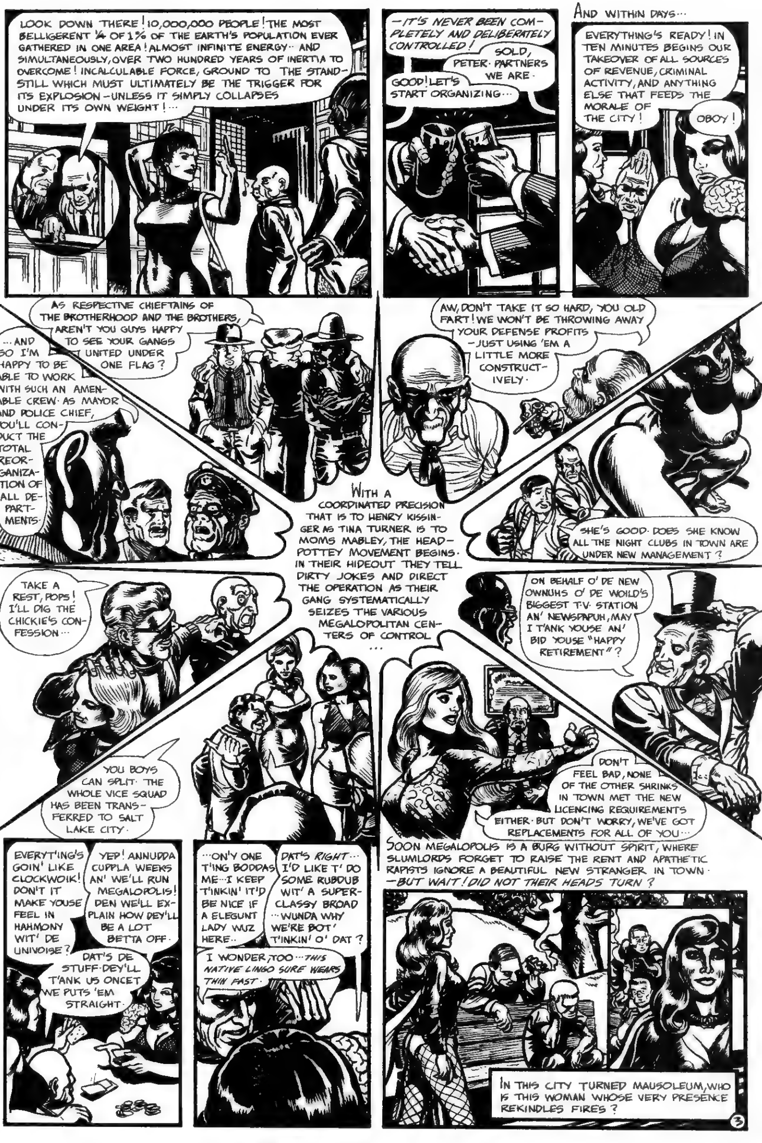

SEEING THINGS! IT *COULDN'T* HAVE HAPPENED! IT WAS MY IMAGINATION · I MUST HAVE DRUNK MORE THAN I KNEW ·
OH WELL ·
Club DI…OND

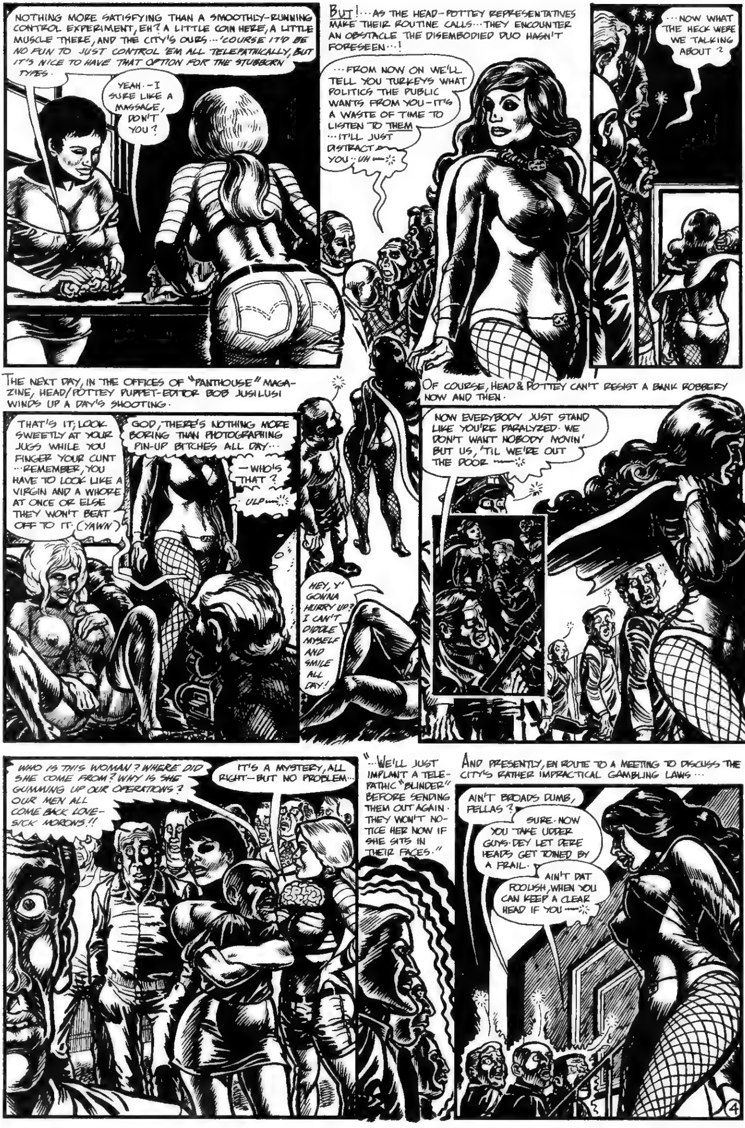
—*SO WAS THAT THE END OF THE PROF.?*…'COURSE NOT! HE'S STILL THE SAME OLD SUPER-GENIUS AS BEFORE, THO' A LITTLE DINGY, AS SOME ESSENTIAL BRAIN CELLS WERE DESTROYED BY DORA ASHLEY'S BULLETS…NOW HE LIVES SOMEWHERE DEEP IN THE TENDERLOIN, WHERE RECENTLY THERE HAVE BEEN STRANGE STORIES TOLD OF A GOLDEN ADONIS WITH A PREDILECTION FOR AGING HOOKERS…

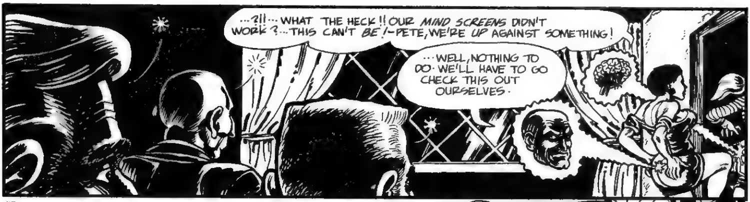

IZZAT YOU, MIZ ASHLEY?
…SURE, LOVER, MISS ASHLEY, THAT'S ME! YOUR PLACE OR MINE?
GOOD OL' MIZ ASHLEY·
SANDWICH BEER
OH… LOVER…
PANT PANT
UNGH NGH OH… *OH—*
EEEEK!!
END


MEGALOPOLIS!! A PROUD, THRIVING "INNER COUNTRY" OF TEN MILLION WITH AN UNCOMPROMISING WILL AND AN INDOMITABLE SPIRIT, IT HAS FOR DECADES LAUGHED OFF ALL ATTEMPTS TO BEND AND BREAK IT! AND YET · HOW EXPLAIN THE SCENE OF CARNAGE YOU SEE NOW··· THE POLICE POWERLESS BEFORE A VAMPIRIC CRIME COMBINE THAT CLAIMS AS ITS OWN THE WEALTH, THE VERY LIFEBLOOD, OF THIS TEEMING, DYNAMIC METROPOLIS ··· WHAT MALIGNANT FORCE, WHAT GODLESS INTELLIGENCE COULD HAVE THE AUDACITY AND THE POWER TO DRAIN THUS THE SPINAL FLUID OF THIS GREAT CITY, UNTIL ITS BACKBONE IS AS THE HULL OF A TERMITE-RIDDEN NOAH'S ARK?
BUT WAIT!! WHO IS THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE IN BLACK WHO RISES FROM THE ASHES OF THE DREGS OF A ONCE-VITAL CITY'S HOPE, TO CHALLENGE··· ALONE AND UNAIDED··· THIS EVIL MACHINE OF GREED AND CONTROL?? THIS AND MANY OTHER QUESTIONS ARE ASKED IN THE DECEPTIVELY INTERESTING ADVENTURE OF···
"the HEAD, the BRAIN, and the BODY!"
WOMAN!! WHO ARE YOU? WHY DO YOU DISTRACT OUR FOLLOWERS ??
—WHAT SILLY QUESTIONS! I WOULDN'T ANSWER ANY OF THEM EVEN IF I COULD·
—AND IMPEDE OUR CONQUEST OF MEGALOPOLIS ??
THEY WIPED OUT 97% OF THE MEGALOPOLIS POLICE FORCE IN THAT CROSS-FIRE!! WHY HAVE THEY STOPPED SHOOTING ??!!
I DON' KNOW AN' I AIN'T TURNIN' AROUND TO LOOK AN' SEE!!
OUR TALE BEGINS WHERE ANOTHER ENDED, A YEAR-AND-A-HALF OR SO AGO— ON AN UNCHARTED TROPICAL ISLAND PARADISE WHOSE PROPRIETOR HAD DETERMINED TO HEAVE HIS MENTAL RECORDS OF CIVILIZATION (OF WHICH HE CONSIDERED LOS ANGELES ARCHETYPAL) INTO THE LEAST-VISITED CORNER OF HIS HEAD···
HHHO—
—THANKS, HONEY· GOOD YAWN·
—HHHH-HHUMK
©1974 R. Brand
1

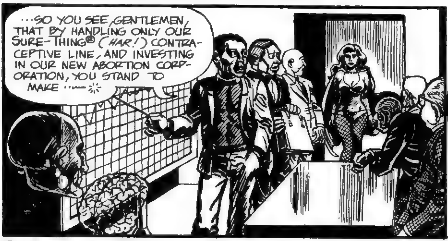

...WHICH, AS IT HAPPENS, WAS AND IS THE WHOLE OF HIS EXISTING ANATOMICAL HUMANITY. FOR THIS IS *PETER HEAD*, WHOSE MYSTICALLY POWERED LOOKS-AND-CHARM ASSEMBLY IS ALL THAT REMAINS OF A ONCE-NORMAL HUMAN FORM*.
BY THE LORD HARRY, I MAY AS WELL FACE IT—I'M BORED SHITLESS WITH THIS ISLAND. BUT—?? WHERE ON EARTH COULD I HOPE FOR STIMULATION?... *PERHAPS SUICIDE*
—WHAT'S THIS?
FOUND A BOAT AGROUND ON THE FAR REEF ...NO SURVIVORS... ONLY INTERESTING THING IS SOME FAIRLY RECENT NEWSPAPERS
* SEE "THE FLOATING HEAD", PARTS 1+2, IN *REAL PULP COMICS* Nos. 1+2. —*ed.*
HIRAM POTTEY DIED THREE MONTHS AGO?—TOO BAD... THOUGH UNFATHOMABLY NAÏVE, HIS RESEARCH WAS QUITE BRILLIANT ...IT RAN A SORT OF PARALLEL TO MY OWN, IN FACT, IN A BLITHELY INNOCENT WAY...
—WAIT! FOR THE LAST SEVERAL WEEKS ...EPIDEMIC OF TENDERLOIN HOOKERS THAT WIND UP IN "J" WARD CLAIMING THEIR TRICK TURNED INTO A GIANT *BRAIN*—
LADIES!! GET READY TO CAST OFF FOR *MEGALOPOLIS!*
AYE YI, SIR!
SCUTTLE THE YARDARM
WEIGH THE POOP-DECK
ANCHOR THE FO'C'SLE
IT *MUST* BE POTTEY! A BRAIN, WITH SUCH HYPNOTIC CAPACITIES... AND THE POWER TO BURN A LABORATORY AT WILL, I'LL WAGER... THAT'S THE LOGICAL OUTCOME OF HIS EVOLUTION EXPERIMENTS... *HE'D NEVER BE CARELESS ENOUGH TO DIE IN A LAB FIRE, BUT HE COULD GET INTO SOME WEIRD TROUBLE OVER A DAME*—
STEADY AS SHE GOES, GEORGIA.. FEW MORE KNOTS, PAT ...GOOD DINNER, JANE ...WALK THE PLANK, SABRINA...
AS PETER HEAD'S GOOD SHIP "FLOATING HEAD" DOCKS AT MEGALOPOLIS, HE AVAILS HIMSELF OF ONE OF HIS ARTIFICIAL BODIES, INDISTINGUISHABLE FROM THE REAL THING... AND RELAXES HIS TELEPATHIC PERSUASIVE INFLUENCE OVER HIS ENTOURAGE.
...A WORTHY COMPANION! —THAT'S WHAT I'VE MISSED ALL THESE YEARS!
GOODBYE, LADIES! I'VE ENJOYED YOUR COMPANY.
NEED A NEW BATCH, ANYWAY—
HEAD'S EXTRAORDINARILY ATTUNED SENSES AND KEEN INTELLIGENCE MAKE CHILD'S PLAY OF THE TASK OF TRACKING DOWN HIRAM POTTEY.
MISS ASHLEY? SURE, OLD MAN... COME ON, WE'LL CLEAR UP THE MATTER OF MISS ASHLEY ONCE AND FOR ALL
THE FOLLOWING DAYS FIND PROF. POTTEY RESPONDING RAPIDLY TO HEAD'S MEDICAL AND PSYCHOLOGICAL TREATMENT...
MUST GET HIM PAST THE JUVENILE STAGE OF THE FIRST DESPERATE INFATUATION, AS WELL AS RESTORING THE PHYSICALLY DAMAGED PARTS OF THE BRAIN.
...UNTIL, SOON...
OH, I'M FEELING FINE, PETE! NICE TO SEE YOU AFTER ALL THESE YEARS ...DORA ASHLEY. WELL, THAT WAS A PRETTY FUNNY EPISODE, REALLY...
SUCCESS! THE THERAPY IS COMPLETE! *STRANGE... HE'S LIKE MY ALTER EGO... THE SAME PASSION FOR CONTROL, BUT WITHOUT CYNICISM OR EGO... BUT LIKE ME, HE'S UNTAINTED BY COMPASSION. WE'RE TWO SIDES OF THE SAME COIN.*
YOU SAY YOU DID ALL THIS... SOUGHT ME OUT, BROUGHT ME BACK TO MYSELF... TO PROPOSE A CRIME PARTNERSHIP?
PRECISELY, HIRAM.


LOOK DOWN THERE! 10,000,000 PEOPLE! THE MOST BELLIGERENT ¼ OF 1% OF THE EARTH'S POPULATION EVER GATHERED IN ONE AREA! ALMOST INFINITE ENERGY.. AND SIMULTANEOUSLY, OVER TWO HUNDRED YEARS OF INERTIA TO OVERCOME! INCALCULABLE FORCE, GROUND TO THE STANDSTILL WHICH MUST ULTIMATELY BE THE TRIGGER FOR ITS EXPLOSION – UNLESS IT SIMPLY COLLAPSES UNDER ITS OWN WEIGHT!...
– IT'S NEVER BEEN COMPLETELY AND DELIBERATELY CONTROLLED!
SOLD, PETER. PARTNERS WE ARE.
GOOD! LET'S START ORGANIZING...
AND WITHIN DAYS...
EVERYTHING'S READY! IN TEN MINUTES BEGINS OUR TAKEOVER OF ALL SOURCES OF REVENUE, CRIMINAL ACTIVITY, AND ANYTHING ELSE THAT FEEDS THE MORALE OF THE CITY!
OBOY!
AS RESPECTIVE CHIEFTAINS OF THE BROTHERHOOD AND THE BROTHERS, AREN'T YOU GUYS HAPPY TO SEE YOUR GANGS UNITED UNDER ONE FLAG?
...AND SO I'M HAPPY TO BE ABLE TO WORK WITH SUCH AN AMENABLE CREW. AS MAYOR AND POLICE CHIEF, YOU'LL CONDUCT THE TOTAL REORGANIZATION OF ALL DEPARTMENTS.
AW, DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD, YOU OLD FART! WE WON'T BE THROWING AWAY YOUR DEFENSE PROFITS – JUST USING 'EM A LITTLE MORE CONSTRUCTIVELY.
SHE'S GOOD. DOES SHE KNOW ALL THE NIGHT CLUBS IN TOWN ARE UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT?
WITH A COORDINATED PRECISION THAT IS TO HENRY KISSINGER AS TINA TURNER IS TO MOMS MABLEY, THE HEAD-POTTEY MOVEMENT BEGINS. IN THEIR HIDEOUT THEY TELL DIRTY JOKES AND DIRECT THE OPERATION AS THEIR GANG SYSTEMATICALLY SEIZES THE VARIOUS MEGALOPOLITAN CENTERS OF CONTROL...
TAKE A REST, POPS! I'LL DIG THE CHICKIE'S CONFESSION...
ON BEHALF O' DE NEW OWNUHS O' DE WOILD'S BIGGEST T.V. STATION AN' NEWSPAPUH, MAY I T'ANK YOUSE AN' BID YOUSE "HAPPY RETIREMENT"?
YOU BOYS CAN SPLIT. THE WHOLE VICE SQUAD HAS BEEN TRANSFERRED TO SALT LAKE CITY.
DON'T FEEL BAD, NONE OF THE OTHER SHRINKS IN TOWN MET THE NEW LICENCING REQUIREMENTS EITHER. BUT DON'T WORRY, WE'VE GOT REPLACEMENTS FOR ALL OF YOU...
EVERYT'ING'S GOIN' LIKE CLOCKWOIK! DON'T IT MAKE YOUSE FEEL IN HAHMONY WIT' DE UNIVOISE?
YEP! ANNUDDA CUPPLA WEEKS AN' WE'LL RUN MEGALOPOLIS! DEN WE'LL EXPLAIN HOW DEY'LL BE A LOT BETTA OFF.
DAT'S DE STUFF. DEY'LL T'ANK US ONCET WE PUTS 'EM STRAIGHT.
...ON'Y ONE T'ING BODDAS ME... I KEEP T'INKIN' IT'D BE NICE IF A ELEGUNT LADY WUZ HERE..
DAT'S RIGHT... I'D LIKE T' DO SOME RUBDUB WIT' A SUPER-CLASSY BROAD ...WUNDA WHY WE'RE BOT' T'INKIN' O' DAT?
I WONDER, TOO... THIS NATIVE LINGO SURE WEARS THIN FAST.
SOON MEGALOPOLIS IS A BURG WITHOUT SPIRIT, WHERE SLUMLORDS FORGET TO RAISE THE RENT AND APATHETIC RAPISTS IGNORE A BEAUTIFUL NEW STRANGER IN TOWN. – BUT WAIT! DID NOT THEIR HEADS TURN?
IN THIS CITY TURNED MAUSOLEUM, WHO IS THIS WOMAN WHOSE VERY PRESENCE REKINDLES FIRES?


NOTHING MORE SATISFYING THAN A SMOOTHLY-RUNNING CONTROL EXPERIMENT, EH? A LITTLE COIN HERE, A LITTLE MUSCLE THERE, AND THE CITY'S OURS... 'COURSE IT'D BE NO FUN TO JUST CONTROL 'EM ALL TELEPATHICALLY, BUT IT'S NICE TO HAVE THAT OPTION FOR THE STUBBORN TYPES.
YEAH.-I SURE LIKE A MASSAGE, DON'T YOU?
BUT!...AS THE HEAD-POTTEY REPRESENTATIVES MAKE THEIR ROUTINE CALLS...THEY ENCOUNTER AN OBSTACLE THE DISEMBODIED DUO HASN'T FORESEEN...!
...FROM NOW ON WE'LL TELL YOU TURKEYS WHAT POLITICS THE PUBLIC WANTS FROM YOU-IT'S A WASTE OF TIME TO LISTEN TO THEM ...IT'LL JUST DISTRACT YOU..UH—
...NOW WHAT THE HECK WERE WE TALKING ABOUT?
THE NEXT DAY, IN THE OFFICES OF "PANTHOUSE" MAGAZINE, HEAD/POTTEY PUPPET-EDITOR BOB JUSILUSI WINDS UP A DAY'S SHOOTING.
THAT'S IT; LOOK SWEETLY AT YOUR JUGS WHILE YOU FINGER YOUR CUNT ...REMEMBER, YOU HAVE TO LOOK LIKE A VIRGIN AND A WHORE AT ONCE OR ELSE THEY WON'T BEAT OFF TO IT. (YAWN)
GOD, THERE'S NOTHING MORE BORING THAN PHOTOGRAPHING PIN-UP BITCHES ALL DAY...
—WHO'S THAT?
ULP—
HEY, Y' GONNA HURRY UP? I CAN'T DIDDLE MYSELF AND SMILE ALL DAY!
OF COURSE, HEAD & POTTEY CAN'T RESIST A BANK ROBBERY NOW AND THEN.
NOW EVERYBODY JUST STAND LIKE YOU'RE PARALYZED. WE DON'T WANT NOBODY MOVIN' BUT US, 'TIL WE'RE OUT THE DOOR—
WHO IS THIS WOMAN? WHERE DID SHE COME FROM? WHY IS SHE GUMMING UP OUR OPERATIONS? OUR MEN ALL COME BACK LOVE-SICK MORONS!!
IT'S A MYSTERY, ALL RIGHT-BUT NO PROBLEM...
"...WE'LL JUST IMPLANT A TELEPATHIC "BLINDER" BEFORE SENDING THEM OUT AGAIN. THEY WON'T NOTICE HER NOW IF SHE SITS IN THEIR FACES."
AND PRESENTLY, EN ROUTE TO A MEETING TO DISCUSS THE CITY'S RATHER IMPRACTICAL GAMBLING LAWS...
AIN'T BROADS DUMB, FELLAS?
SURE. NOW YOU TAKE UDDER GUYS. DEY LET DERE HEADS GET TOINED BY A FRAIL.
AIN'T DAT FOOLISH, WHEN YOU CAN KEEP A CLEAR HEAD IF YOU—
4


...?!! ... WHAT THE HECK!! OUR *MIND SCREENS* DIDN'T WORK? ... THIS CAN'T *BE*! — PETE, WE'RE *UP* AGAINST SOMETHING!
... WELL, NOTHING TO DO. WE'LL HAVE TO GO CHECK THIS OUT OURSELVES.

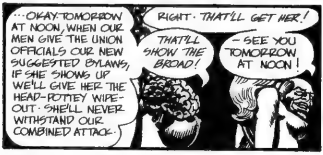
THUS, COMES EVENING, WE SEE THE INVISIBLE HEAD AND POTTEY AT A MEETING OF THEIR DIPLOMATS AND THE CITY'S PHARMACEUTICAL SUPPLY COMPANY EXECUTIVES...


... SO YOU SEE, GENTLEMEN, THAT BY HANDLING ONLY OUR SURE-THING® (*HAR!*) CONTRACEPTIVE LINE, AND INVESTING IN OUR NEW ABORTION CORPORATION, YOU STAND TO MAKE ...

THAT MUST BE HER
MUST BE

BACK AT HEAD/POTTEY H.Q., IN "THE MEN'S ROOM"...

THERE WAS SOME EMOTION I FELT ... I CAN'T QUITE IDENTIFY IT —
ME TOO ... SOMETHING ... *LONG OFF* ...
— POOH. WE HAVE TO DESTROY HER.

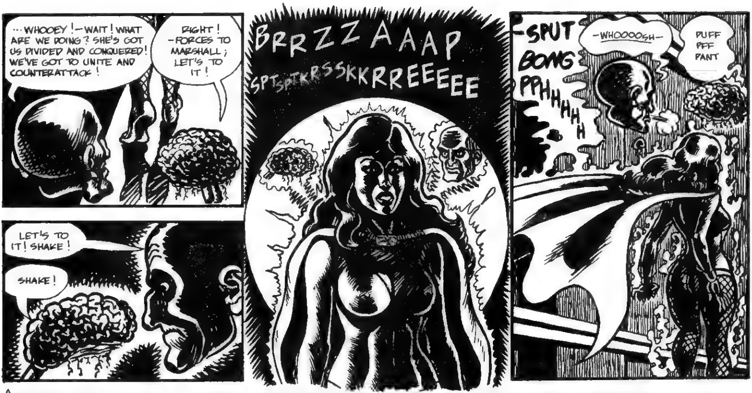

... OKAY. TOMORROW AT NOON, WHEN OUR MEN GIVE THE UNION OFFICIALS OUR NEW SUGGESTED BYLAWS, IF SHE SHOWS UP WE'LL GIVE HER THE HEAD-POTTEY WIPE-OUT. SHE'LL NEVER WITHSTAND OUR COMBINED ATTACK.
RIGHT. *THAT'LL GET HER!*
THAT'LL SHOW THE BROAD!
— SEE YOU TOMORROW AT NOON!

11:45 THE NEXT MORNING: THE H&P MEDIATORS START ARRIVING AT THE UNION HALL — AND SO, AS IF HOMING IN ON AN ELECTRONIC MUSK-BEAM, DOES THE DAME WHOSE PRESENCE TURNS BOYS TO MEN AND MEN TO BOYS.

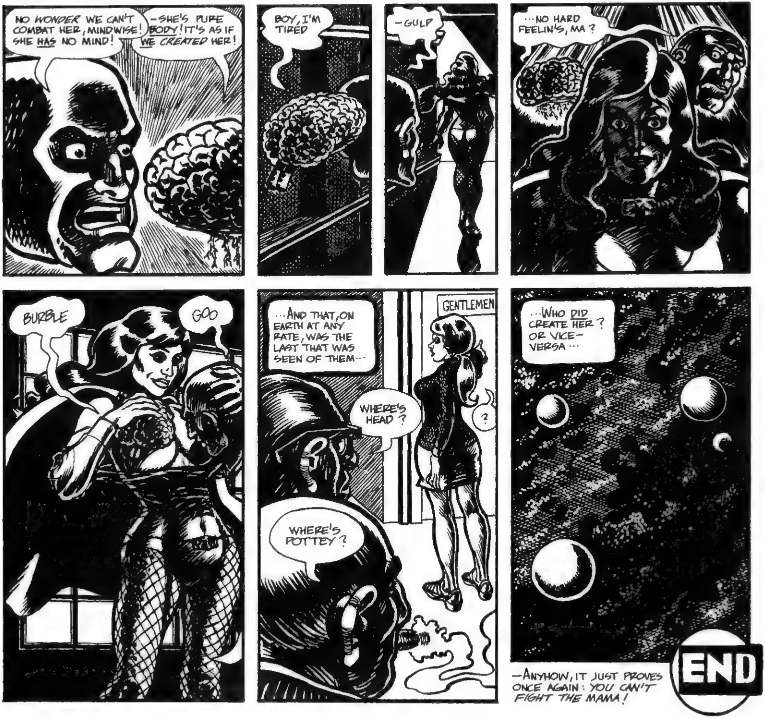
the UNION HALL

HELLO DERE, BABY! — GOIN' MY WAY?
HELLO DERE, TOOTS! LET'S GET ACQUAINTED!
WHA-?
— HUH?

YOU BACK-STABBING FUCKER! YOU'RE FIFTEEN MINUTES EARLY!
YOU'RE A LOUSY TRAITOR! AND I'M JUST THE GUY THAT CAN DO IT!!
GO FUCK YOURSELF!!
SO'S YOUR OLD MAN!!
YEAH!!!
YEAH?!!
@$$★#!!!
!!@@★$$!


...WHOOEY! —WAIT! WHAT ARE WE DOING? SHE'S GOT US DIVIDED AND CONQUERED! WE'VE GOT TO UNITE AND COUNTERATTACK!
RIGHT! —FORCES TO MARSHALL; LET'S TO IT!
LET'S TO IT! SHAKE!
SHAKE!
BRRZZAAAP
SPTSPTKRSSKKRREEEEEE
—SPUT
BONG
PPHHHHHH
—WHOOOOSH—
PUFF PFF PANT

AND NOW, FOR THE FIRST TIME, IN A CONFUSING AMBIANCE OF LONG-FORGOTTEN TRUTH, THE TWO SUPERMINDS BEGIN TO FATHOM THE SIMPLE MYSTERY OF CREATION.
HEAD AND POTTEY, WHO MADE OF LOVE, IF NOT AN ART, AT LEAST A CRAFT: IS THE H/P. LOVE-CRAFT EBBING OR FLOWING? THIS COULD BE THEIR *LAST CHANCE*...


NO *WONDER* WE CAN'T COMBAT HER, MINDWISE! SHE *HAS* NO MIND!
—SHE'S PURE *BODY*! IT'S AS IF *WE CREATED* HER!
BOY, I'M TIRED
—GULP
...NO HARD FEELIN'S, MA?
BURBLE
GOO
...AND THAT, ON EARTH AT ANY RATE, WAS THE LAST THAT WAS SEEN OF THEM...
GENTLEMEN
WHERE'S HEAD?
?
WHERE'S POTTEY?
...WHO *DID* CREATE HER? OR VICE-VERSA...
END
—ANYHOW, IT JUST PROVES ONCE AGAIN: *YOU CAN'T FIGHT THE MAMA!*

IN MORE INNOCENT TIMES

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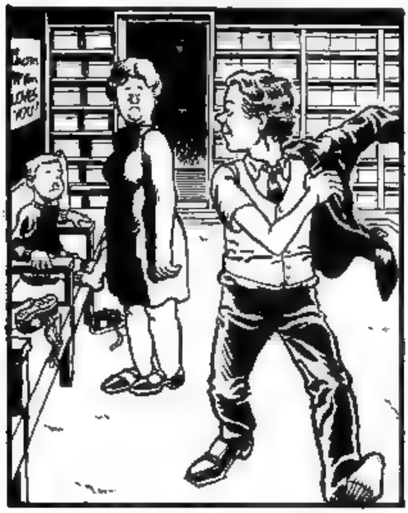
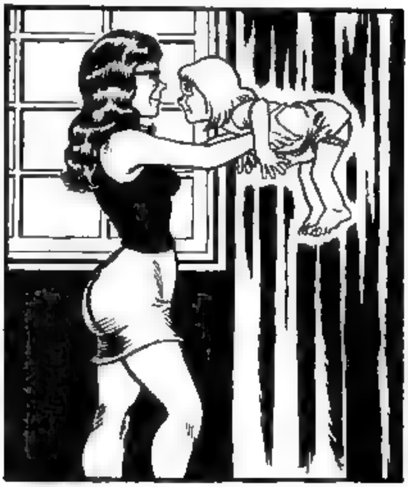
IN EARLY 1966 I LIVED IN A HOUSE IN BERKELEY WITH FOUR OTHERS: DEANNA, WHO RENTED THE HOUSE AND RENTED US ROOMS IN TURN, HER FOUR-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER PIPER, OUR FRIEND LES, AND HIS OL' LADY NINA. WE WEREN'T "FREAKS", EXACTLY; WE WERE JUST SORT OF "DISCONNECTED", AS THE FELLER SEZ.

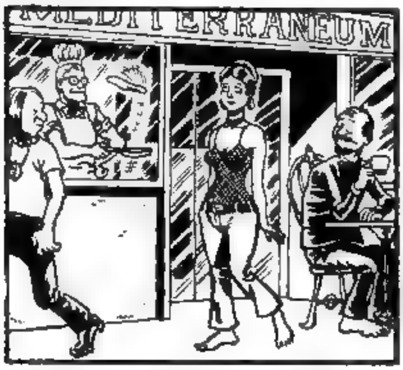
I HAD JUST QUIT MY JOB AT THE SHOE STORE. I WAS 23.



DEANNA WAS A SECRETARY AT (DO NOT FRET) THE POLICE STATION. SHE WAS 24.

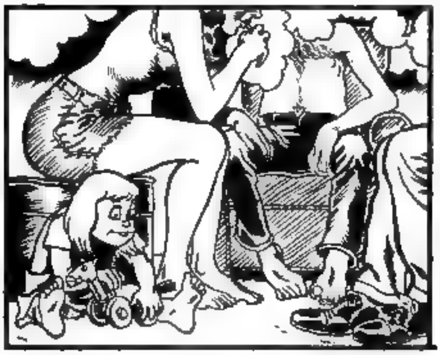


LES WAS A COOK AT THE "MED". HE WAS 26⊛.

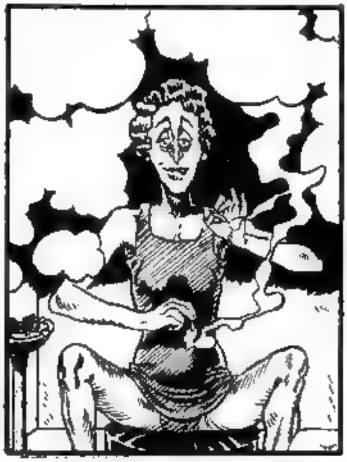

MEDITERRANEUM

⊛HE WAS A JACK-OF-ALL-TRADES, HAVING BEEN A SAFECRACKER AND OPIUM-RUNNER 'TWIXT ORIENT AND OCCIDENT. HE HAD ALSO BUILT SEVERAL HOUSES AND COULD EAT LIGHTBULBS.

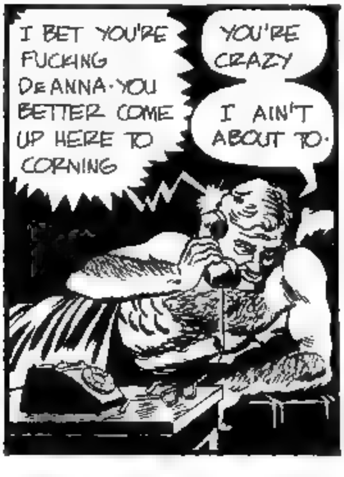
WE HAD BOUGHT A KILO OF OH-SO-GOOD GRASS ABOUT A MONTH BEFORE, FOR $140 (SLIGHTLY EXPENSIVE AT THAT TIME AND PLACE). IN 1965 + '66 WE SMOKED ALL WE COULD GET, AND WE COULD GET ALL WE COULD SMOKE. I DON'T SMOKE MUCH THESE DAYS THO'. DON'T KNOW WHY.

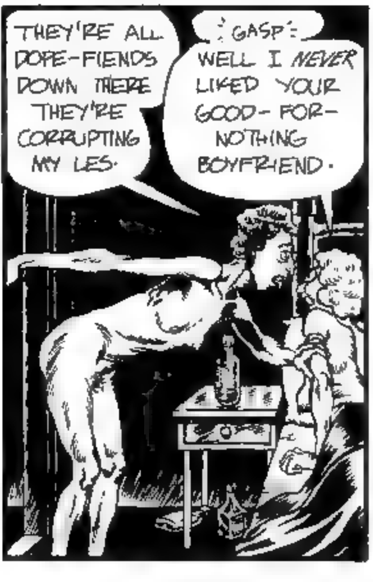


NINA WAS 36. GOD, HOW SHE COULD CONSUME MARIJUANA BUT SHE DIDN'T FEEL LIKE SHE FIT IN WITH US YOUNGER FOLKS.

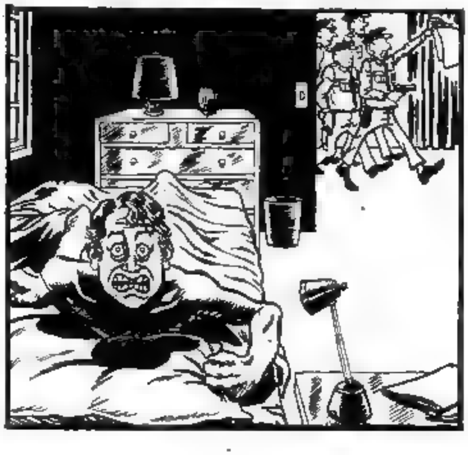


SHE WENT TO LIVE WITH HER MOTHER IN CORNING, 200 MILES NORTH OF BERKELEY. THAT NIGHT SHE CALLED UP LES.

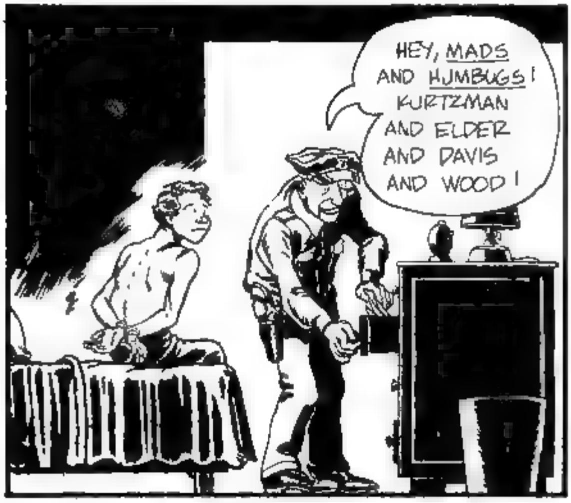

I BET YOU'RE FUCKING DEANNA. YOU BETTER COME UP HERE TO CORNING
YOU'RE CRAZY
I AIN'T ABOUT TO.

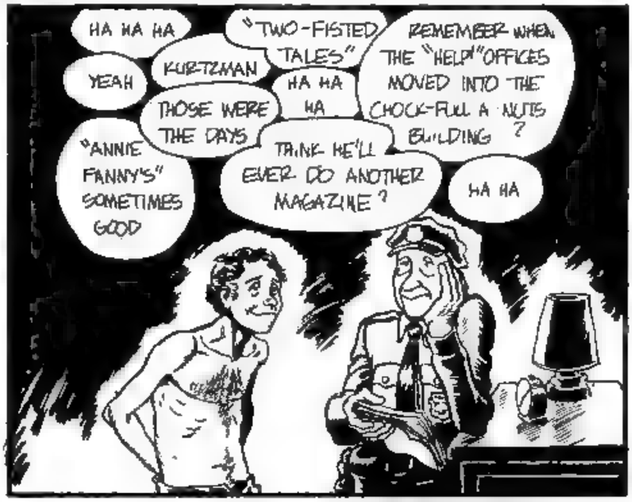

THEY'RE ALL DOPE-FIENDS DOWN THERE THEY'RE CORRUPTING MY LES.
GASP
WELL I *NEVER* LIKED YOUR GOOD-FOR-NOTHING BOYFRIEND.

NINA AND HER MOTHER CALLED THE COPS AND SIGNED COMPLAINTS. AT 7:00 THE NEXT MORNING THE BERKELEY COPS WALKED IN THE FRONT DOOR WITH A SEARCH WARRANT AND AN ARREST WARRANT FOR LES.

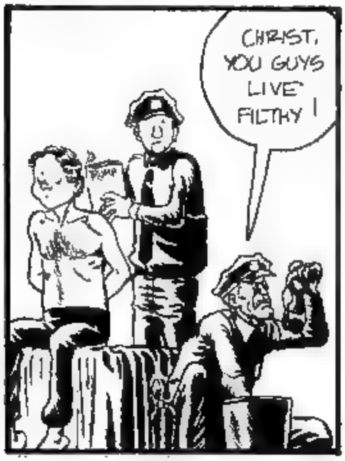


THE COP THAT SEARCHED MY ROOM WAS A NICE GUY, AS BERKELEY COPS OFTEN WERE IN THOSE DAYS. I'VE HEARD IT'S DIFFERENT NOW, BUT I'VE SPENT LITTLE TIME IN BERKELEY SINCE 1966, SO I DON'T KNOW.


HEY, MADS AND HUMBUGS! KURTZMAN AND ELDER AND DAVIS AND WOOD!


HA HA HA
"TWO-FISTED TALES"
REMEMBER WHEN THE "HELP!" OFFICES MOVED INTO THE CHOCK-FULL A NUTS BUILDING?
YEAH
KURTZMAN
HA HA HA
THOSE WERE THE DAYS
"ANNIE FANNY'S" SOMETIMES GOOD
THINK HE'LL EVER DO ANOTHER MAGAZINE?
HA HA

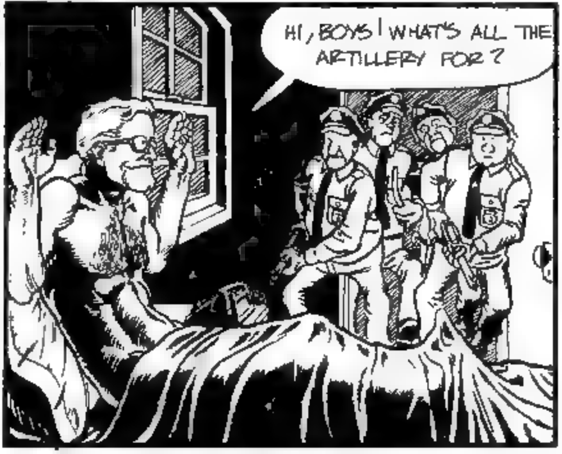
ANOTHER COP CAME IN. HE FOUND A PAIR OF PANTIES MY GIRLFRIEND AT THE TIME HAD GIVEN UP ON.

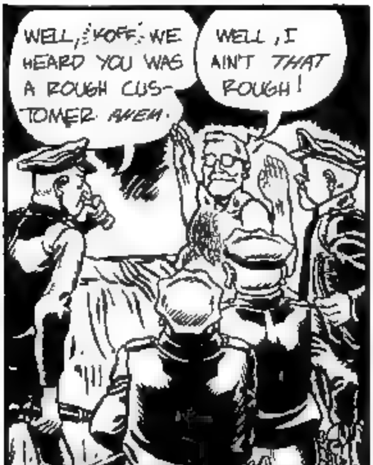

CHRIST, YOU GUYS LIVE FILTHY!

THE FIRST COP SAID, ALMOST APOLOGETICALLY, THAT THEY WOULDN'T HAVE BUSTED US BUT FOR THE SIGNED COMPLAINTS—IT WAS A CRAZY FLUKE. LATER I FOUND OUT ABOUT THE "TOUGH COP AND CON COP" ROUTINE. MAYBE THAT'S ALL THEY WERE DOING BUT THEY WEREN'T AFTER INFORMATION THEY DIDN'T EVEN QUESTION OUR "WE-GOT-IT-AT-A-PARTY" LINE. I DON'T KNOW. I THINK THE ONE COP JUST HAPPENED TO BE A NICE GUY.

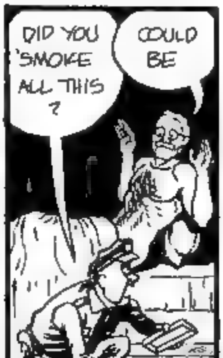
NAKED LUNCH

LES WAS A REAL-LIVE KARATE EXPERT, SO THEY RUSHED INTO HIS ROOM WITH SHOTGUNS AND RUBBER HOSE. HE WAS SITTING UP IN BED WITH HIS HANDS UP.

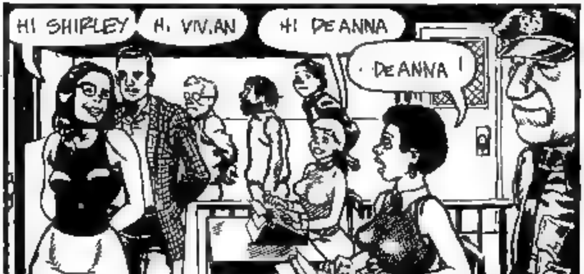

HI, BOYS! WHAT'S ALL THE ARTILLERY FOR?


WELL, *KOFF* WE HEARD YOU WAS A ROUGH CUSTOMER *AHEM*.
WELL, I AIN'T *THAT* ROUGH!

UNDER HIS BED WAS MOST OF THE EVIDENCE - A SHOEBOX ABOUT 1/3 FULL OF SEEDS


DID YOU SMOKE ALL THIS?
COULD BE

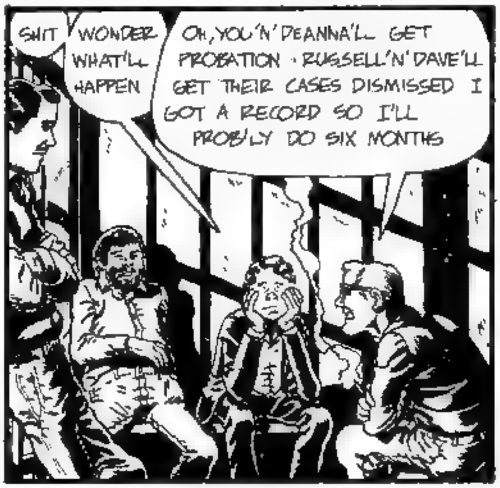
FUSSELL (DEANNA'S BOYFRIEND) AND OUR FRIEND DAVE HAD SPENT THE NIGHT. WE WERE ALL TAKEN IN THE PADDY WAGON TO THE BERKELEY POLICE STATION. DEANNA WAS SORT OF EMBARASSED, SINCE SHE KNEW PEOPLE THERE. OH, WELL. SHE WAS NONCHALANT. HER BIGGEST FEAR WAS THAT PIPER WOULD BE TAKEN FROM HER, BUT SHE WASN'T.


HI SHIRLEY
HI, VIVIAN
HI DEANNA
DEANNA!

THEY FINGERPRINTED US, SEARCHED OUR CLOTHES MINUTELY, AND LOOKED UP OUR ASSES AND DEANNA'S PUSSY.

Here I sat
with
broken
heart
Tried my
best but
couldn't
fart

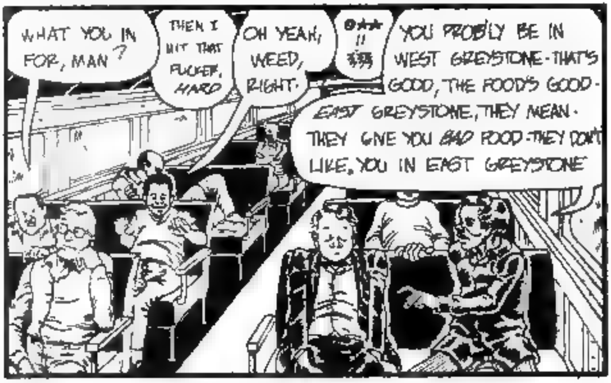
WE ALL MADE PHONE CALLS, THEN SAT IN CELLS FOR AN HOUR OR SO THE CELLS IN THE BERKELEY JAIL ARE CLEAN AND SHINY OH, SO SHINY

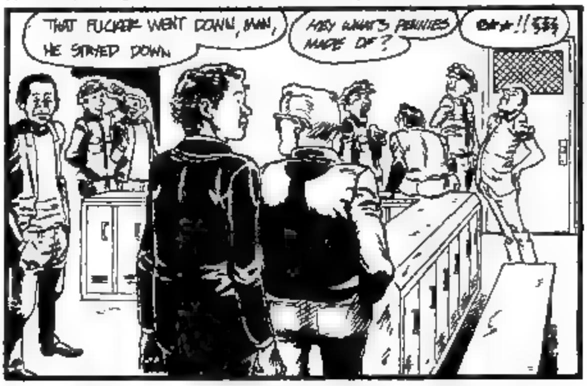

SHIT
WONDER WHAT'LL HAPPEN
OH, YOU'N' DEANNA'LL GET PROBATION · RUSSELL'N' DAVE'LL GET THEIR CASES DISMISSED I GOT A RECORD SO I'LL PROB'LY DO SIX MONTHS

THE COPS WERE NICE ENOUGH, OR AT LEAST CIVIL... BUT THE LADY COPS WERE FRIGHTENING. THEY LOOKED LIKE FOOTBALL PLAYERS.

RUSSELL AND DAVE HAD ENOUGH MONEY TO BAIL OUT THEMSELVES AND DEANNA· LES AND I WERE PUT ON A BUS WITH FROSTED WINDOWS, WITH 10 OR 15 OTHERS THE BUS WAS HEADED OUT EAST OF OAKLAND FOR "SANTA RITA", WHICH HAD A "PROGRAM" BY WHICH YOU COULD SERVE SMALL SENTENCES ON WEEKENDS IF YOU HAD A STEADY JOB, AND MOST OF THE GUYS ON THE BUS WERE "REGULARS", GOING BACK IN FOR THE WEEKEND.

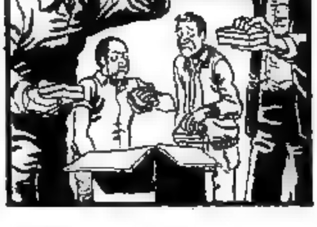
WE ARRIVED ABOUT 6:00. THE PLACE WAS LIKE A HIGH SCHOOL GYM.. LOCKERS AND LATRINES, AND THE GUARDS WERE JUST LIKE GYM TEACHERS.. FRIENDLY AND PATERNAL, IN A SORT OF GRUFF ARMY SERGEANT WAY. REAL DIPSHITS. AND THE GUYS RETURNING TO JAIL KNEW 'EM ALL, OF COURSE, SO THEY JOKED AROUND. THE COACHES AND THE GOOF SQUAD.


WHAT YOU IN FOR, MAN?
THEN I HIT THAT FUCKER, HARD
OH YEAH, WEED, RIGHT.
@** !! $$$
YOU PROB'LY BE IN WEST GREYSTONE - THAT'S GOOD, THE FOOD'S GOOD. EAST GREYSTONE, THEY MEAN. THEY GIVE YOU BAD FOOD - THEY DON'T LIKE, YOU IN EAST GREYSTONE

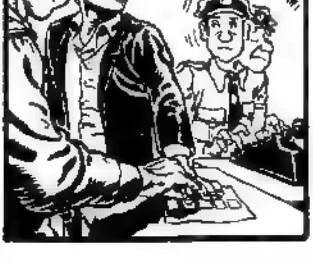

THAT FUCKER WENT DOWN, MAN, HE STAYED DOWN
HEY WHAT'S PENNIES MADE OF?
@** !! $$$

ALL OF A SUDDEN I REALIZED I HADN'T EATEN OR PISSED SINCE THE NIGHT BEFORE MY BLADDER WAS BURSTING, BUT ALL THE TENSION AND ANXIETY HAD PARALYZED MY PISS-BOWELS; I JUST COULDN'T RELAX ENOUGH TO PEE IN FRONT OF ALL THOSE GUYS BUT I FINALLY SQUEEZED OUT ENOUGH TO STOP THE PAIN.

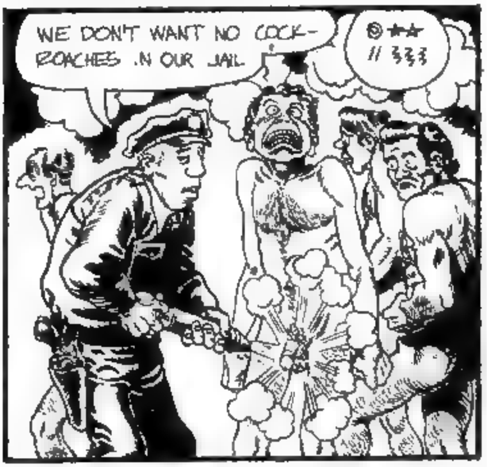
ABOUT 8:00 THEY BROUGHT IN BALONEY AND MUSTARD SANDWICHES. AT LEAST THEY WERE FRESH. WE EACH GOT TWO.


SUPERLATIVE.
COMPLIMENTS TO THE CHEF.
@** !! $$$

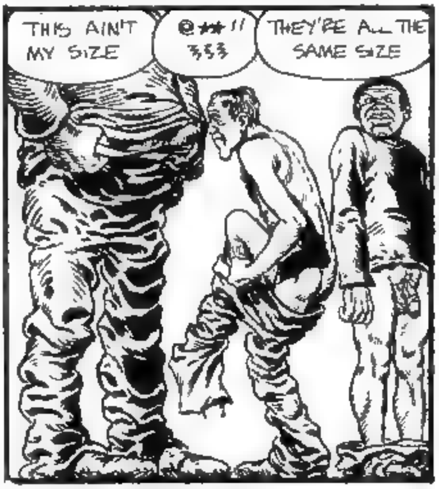
THEY FINGERPRINTED US AGAIN. THE GUY ASKED MY NATIONAL-RACIAL ORIGIN


SCOTCH - WELSH - IRISH ENGLISH DUTCH-AMERICAN INDIAN
HUH? WELL WELL... JUST SAY "SCOTCH-WELSH"

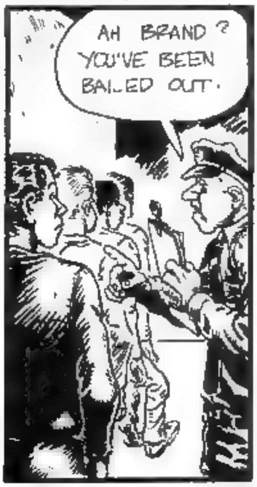
THEY CHECKED ALL OUR CLOTHES AND POSSESSIONS IN BASKETS AND SPRAYED OUR CROTCHES WITH SOME KIND OF DISINFECTANT THAT STUNG.


WE DON'T WANT NO COCKROACHES IN OUR JAIL
@★★ // ३३३

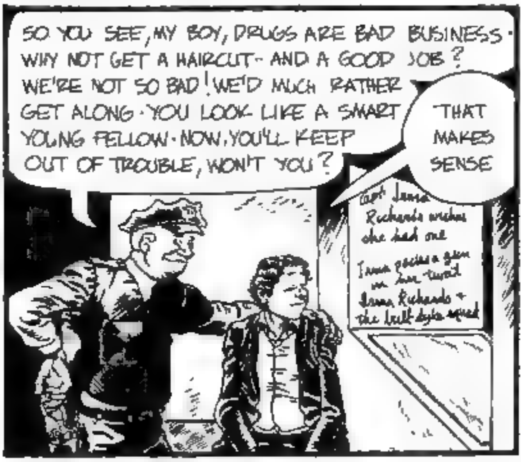
OUR JAIL CLOTHES WERE LONG GYM PANTS AND SWEATSHIRTS, AND SOME COMICAL SLIPPERS MADE OUT OF SWEATSHIRTS.


THIS AIN'T MY SIZE
@★★!! ३३३
THEY'RE ALL THE SAME SIZE

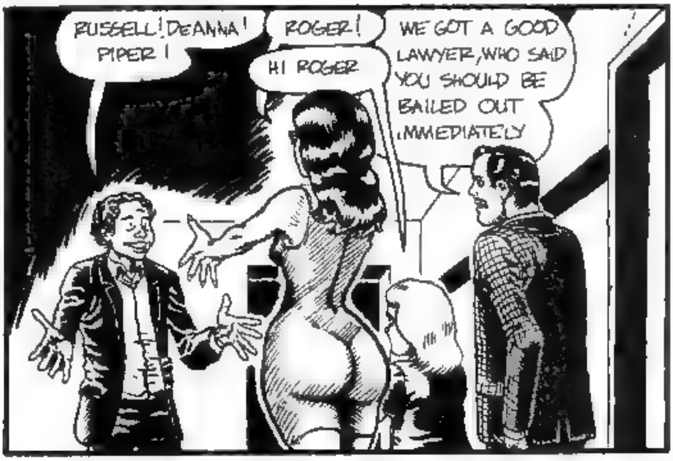
AT 9:00 THEY STARTED TO MARCH US OFF TO OUR CELLS, BUT—


AH BRAND? YOU'VE BEEN BAILED OUT.

THEY GAVE ME BACK MY CLOTHES AND STUFF. IT WAS ALL THERE... WRISTWATCH, MONEY IN WALLET, ADDRESS BOOK. I HAD TO WAIT A FEW MINUTES IN A SMALL ROOM.

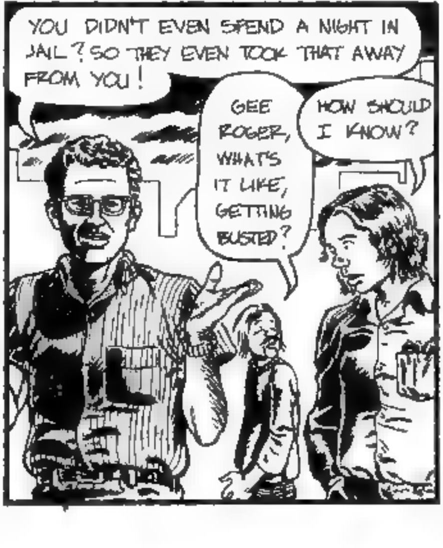

SO YOU SEE, MY BOY, DRUGS ARE BAD BUSINESS. WHY NOT GET A HAIRCUT- AND A GOOD JOB? WE'RE NOT SO BAD! WE'D MUCH RATHER GET ALONG. YOU LOOK LIKE A SMART YOUNG FELLOW. NOW, YOU'LL KEEP OUT OF TROUBLE, WON'T YOU?
THAT MAKES SENSE
Capt Ianna Richards wishes she had one
Ianna packs a gun on her twat
Ianna Richards + the bull dyke squad

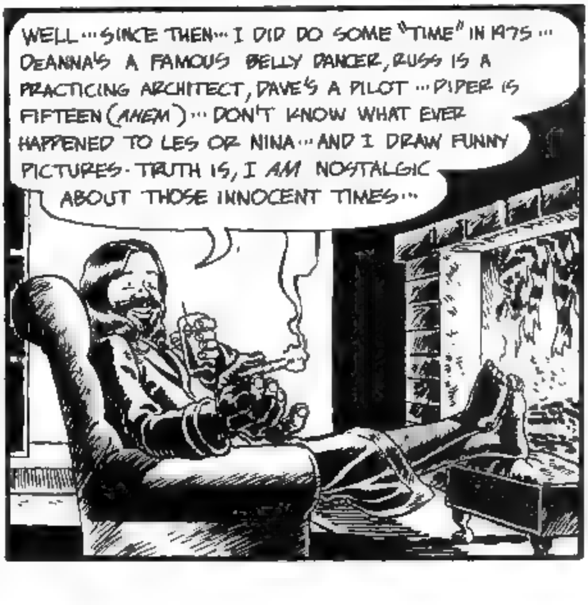
..THEY SEEM TO THINK THAT NOW YOU'LL REALLY GO STRAIGHT... JUST THAT YOU WERE NEVER FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO HAVE ONE OF THEM TELL YOU WHAT'S WHAT BEFORE. IT'S REALLY WEIRD.

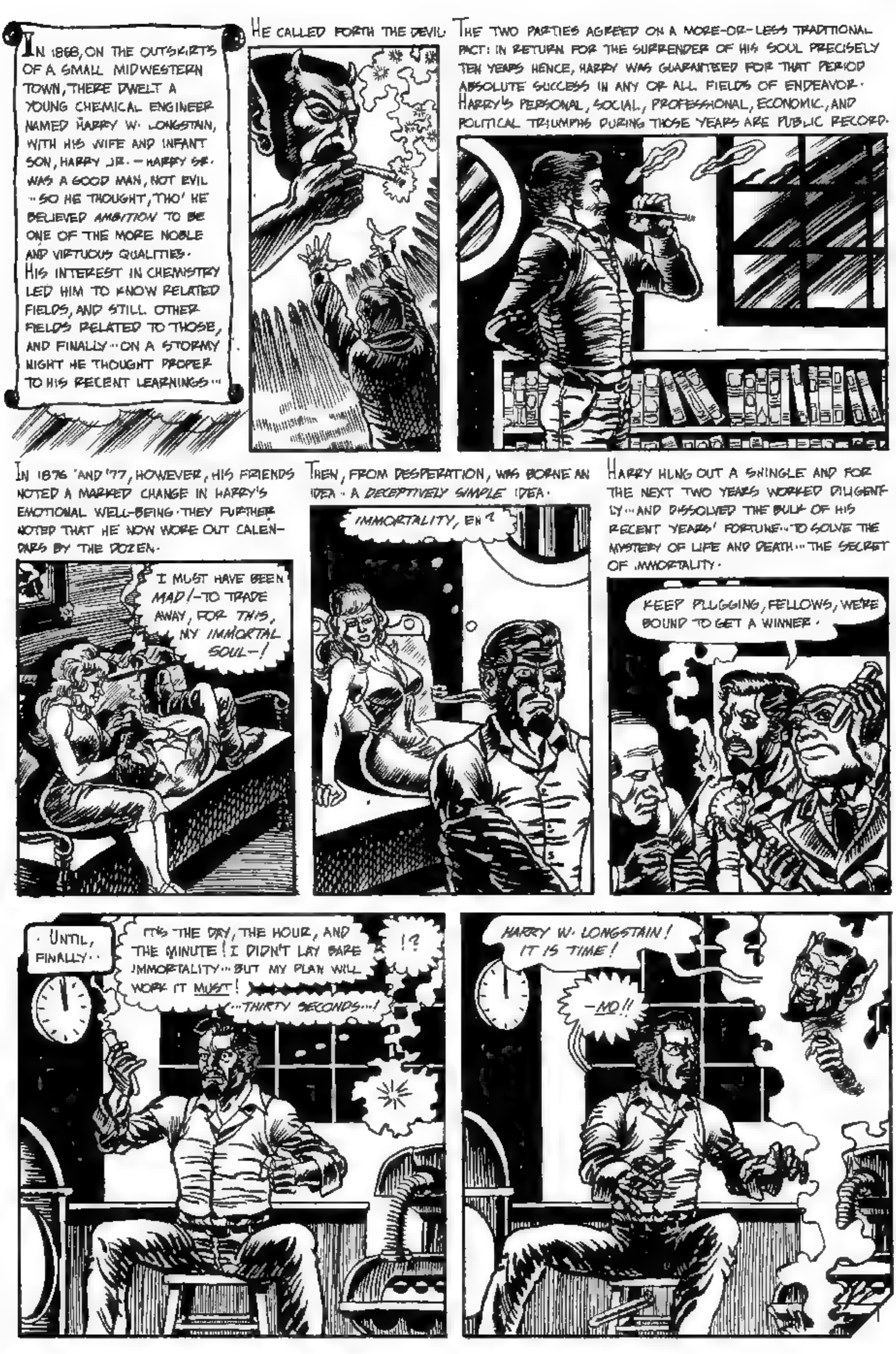

RUSSELL! DEANNA! PIPER!
ROGER!
HI ROGER
WE GOT A GOOD LAWYER, WHO SAID YOU SHOULD BE BAILED OUT IMMEDIATELY

I SURE WAS GRATEFUL TO RUSSELL FOR LOANING ME THE BAIL MONEY. IN THE COMING MONTHS WE MADE ROUTINE COURT APPEARANCES, AND FINALLY DEANNA, LES, AND I GOT PROBATION, AND DAVE AND RUSSELL GOT THEIR CASES DISMISSED.

LATER I RELATED THE WHOLE THING TO MY FRIEND BOB, WHO SAID—


YOU DIDN'T EVEN SPEND A NIGHT IN JAIL? SO THEY EVEN TOOK THAT AWAY FROM YOU!
GEE ROGER, WHAT'S IT LIKE, GETTING BUSTED?
HOW SHOULD I KNOW?


WELL... SINCE THEN... I DID DO SOME "TIME" IN 1975... DEANNA'S A FAMOUS BELLY DANCER, RUSS IS A PRACTICING ARCHITECT, DAVE'S A PILOT ... PIPER IS FIFTEEN (AHEM)... DON'T KNOW WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO LES OR NINA... AND I DRAW FUNNY PICTURES. TRUTH IS, I AM NOSTALGIC ABOUT THOSE INNOCENT TIMES...



IN 1868, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF A SMALL MIDWESTERN TOWN, THERE DWELT A YOUNG CHEMICAL ENGINEER NAMED HARRY W. LONGSTAIN, WITH HIS WIFE AND INFANT SON, HARRY JR. — HARRY SR. WAS A GOOD MAN, NOT EVIL ... SO HE THOUGHT, THO' HE BELIEVED *AMBITION* TO BE ONE OF THE MORE NOBLE AND VIRTUOUS QUALITIES. HIS INTEREST IN CHEMISTRY LED HIM TO KNOW RELATED FIELDS, AND STILL OTHER FIELDS RELATED TO THOSE, AND FINALLY ... ON A STORMY NIGHT HE THOUGHT PROPER TO HIS RECENT LEARNINGS ...

HE CALLED FORTH THE DEVIL.

THE TWO PARTIES AGREED ON A MORE-OR-LESS TRADITIONAL PACT: IN RETURN FOR THE SURRENDER OF HIS SOUL PRECISELY TEN YEARS HENCE, HARRY WAS GUARANTEED FOR THAT PERIOD ABSOLUTE SUCCESS IN ANY OR ALL FIELDS OF ENDEAVOR. HARRY'S PERSONAL, SOCIAL, PROFESSIONAL, ECONOMIC, AND POLITICAL TRIUMPHS DURING THOSE YEARS ARE PUBLIC RECORD.

IN 1876 AND '77, HOWEVER, HIS FRIENDS NOTED A MARKED CHANGE IN HARRY'S EMOTIONAL WELL-BEING. THEY FURTHER NOTED THAT HE NOW WORE OUT CALENDARS BY THE DOZEN.

I MUST HAVE BEEN *MAD*! — TO TRADE AWAY, FOR *THIS*, MY *IMMORTAL SOUL*—!

THEN, FROM DESPERATION, WAS BORNE AN IDEA ... A *DECEPTIVELY SIMPLE* IDEA.

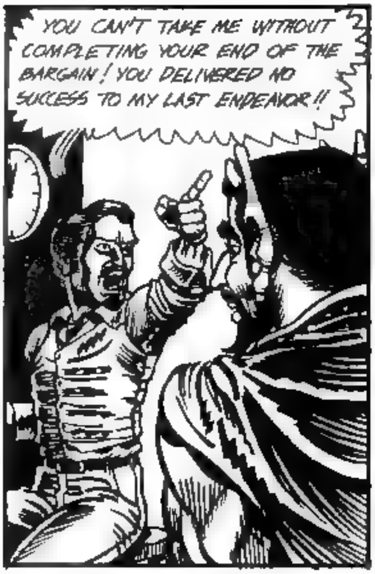
IMMORTALITY, EH?

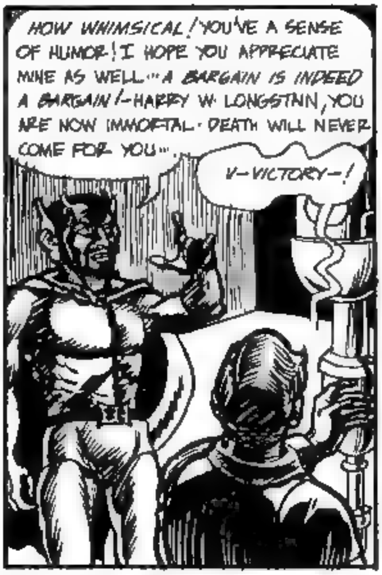
HARRY HUNG OUT A SHINGLE AND FOR THE NEXT TWO YEARS WORKED DILIGENTLY ... AND DISSOLVED THE BULK OF HIS RECENT YEARS' FORTUNE ... TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF LIFE AND DEATH ... THE SECRET OF IMMORTALITY.

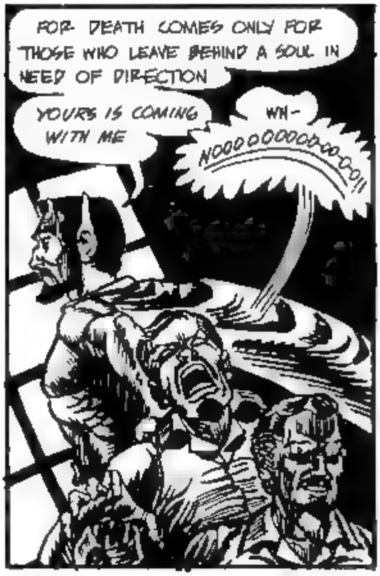
KEEP PLUGGING, FELLOWS, WE'RE BOUND TO GET A WINNER.

UNTIL, FINALLY ...

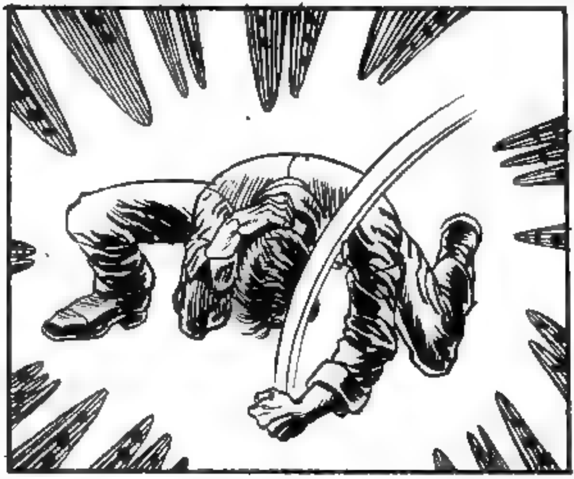
IT'S THE DAY, THE HOUR, AND THE MINUTE! I DIDN'T LAY BARE IMMORTALITY ... BUT MY PLAN WILL WORK IT MUST!
...THIRTY SECONDS...!
!?
HARRY W. LONGSTAIN! IT IS TIME!
—NO!!

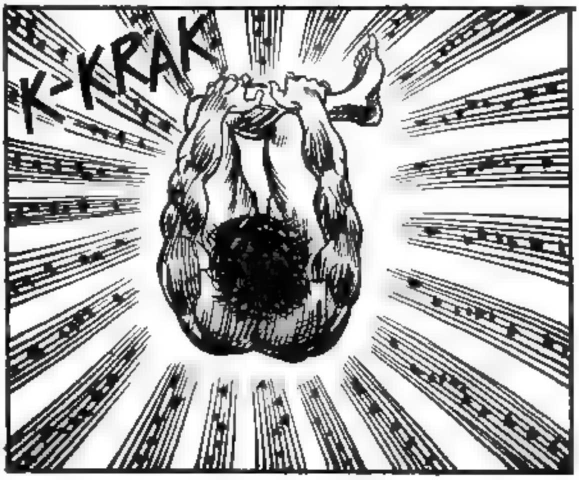

YOU CAN'T TAKE ME WITHOUT COMPLETING YOUR END OF THE *BARGAIN*! YOU DELIVERED NO SUCCESS TO MY LAST ENDEAVOR!!


HOW WHIMSICAL! YOU'VE A SENSE OF HUMOR! I HOPE YOU APPRECIATE MINE AS WELL... *A BARGAIN IS INDEED A BARGAIN!*—HARRY W. LONGSTAIN, YOU ARE NOW IMMORTAL. DEATH WILL NEVER COME FOR YOU...
V—VICTORY—!


FOR DEATH COMES ONLY FOR THOSE WHO LEAVE BEHIND A SOUL IN NEED OF DIRECTION
YOURS IS COMING WITH ME
WH-
NOOOOOOOOOO-OO-O-O!!

THE LAST THING HARRY SAW ON EARTH WAS THE BODY HE HAD ONCE OCCUPIED, AS IT BECAME A VILE, UNHOLY CREATURE THAT KICKED AND SCREAMED AND BIT AND BLED AND ATE ITS OWN SHIT... A PERPETUAL SPASM OF ETERNAL PAIN, WITHOUT RELIEF, WHICH COULD NEVER COMPREHEND ITSELF, OR RECOGNIZE OR UNDERSTAND OR KNOW ITSELF... THE FOULEST, BASEST PAIN, LIVING IN ONCE-HUMAN FLESH... BUT UTTERLY DEVOID OF CONSCIOUSNESS OR IDENTITY OR THOUGHT OR FEELING.





HARRY LONGSTAIN HAD ALLOWED ONLY ONE TO SHARE HIS SECRET: BRUCO, HIS DEVOTED SERVANT, WHO NOW HAD NO PURPOSE... SAVE ATTENDING THE MALIGNANT HUSK OF HIS FORMER MASTER. BRUCO PUT THE THING IN AN IRON PIT, IN THE FARTHEST CORNER OF THE BASEMENT. HE ANNOUNCED TO MRS. LONGSTAIN THAT THE MASTER HAD BEEN LOST IN THE RIVER WHEN FISHING.

IN A FEW YEARS ALL MOVEMENT IN THE PIT HAD CEASED; FOR EVERY CELL, EVERY BIT OF BONE, BLOOD, MUSCLE, TENDON, EVERY ORGAN, THE BRAIN, THE NERVOUS SYSTEM ...ALL WAS A WET-DRY CRUMBLED LIQUID, WITHOUT MEANS OF SELF-VOLITION. YET, THO' PHYSICALLY DESTROYED, IT WAS, AS BEFORE, PAIN... *MALIGNANTLY PURE, DISTILLED PAIN*... GIVEN PHYSICAL SUBSTANCE... AND *ETERNAL LIFE!*

BRUCO TRANSFERRED THE SETTLED STUFF TO A SMALL IRON BOX WHICH HE CONCEALED IN THE WALLS OF HIS MASTER'S ROOM. HIS LAST ACT BEFORE HIS OWN PASSING WAS TO RECORD THE ENTIRE FOUL STORY.

SOON AFTER, MRS. LONGSTAIN AND HARRY JR. MOVED TO A TOWN ON THE NORTHEASTERN SEABOARD

SOMETHING EVIL HAPPENED IN THAT HOUSE! I'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT, BUT IT HAPPENED!

1978 IN METROPOLIS, U.S.A., A CITY LARGER THAN SOME *NATIONS*, PUBLIC RECOGNITION IS RESERVED FOR THE PRIVILEGED FEW WITH THE INBORNE ABILITY TO INFLUENCE, TO *LEAD*... SUCH A MAN IS HARRY W. LONGSTAIN IV, OWNER OF LONGSTAIN CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES, INC.

HIS NAME IS A HOUSEHOLD WORD.

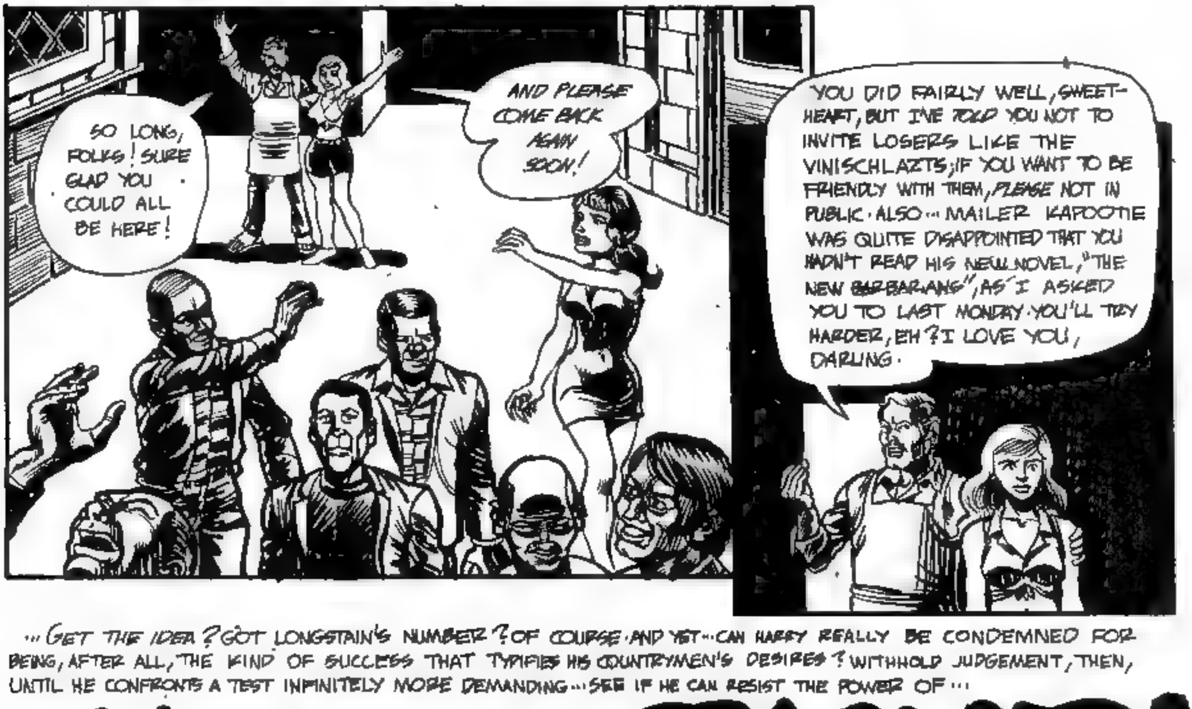
HIS WIFE, CLEO, IS A MODEL OF SOPHISTICATION, CULTURE, AND STYLE FOR AN ADORING PUBLIC.

HIS SUPPORT IS A NEAR-GUARANTEE OF POLITICAL VICTORY AT ELECTION TIME.

TIME
HARRY W. LONGSTAIN IV
MAN OF THE YEAR

HIS NINE FACTORIES AND RESEARCH PLANTS EMPLOY THOUSANDS, ARE CONTINUING 'SHOT-IN-THE-ARM' TO AMERICAN ECONOMY.

AT HEART A DOWN-HOME AMERICAN AND REGULAR GUY, HARRY TAKES TIME OFF TO RELAX BY THROWING A BARBEQUE FOR HIS *CLOSEST FRIENDS*.


SO LONG, FOLKS! SURE GLAD YOU COULD ALL BE HERE!
AND PLEASE COME BACK AGAIN SOON!
YOU DID FAIRLY WELL, SWEETHEART, BUT I'VE *TOLD* YOU NOT TO INVITE LOSERS LIKE THE VINISCHLAZTS; IF YOU WANT TO BE FRIENDLY WITH THEM, *PLEASE* NOT IN PUBLIC. ALSO... MAILER KAPOOTIE WAS QUITE DISAPPOINTED THAT YOU HADN'T READ HIS NEW NOVEL, "THE NEW BARBARIANS", AS I ASKED YOU TO LAST MONDAY. YOU'LL TRY HARDER, EH? I LOVE YOU, DARLING.

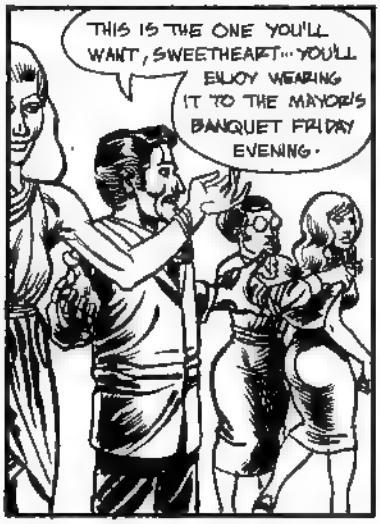
...*GET THE IDEA?* GOT LONGSTAIN'S NUMBER? OF COURSE. AND YET... CAN HARRY REALLY BE CONDEMNED FOR BEING, AFTER ALL, THE KIND OF SUCCESS THAT TYPIFIES HIS COUNTRYMEN'S DESIRES? WITHHOLD JUDGEMENT, THEN, UNTIL HE CONFRONTS A TEST INFINITELY MORE DEMANDING... SEE IF HE CAN RESIST THE POWER OF...

THE LONGSTAIN TAINT!

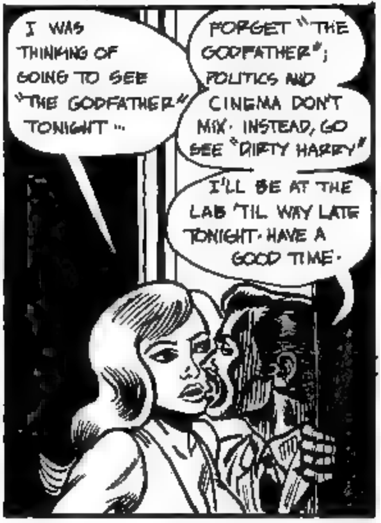
DEDICATED TO GARY ARLINGTON AND H.P. LOVECRAFT

by Roger H. Brand ©1978

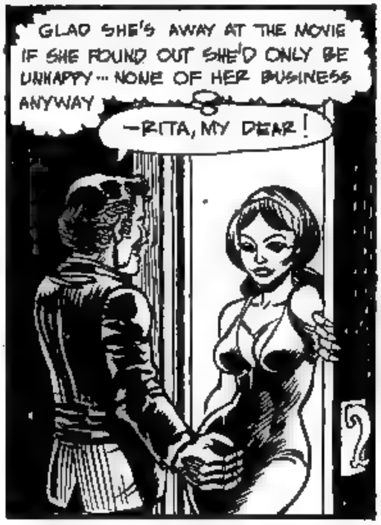
HARRY CONSIDERS HIMSELF A MODEL HUSBAND. HE PROVIDES FOR HIS WIFE...


THIS IS THE ONE YOU'LL WANT, SWEETHEART... YOU'LL ENJOY WEARING IT TO THE MAYOR'S BANQUET FRIDAY EVENING.

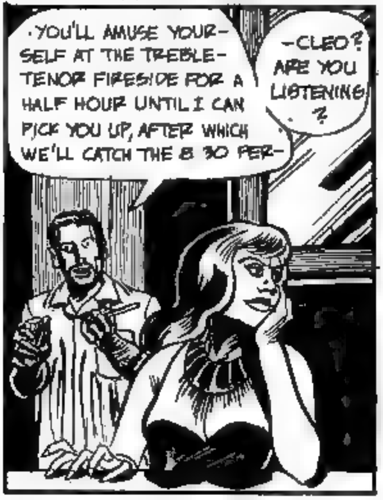
...HE STIMULATES AND ENCOURAGES HER LOVE OF THE ARTS...


I WAS THINKING OF GOING TO SEE "THE GODFATHER" TONIGHT...
FORGET "THE GODFATHER"; POLITICS AND CINEMA DON'T MIX. INSTEAD, GO SEE "DIRTY HARRY"
I'LL BE AT THE LAB 'TIL WAY LATE TONIGHT. HAVE A GOOD TIME.

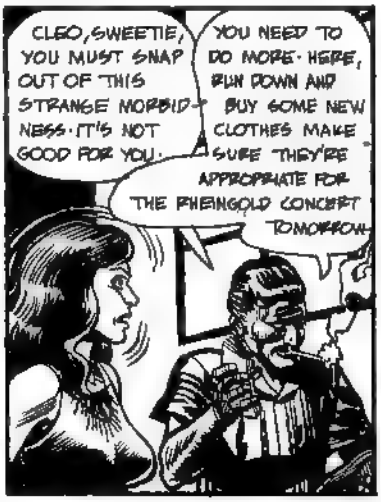
...HE ARRANGES HIS AFFAIRS CONSIDERATELY AND DISCREETLY...


GLAD SHE'S AWAY AT THE MOVIE IF SHE FOUND OUT SHE'D ONLY BE UNHAPPY... NONE OF HER BUSINESS ANYWAY
-RITA, MY DEAR!

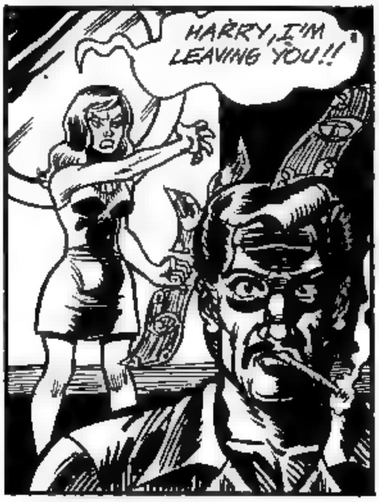
OF COURSE, HARRY, POOR LAMB, CAN'T SEE HIMSELF AS A CONTROL ADDICT, AND SO HE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND...

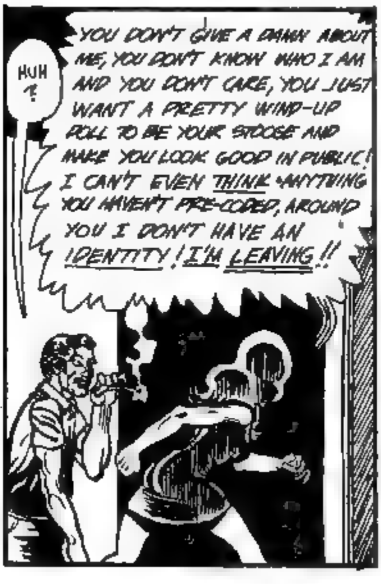

.YOU'LL AMUSE YOURSELF AT THE TREBLE-TENOR FIRESIDE FOR A HALF HOUR UNTIL I CAN PICK YOU UP, AFTER WHICH WE'LL CATCH THE 8 30 PER-
-CLEO? ARE YOU LISTENING ?

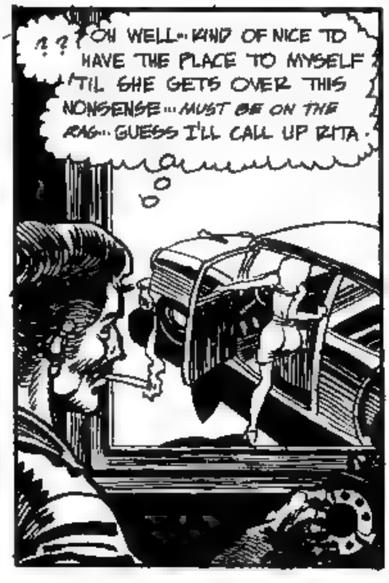
WHY CLEO SEEMS INCREASINGLY DISTRAUGHT AND DISSATISFIED LATELY...

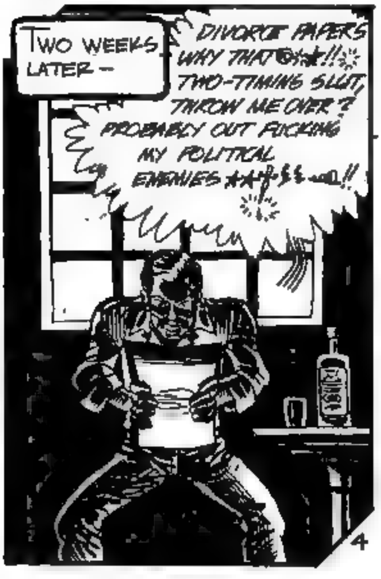

CLEO, SWEETIE, YOU MUST SNAP OUT OF THIS STRANGE MORBIDNESS. IT'S NOT GOOD FOR YOU.
YOU NEED TO DO MORE. HERE, RUN DOWN AND BUY SOME NEW CLOTHES. MAKE SURE THEY'RE APPROPRIATE FOR THE RHEINGOLD CONCERT TOMORROW

...UNTIL FINALLY—

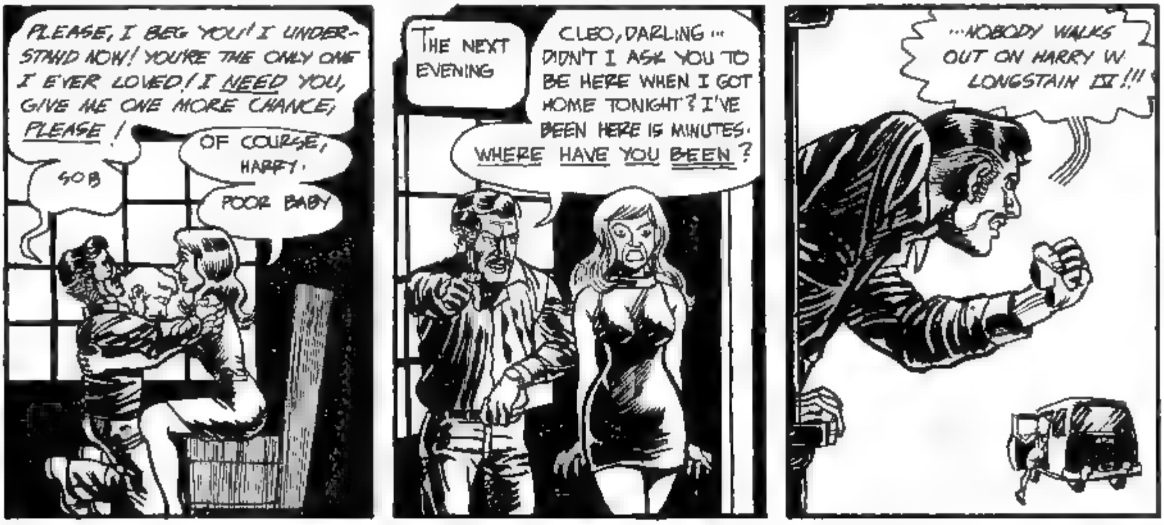

HARRY, I'M LEAVING YOU!!

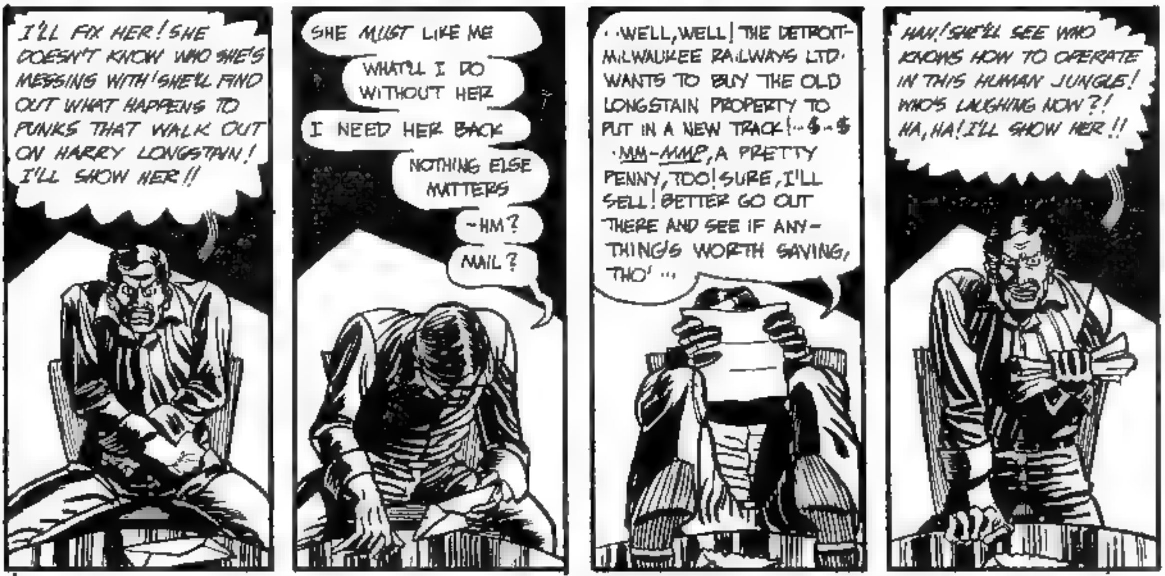

HUH ?
YOU DON'T GIVE A DAMN ABOUT ME, YOU DON'T KNOW WHO I AM AND YOU DON'T CARE, YOU JUST WANT A PRETTY WIND-UP DOLL TO BE YOUR STOOGE AND MAKE YOU LOOK GOOD IN PUBLIC! I CAN'T EVEN THINK ANYTHING YOU HAVEN'T PRE-CODED, AROUND YOU I DON'T HAVE AN IDENTITY! I'M LEAVING!!


? ?
OH WELL... KIND OF NICE TO HAVE THE PLACE TO MYSELF 'TIL SHE GETS OVER THIS NONSENSE... MUST BE ON THE RAG... GUESS I'LL CALL UP RITA.

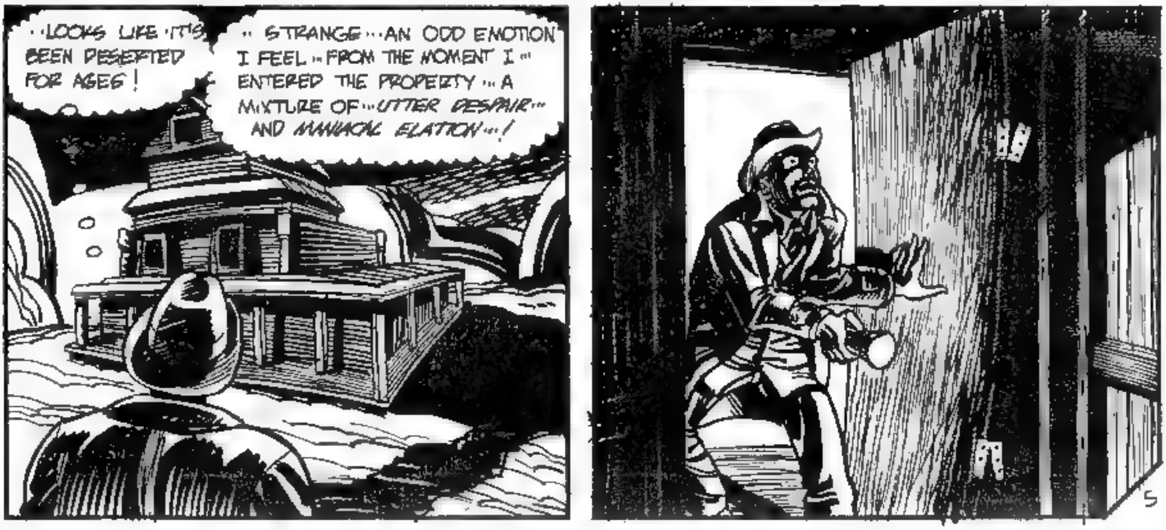

TWO WEEKS LATER —
DIVORCE PAPERS WHY THAT @✱★!! TWO-TIMING SLUT, THROW ME OVER? PROBABLY OUT FUCKING MY POLITICAL ENEMIES ★★#$$...!!

HARRY IS ENRAGED. NOTHING LIKE THIS HAS EVER HAPPENED TO HIM. COME TO THINK OF IT, HE'S BEWILDERED. WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN YOU'RE DUMPED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YOUR LIFE? HARRY TAKES THE LOGICAL COURSE...

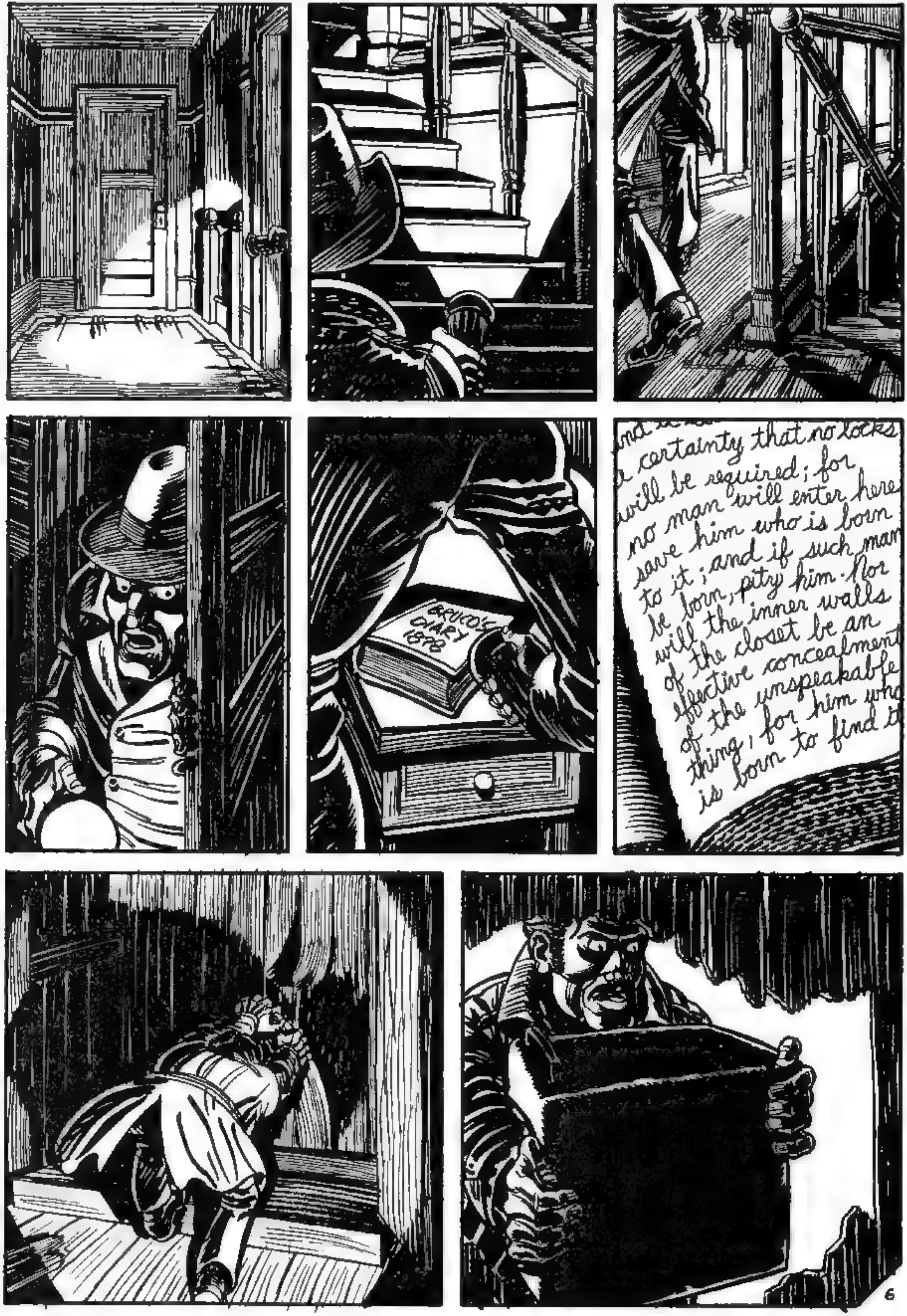

PLEASE, I BEG YOU! I UNDERSTAND NOW! YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE I EVER LOVED! I NEED YOU, GIVE ME ONE MORE CHANCE, PLEASE!
SOB
OF COURSE, HARRY.
POOR BABY
THE NEXT EVENING
CLEO, DARLING... DIDN'T I ASK YOU TO BE HERE WHEN I GOT HOME TONIGHT? I'VE BEEN HERE 15 MINUTES. WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?
...NOBODY WALKS OUT ON HARRY W. LONGSTAIN III!!!

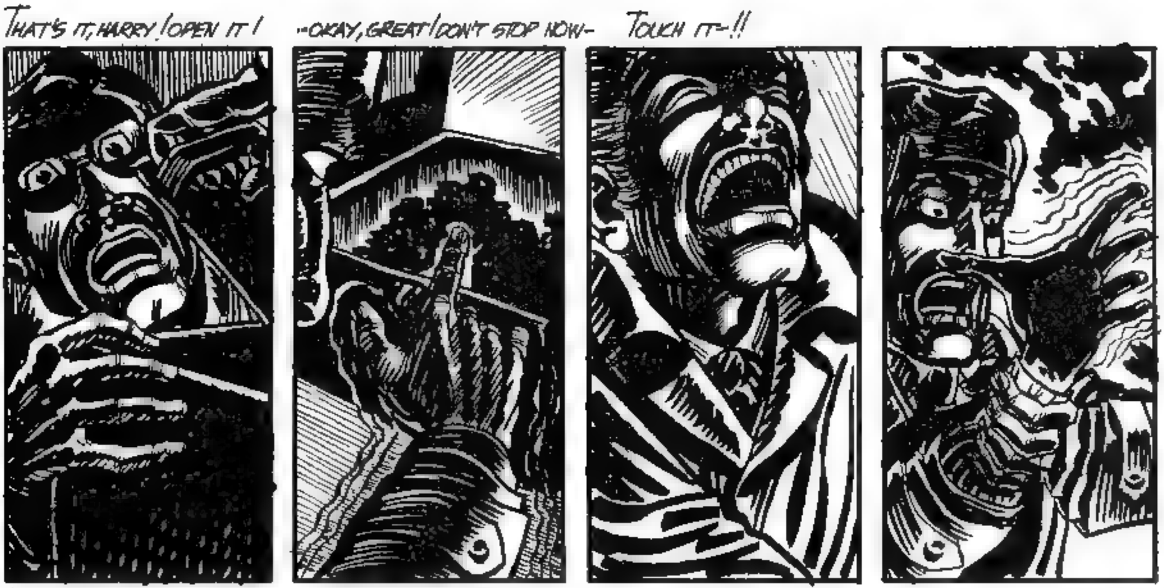

I'LL FIX HER! SHE DOESN'T KNOW WHO SHE'S MESSING WITH! SHE'LL FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENS TO PUNKS THAT WALK OUT ON HARRY LONGSTAIN! I'LL SHOW HER!!
SHE MUST LIKE ME
WHAT'LL I DO WITHOUT HER
I NEED HER BACK
NOTHING ELSE MATTERS
-HM?
MAIL?
..WELL, WELL! THE DETROIT-MILWAUKEE RAILWAYS LTD. WANTS TO BUY THE OLD LONGSTAIN PROPERTY TO PUT IN A NEW TRACK!..$..$ ..MM-MMP, A PRETTY PENNY, TOO! SURE, I'LL SELL! BETTER GO OUT THERE AND SEE IF ANYTHING'S WORTH SAVING, THO'...
HAH! SHE'LL SEE WHO KNOWS HOW TO OPERATE IN THIS HUMAN JUNGLE! WHO'S LAUGHING NOW?! HA, HA! I'LL SHOW HER!!

AND SO, 24 HOURS LATER, HARRY BECOMES THE FIRST LONGSTAIN IN 100 YEARS TO SET FOOT ON THE ORIGINAL LONGSTAIN ESTATE!

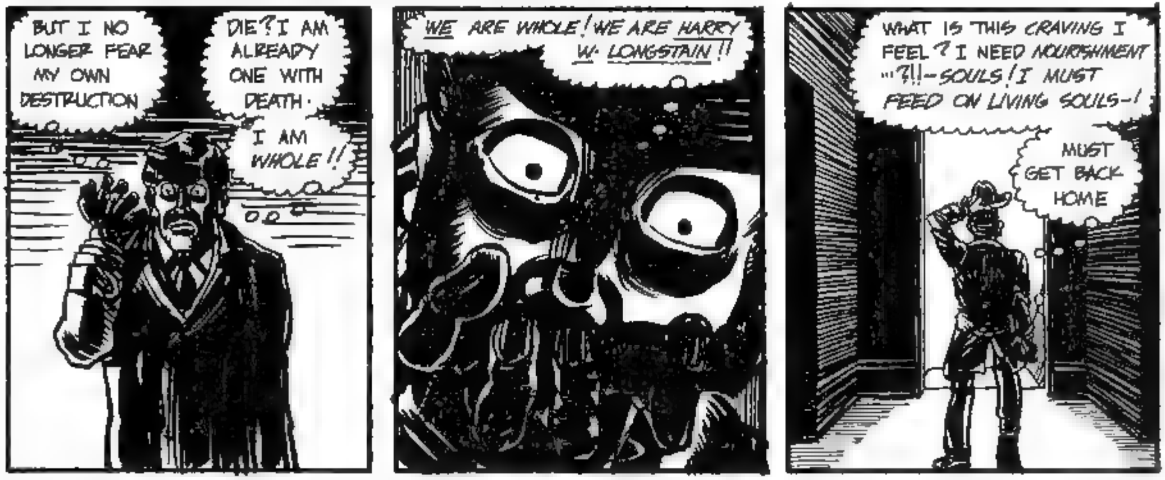

..LOOKS LIKE IT'S BEEN DESERTED FOR AGES!
.. STRANGE...AN ODD EMOTION I FEEL..FROM THE MOMENT I.. ENTERED THE PROPERTY...A MIXTURE OF...UTTER DESPAIR... AND MANIACAL ELATION...!

DESPITE THE HAZARDOUS FOOTING AND THE INEFFICIENT LIGHT, HARRY MOVES RAPIDLY AND PURPOSEFULLY, DRIVEN BY AN URGENT, COMPELLING, BURNING CURIOUSITY...

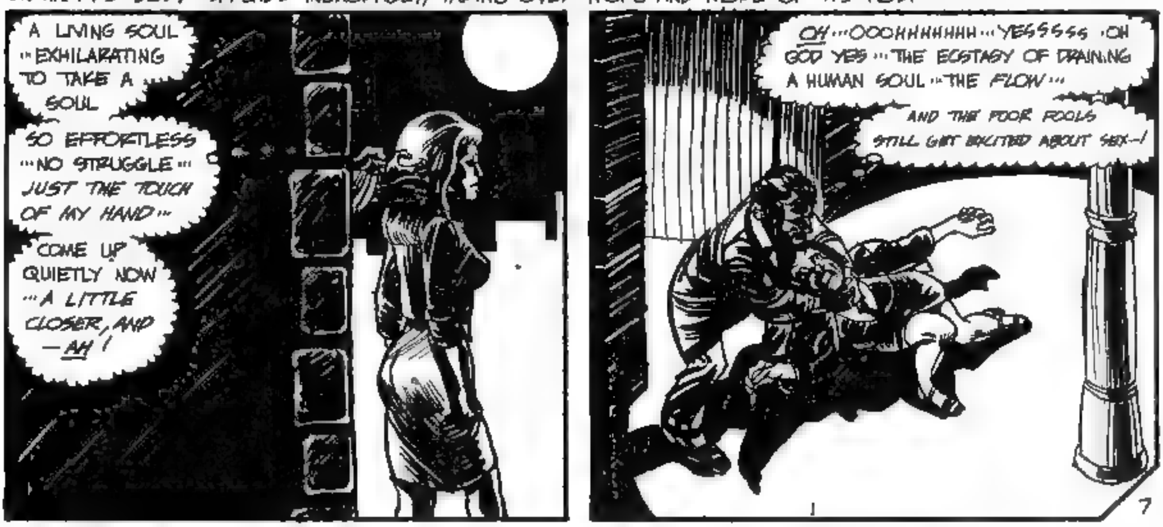

BRUCO'S
DIARY
1878
certainty that no locks
will be required; for
no man will enter here
save him who is born
to it; and if such man
be born, pity him. For
will the inner walls
of the closet be an
effective concealment
of the unspeakable
thing; for him who
is born to find

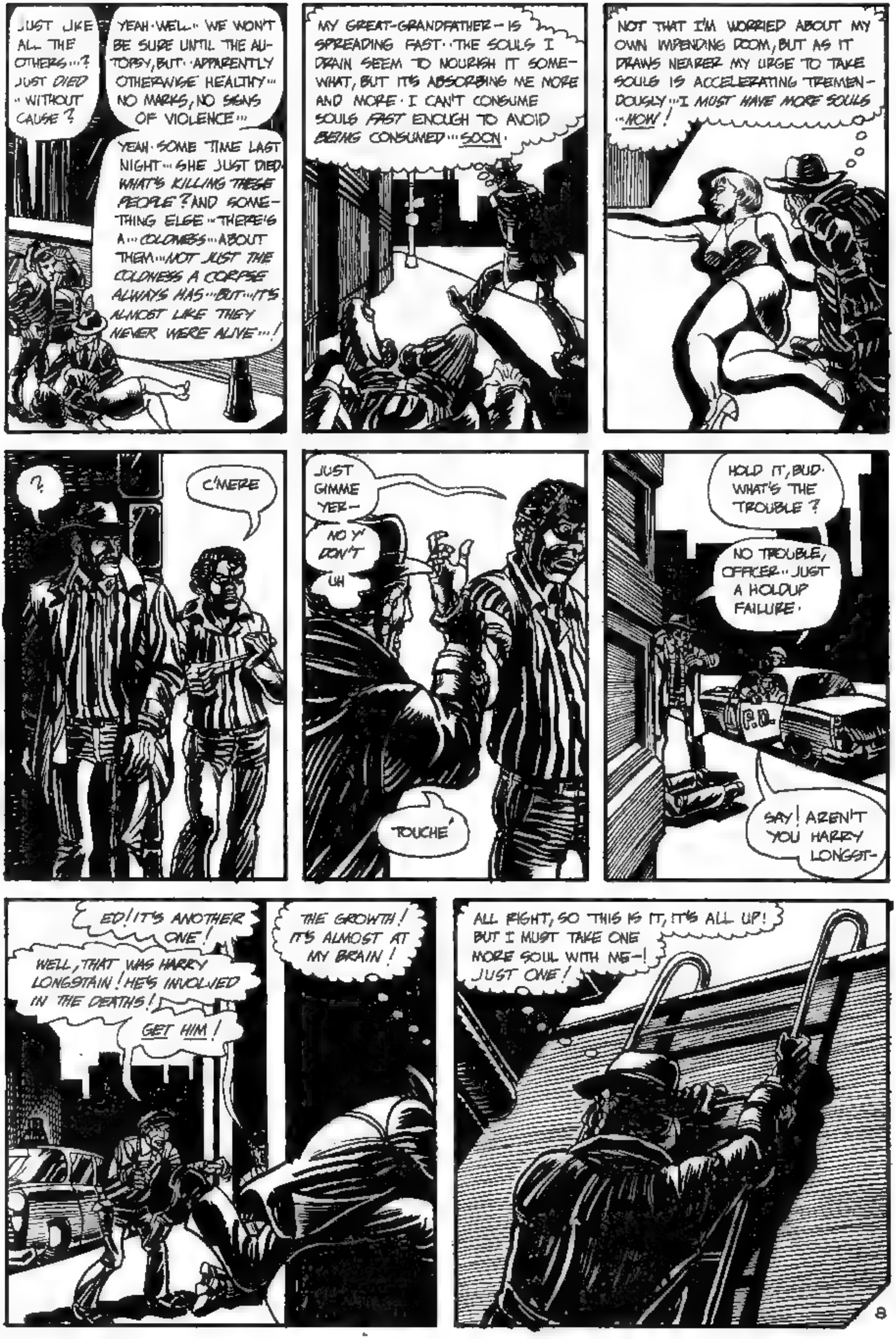

THAT'S IT, HARRY! OPEN IT!
--OKAY, GREAT! DON'T STOP NOW-
TOUCH IT-!!

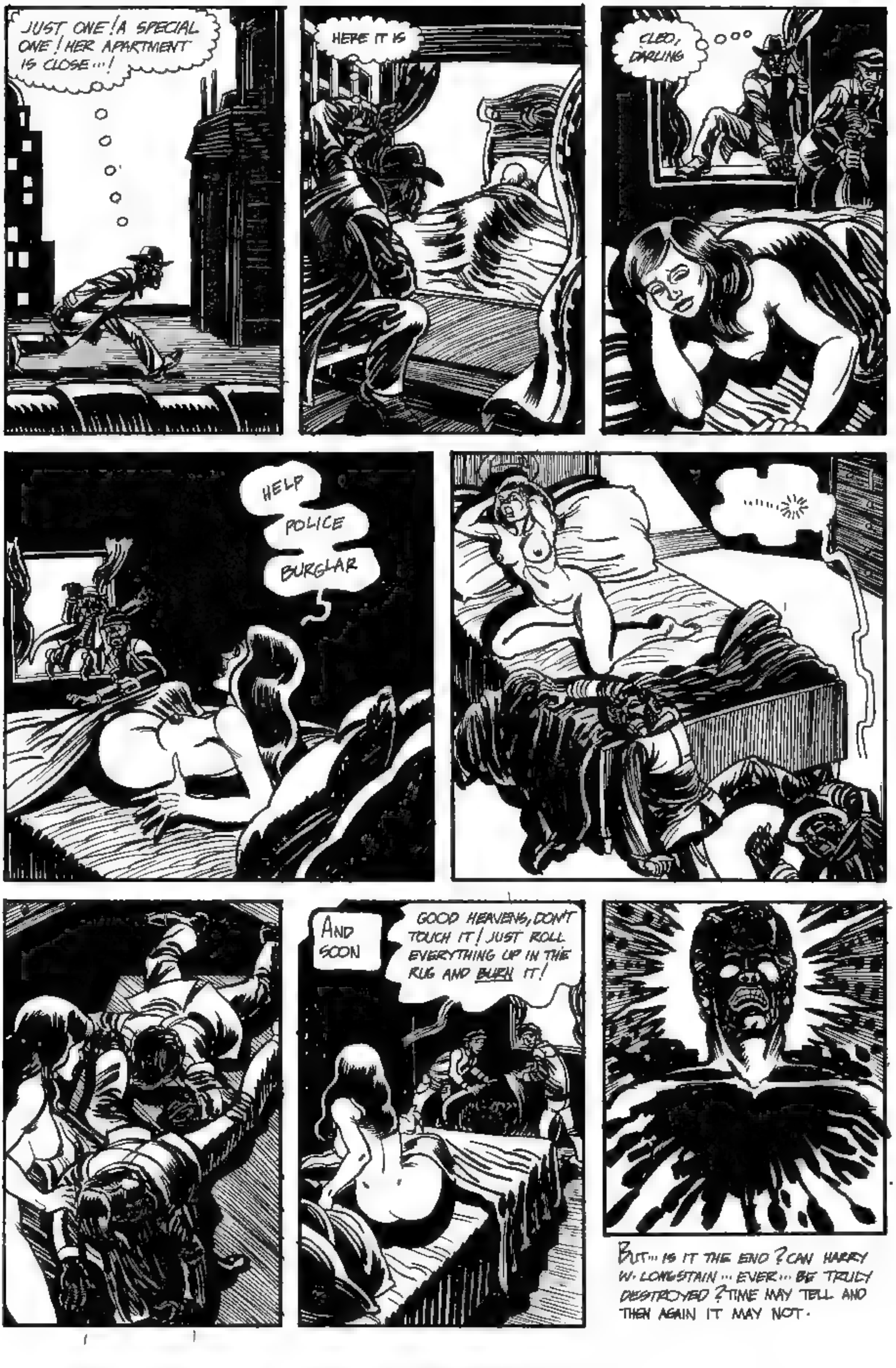
AS THO' MAGNETIZED, THE FOUL THING FLOWS AT HARRY'S TOUCH, COATING HIS HAND AND FOREARM. LIKE A GLOVE OF MOLD IT CLINGS, STAGNANT AND CHILL. FOR MINUTES HARRY CAN ONLY STARE, SPELLBOUND... *AND SUDDENLY HE UNDERSTANDS HIS OWN SOUL... SELFISH, ENVIOUS, DESPERATELY GREEDY... A PERFECT COUNTERPART TO THE SOULLESS CANCER WHICH MUST FINALLY CONSUME HIM...*


BUT I NO LONGER FEAR MY OWN DESTRUCTION
DIE? I AM ALREADY ONE WITH DEATH.
I AM WHOLE!!
WE ARE WHOLE! WE ARE HARRY W. LONGSTAIN!!
WHAT IS THIS CRAVING I FEEL? I NEED NOURISHMENT...?!!-SOULS! I MUST FEED ON LIVING SOULS-!
MUST GET BACK HOME

THE WEEKS TO FOLLOW BRING THE CITY A WAVE OF MYSTERIOUS DEATHS IN THE NIGHT... AND THE BLACK GROWTH ON HARRY'S BODY SPREADS INEXORABLY, TAKING OVER MORE AND MORE OF ITS HOST.

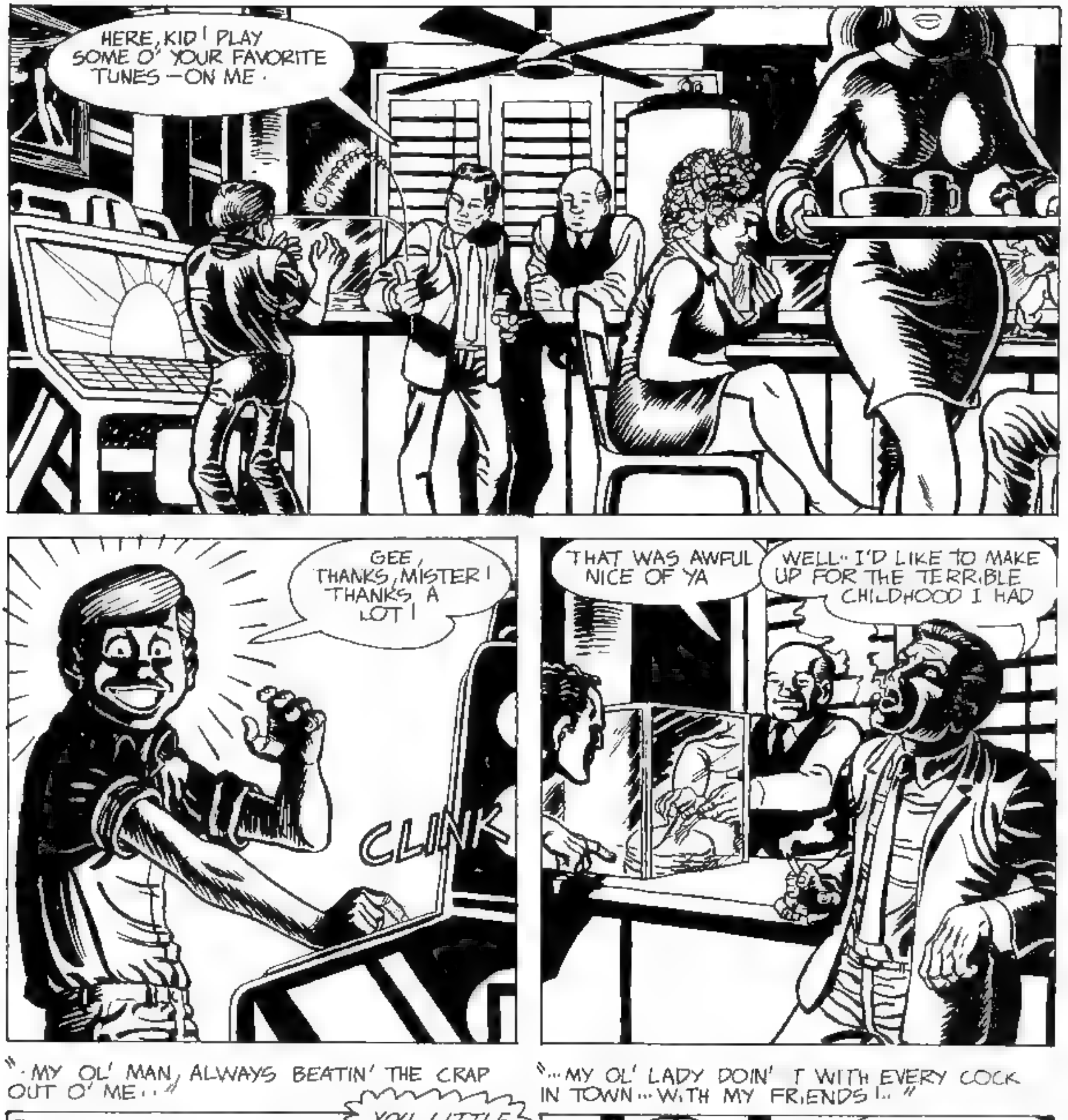

A LIVING SOUL ...EXHILARATING TO TAKE A SOUL
SO EFFORTLESS ...NO STRUGGLE... JUST THE TOUCH OF MY HAND...
COME UP QUIETLY NOW ...A LITTLE CLOSER, AND —AH!
OH... OOOHHHHHHH... YESSSSS. OH GOD YES... THE ECSTASY OF DRAINING A HUMAN SOUL... THE FLOW...
AND THE POOR FOOLS STILL GET EXCITED ABOUT SEX-!


JUST LIKE ALL THE OTHERS...? JUST DIED ...WITHOUT CAUSE?
YEAH. WELL.. WE WON'T BE SURE UNTIL THE AUTOPSY, BUT. APPARENTLY OTHERWISE HEALTHY... NO MARKS, NO SIGNS OF VIOLENCE...
YEAH. SOME TIME LAST NIGHT... SHE JUST DIED. WHAT'S KILLING THESE PEOPLE? AND SOMETHING ELSE... THERE'S A... COLDNESS... ABOUT THEM... NOT JUST THE COLDNESS A CORPSE ALWAYS HAS... BUT... IT'S ALMOST LIKE THEY NEVER WERE ALIVE...!
MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER – IS SPREADING FAST.. THE SOULS I DRAIN SEEM TO NOURISH IT SOMEWHAT, BUT IT'S ABSORBING ME MORE AND MORE. I CAN'T CONSUME SOULS FAST ENOUGH TO AVOID BEING CONSUMED... SOON.
NOT THAT I'M WORRIED ABOUT MY OWN IMPENDING DOOM, BUT AS IT DRAWS NEARER MY URGE TO TAKE SOULS IS ACCELERATING TREMENDOUSLY... I MUST HAVE MORE SOULS ..NOW!
?
C'MERE
JUST GIMME YER–
NO Y' DON'T
UH
TOUCHE'
HOLD IT, BUD. WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?
NO TROUBLE, OFFICER.. JUST A HOLDUP FAILURE.
P.D.
SAY! AREN'T YOU HARRY LONGST–
ED! IT'S ANOTHER ONE!
WELL, THAT WAS HARRY LONGSTAIN! HE'S INVOLVED IN THE DEATHS!
GET HIM!
THE GROWTH! IT'S ALMOST AT MY BRAIN!
ALL RIGHT, SO THIS IS IT, IT'S ALL UP! BUT I MUST TAKE ONE MORE SOUL WITH ME–! JUST ONE!


JUST ONE! A SPECIAL ONE! HER APARTMENT IS CLOSE...!
HERE IT IS
CLEO, DARLING
HELP
POLICE
BURGLAR
AND SOON
GOOD HEAVENS, DON'T TOUCH IT! JUST ROLL EVERYTHING UP IN THE RUG AND BURN IT!
BUT... IS IT THE END? CAN HARRY W. LONGSTAIN... EVER... BE TRULY DESTROYED? TIME MAY TELL AND THEN AGAIN IT MAY NOT.

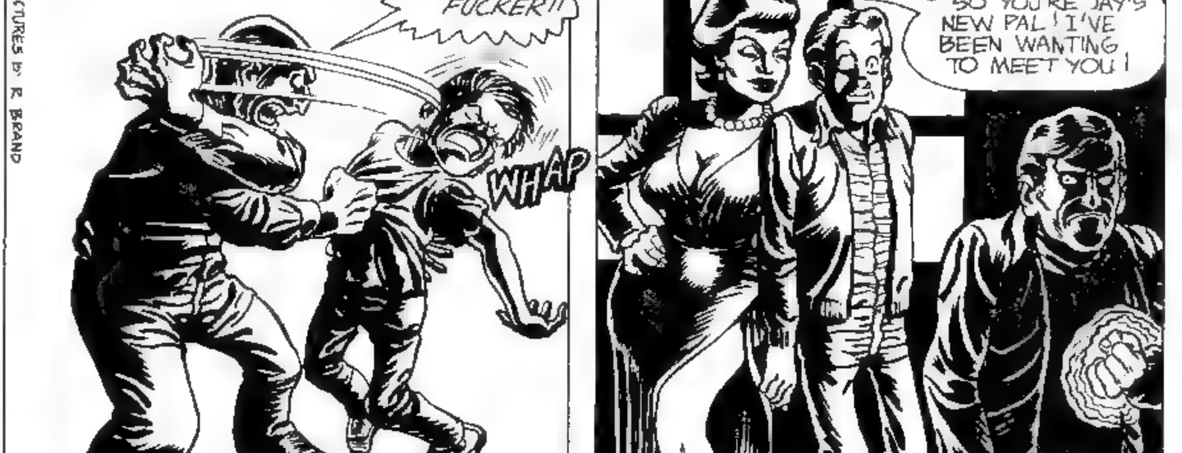
the Adventures of
UNCLE TOM
And HONKIE
...the Great White Hope!!
by Roger Brand ©'69
WHAT'RE WE LOOKING FOR, UNCLE TOM?
WELL, HONKIE... WE'AH LOOKIN' FO' A CUTE LI'L WHITE GAL TO RAVAGE... THEY GO ONE! LESS GIT HER!
AFTER YOU RAVAGE HER, UNCLE TOM, LET'S DISCUSS THE "RACE PROBLEM" RATIONALLY ...IT SEEMS TO ME THAT...
WAIT JES' A MINUTE, HONKIE ...AH GOTS TO SPEAK TO THE POLICE OFFICER.
PIG
PIG
SO THE PANTHERS ARE STAGING MORE REVOLUTIONARY ACTION, EH? WE'LL PUT THE KIBOSH ON THAT, TOOT SWEET!
OINK
PSSST! BZZZWZZ BZWZZTPWZZT!
THANKS, UNCLE TOM! HERE'S FIFTY CENTS ...YOU'VE EARNED IT.
...AH C'N NEVAH RESISS A OPPORTUNITY TO BETRAY THE BROTHA'S FO' 'BOUT HALF A DOLLAH!
...SHEEEIT! THE LI'L WHITE GAL'S DONE WENT OFF! AH MISSED MAH CHANCE!
HEY, UNCLE TOM!...DO YOU THINK YOU COULD FIX ME UP WITH SOME NICE BLACK "TAIL-FEATHERS"?
AH MOUGHT C'D FIX YO' UP WIF MAH SISTAH...WHAT YO' WANT WIF DARK MEAT, THOUGH, HONKIE?
AH, HELL! THE WHITE GIRLS IN THIS TOWN AIN'T GOT THAT "NATURAL RHYTHM"!

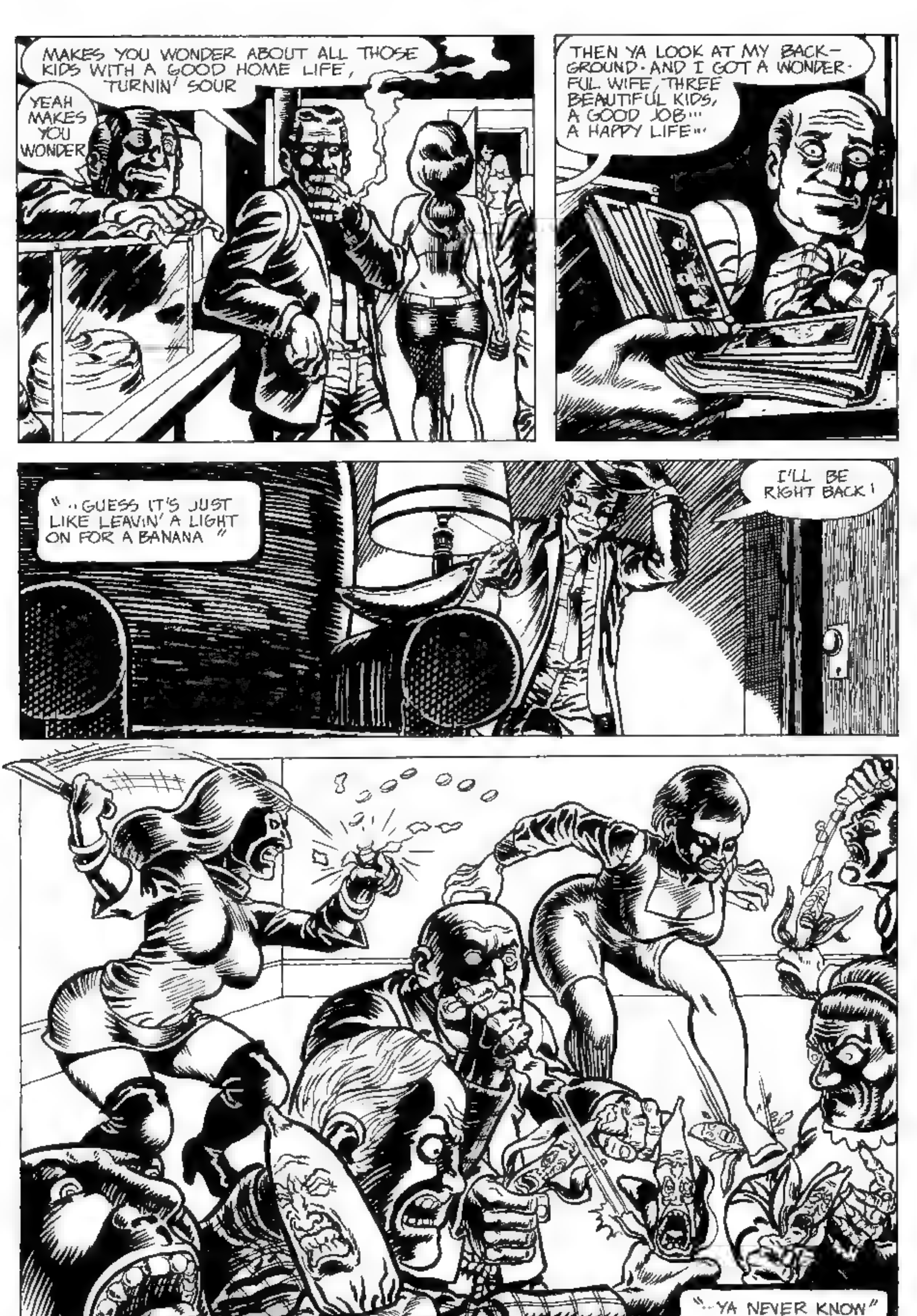
WELL, AH TELL YO'... YO' FIX ME UP WIF YO' SIS-TAH AN' AH FIXES YO' UP WIF MINE! HOW DO THAT SOUND?
SOCKO, UNCLE TOM!
SOON...
WE KNOW WHAT'S GOIN' ON IN THERE! YOU GOT WHITE FOLKS MESSIN' WITH NIGGERS!
YOU GOT BLACK FOLKS MESSIN' WITH HONKIES!
GO AWAY! THIS IS OUR SCENE ...YOU'RE NOT INVITED!
...MAYBE THEY'VE GOT SOMETHING ... BUT... THEY'RE TRAITORS! HOW CAN TRAITORS HAVE ANYTHING..?... BUT... MAYBE THEIR WOMEN AIN'T TRAITORS... STILL... OH, SHIT!
YOUR KIND... AND THEIR KIND... MAKE A MOCKERY OF FAIR PLAY!
POOR UNCLE TOM AND HONKIE! THEY'LL DIE NEVER KNOWING HOW LUCKY THEY ARE!
END

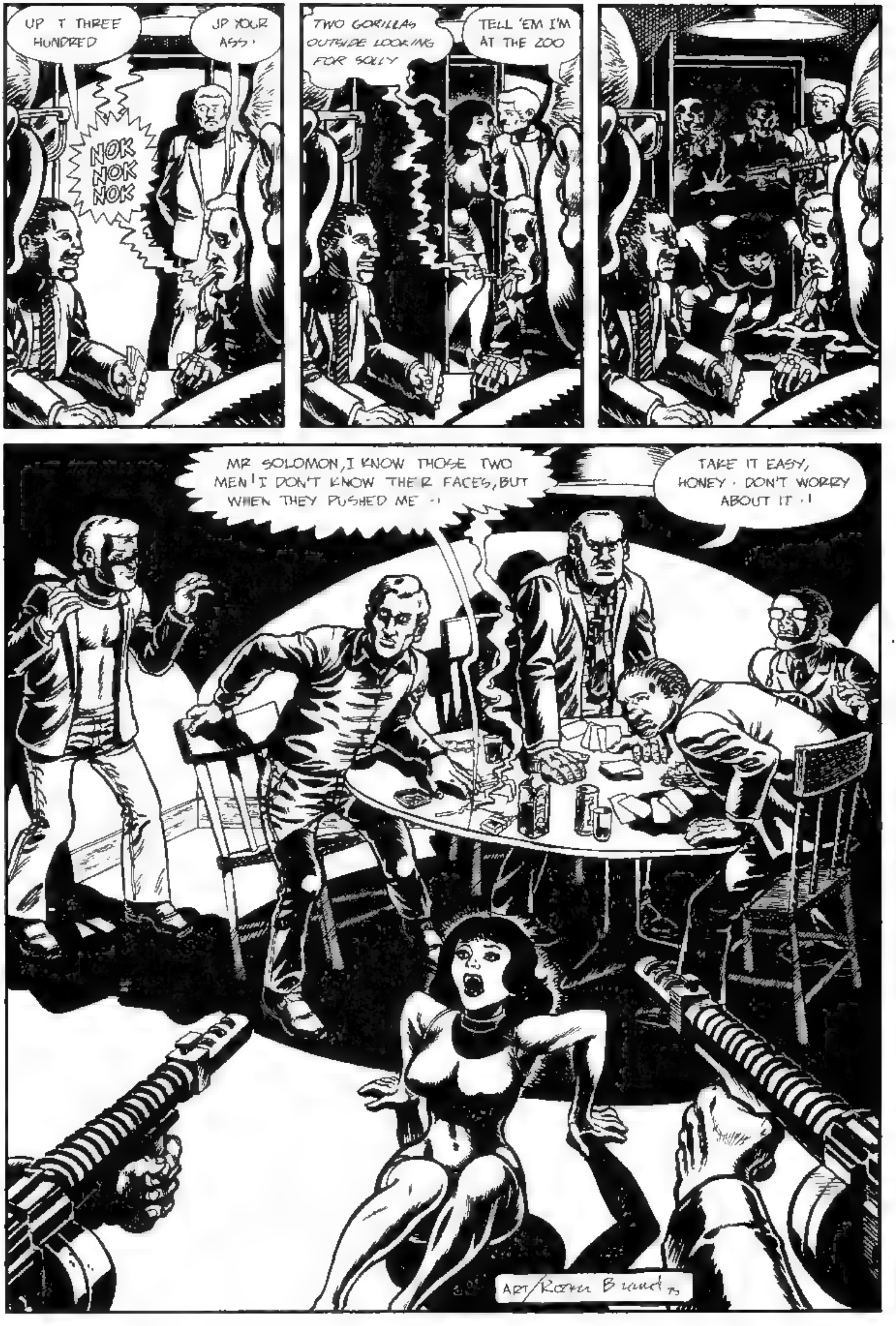

HERE, KID! PLAY SOME O' YOUR FAVORITE TUNES —ON ME.
GEE, THANKS, MISTER! THANKS A LOT!
CLINK
THAT WAS AWFUL NICE OF YA
WELL.. I'D LIKE TO MAKE UP FOR THE TERRIBLE CHILDHOOD I HAD

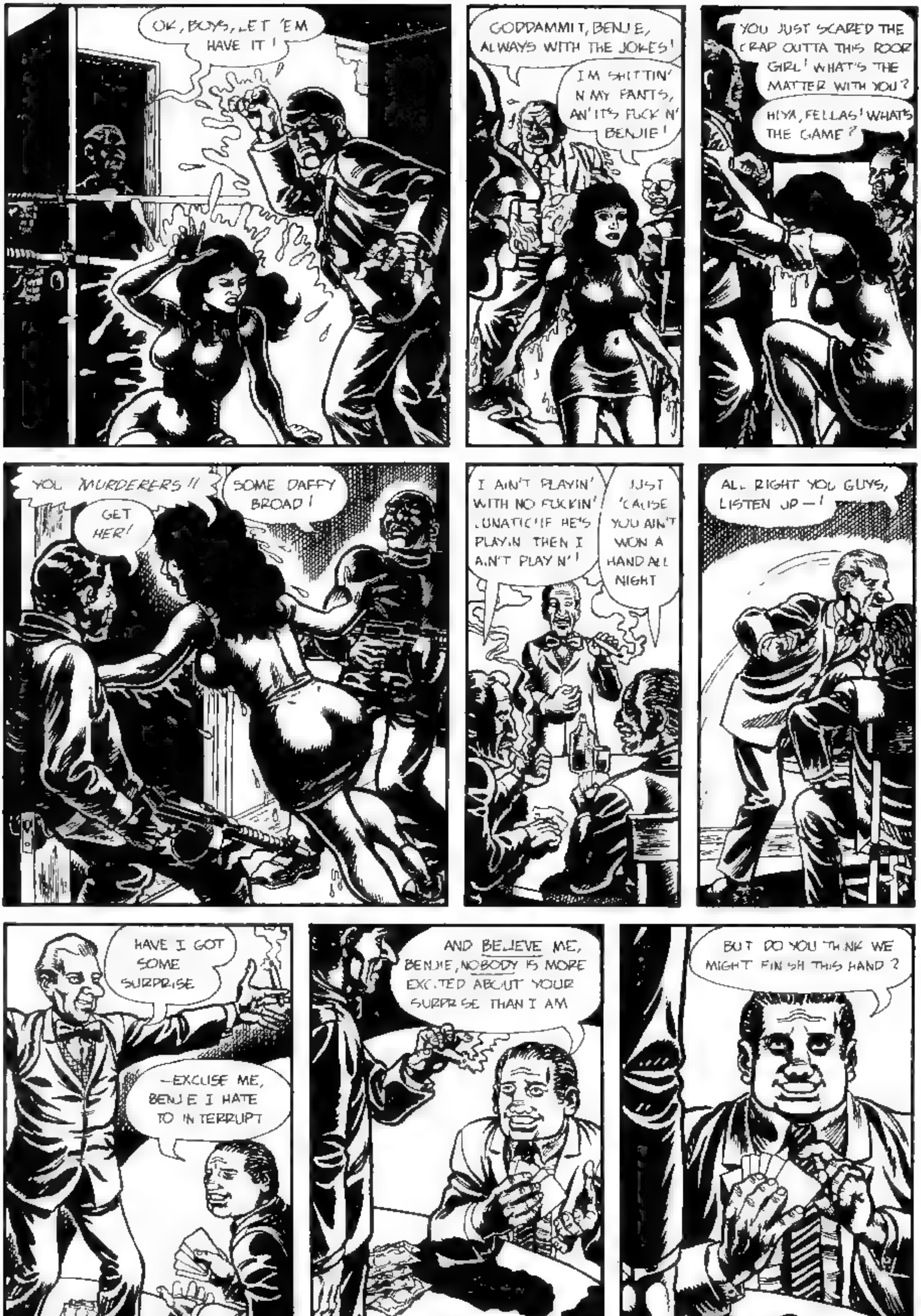
"..MY OL' MAN, ALWAYS BEATIN' THE CRAP OUT O' ME..."

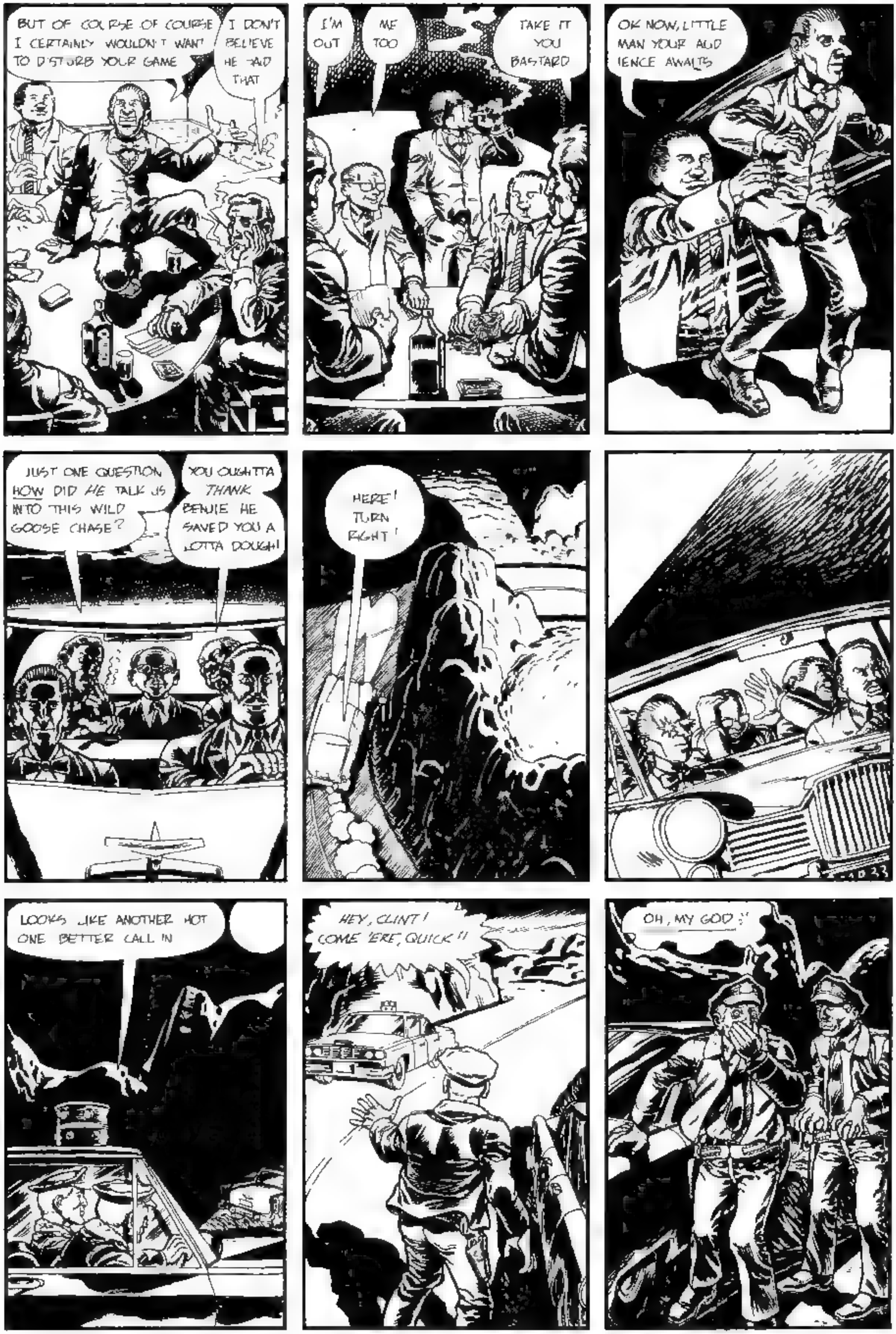
"...MY OL' LADY DOIN' IT WITH EVERY COCK IN TOWN... WITH MY FRIENDS!.."

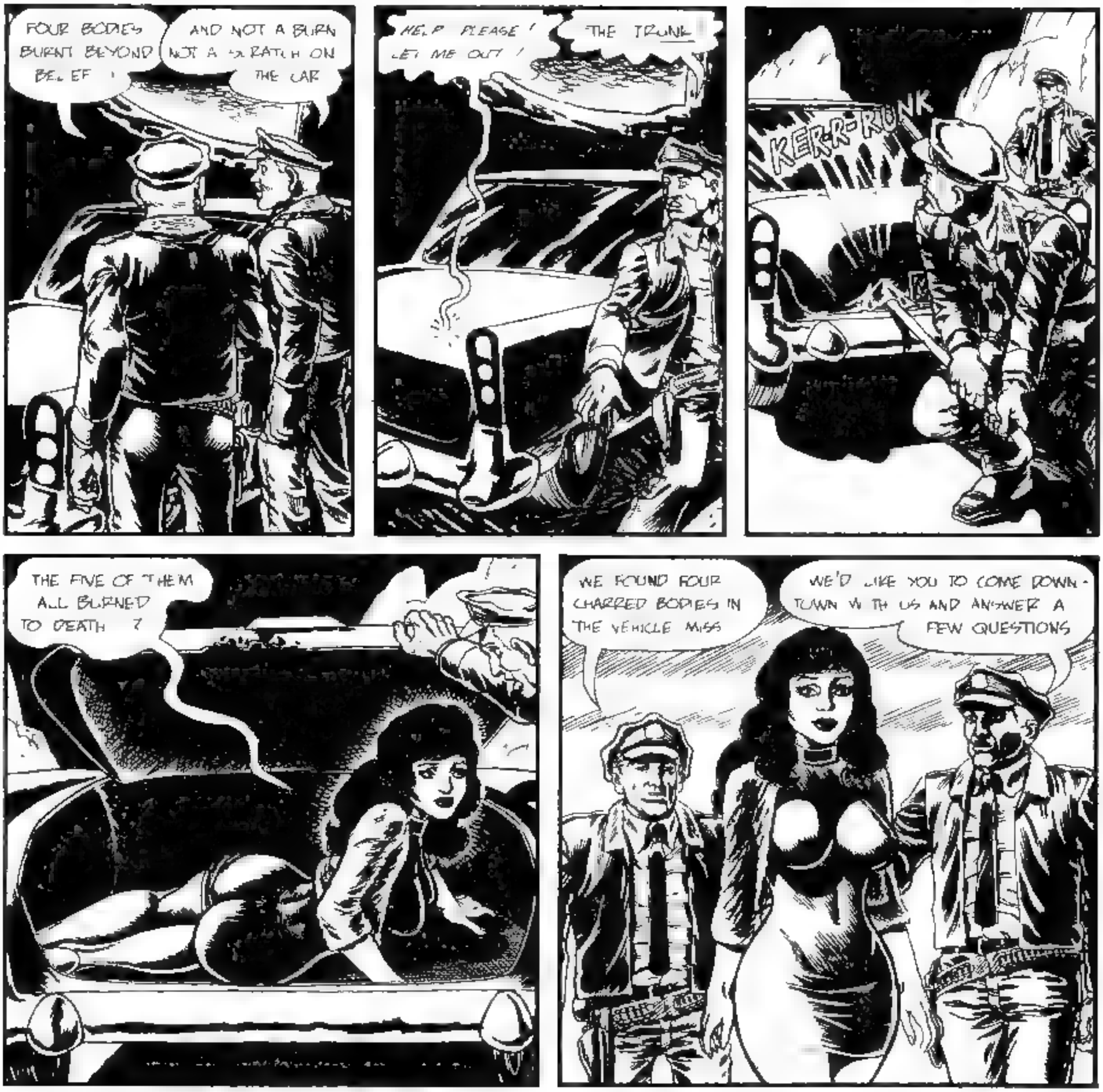

PICTURES BY R. BRAND
YOU LITTLE FUCKER!!
WHAP
SO YOU'RE JAY'S NEW PAL! I'VE BEEN WANTING TO MEET YOU!

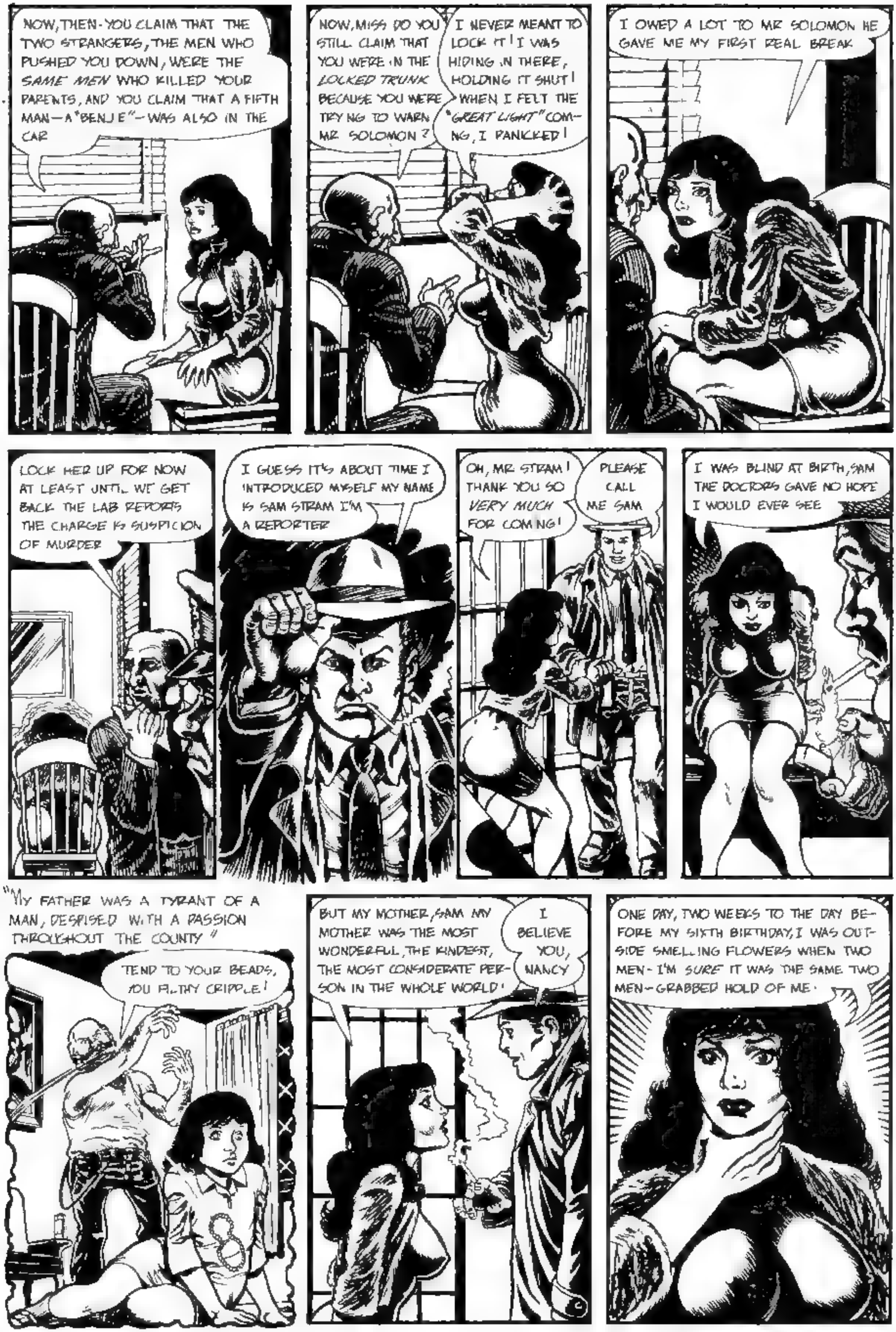

MAKES YOU WONDER ABOUT ALL THOSE KIDS WITH A GOOD HOME LIFE, TURNIN' SOUR
YEAH MAKES YOU WONDER
THEN YA LOOK AT MY BACKGROUND • AND I GOT A WONDERFUL WIFE, THREE BEAUTIFUL KIDS, A GOOD JOB… A HAPPY LIFE…
"…GUESS IT'S JUST LIKE LEAVIN' A LIGHT ON FOR A BANANA"
I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!
"…YA NEVER KNOW"

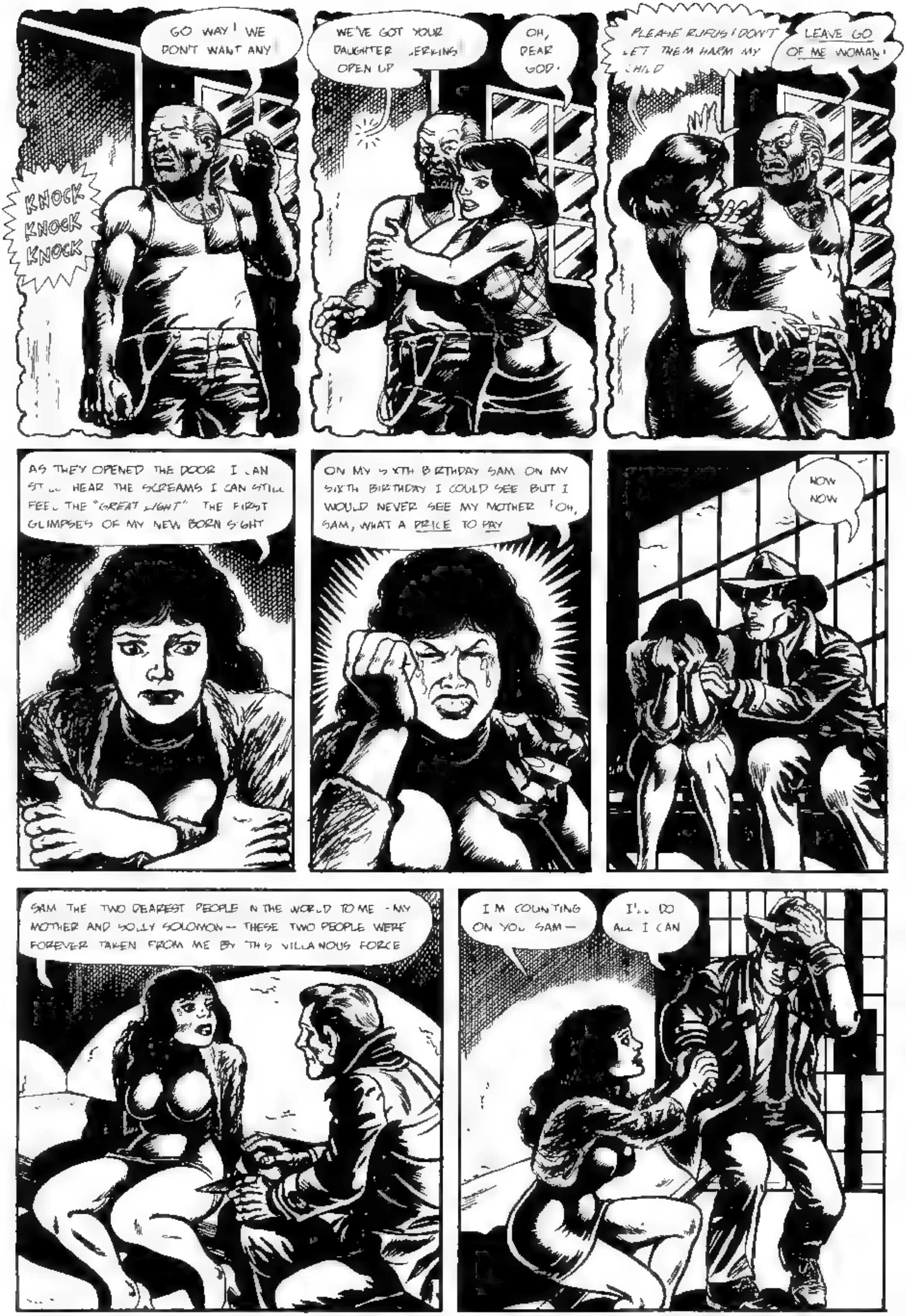

UP T THREE HUNDRED
UP YOUR ASS!
NOK NOK NOK
TWO GORILLAS OUTSIDE LOOKING FOR SOLLY
TELL 'EM I'M AT THE ZOO
MR SOLOMON, I KNOW THOSE TWO MEN! I DON'T KNOW THEIR FACES, BUT WHEN THEY PUSHED ME ..!
TAKE IT EASY, HONEY. DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT.!
ART/Roger Brand 73

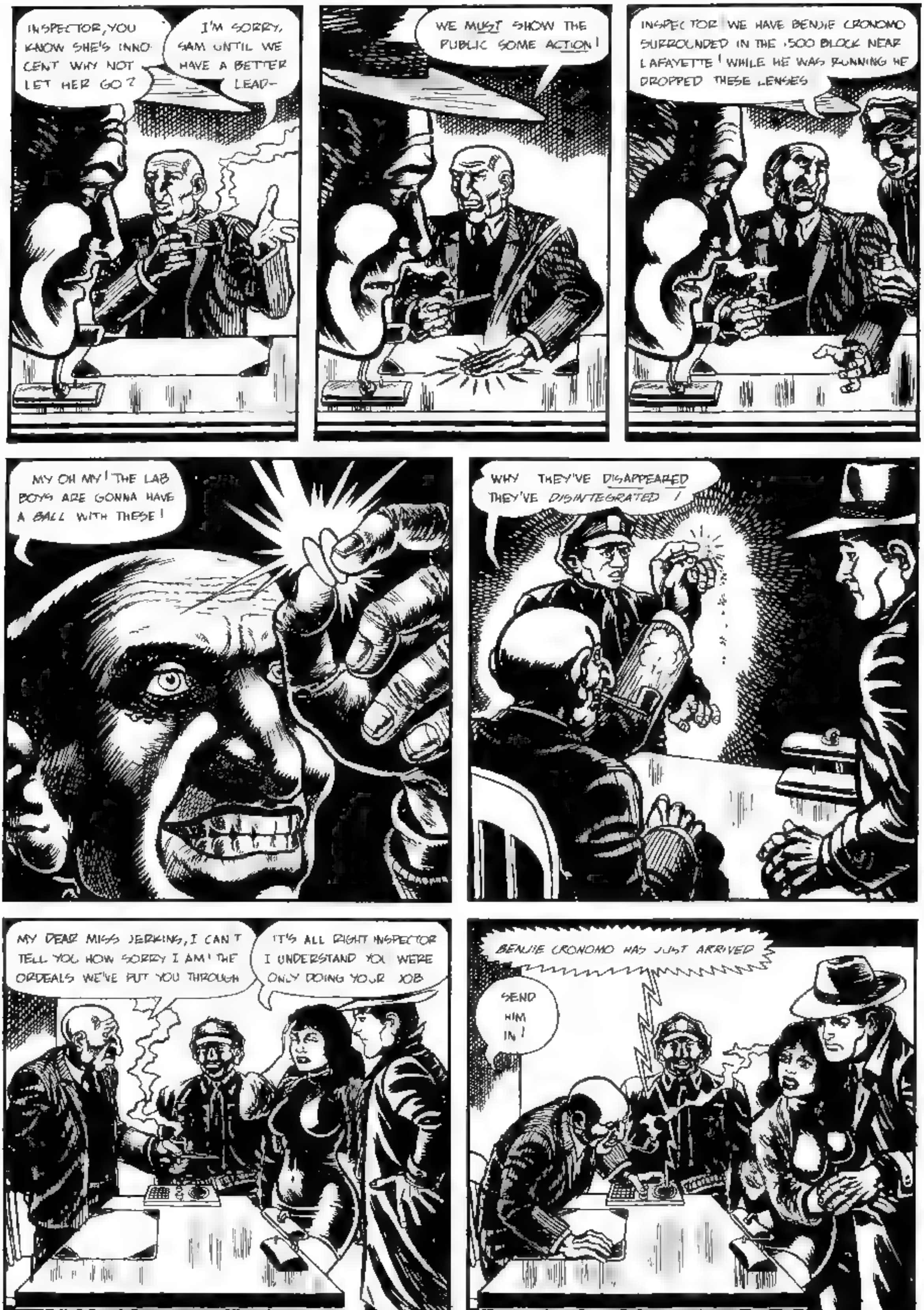

OK, BOYS, LET 'EM HAVE IT!
GODDAMMIT, BENJIE, ALWAYS WITH THE JOKES!
I'M SHITTIN' IN MY PANTS, AN' IT'S FUCKIN' BENJIE!
YOU JUST SCARED THE CRAP OUTTA THIS POOR GIRL! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?
HIYA, FELLAS! WHAT'S THE GAME?
YOU MURDERERS!!
GET HER!
SOME DAFFY BROAD!
I AIN'T PLAYIN' WITH NO FUCKIN' LUNATIC! IF HE'S PLAYIN THEN I AIN'T PLAYIN'!
JUST 'CAUSE YOU AIN'T WON A HAND ALL NIGHT
ALL RIGHT YOU GUYS, LISTEN UP—!
HAVE I GOT SOME SURPRISE
—EXCUSE ME, BENJIE I HATE TO INTERRUPT
AND BELIEVE ME, BENJIE, NOBODY IS MORE EXCITED ABOUT YOUR SURPRISE THAN I AM
BUT DO YOU THINK WE MIGHT FINISH THIS HAND?

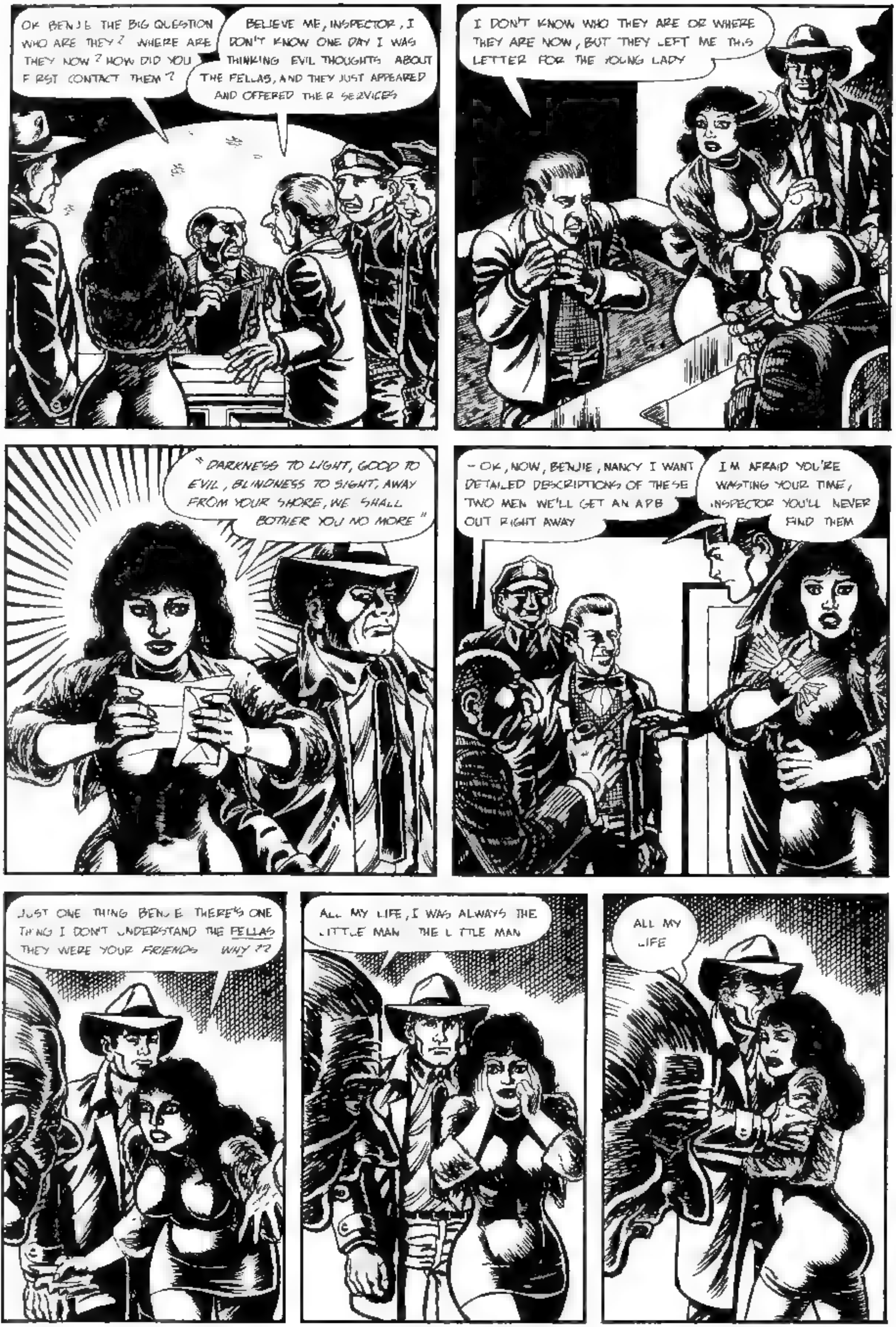

BUT OF COURSE OF COURSE I CERTAINLY WOULDN'T WANT TO DISTURB YOUR GAME
I DON'T BELIEVE HE SAID THAT
I'M OUT
ME TOO
TAKE IT YOU BASTARD
OK NOW, LITTLE MAN YOUR AUDIENCE AWAITS
JUST ONE QUESTION HOW DID HE TALK US INTO THIS WILD GOOSE CHASE?
YOU OUGHTTA THANK BENNIE HE SAVED YOU A LOTTA DOUGH!
HERE! TURN RIGHT!
LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER HOT ONE BETTER CALL IN
HEY, CLINT! COME 'ERE, QUICK!!
OH, MY GOD!!


FOUR BODIES BURNT BEYOND BELIEF !
AND NOT A BURN NOT A SCRATCH ON THE CAR
HELP PLEASE ! LET ME OUT !
THE TRUNK !
KERR-RUNK
THE FIVE OF THEM ALL BURNED TO DEATH ?
WE FOUND FOUR CHARRED BODIES IN THE VEHICLE MISS
WE'D LIKE YOU TO COME DOWN-TOWN WITH US AND ANSWER A FEW QUESTIONS
HAVEN'T WE GONE OVER THIS *ENOUGH* ? DON'T YOU HAVE MY *STORY STRAIGHT* BY NOW ?
EASY, MISS CALM DOWN
OK NOW THIS TIME LET ME GO THROUGH IT YOU SAY THAT YOU SAW — NO YOU *FELT* YOU FELT THE "*GREAT LIGHT*" WHILE YOU WERE IN THE TRUNK — AND THUS YOU ASSUMED THAT THE MEN HAD BEEN BURNT TO DEATH IS THAT CORRECT?
YES INSPECTOR LIKE I TOLD YOU MY PARENTS WERE KILLED THE SAME WAY WHY DON'T YOU CHECK IT OUT, IT'S IN THE PUBLIC RECORDS
—OK, FINE LET'S GO ON FROM THERE


NOW, THEN - YOU CLAIM THAT THE TWO STRANGERS, THE MEN WHO PUSHED YOU DOWN, WERE THE *SAME MEN* WHO KILLED YOUR PARENTS, AND YOU CLAIM THAT A FIFTH MAN—A "BENJIE"—WAS ALSO IN THE CAR
NOW, MISS DO YOU STILL CLAIM THAT YOU WERE IN THE *LOCKED TRUNK* BECAUSE YOU WERE TRYNG TO WARN MR SOLOMON?
I NEVER MEANT TO LOCK IT! I WAS HIDING IN THERE, HOLDING IT SHUT! WHEN I FELT THE "*GREAT LIGHT*" COMING, I PANICKED!
I OWED A LOT TO MR SOLOMON HE GAVE ME MY FIRST REAL BREAK
LOCK HER UP FOR NOW AT LEAST UNTIL WE GET BACK THE LAB REPORTS THE CHARGE IS SUSPICION OF MURDER
I GUESS IT'S ABOUT TIME I INTRODUCED MYSELF MY NAME IS SAM STRAM I'M A REPORTER
OH, MR STRAM! THANK YOU SO *VERY MUCH* FOR COMING!
PLEASE CALL ME SAM
I WAS BLIND AT BIRTH, SAM THE DOCTORS GAVE NO HOPE I WOULD EVER SEE
"MY FATHER WAS A TYRANT OF A MAN, DESPISED WITH A PASSION THROUGHOUT THE COUNTY"
TEND TO YOUR BEADS, YOU FILTHY CRIPPLE!
BUT MY MOTHER, SAM MY MOTHER WAS THE MOST WONDERFUL, THE KINDEST, THE MOST CONSIDERATE PERSON IN THE WHOLE WORLD!
I BELIEVE YOU, NANCY
ONE DAY, TWO WEEKS TO THE DAY BEFORE MY SIXTH BIRTHDAY, I WAS OUTSIDE SMELLING FLOWERS WHEN TWO MEN - I'M *SURE* IT WAS THE SAME TWO MEN - GRABBED HOLD OF ME.


GO WAY! WE DON'T WANT ANY
KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK
WE'VE GOT YOUR DAUGHTER ERKINS OPEN UP
OH, DEAR GOD!
PLEASE RUFUS! DON'T LET THEM HARM MY CHILD
LEAVE GO OF ME WOMAN!
AS THEY OPENED THE DOOR I CAN STILL HEAR THE SCREAMS I CAN STILL FEEL THE "GREAT LIGHT" THE FIRST GLIMPSES OF MY NEW BORN SIGHT
ON MY SIXTH BIRTHDAY SAM ON MY SIXTH BIRTHDAY I COULD SEE BUT I WOULD NEVER SEE MY MOTHER! OH, SAM, WHAT A PRICE TO PAY
NOW NOW
SAM THE TWO DEAREST PEOPLE IN THE WORLD TO ME - MY MOTHER AND SOLLY SOLOMON - THESE TWO PEOPLE WERE FOREVER TAKEN FROM ME BY THIS VILLANOUS FORCE
I'M COUNTING ON YOU SAM -
I'LL DO ALL I CAN

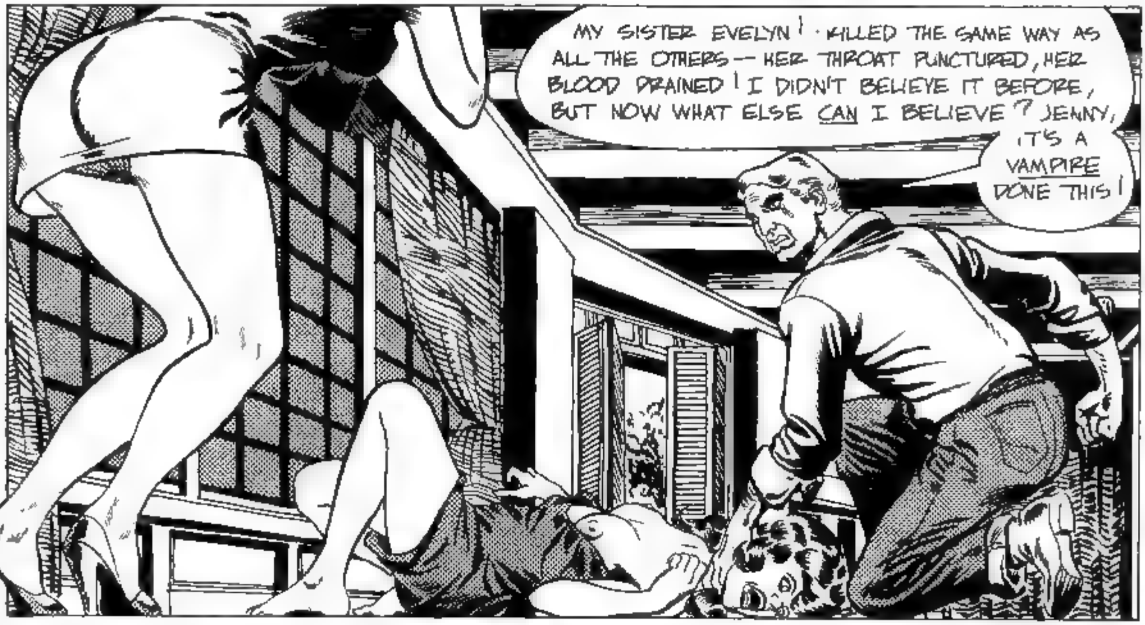

INSPECTOR, YOU KNOW SHE'S INNOCENT WHY NOT LET HER GO?
I'M SORRY, SAM UNTIL WE HAVE A BETTER LEAD-
WE MUST SHOW THE PUBLIC SOME ACTION!
INSPECTOR WE HAVE BENJIE CRONOMO SURROUNDED IN THE 1500 BLOCK NEAR LAFAYETTE! WHILE HE WAS RUNNING HE DROPPED THESE LENSES
MY OH MY! THE LAB BOYS ARE GONNA HAVE A BALL WITH THESE!
WHY THEY'VE DISAPPEARED THEY'VE DISINTEGRATED!
MY DEAR MISS JERKINS, I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW SORRY I AM! THE ORDEALS WE'VE PUT YOU THROUGH
IT'S ALL RIGHT INSPECTOR I UNDERSTAND YOU WERE ONLY DOING YOUR JOB
BENJIE CRONOMO HAS JUST ARRIVED
SEND HIM IN!


OK BENJIE THE BIG QUESTION WHO ARE THEY? WHERE ARE THEY NOW? HOW DID YOU FIRST CONTACT THEM?
BELIEVE ME, INSPECTOR, I DON'T KNOW ONE DAY I WAS THINKING EVIL THOUGHTS ABOUT THE FELLAS, AND THEY JUST APPEARED AND OFFERED THEIR SERVICES
I DON'T KNOW WHO THEY ARE OR WHERE THEY ARE NOW, BUT THEY LEFT ME THIS LETTER FOR THE YOUNG LADY
"DARKNESS TO LIGHT, GOOD TO EVIL, BLINDNESS TO SIGHT, AWAY FROM YOUR SHORE, WE SHALL BOTHER YOU NO MORE"
- OK, NOW, BENJIE, NANCY I WANT DETAILED DESCRIPTIONS OF THESE TWO MEN WE'LL GET AN APB OUT RIGHT AWAY
I'M AFRAID YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME, INSPECTOR YOU'LL NEVER FIND THEM
JUST ONE THING BENJIE THERE'S ONE THING I DON'T UNDERSTAND THE FELLAS THEY WERE YOUR FRIENDS WHY??
ALL MY LIFE, I WAS ALWAYS THE LITTLE MAN THE LITTLE MAN
ALL MY LIFE

ACCORDING TO ANCIENT LEGEND, THERE EXIST STRANGE BEASTS WITH THE ABILITY TO ASSUME THE FORM OF A MAN SUCH ANIMALS AS BATS, WOLVES, TIGERS, AND OTHER CARNIVOROUS CREATURES OF THE NIGHT THOUGH SCOFFED AT BY SCIENCE, THE PERSISTENT STORIES OF THESE WERE-BEINGS SOMETIMES SEEM TO BE THE ONLY EXPLANATION FOR CERTAIN MYSTERIOUS

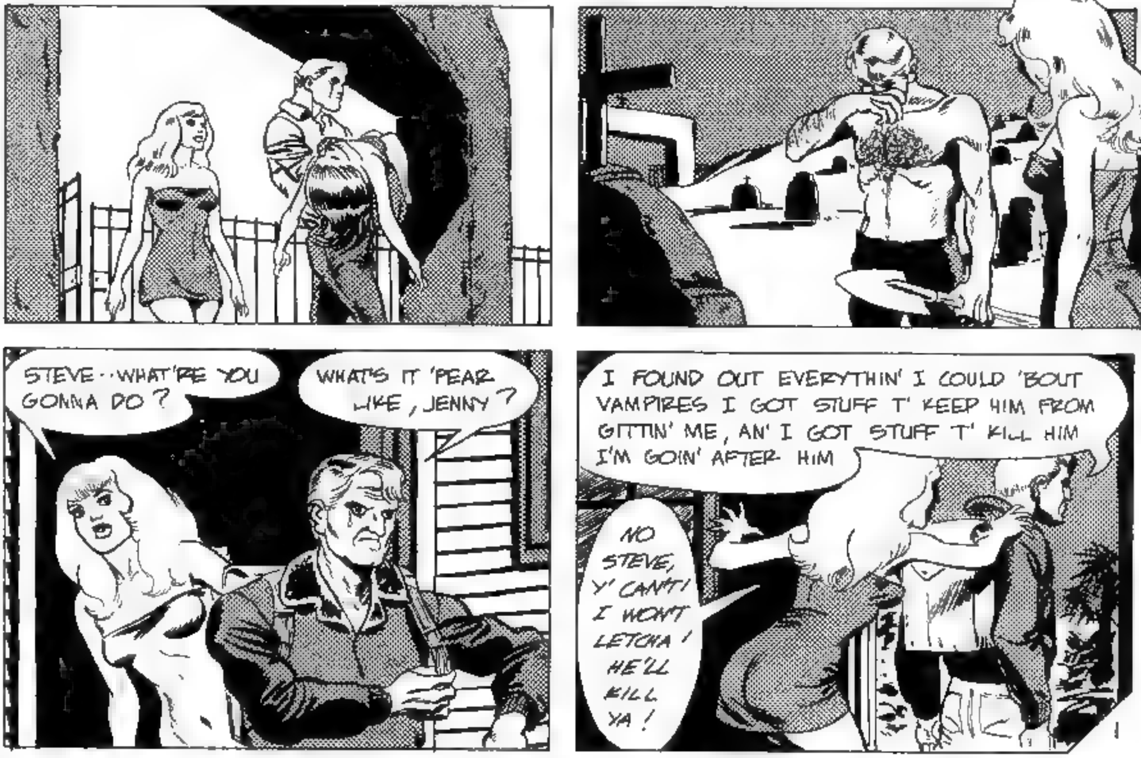
BLOOD-MURDERS!

by Roger Brand © Aug '70


MY SISTER EVELYN! KILLED THE SAME WAY AS ALL THE OTHERS -- HER THROAT PUNCTURED, HER BLOOD DRAINED! I DIDN'T BELIEVE IT BEFORE, BUT NOW WHAT ELSE CAN I BELIEVE? JENNY,
IT'S A VAMPIRE DONE THIS!

IN THIS SMALL SOUTHERN SWAMP TOWN, SUPERSTITION IS WIDESPREAD, AND THE RUMOR OF A GHASTLY FLYING KILLER...

HIDEOUS AND EVIL BEYOND DESCRIPTION IS ENOUGH TO KEEP HALF THE VILLAGE TREMBLING BEHIND LOCKED DOORS


STEVE.. WHAT'RE YOU GONNA DO?
WHAT'S IT 'PEAR LIKE, JENNY?
I FOUND OUT EVERYTHIN' I COULD 'BOUT VAMPIRES I GOT STUFF T' KEEP HIM FROM GITTIN' ME, AN' I GOT STUFF T' KILL HIM I'M GOIN' AFTER HIM
NO STEVE, Y' CAN'T! I WON'T LETCHA! HE'LL KILL YA!

BUT STEVE PINE CAN'T BE STOPPED

I'LL GITCHA, VAMPIRE Y' AIN'T GITTIN' AWAY —

— SHIT HOWDY! THIS OL' SWAMP GIVE ANYBODY THE SPOOKS —

HEH HEH NUTHIN' JUST A BAT —— ✳

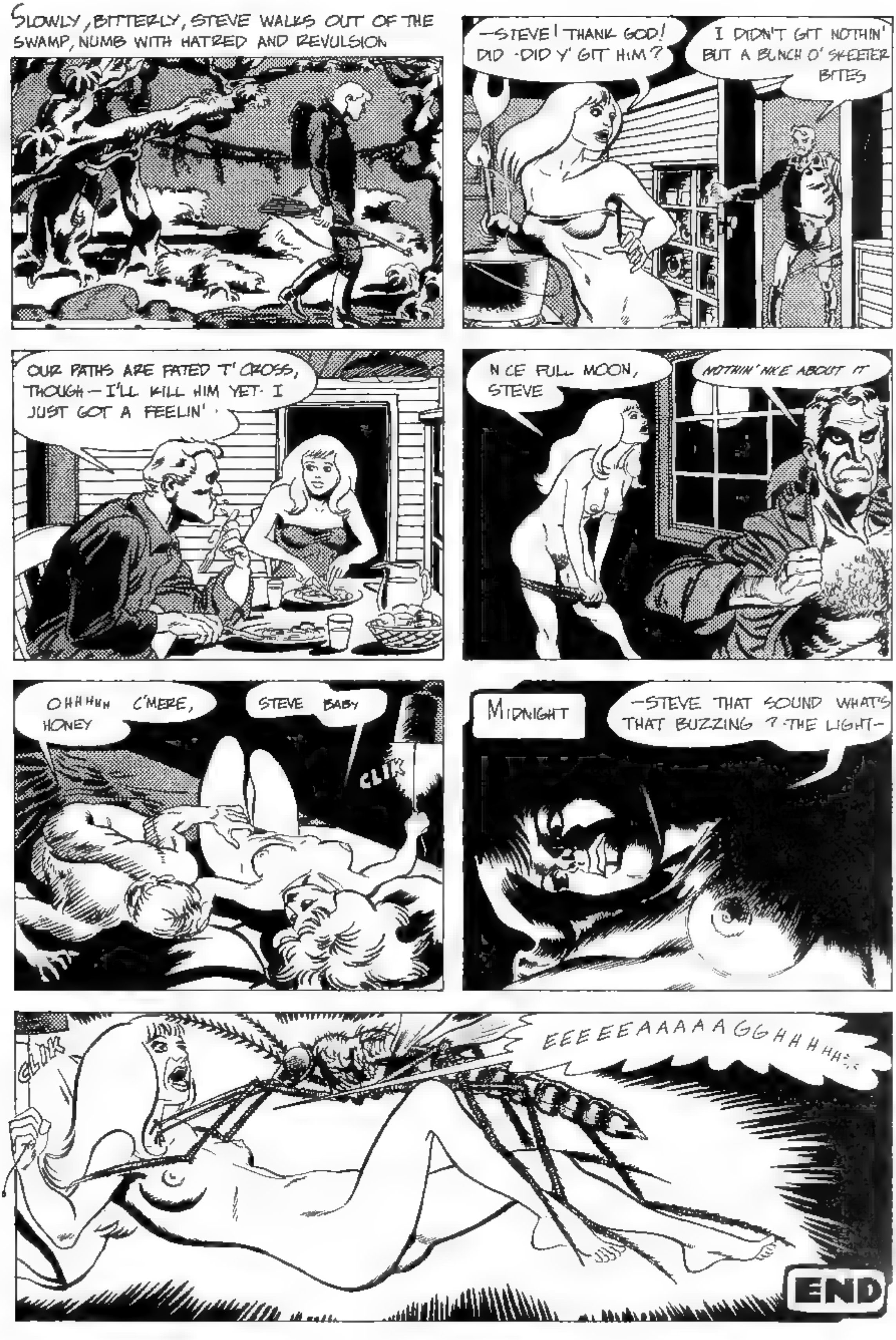
— A BAT !! GODDAMN YOU ! I SEE YOU !

I'LL GITCHA ! YOU DON' NEED T'CHITTER 'N' SQUEAK, I'M GONNA GITCHA OW !! FUCKIN' SKEETER ! · I'LL HANG YER ASS, VAMPIRE !

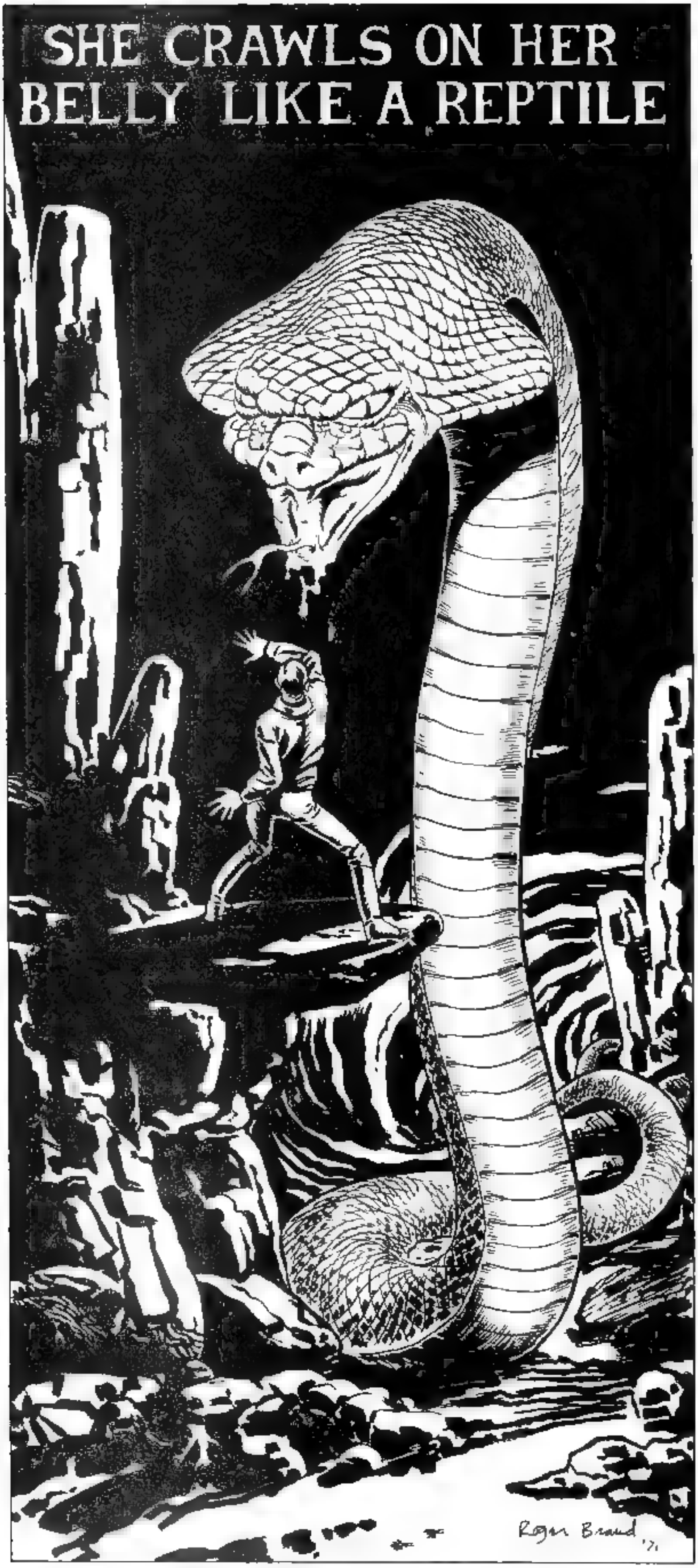
AFTER MANY HOURS
I GOT TILL A HUNDRED YEARS GO BY I'LL GITCHA ! AN' YOU'LL BE DEAD ! DEAD ! DEAD !! MANGLED AN' BROKE ! I'M GONNA GITCHA AN' RIP Y' IN A HUNDRED PIECES ! Y' GODDAMN FILTH ! UNHOLY SCUM !!

BUT THE BAT LEADS THE HUMAN A CONFUSED AND AIMLESS CHASE FOR SEVERAL HOURS UNTIL FINALLY, AS THE SUN VANISHES BEHIND THE JAGGED HILL-LINE

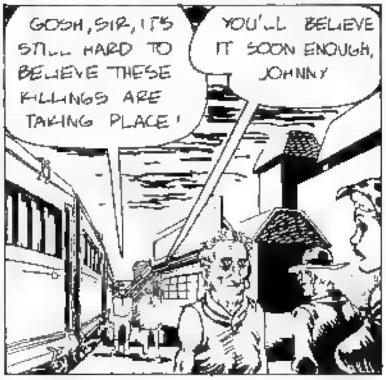
Y' LEAVIN', HUH ? WELL, IT WON'T DO Y' NO GOOD ! YOU'LL BE BACK, AN' SO WILL I
I'LL GITCHA SOB SOB SOB


SLOWLY, BITTERLY, STEVE WALKS OUT OF THE SWAMP, NUMB WITH HATRED AND REVULSION
—STEVE! THANK GOD! DID -DID Y' GIT HIM?
I DIDN'T GIT NOTHIN' BUT A BUNCH O' SKEETER BITES
OUR PATHS ARE FATED T' CROSS, THOUGH — I'LL KILL HIM YET. I JUST GOT A FEELIN'
NICE FULL MOON, STEVE
NOTHIN' NICE ABOUT IT
OHHHHH C'MERE, HONEY
STEVE BABY
CLIK
MIDNIGHT
—STEVE THAT SOUND WHAT'S THAT BUZZING ? THE LIGHT—
CLIK
EEEEEAAAAAGGHHHHH
END

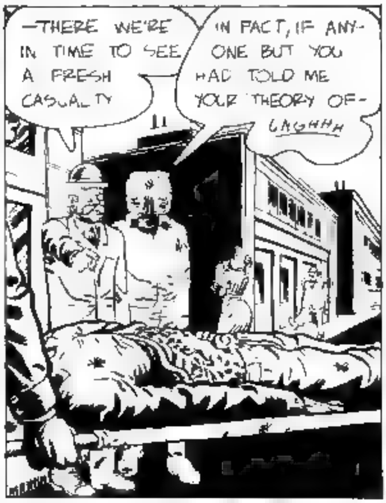
SHE CRAWLS ON HER BELLY LIKE A REPTILE


Roger Brand '71

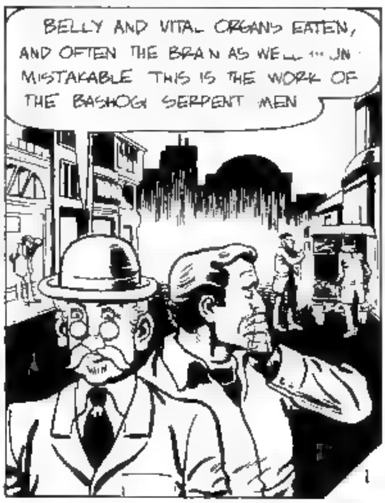
PROFESSOR JAMES REDBREST, NOTED AUTHORITY ON PRIMITIVE CULTS, ARRIVES IN THE SMALL CENTRAL EUROPEAN TOWN OF BAKSHI, ACCOMPANIED BY HIS ASSISTANT, AMERICAN UNDERGRADUATE JOHNNY CARTER, TO INVESTIGATE A BIZARRE SERIES OF UNEXPLAINED MURDERS

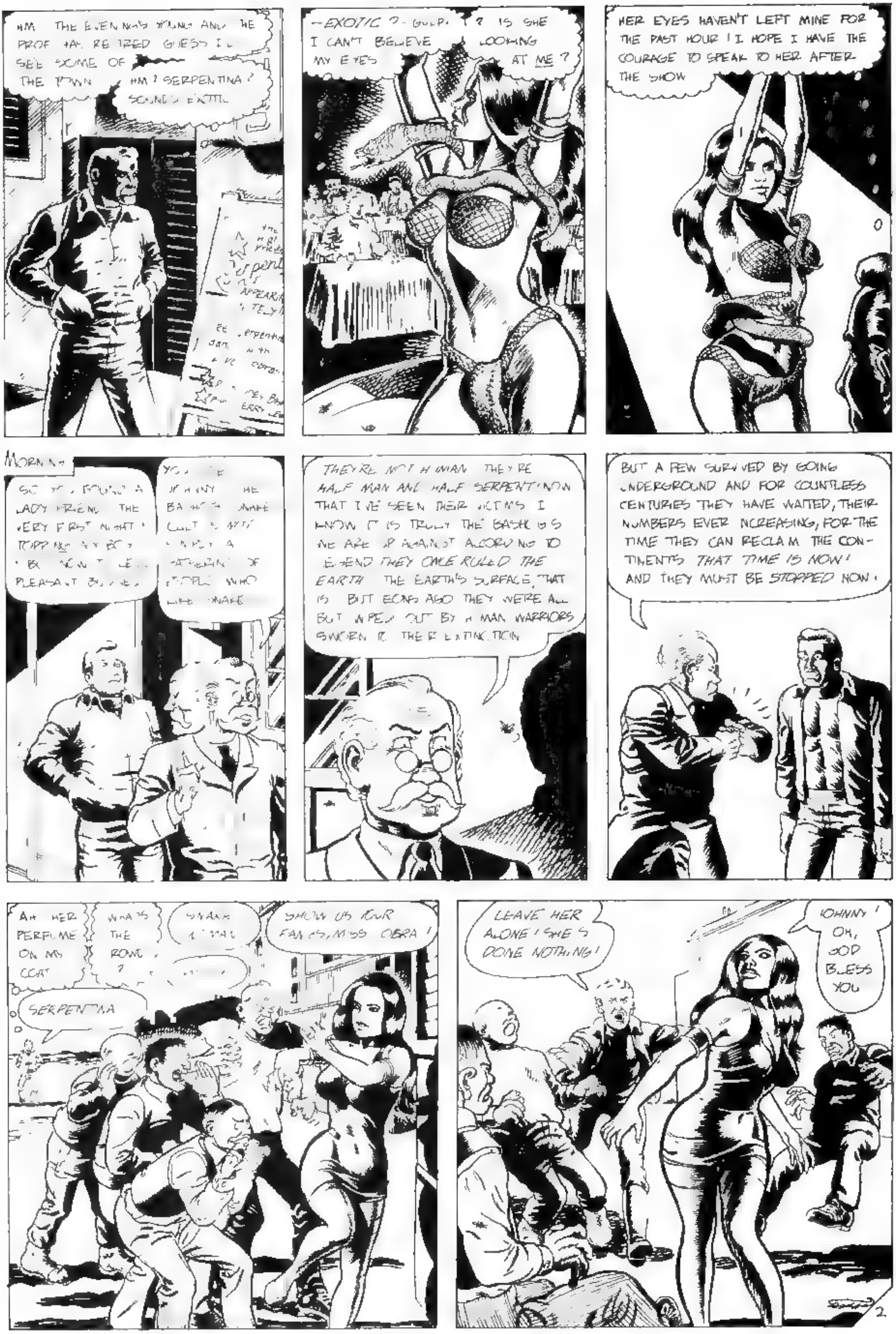

GOSH, SIR, IT'S STILL HARD TO BELIEVE THESE KILLINGS ARE TAKING PLACE!
YOU'LL BELIEVE IT SOON ENOUGH, JOHNNY

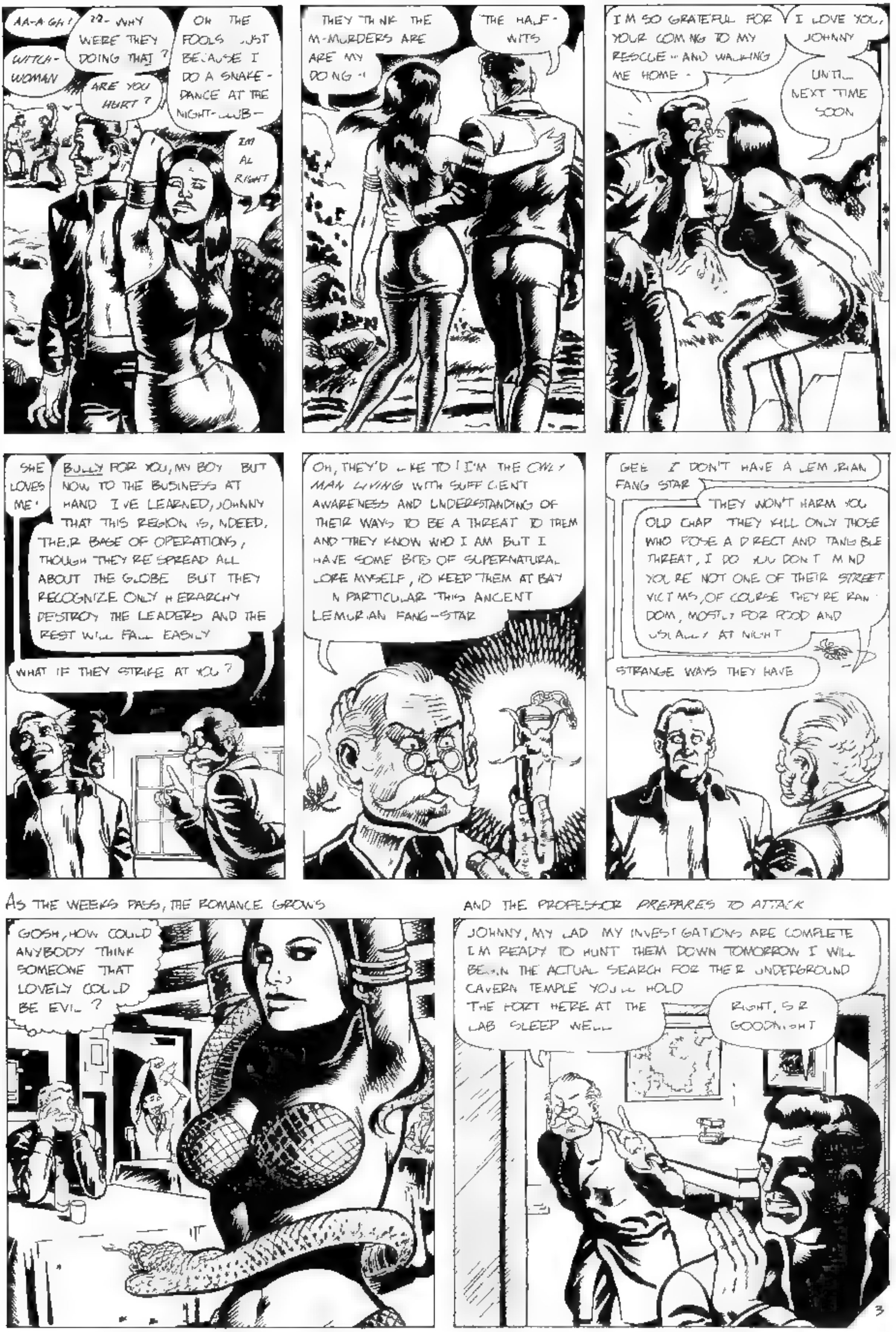
AMONG THE MORE SUPERSTITIOUS TOWNSFOLK CIRCULATE RUMORS OF AN EVIL UNSPEAKABLY FOUL

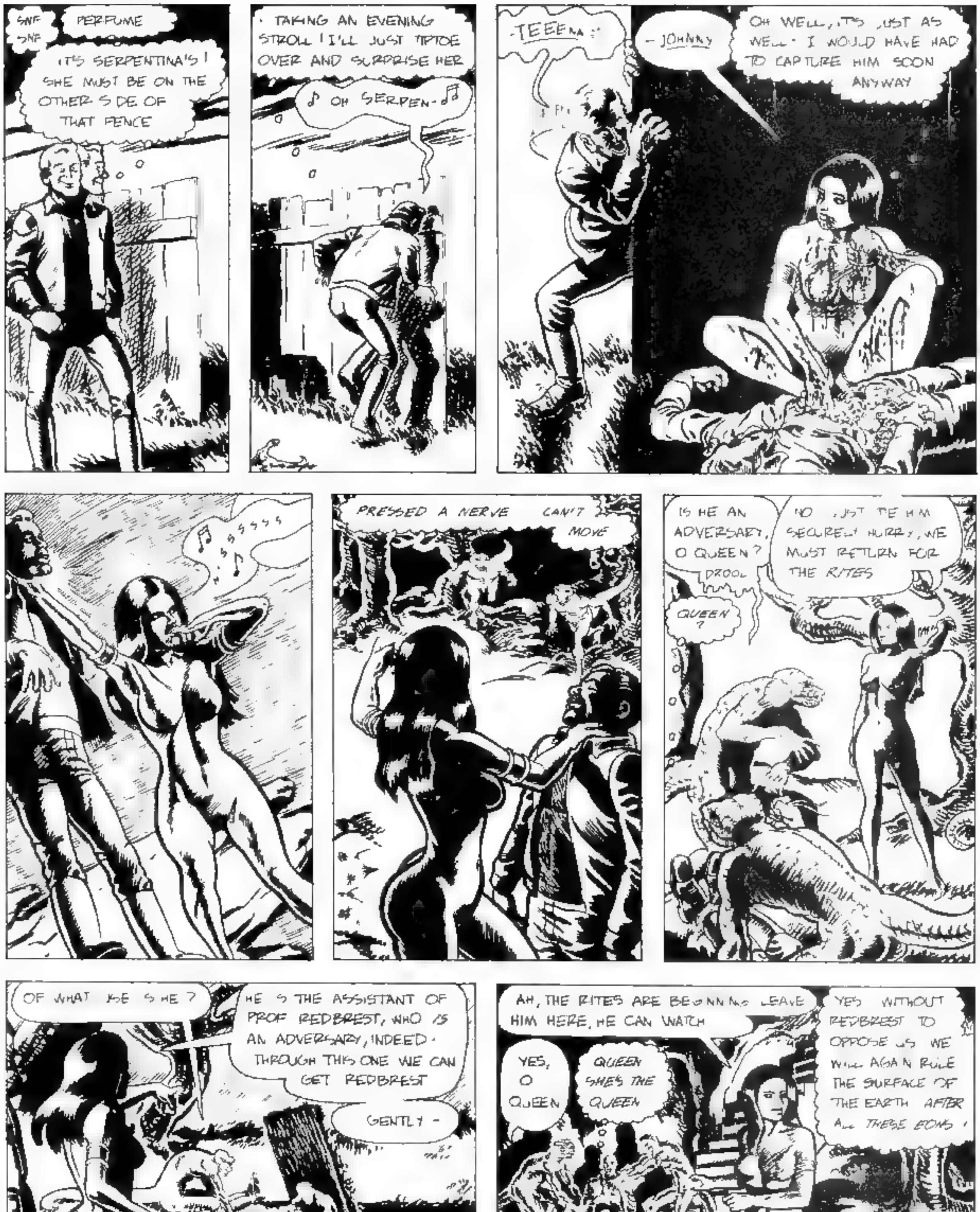

—THERE WE'RE IN TIME TO SEE A FRESH CASUALTY
IN FACT, IF ANYONE BUT YOU HAD TOLD ME YOUR THEORY OF— UGHHH

THE POLICE DISCOUNT SUCH RUMORS, BUT HAVE FAILED TO STOP THE MURDERS OR UNEARTH A SINGLE CLUE


BELLY AND VITAL ORGANS EATEN, AND OFTEN THE BRAIN AS WELL ... UNMISTAKABLE THIS IS THE WORK OF THE BASHOGI SERPENT MEN


HM THE EVENING'S YOUNG AND THE PROF HAS RETIRED GUESS I'LL SEE SOME OF THE TOWN
HM? SERPENTINA? SOUNDS EXOTIC
—EXOTIC?—GULP! I CAN'T BELIEVE MY EYES
? IS SHE LOOKING AT ME?
HER EYES HAVEN'T LEFT MINE FOR THE PAST HOUR! I HOPE I HAVE THE COURAGE TO SPEAK TO HER AFTER THE SHOW
MORNING
SO YOU FOUND A LADY FRIEND THE VERY FIRST NIGHT! TOPPING MY BOY! BUT NOW TO LESS PLEASANT BUSINESS
YOU ... JOHNNY THE BASILISK SNAKE CULT ... A GATHERING OF PEOPLE WHO LIKE SNAKE
THEY'RE NOT HUMAN THEY'RE HALF MAN AND HALF SERPENT! NOW THAT I'VE SEEN THEIR VICTIMS I KNOW IT IS TRULY THE BASILISKS WE ARE UP AGAINST ACCORDING TO LEGEND THEY ONCE RULED THE EARTH THE EARTH'S SURFACE, THAT IS BUT EONS AGO THEY WERE ALL BUT WIPED OUT BY HUMAN WARRIORS SWORN TO THEIR EXTINCTION
BUT A FEW SURVIVED BY GOING UNDERGROUND AND FOR COUNTLESS CENTURIES THEY HAVE WAITED, THEIR NUMBERS EVER INCREASING, FOR THE TIME THEY CAN RECLAIM THE CONTINENTS THAT TIME IS NOW! AND THEY MUST BE STOPPED NOW!
AH HER PERFUME ON MY COAT
WHAT'S THE ROW?
SNAKE WOMAN
SHOW US YOUR FANGS, MISS COBRA!
SERPENTINA
LEAVE HER ALONE! SHE'S DONE NOTHING!
JOHNNY! OH, GOD BLESS YOU


AA-A-GH!
WITCH-WOMAN
??- WHY WERE THEY DOING THAT?
ARE YOU HURT?
OH THE FOOLS JUST BECAUSE I DO A SNAKE-DANCE AT THE NIGHT-CLUB—
IM ALL RIGHT
THEY THINK THE M-MURDERS ARE ARE MY DOING -!
THE HALF-WITS
I M SO GRATEFUL FOR YOUR COMING TO MY RESCUE -- AND WALKING ME HOME -
I LOVE YOU, JOHNNY
UNTIL NEXT TIME SOON
SHE LOVES ME!
BULLY FOR YOU, MY BOY BUT NOW TO THE BUSINESS AT HAND I VE LEARNED, JOHNNY THAT THIS REGION IS, INDEED, THEIR BASE OF OPERATIONS, THOUGH THEY RE SPREAD ALL ABOUT THE GLOBE BUT THEY RECOGNIZE ONLY HIERARCHY DESTROY THE LEADERS AND THE REST WILL FALL EASILY
WHAT IF THEY STRIKE AT YOU?
OH, THEY'D LIKE TO! I'M THE ONLY MAN LIVING WITH SUFFICIENT AWARENESS AND UNDERSTANDING OF THEIR WAYS TO BE A THREAT TO THEM AND THEY KNOW WHO I AM BUT I HAVE SOME BITS OF SUPERNATURAL LORE MYSELF, TO KEEP THEM AT BAY IN PARTICULAR THIS ANCIENT LEMURIAN FANG-STAR
GEE I DON'T HAVE A LEMURIAN FANG STAR
THEY WON'T HARM YOU OLD CHAP THEY KILL ONLY THOSE WHO POSE A DIRECT AND TANGIBLE THREAT, I DO YOU DON T MIND YOU RE NOT ONE OF THEIR STREET VICTIMS, OF COURSE THEY RE RANDOM, MOSTLY FOR FOOD AND USUALLY AT NIGHT
STRANGE WAYS THEY HAVE
AS THE WEEKS PASS, THE ROMANCE GROWS
GOSH, HOW COULD ANYBODY THINK SOMEONE THAT LOVELY COULD BE EVIL?
AND THE PROFESSOR PREPARES TO ATTACK
JOHNNY, MY LAD MY INVESTIGATIONS ARE COMPLETE I M READY TO HUNT THEM DOWN TOMORROW I WILL BEGIN THE ACTUAL SEARCH FOR THEIR UNDERGROUND CAVERN TEMPLE YOU'LL HOLD THE FORT HERE AT THE LAB SLEEP WELL
RIGHT, SIR GOODNIGHT

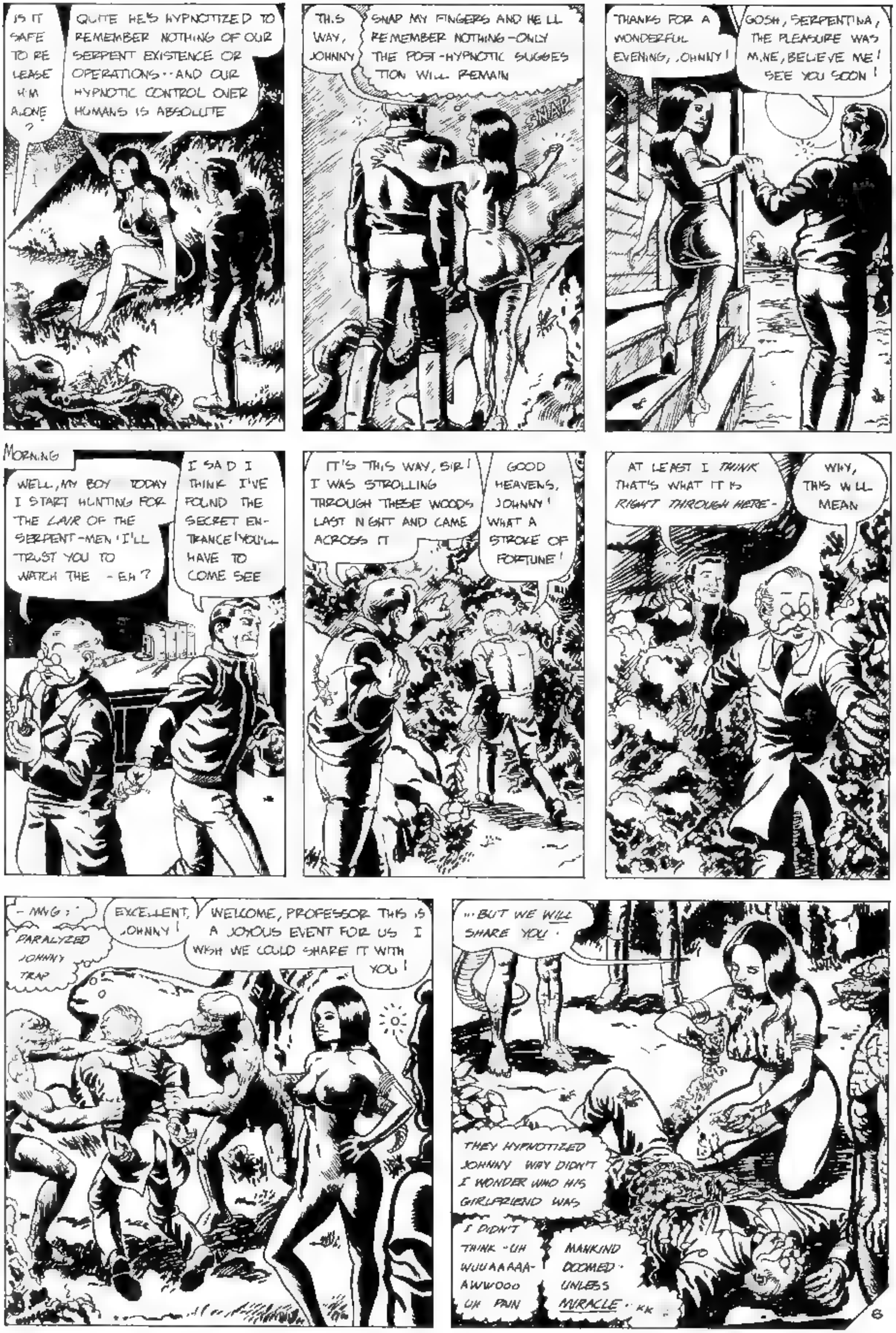

SNF SNF
PERFUME
IT'S SERPENTINA'S! SHE MUST BE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THAT FENCE
TAKING AN EVENING STROLL! I'LL JUST TIPTOE OVER AND SURPRISE HER
♪ OH SERPEN-♫
-TEEEna?
-JOHNNY
OH WELL, IT'S JUST AS WELL. I WOULD HAVE HAD TO CAPTURE HIM SOON ANYWAY
♫ SSSSSS ♪
PRESSED A NERVE CAN'T MOVE
IS HE AN ADVERSARY, O QUEEN?
DROOL
QUEEN?
NO. JUST TIE HIM SECURELY. HURRY, WE MUST RETURN FOR THE *RITES*
OF WHAT USE IS HE?
HE IS THE ASSISTANT OF PROF REDBREST, WHO *IS* AN ADVERSARY, INDEED. THROUGH THIS ONE WE CAN GET REDBREST
GENTLY -
AH, THE RITES ARE BEGINNING. LEAVE HIM HERE, HE CAN WATCH
YES, O QUEEN
QUEEN SHE'S THE QUEEN
YES. WITHOUT REDBREST TO OPPOSE US WE WILL AGAIN RULE THE SURFACE OF THE EARTH *AFTER ALL THESE EONS!*

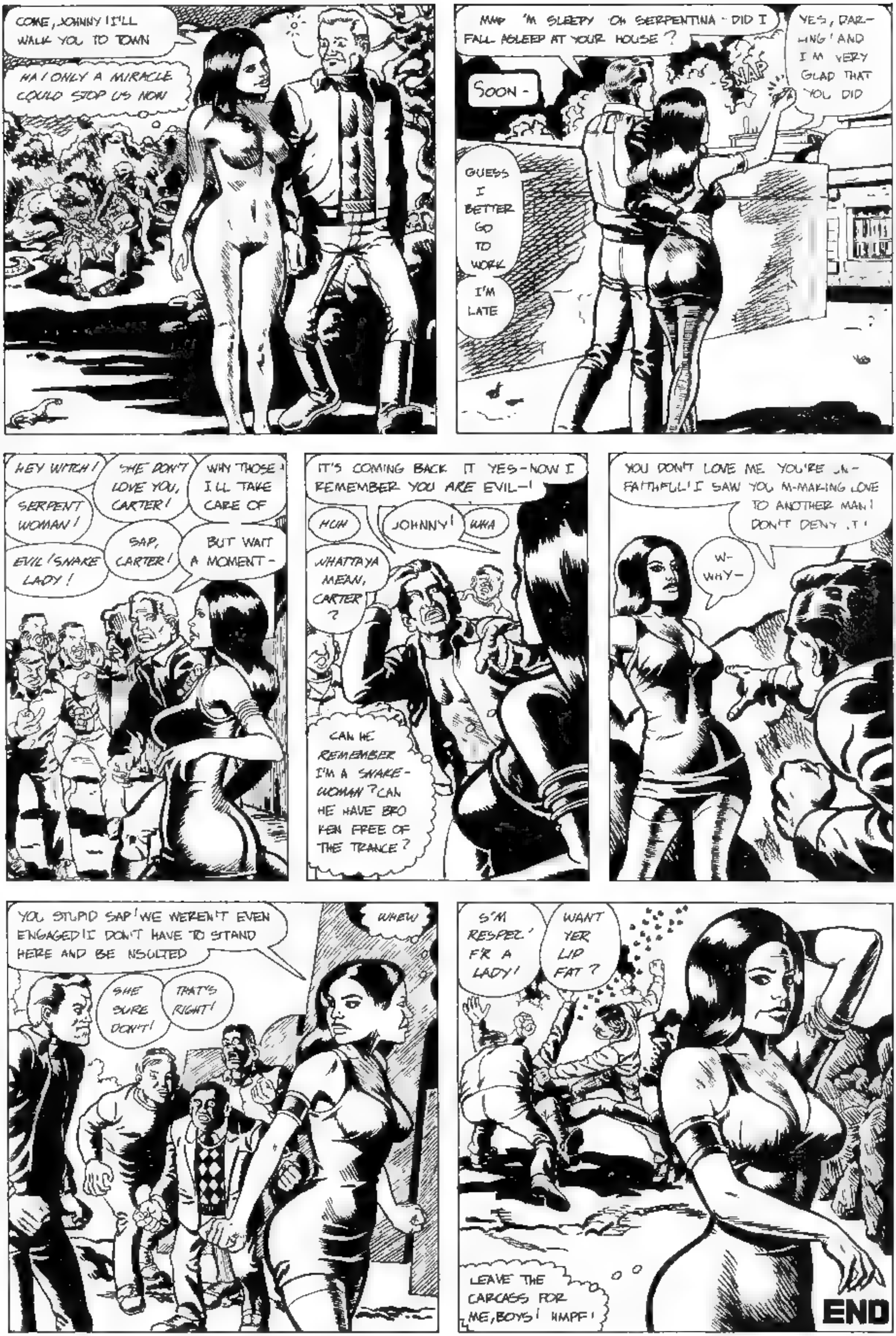
IS SHE HUMAN OR SNAKE ? CARTER NO LONGER RECOGNIZES REALITY AS IN STUPEFIED HORROR, HE WATCHES SERPENTINA AND A MALE CONCUBINE PERFORM THE ULTIMATE IN SICKENING DEBAUCHERES

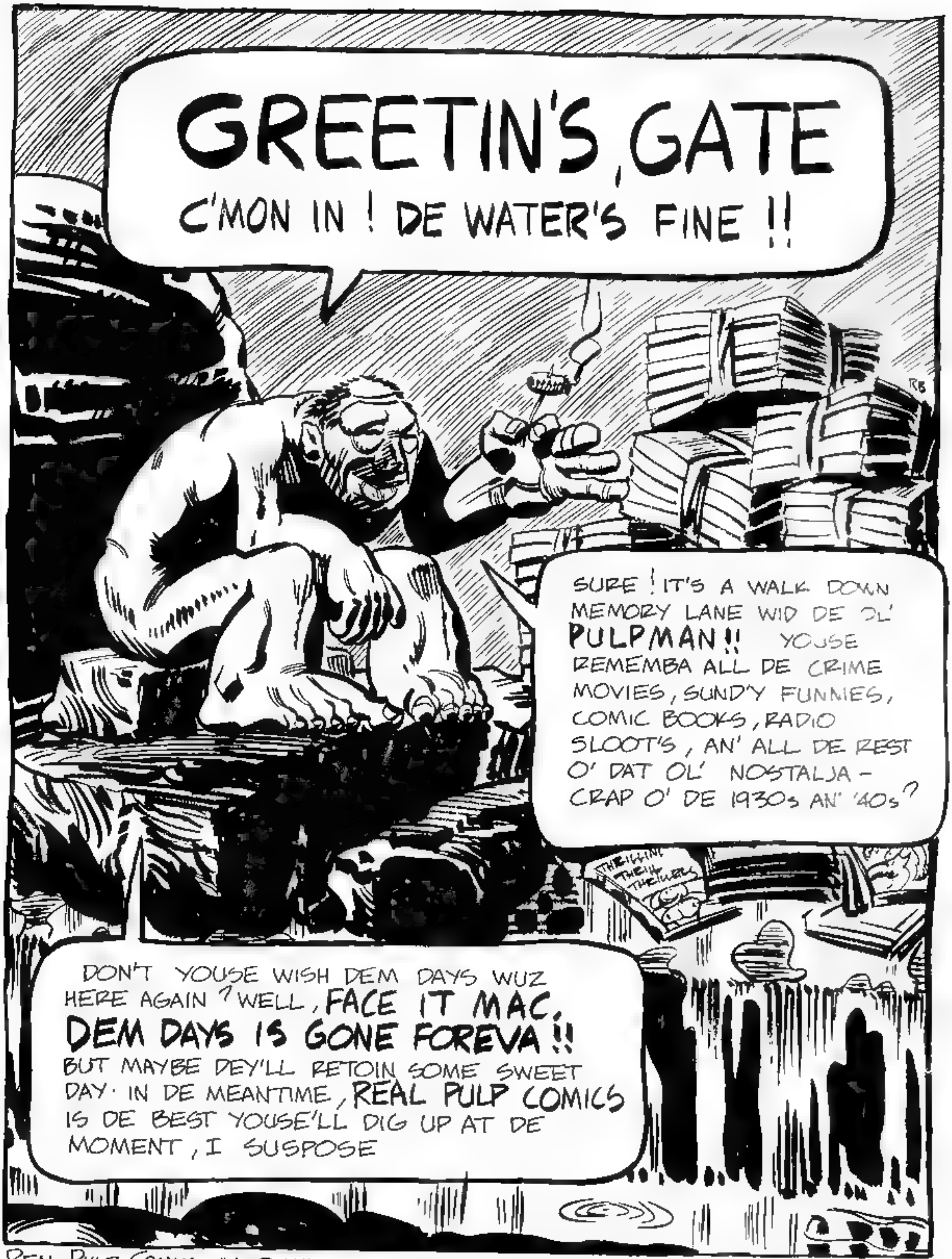
THE HUMAN SACRIFICE SHE'S ALIVE PARALYZED LIKE ME
UNCH HOFF SMER

FINALLY PANTING-HISSING GLEAMING WITH SWEAT SHE RETURNS TO THE NEAR CATATONIC JOHNNY CARTER

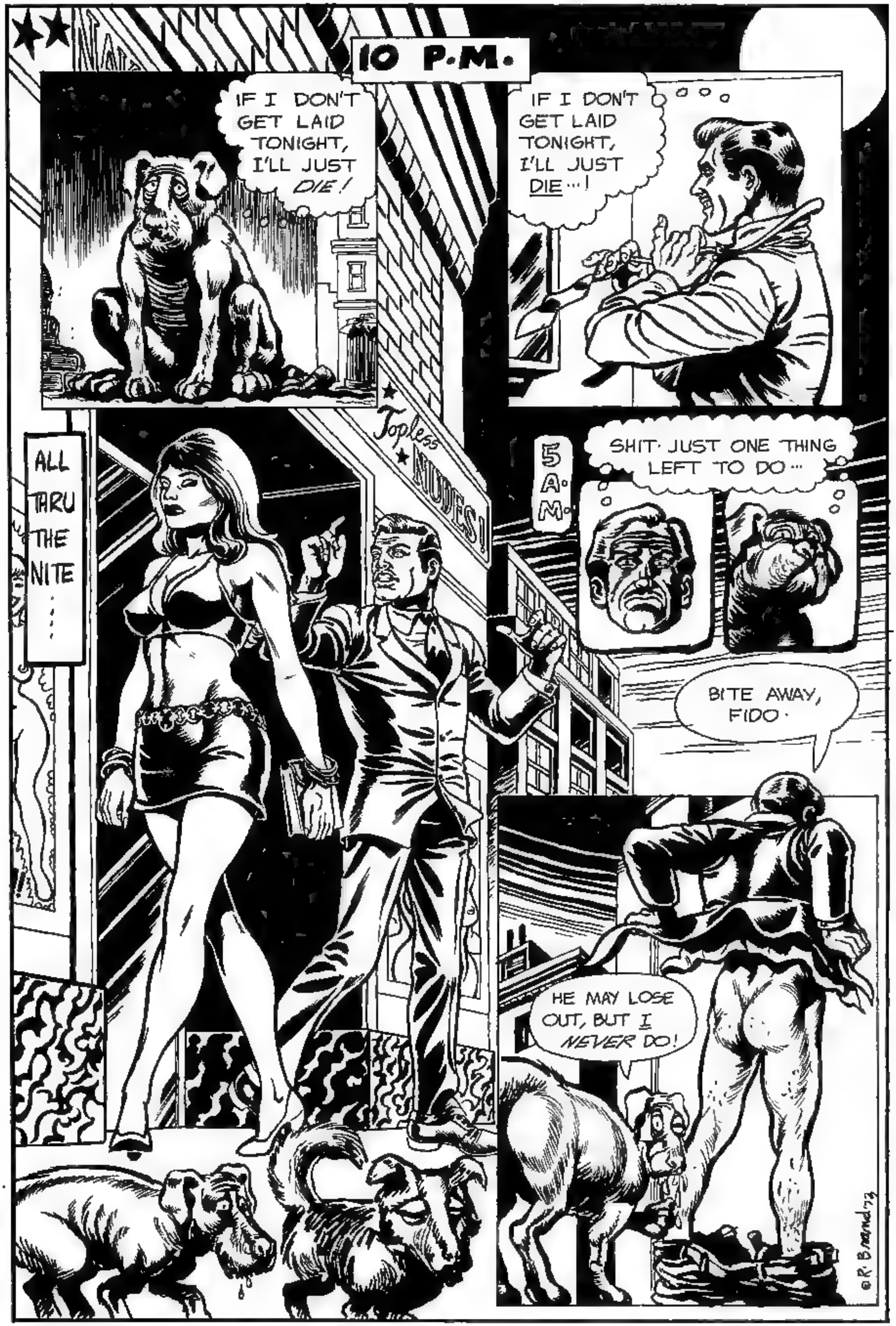
NOW, JOHNNY
YOU MUST RELAX I WANT YOU TO HELP ME JUST RELAX
LOOK IN MY EYES YES KEEP STARING STRAIGHT INTO MY EYES RELAX RELAX

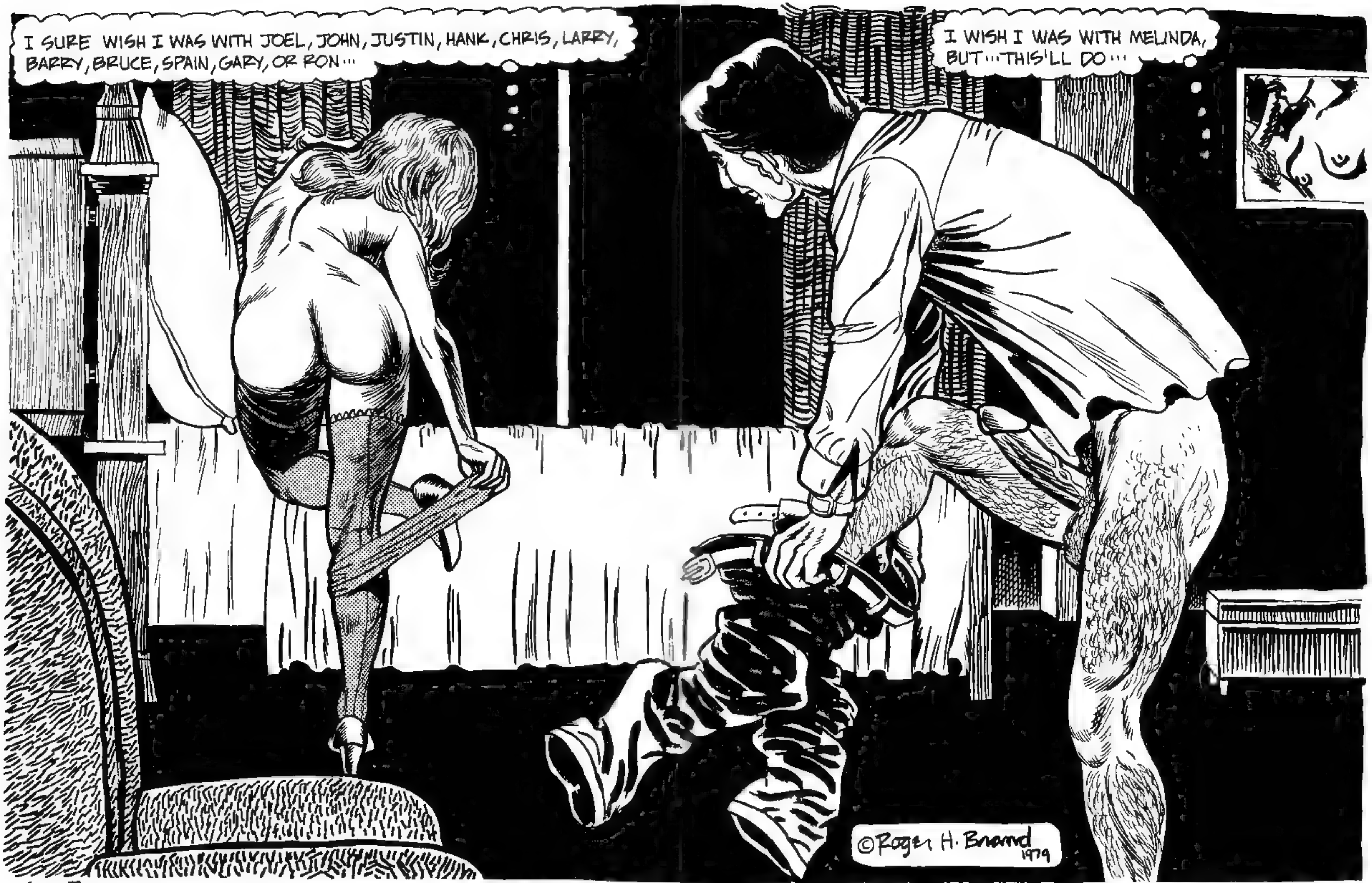

IS IT SAFE TO RELEASE HIM ALONE ?
QUITE HE'S HYPNOTIZED TO REMEMBER NOTHING OF OUR SERPENT EXISTENCE OR OPERATIONS -- AND OUR HYPNOTIC CONTROL OVER HUMANS IS ABSOLUTE
THIS WAY, JOHNNY
SNAP MY FINGERS AND HE LL REMEMBER NOTHING -ONLY THE POST-HYPNOTIC SUGGESTION WILL REMAIN
SNAP
THANKS FOR A WONDERFUL EVENING, JOHNNY !
GOSH, SERPENTINA, THE PLEASURE WAS MINE, BELIEVE ME ! SEE YOU SOON !
MORNING
WELL, MY BOY TODAY I START HUNTING FOR THE LAIR OF THE SERPENT-MEN I'LL TRUST YOU TO WATCH THE -EH ?
I SAID I THINK I'VE FOUND THE SECRET ENTRANCE! YOU'LL HAVE TO COME SEE
IT'S THIS WAY, SIR ! I WAS STROLLING THROUGH THESE WOODS LAST NIGHT AND CAME ACROSS IT
GOOD HEAVENS, JOHNNY ! WHAT A STROKE OF FORTUNE !
AT LEAST I THINK THAT'S WHAT IT IS RIGHT THROUGH HERE-
WHY, THIS WILL MEAN
-MNG :' PARALYZED JOHNNY TRAP
EXCELLENT, JOHNNY !
WELCOME, PROFESSOR THIS IS A JOYOUS EVENT FOR US I WISH WE COULD SHARE IT WITH YOU !
...BUT WE WILL SHARE YOU .
THEY HYPNOTIZED JOHNNY WHY DIDN'T I WONDER WHO HIS GIRLFRIEND WAS
I DIDN'T THINK -UH WUUAAAAA-AWWOOO UH PAIN
MANKIND DOOMED UNLESS MIRACLE - KK


COME, JOHNNY I'LL WALK YOU TO TOWN
HA! ONLY A MIRACLE COULD STOP US NOW
MMP 'M SLEEPY OH SERPENTINA - DID I FALL ASLEEP AT YOUR HOUSE ?
YES, DARLING! AND I'M VERY GLAD THAT YOU DID
SNAP
SOON -
GUESS I BETTER GO TO WORK
I'M LATE
HEY WITCH!
SERPENT WOMAN!
EVIL! SNAKE LADY!
SHE DON'T LOVE YOU, CARTER!
SAP, CARTER!
WHY THOSE I'LL TAKE CARE OF
BUT WAIT A MOMENT -
IT'S COMING BACK IT YES - NOW I REMEMBER YOU ARE EVIL -!
HUH
JOHNNY!
WHA
WHATTAYA MEAN, CARTER ?
CAN HE REMEMBER I'M A SNAKE-WOMAN? CAN HE HAVE BROKEN FREE OF THE TRANCE?
YOU DON'T LOVE ME YOU'RE UNFAITHFUL! I SAW YOU M-MAKING LOVE TO ANOTHER MAN! DON'T DENY IT!
W- WHY-
YOU STUPID SAP! WE WEREN'T EVEN ENGAGED! I DON'T HAVE TO STAND HERE AND BE INSULTED
WHEW
SHE SURE DON'T!
THAT'S RIGHT!
S'M RESPEC' F'R A LADY!
WANT YER LIP FAT ?
LEAVE THE CARCASS FOR ME, BOYS! HMPF!
END


GREETIN'S, GATE
C'MON IN ! DE WATER'S FINE !!
RB
SURE ! IT'S A WALK DOWN MEMORY LANE WID DE OL' PULPMAN !! YOUSE REMEMBA ALL DE CRIME MOVIES, SUND'Y FUNNIES, COMIC BOOKS, RADIO SLOOT'S, AN' ALL DE REST O' DAT OL' NOSTALJA-CRAP O' DE 1930s AN' '40s?
DON'T YOUSE WISH DEM DAYS WUZ HERE AGAIN? WELL, FACE IT MAC, DEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVA !! BUT MAYBE DEY'LL RETOIN SOME SWEET DAY. IN DE MEANTIME, REAL PULP COMICS IS DE BEST YOUSE'LL DIG UP AT DE MOMENT, I SUSPOSE

REAL PULP COMICS, #1. © JAN 1971 BY JOEL BECK, ROGER BRAND, LESLIE CABARGA, KIM DEITCH, JUSTIN GREEN, BILL GRIFFITH, ART SPIEGELMAN, AND RON WHITE. EDITOR, ROGER BRAND, 217 MARINE ST., POINT RICHMOND, CALIF. 94801. PRINTED AND DISTRIBUTED BY THE PRINT MINT, 830 FOLGER AVE., BERKELEY, CALIF. 94710. NO KEEDS — HEDOLTS HONLY.


10 P.M.
IF I DON'T GET LAID TONIGHT, I'LL JUST *DIE!*
IF I DON'T GET LAID TONIGHT, I'LL JUST DIE...!
ALL THRU THE NITE ...
Topless ★ NUDES!
5 A.M.
SHIT. JUST ONE THING LEFT TO DO...
BITE AWAY, FIDO.
HE MAY LOSE OUT, BUT *I* *NEVER* DO!
©R. Brand '73


I SURE WISH I WAS WITH JOEL, JOHN, JUSTIN, HANK, CHRIS, LARRY, BARRY, BRUCE, SPAIN, GARY, OR RON…
I WISH I WAS WITH MELINDA, BUT…THIS'LL DO…
©Roger H. Brand 1979

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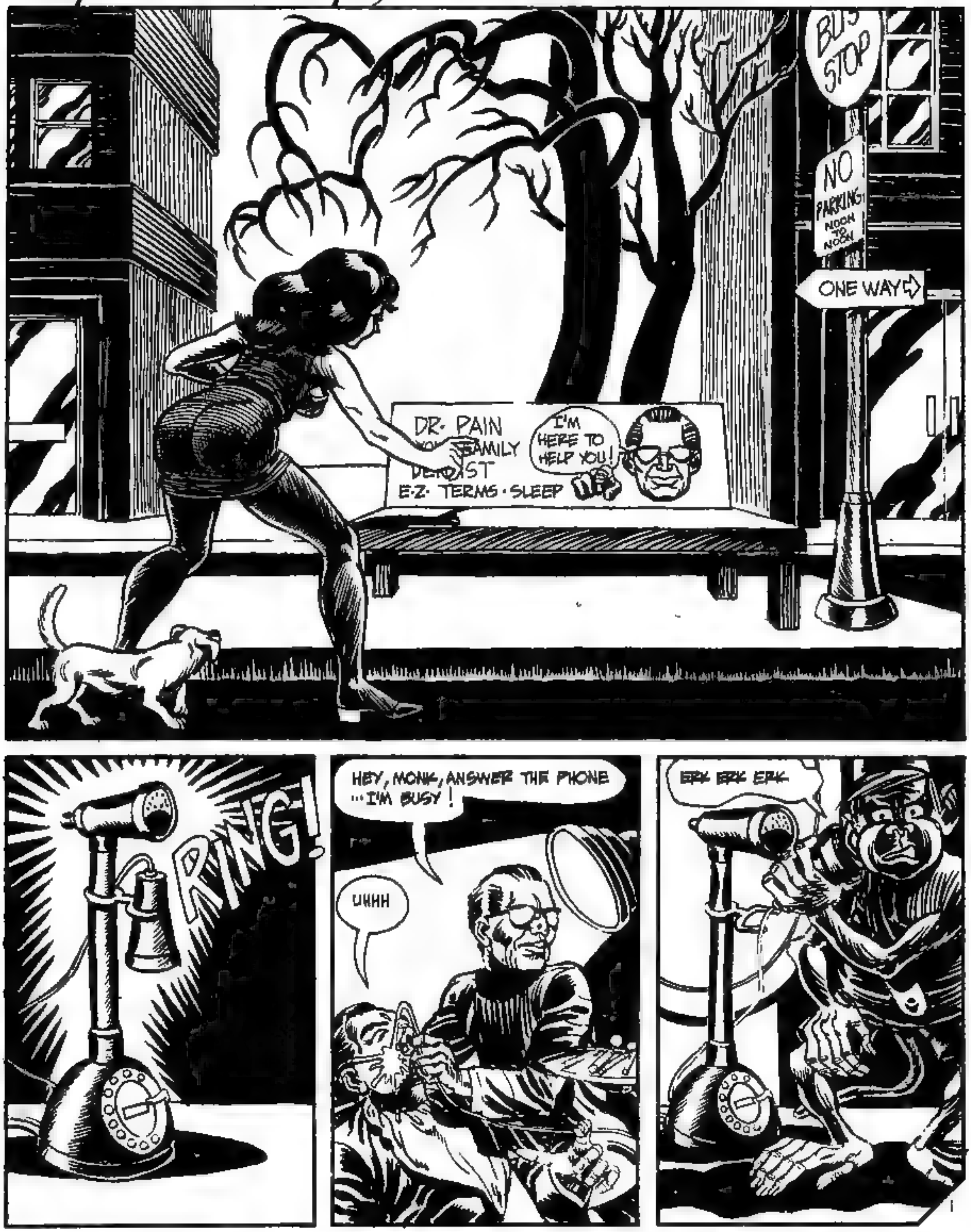
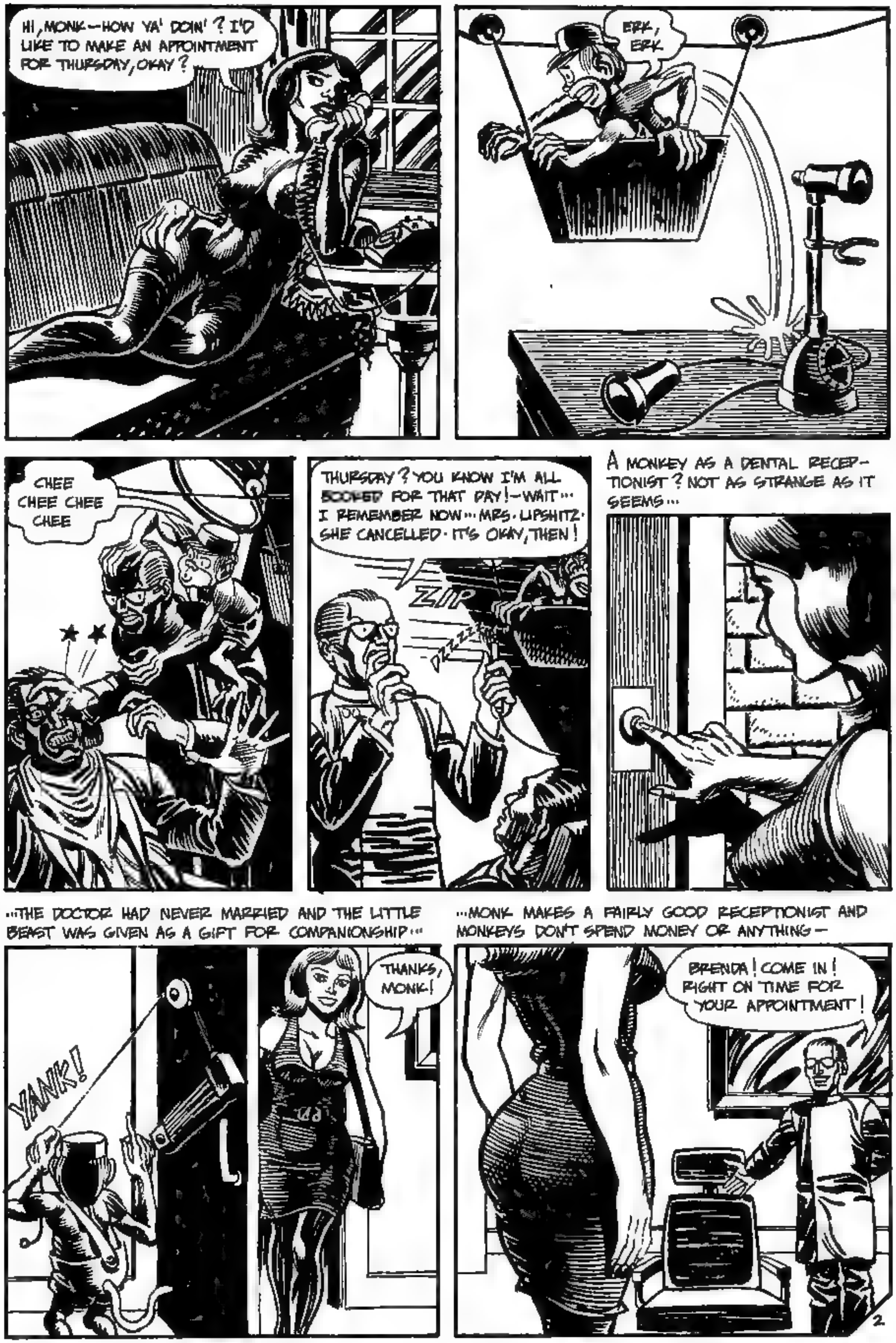
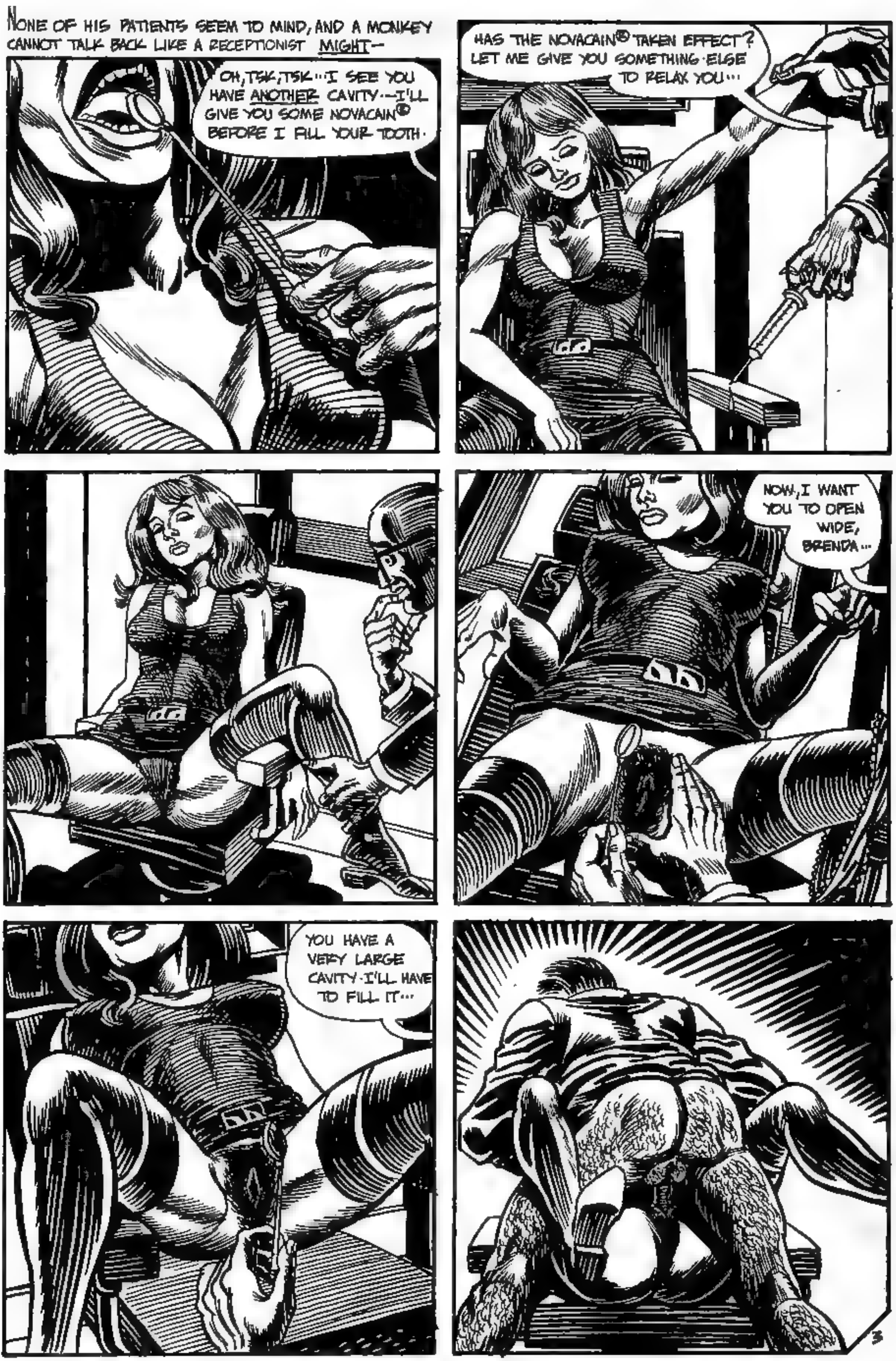
...HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT...

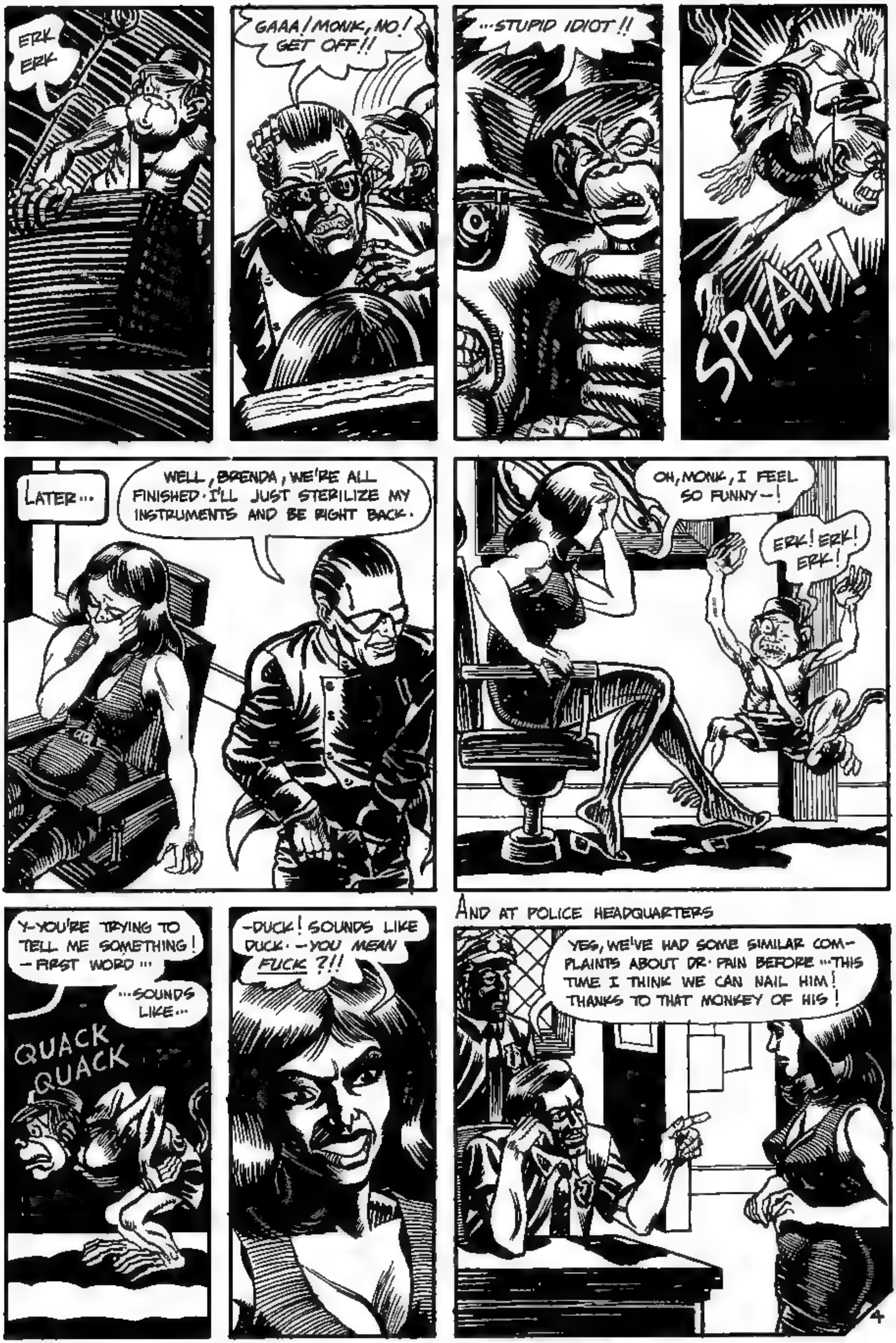
the DENTIST from SHEBOYGAN

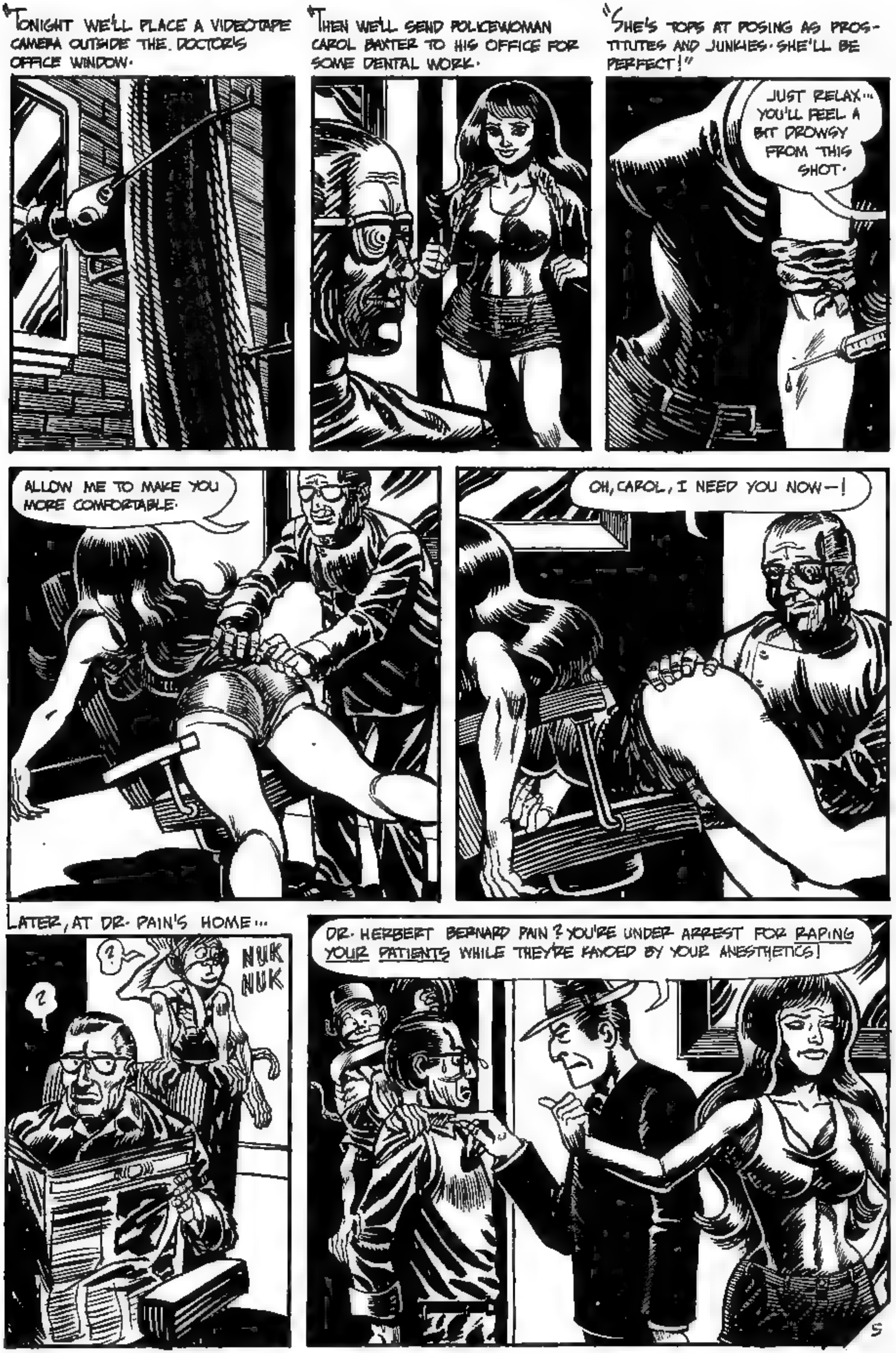
WORDS/BARRY SIEGEL · PICTURES/Roger H. Brand WITH THANX TO BRUCE SIMON · © 1979

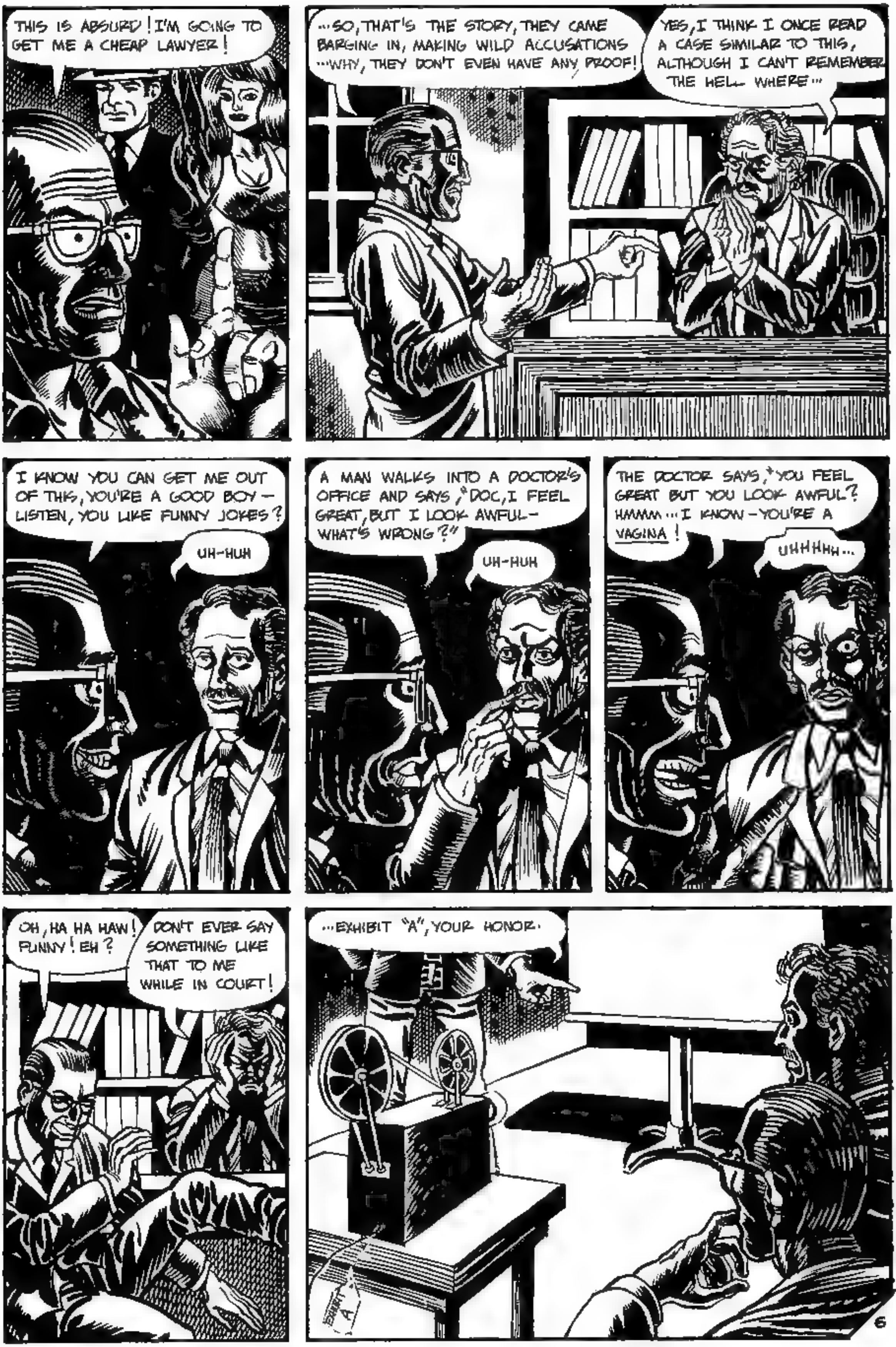

BUS STOP
NO PARKING NOON TO NOON
ONE WAY
DR. PAIN YOUR FAMILY DENTIST
E.Z. TERMS · SLEEP
I'M HERE TO HELP YOU!
RING!
HEY, MONK, ANSWER THE PHONE ...I'M BUSY!
UHHH
ERK ERK ERK

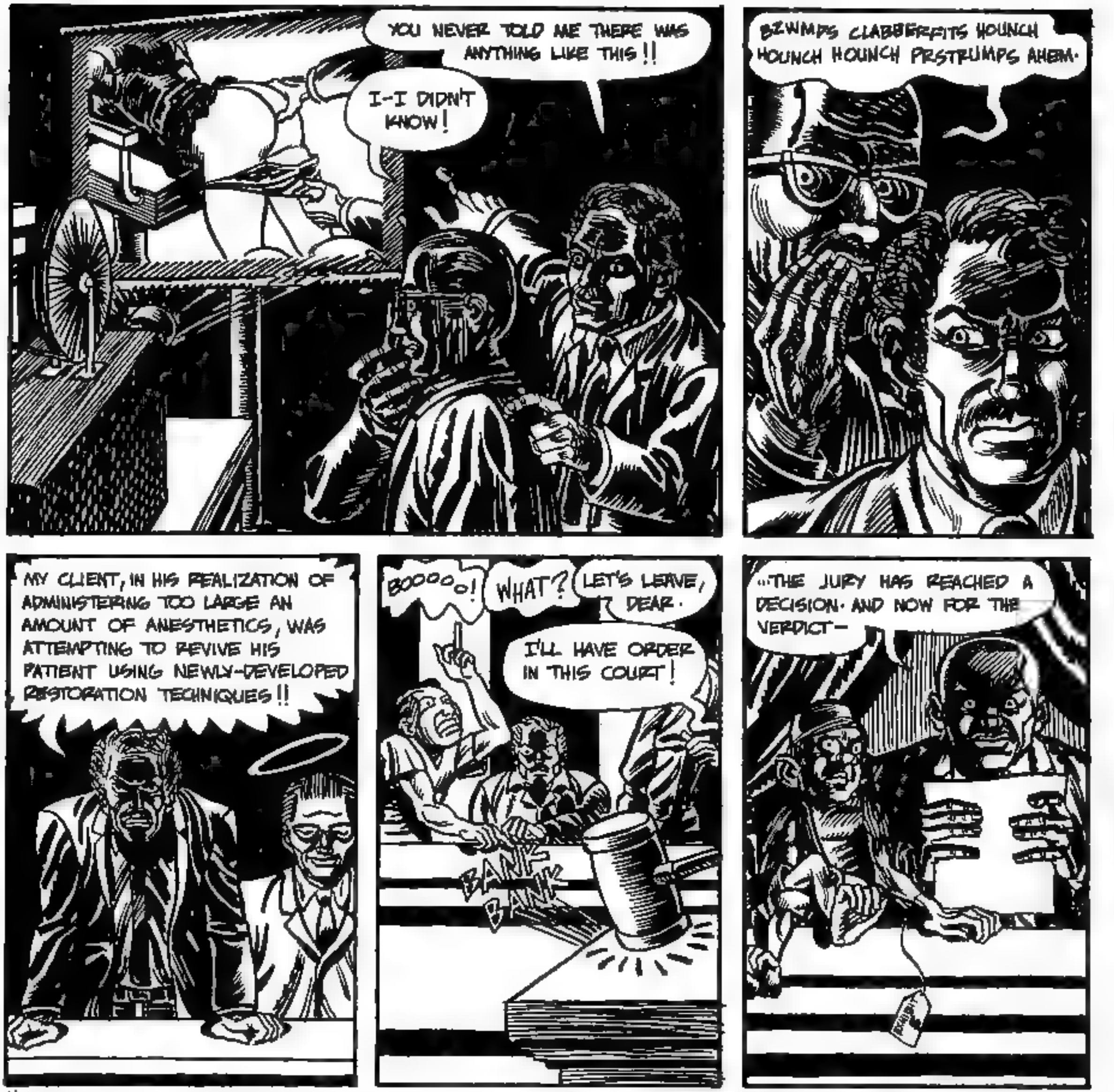

HI, MONK—HOW YA' DOIN'? I'D LIKE TO MAKE AN APPOINTMENT FOR THURSDAY, OKAY?
ERK, ERK
CHEE CHEE CHEE CHEE
THURSDAY? YOU KNOW I'M ALL BOOKED FOR THAT DAY!—WAIT... I REMEMBER NOW... MRS. LIPSHITZ. SHE CANCELLED. IT'S OKAY, THEN!
ZIP
DRZZZ
A MONKEY AS A DENTAL RECEPTIONIST? NOT AS STRANGE AS IT SEEMS...
...THE DOCTOR HAD NEVER MARRIED AND THE LITTLE BEAST WAS GIVEN AS A GIFT FOR COMPANIONSHIP...
YANK!
THANKS, MONK!
...MONK MAKES A FAIRLY GOOD RECEPTIONIST AND MONKEYS DON'T SPEND MONEY OR ANYTHING—
BRENDA! COME IN! RIGHT ON TIME FOR YOUR APPOINTMENT!


NONE OF HIS PATIENTS SEEM TO MIND, AND A MONKEY CANNOT TALK BACK LIKE A RECEPTIONIST MIGHT--
OH, TSK, TSK... I SEE YOU HAVE ANOTHER CAVITY...--I'LL GIVE YOU SOME NOVACAIN® BEFORE I FILL YOUR TOOTH.
HAS THE NOVACAIN® TAKEN EFFECT? LET ME GIVE YOU SOMETHING ELSE TO RELAX YOU...
NOW, I WANT YOU TO OPEN WIDE, BRENDA...
YOU HAVE A VERY LARGE CAVITY. I'LL HAVE TO FILL IT...


ERK
ERK
GAAA! MONK, NO! GET OFF!!
...STUPID IDIOT!!
SPLAT!!
LATER...
WELL, BRENDA, WE'RE ALL FINISHED. I'LL JUST STERILIZE MY INSTRUMENTS AND BE RIGHT BACK.
OH, MONK, I FEEL SO FUNNY—!
ERK! ERK! ERK!
Y-YOU'RE TRYING TO TELL ME SOMETHING! —FIRST WORD...
...SOUNDS LIKE...
QUACK QUACK
—DUCK! SOUNDS LIKE DUCK. —YOU MEAN FUCK?!!
AND AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS
YES, WE'VE HAD SOME SIMILAR COMPLAINTS ABOUT DR. PAIN BEFORE...THIS TIME I THINK WE CAN NAIL HIM! THANKS TO THAT MONKEY OF HIS!


"TONIGHT WE'LL PLACE A VIDEOTAPE CAMERA OUTSIDE THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE WINDOW.
"THEN WE'LL SEND POLICEWOMAN CAROL BAXTER TO HIS OFFICE FOR SOME DENTAL WORK.
"SHE'S TOPS AT POSING AS PROSTITUTES AND JUNKIES. SHE'LL BE PERFECT!"
JUST RELAX... YOU'LL FEEL A BIT DROWSY FROM THIS SHOT.
ALLOW ME TO MAKE YOU MORE COMFORTABLE.
OH, CAROL, I NEED YOU NOW—!
LATER, AT DR. PAIN'S HOME...
?
?
NUK NUK
DR. HERBERT BERNARD PAIN? YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR RAPING YOUR PATIENTS WHILE THEY'RE KAYOED BY YOUR ANESTHETICS!


THIS IS ABSURD! I'M GOING TO GET ME A CHEAP LAWYER!
...SO, THAT'S THE STORY, THEY CAME BARGING IN, MAKING WILD ACCUSATIONS ...WHY, THEY DON'T EVEN HAVE ANY PROOF!
YES, I THINK I ONCE READ A CASE SIMILAR TO THIS, ALTHOUGH I CAN'T REMEMBER THE HELL WHERE...
I KNOW YOU CAN GET ME OUT OF THIS, YOU'RE A GOOD BOY — LISTEN, YOU LIKE FUNNY JOKES?
UH-HUH
A MAN WALKS INTO A DOCTOR'S OFFICE AND SAYS, "DOC, I FEEL GREAT, BUT I LOOK AWFUL - WHAT'S WRONG?"
UH-HUH
THE DOCTOR SAYS, "YOU FEEL GREAT BUT YOU LOOK AWFUL? HMMM... I KNOW - YOU'RE A VAGINA!
UHHHHH...
OH, HA HA HAW! FUNNY! EH?
DON'T EVER SAY SOMETHING LIKE THAT TO ME WHILE IN COURT!
...EXHIBIT "A", YOUR HONOR.
EXHIBIT A


YOU NEVER TOLD ME THERE WAS ANYTHING LIKE THIS!!
I--I DIDN'T KNOW!
BZWMPS CLABBERFITS HOUNCH HOUNCH HOUNCH PRSTRUMPS AHEM.
MY CLIENT, IN HIS REALIZATION OF ADMINISTERING TOO LARGE AN AMOUNT OF ANESTHETICS, WAS ATTEMPTING TO REVIVE HIS PATIENT USING NEWLY-DEVELOPED RESTORATION TECHNIQUES!!
BOOOOO!
WHAT?
LET'S LEAVE, DEAR.
I'LL HAVE ORDER IN THIS COURT!
BANK BANK
...THE JURY HAS REACHED A DECISION. AND NOW FOR THE VERDICT—

HERBERT BERNARD PAIN WAS FOUND GUILTY AS CHARGED; HIS LICENSE TO PRACTISE DENTISTRY WAS REVOKED AND HE IS NOW COMMITTED TO BELVUE HOSPITAL WHERE HE IS UNDERGOING SHOCK AND RADIATION TREATMENTS.

THE DOCTOR'S PET, MONK, BECAUSE HE WAS A KEY WITNESS IN THIS TRIAL, WAS SENT TO THE GARDEN STATE ZOO, WHERE HE WILL BE TAKEN CARE OF...

WANT DINERO
presents...

RICKY and DOOF

"EVERY DOOF HAS HIS DAY!!"

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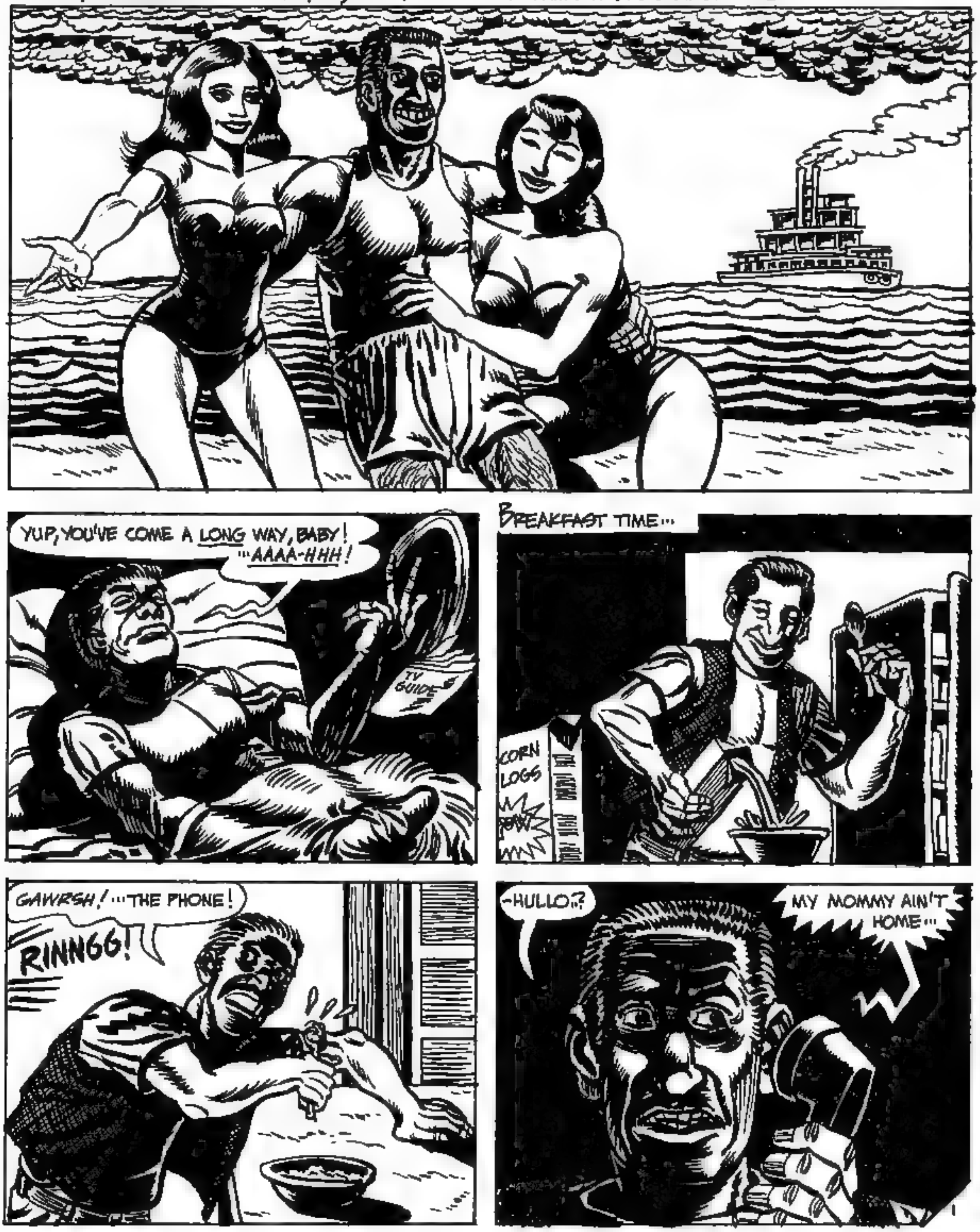
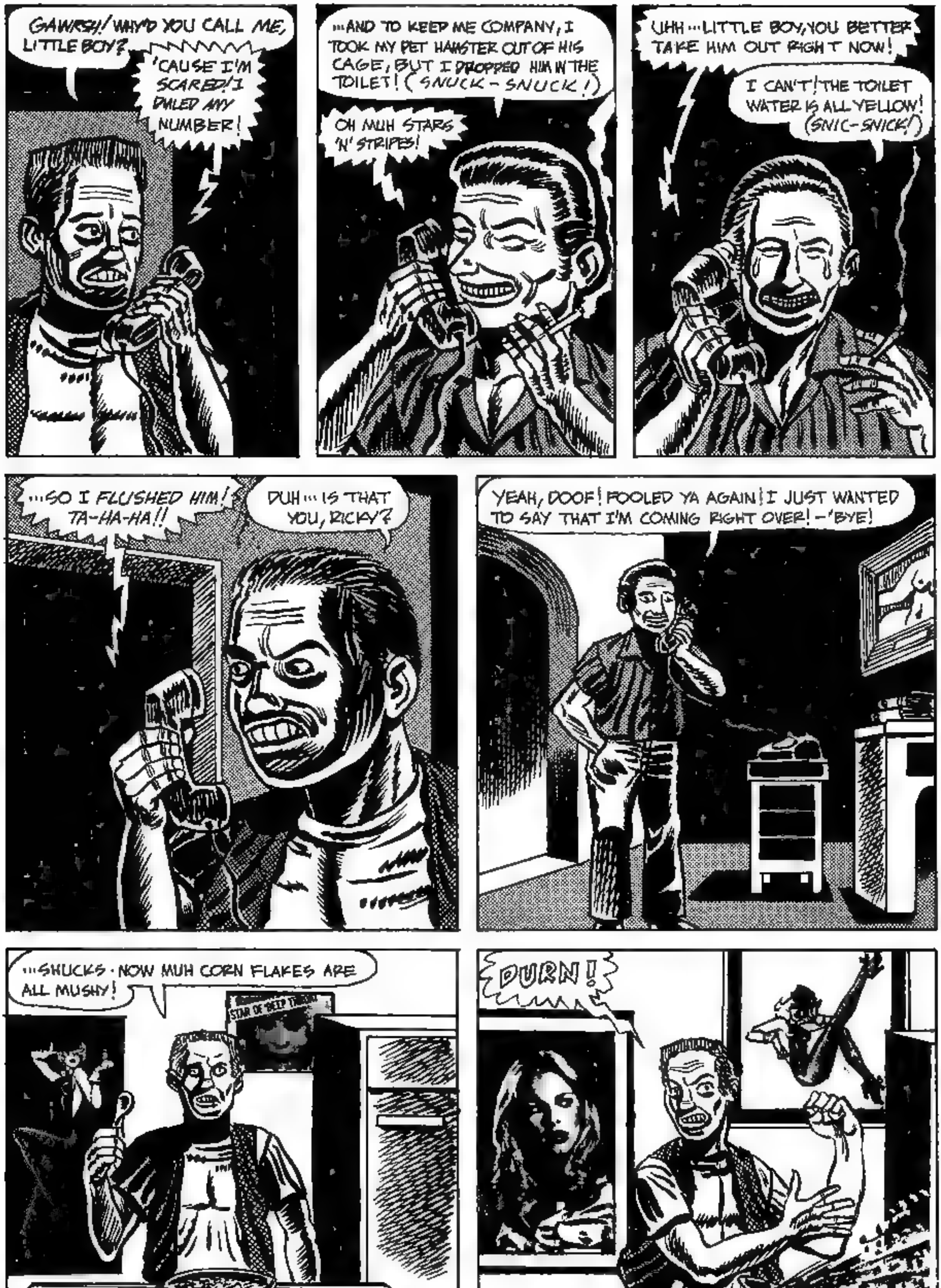
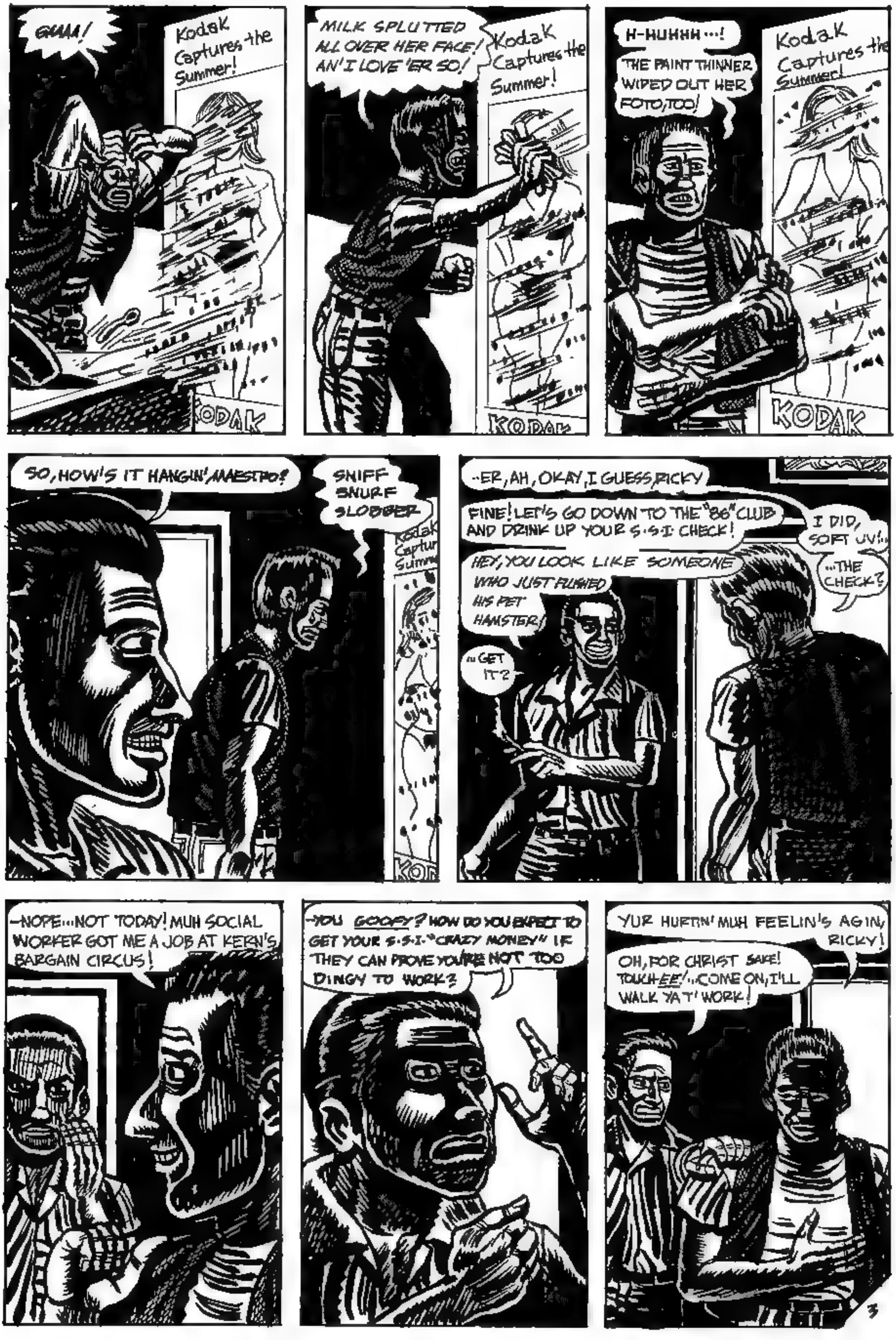
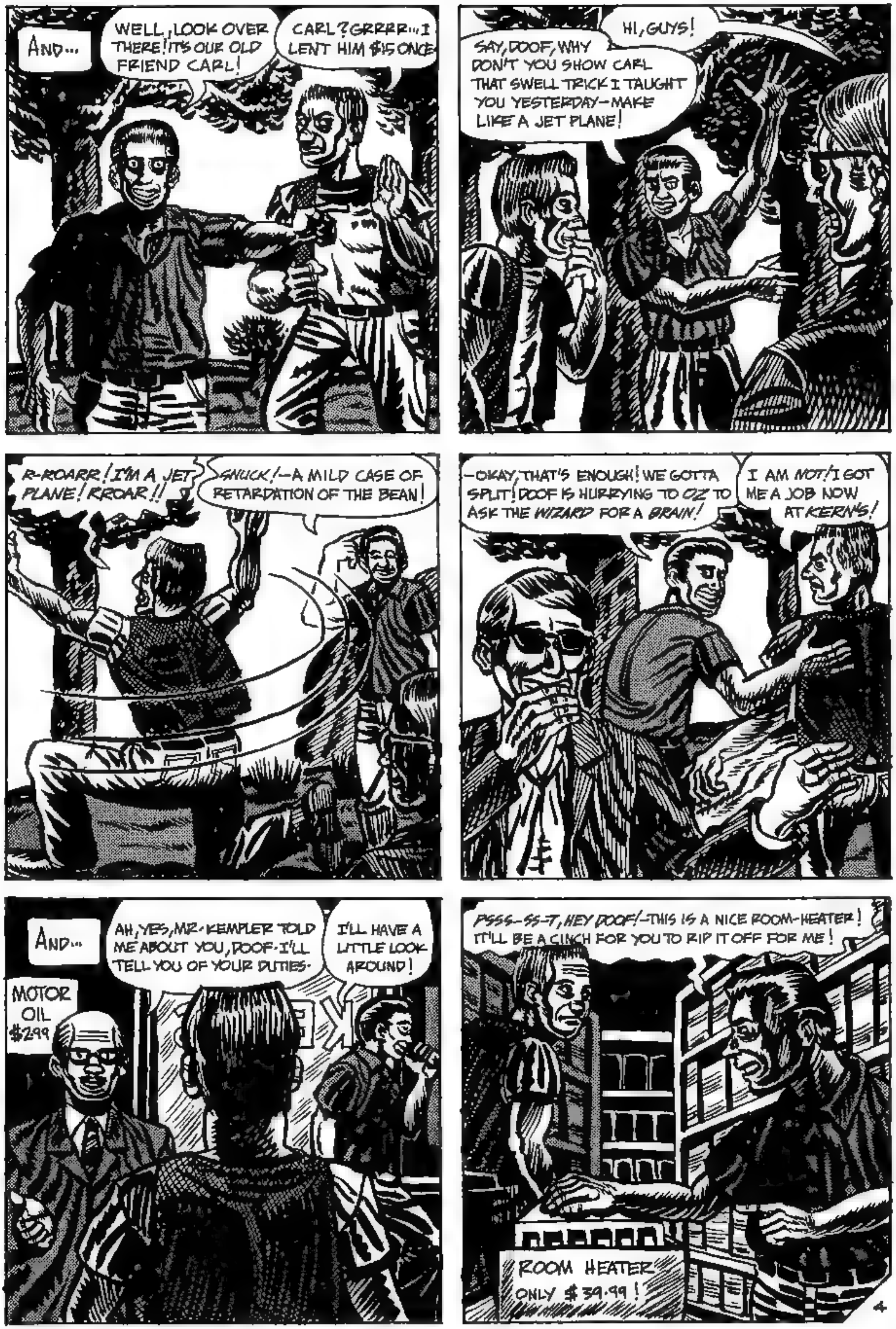
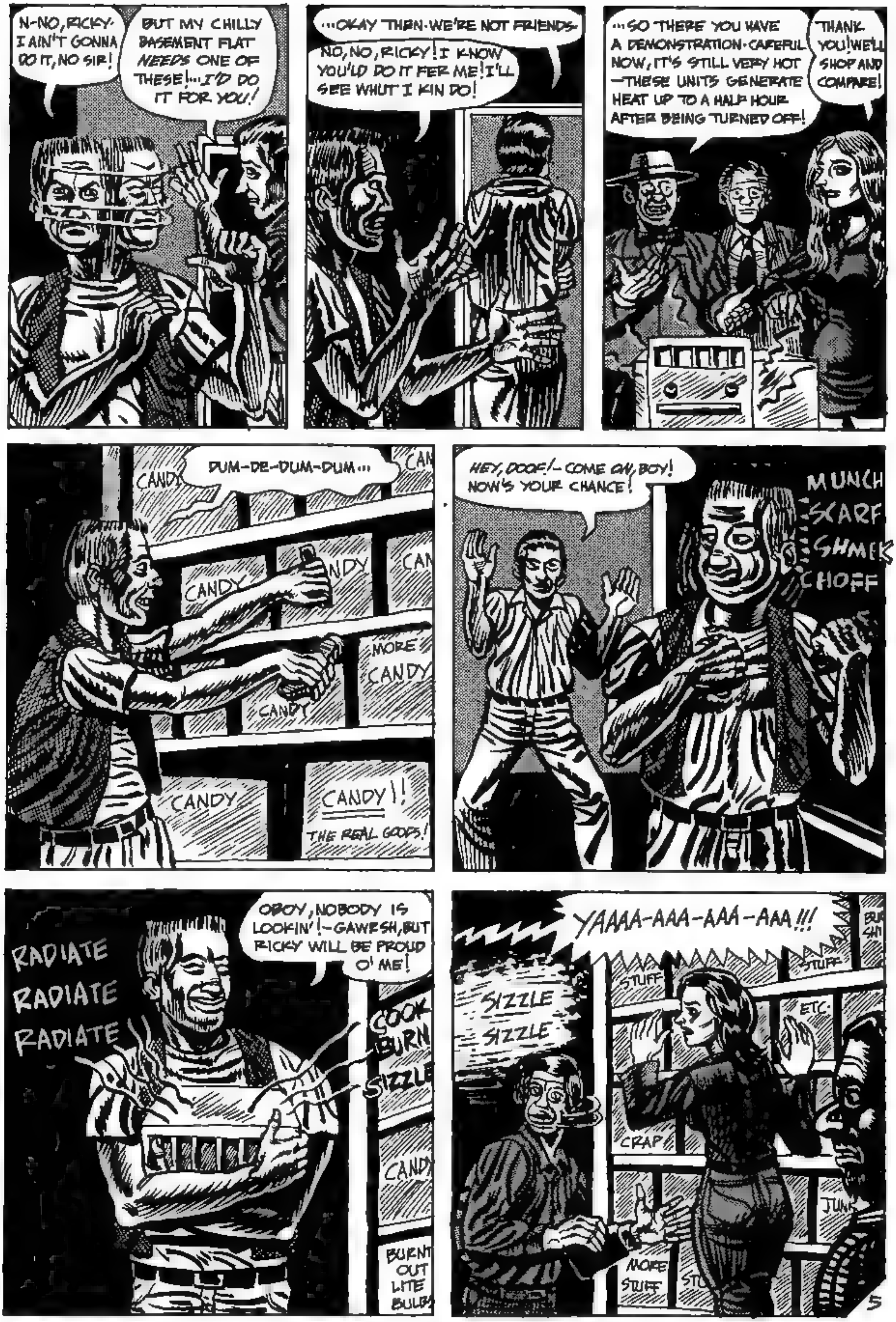
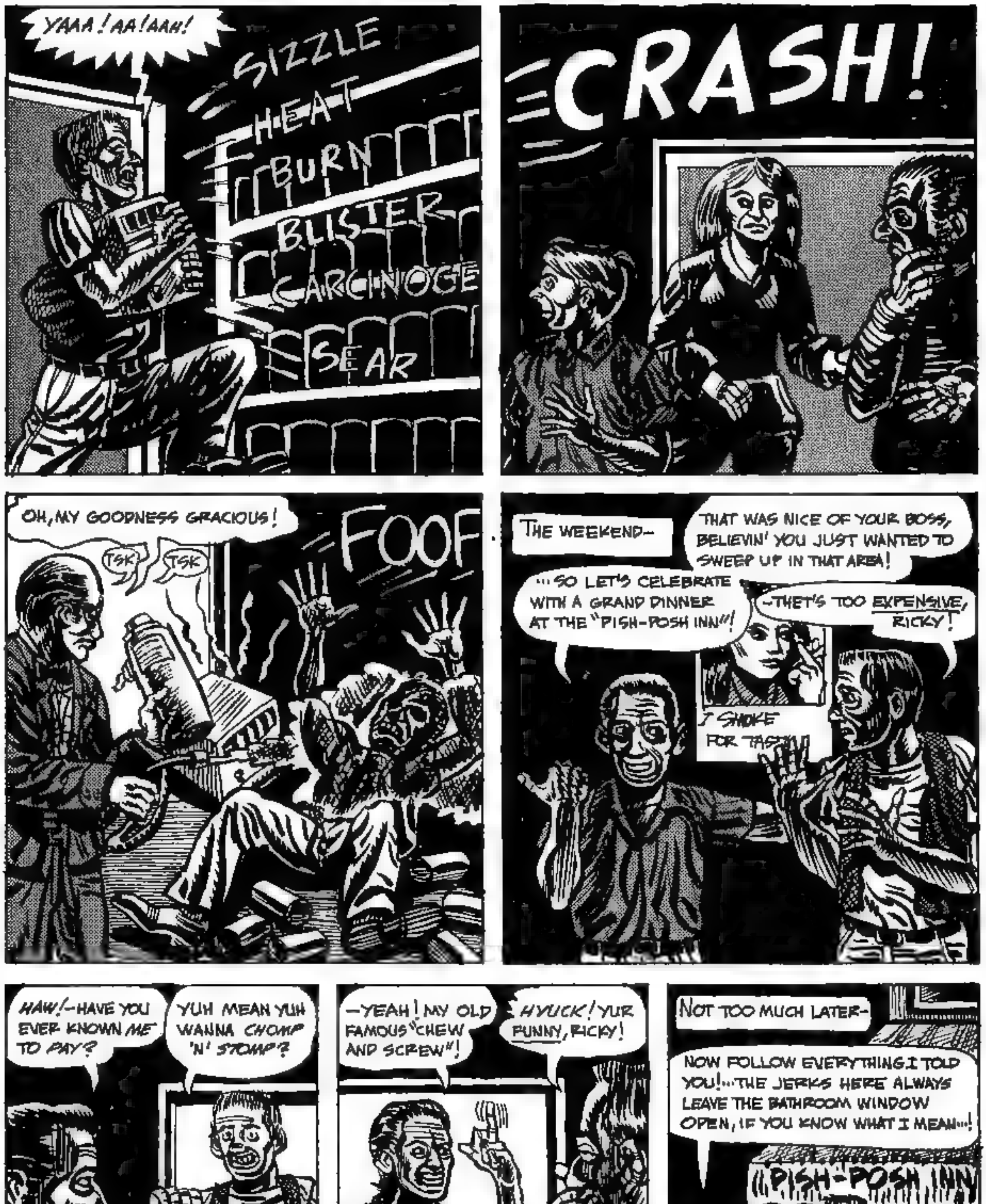

YUP, YOU'VE COME A LONG WAY, BABY! ...AAAA-HHH!
TV GUIDE
BREAKFAST TIME...
CORN LOGS
GAWRSH! ...THE PHONE!
RINNGG!
-HULLO?
MY MOMMY AIN'T HOME...

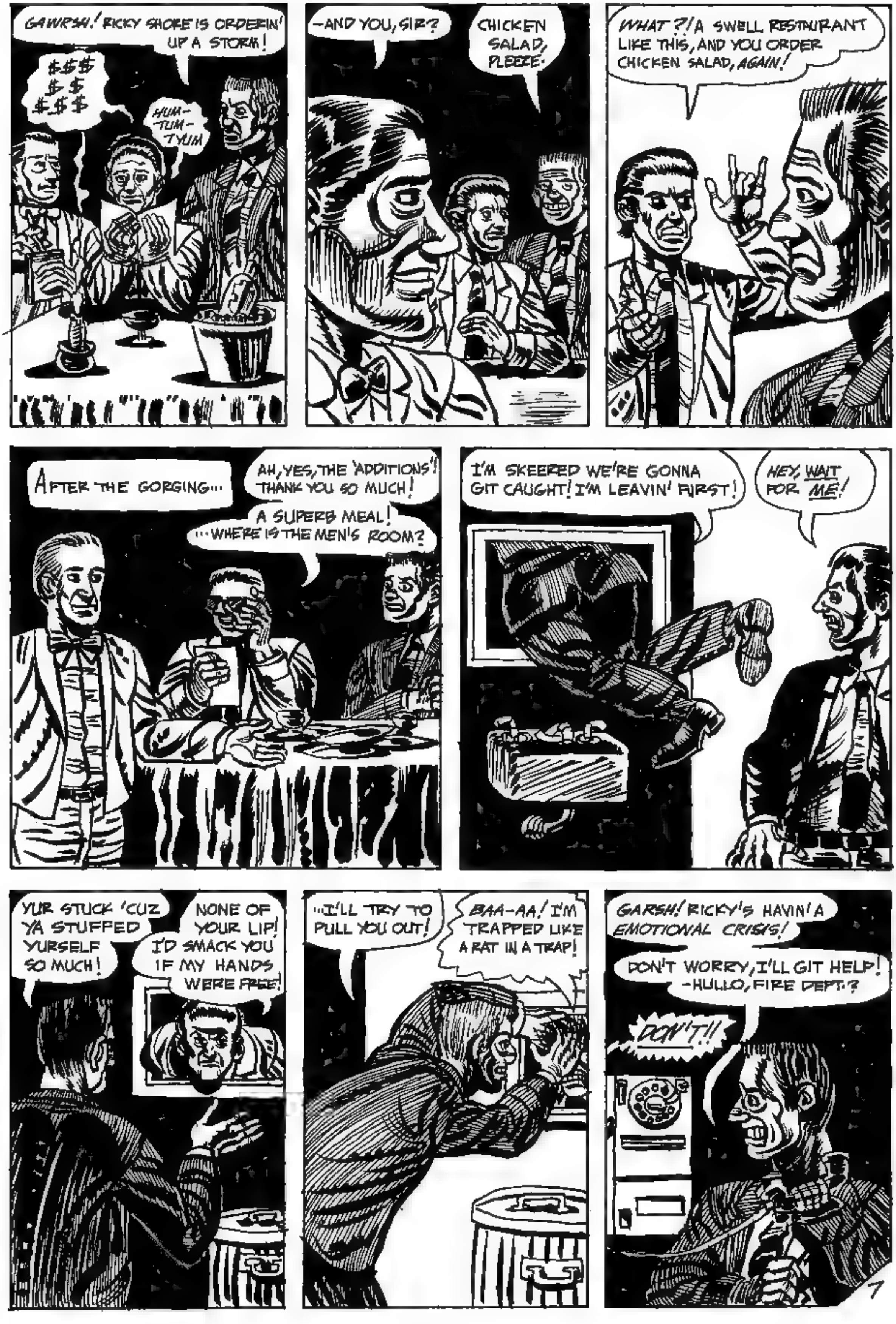

GAWRSH! WHY'D YOU CALL ME, LITTLE BOY?
'CAUSE I'M SCARED! I DIALED ANY NUMBER!
...AND TO KEEP ME COMPANY, I TOOK MY PET HAMSTER OUT OF HIS CAGE, BUT I DROPPED HIM IN THE TOILET! (SNUCK-SNUCK!)
OH MUH STARS 'N' STRIPES!
UHH... LITTLE BOY, YOU BETTER TAKE HIM OUT RIGHT NOW!
I CAN'T! THE TOILET WATER IS ALL YELLOW! (SNIC-SNICK!)
...SO I FLUSHED HIM! TA-HA-HA!!
DUH... IS THAT YOU, RICKY?
YEAH, DOOF! FOOLED YA AGAIN! I JUST WANTED TO SAY THAT I'M COMING RIGHT OVER! –'BYE!
...SHUCKS. NOW MUH CORN FLAKES ARE ALL MUSHY!
STAR OF 'DEEP THROAT'
DURN!
SPLURSH!

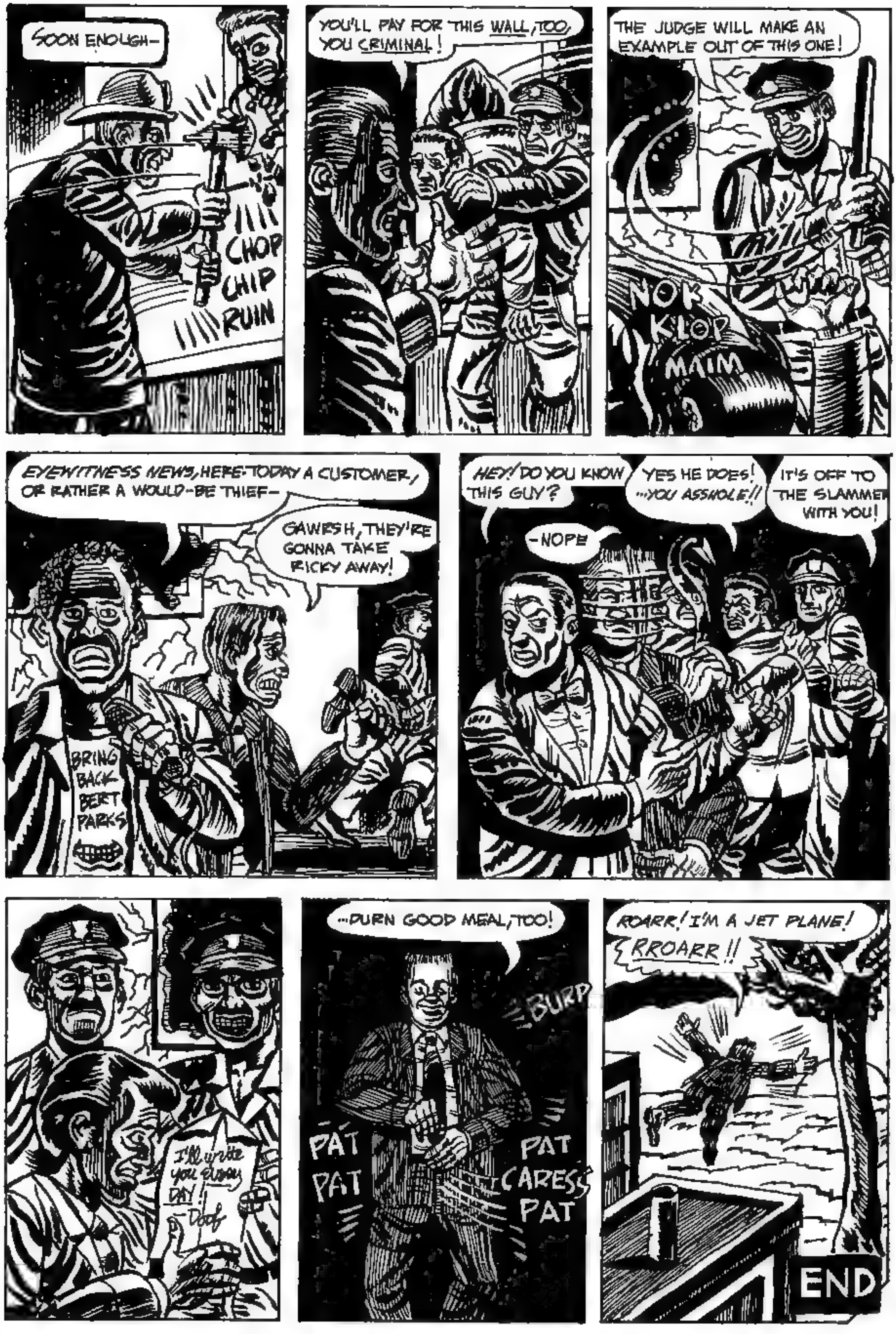

GHAA!
Kodak Captures the Summer!
KODAK
MILK SPLUTTED ALL OVER HER FACE! AN' I LOVE 'ER SO!
Kodak Captures the Summer!
KODAK
H-HUHHH…!
THE PAINT THINNER WIPED OUT HER FOTO, TOO!
Kodak Captures the Summer!
KODAK
SO, HOW'S IT HANGIN' MAESTRO?
SNIFF SNURF SLOBBER
Kodak Captur Summ
KOD
..ER, AH, OKAY, I GUESS, RICKY
FINE! LET'S GO DOWN TO THE "86" CLUB AND DRINK UP YOUR S.S.I. CHECK!
I DID, SOFT UV!..
..THE CHECK?
HEY, YOU LOOK LIKE SOMEONE WHO JUST FLUSHED HIS PET HAMSTER!
..GET IT?
–NOPE…NOT TODAY! MUH SOCIAL WORKER GOT ME A JOB AT KERN'S BARGAIN CIRCUS!
–YOU GOOFY? HOW DO YOU EXPECT TO GET YOUR S.S.I. "CRAZY MONEY" IF THEY CAN PROVE YOU'RE NOT TOO DINGY TO WORK?
YUR HURTIN' MUH FEELIN'S AGIN, RICKY!
OH, FOR CHRIST SAKE! TOUCH-EE!..COME ON, I'LL WALK YA T' WORK!


AND...
WELL, LOOK OVER THERE! IT'S OUR OLD FRIEND CARL!
CARL? GRRRR... I LENT HIM $15 ONCE
HI, GUYS!
SAY, DOOF, WHY DON'T YOU SHOW CARL THAT SWELL TRICK I TAUGHT YOU YESTERDAY—MAKE LIKE A JET PLANE!
R-ROARR! I'M A JET PLANE! KROAR!!
SNUCK!—A MILD CASE OF RETARDATION OF THE BEAN!
—OKAY, THAT'S ENOUGH! WE GOTTA SPLIT! DOOF IS HURRYING TO OZ TO ASK THE WIZARD FOR A BRAIN!
I AM NOT! I GOT ME A JOB NOW AT KERN'S!
AND...
MOTOR OIL $2.99
AH, YES, MR. KEMPLER TOLD ME ABOUT YOU, DOOF. I'LL TELL YOU OF YOUR DUTIES.
I'LL HAVE A LITTLE LOOK AROUND!
PSSS-SS-T, HEY DOOF!—THIS IS A NICE ROOM-HEATER! IT'LL BE A CINCH FOR YOU TO RIP IT OFF FOR ME!
ROOM HEATER ONLY $39.99!


N-NO, RICKY. I AIN'T GONNA DO IT, NO SIR!
BUT MY CHILLY BASEMENT FLAT *NEEDS* ONE OF THESE!...*I'D DO IT FOR YOU!*
...OKAY THEN. WE'RE NOT FRIENDS.
NO, NO, RICKY! I KNOW YOU'LD DO IT FER ME! I'LL SEE WHUT I KIN DO!
...SO THERE YOU HAVE A DEMONSTRATION. CAREFUL NOW, IT'S STILL VERY HOT —THESE UNITS GENERATE HEAT UP TO A HALF HOUR AFTER BEING TURNED OFF!
THANK YOU! WE'LL SHOP AND COMPARE!
DUM-DE-DUM-DUM...
CANDY
CAN
CANDY
NDY
CAN
MORE CANDY
CANDY
CANDY
CANDY!! THE REAL GOODS!
HEY, DOOF! — COME *ON*, BOY! NOW'S YOUR CHANCE!
MUNCH
SCARF
SHMEK
CHOFF
OBOY, NOBODY IS LOOKIN'! — GAWESH, BUT RICKY WILL BE PROUD O' ME!
RADIATE
RADIATE
RADIATE
COOK
BURN
SIZZLE
CANDY
BURNT OUT LITE BULBS
YAAAA-AAA-AAA-AAA!!!
SIZZLE
SIZZLE
STUFF
STUFF
ETC.
CRAP
JUNK
MORE STUFF
STU
BUR
SHI

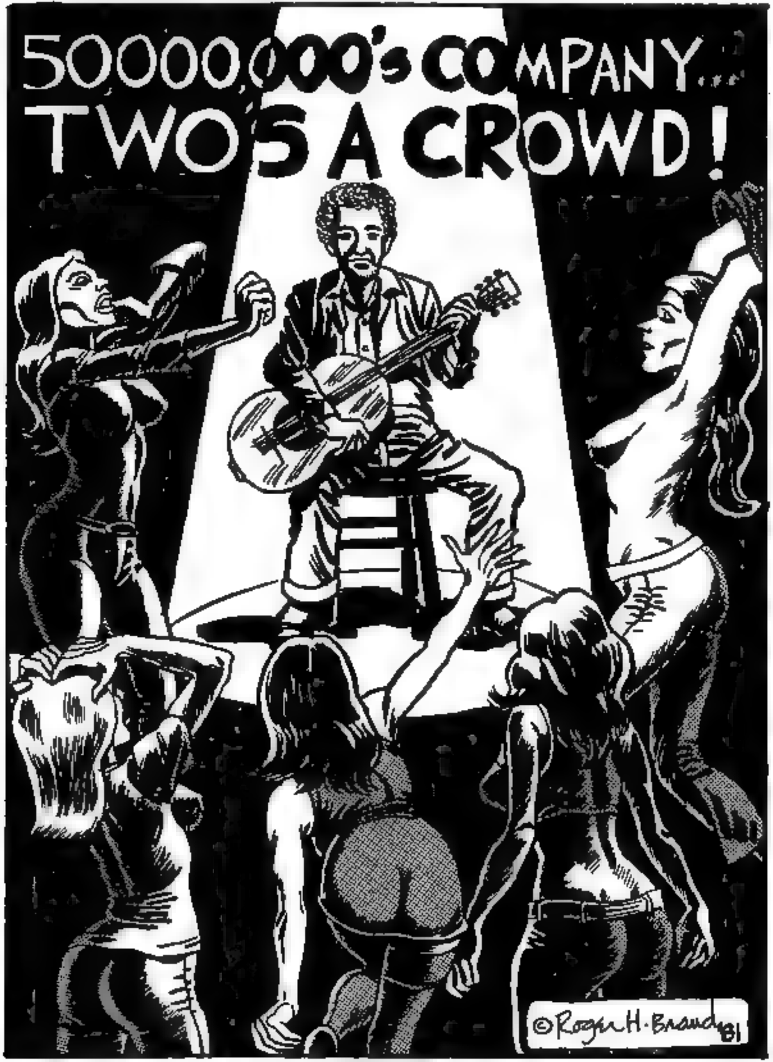

YAAA! AA! AAH!
SIZZLE
HEAT
BURN
BLISTER
CARCINOGE
SEAR
CRASH!
OH, MY GOODNESS GRACIOUS!
TSK
TSK
FOOF
THE WEEKEND—
THAT WAS NICE OF YOUR BOSS, BELIEVIN' YOU JUST WANTED TO SWEEP UP IN THAT AREA!
...SO LET'S CELEBRATE WITH A GRAND DINNER AT THE "PISH-POSH INN"!
—THET'S TOO EXPENSIVE, RICKY!
I SMOKE FOR TASTE
HAW!—HAVE YOU EVER KNOWN ME TO PAY?
YUH MEAN YUH WANNA CHOMP 'N' STOMP?
STOMP
STOMP
—YEAH! MY OLD FAMOUS "CHEW AND SCREW"!
HYUCK! YUR PUNNY, RICKY!
NOT TOO MUCH LATER—
NOW FOLLOW EVERYTHING I TOLD YOU!...THE JERKS HERE ALWAYS LEAVE THE BATHROOM WINDOW OPEN, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN...!
PISH-POSH INN
SPECIAL TODAY— ATHLETE'S FOOT $6.50


GAWRSH! RICKY SHORE IS ORDERIN' UP A STORM!
$$$ $$ $$$
HUM-TUM-TYUM
—AND YOU, SIR?
CHICKEN SALAD, PLEEZE.
WHAT?! A SWELL RESTAURANT LIKE THIS, AND YOU ORDER CHICKEN SALAD, AGAIN!
AFTER THE GORGING...
AH, YES, THE 'ADDITIONS'! THANK YOU SO MUCH!
A SUPERB MEAL! ...WHERE IS THE MEN'S ROOM?
I'M SKEERED WE'RE GONNA GIT CAUGHT! I'M LEAVIN' FIRST!
HEY, WAIT FOR ME!
YUR STUCK 'CUZ YA STUFFED YURSELF SO MUCH!
NONE OF YOUR LIP! I'D SMACK YOU IF MY HANDS WERE FREE!
...I'LL TRY TO PULL YOU OUT!
BAA-AA! I'M TRAPPED LIKE A RAT IN A TRAP!
GARSH! RICKY'S HAVIN' A EMOTIONAL CRISIS!
DON'T WORRY, I'LL GIT HELP! —HULLO, FIRE DEPT.?
DON'T!!


SOON ENOUGH-
CHOP
CHIP
RUIN
YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS WALL, TOO, YOU CRIMINAL!
THE JUDGE WILL MAKE AN EXAMPLE OUT OF THIS ONE!
NOK
KLOP
MAIM
EYEWITNESS NEWS, HERE-TODAY A CUSTOMER, OR RATHER A WOULD-BE THIEF-
GAWESH, THEY'RE GONNA TAKE RICKY AWAY!
BRING BACK BERT PARKS
HEY! DO YOU KNOW THIS GUY?
-NOPE
YES HE DOES! ...YOU ASSHOLE!!
IT'S OFF TO THE SLAMMER WITH YOU!
I'll write you every DAY! —Doof
...DURN GOOD MEAL, TOO!
BURP
PAT
PAT
PAT
CARESS
PAT
ROARR! I'M A JET PLANE!
RROARR!!
END

EVERY GIRL DREAMS THAT THE MAN SHE'LL FALL IN LOVE WITH WILL BE WEALTHY AND HANDSOME AS WELL AS A ROCK STAR, BUT VERY FEW HAVE THAT DREAM COME TRUE, AS WHEN JERICHO DARBY ··· BUT ··· LET HER TELL OF HERSELF AND IKE DILSTEEN ··· IN THE STORY OF ···

50,000,000's COMPANY... TWO'S A CROWD!

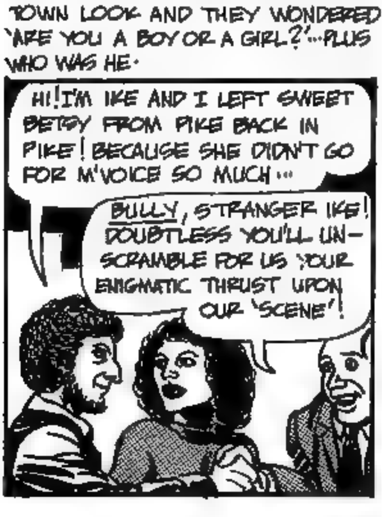

©Roger H. Brand '81

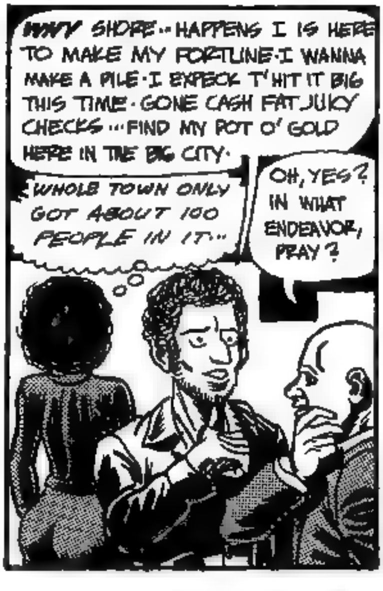
"WHERE IKE CAME FROM, NO ONE WAS EVER QUITE CERTAIN, BUT ONE THING SEEMED SURE: HE WAS MOST LIKELY FROM OUT-OF-TOWN. ALL THE TOWNFOLK OF PINOLE, CALIF., WERE FOND OF IKE. THEY DIDN'T TAKE AT FIRST TO WHAT HE CALLED 'MUSIC' ··· AND THEY DIDN'T KNOW WHAT A 'MUSICIAN' WAS AND WHEN HE SAID HE WAS ONE THEY ALMOST RAN HIM OUT OF TOWN LIKE THEY DID THE GUY TWO YEARS EARLIER WHO CALLED HIMSELF A 'DOCTOR' ··· BUT THEY CAUGHT ON TO 'MUSIC' SOON ENOUGH ··

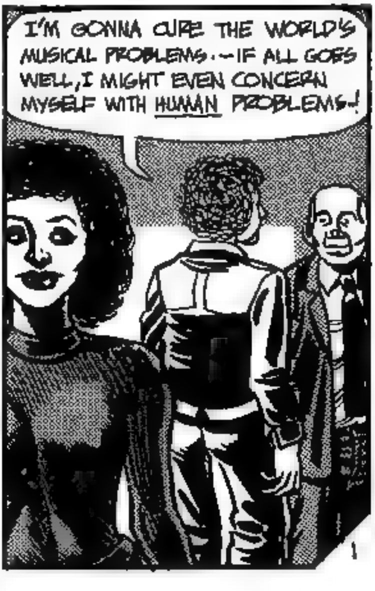
"··· IN FACT HE SOON HAD THEM UNDERSTANDING 'SCALES' ··· AND WHEN HE TAUGHT THEM THE 'ALPHABET SONG' (KILLING TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE) FOR A TOWN ANTHEM, THEY TRIED TO ELECT HIM PRESIDENT. BUT HUMBLE IKE SAID HIS SELL-OUT CONCERTS KEPT HIM CONTENT WITH THE SIMPLE PLEASURES.

··· BUT I SHOULD START AT THE BEGINNING ···

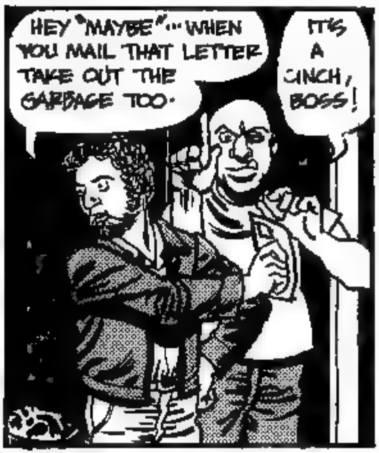
"IKE CAME INTO TOWN WITH HIS GUITAR AND THEY WERE CURIOUS. THEY SAW THE GUITAR ··· THE ALIEN OUT-OF-TOWN LOOK AND THEY WONDERED: 'ARE YOU A BOY OR A GIRL?' ··· PLUS WHO WAS HE.

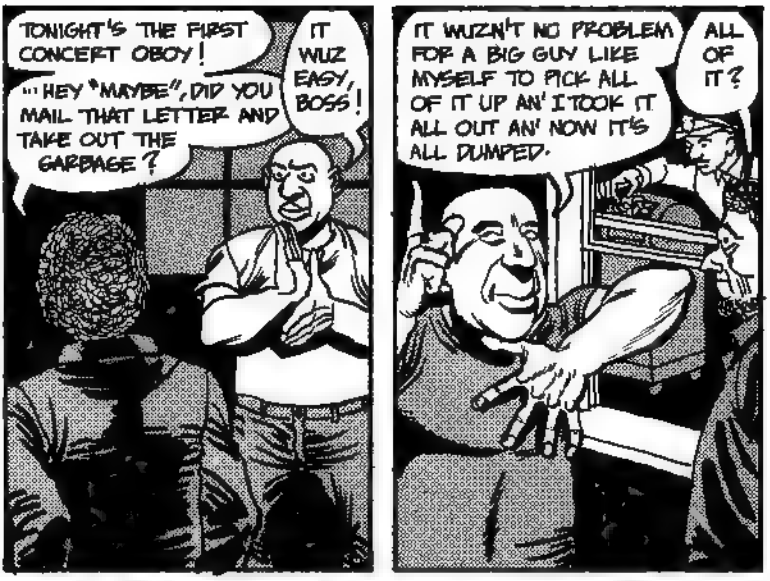

HI! I'M IKE AND I LEFT SWEET BETSY FROM PIKE BACK IN PIKE! BECAUSE SHE DIDN'T GO FOR M'VOICE SO MUCH ···
BULLY, STRANGER IKE! DOUBTLESS YOU'LL UNSCRAMBLE FOR US YOUR ENIGMATIC THRUST UPON OUR 'SCENE'!


WHY SHORE ·· HAPPENS I IS HERE TO MAKE MY FORTUNE. I WANNA MAKE A PILE. I EXPECK T'HIT IT BIG THIS TIME. GONE CASH FAT JUICY CHECKS ··· FIND MY POT O' GOLD HERE IN THE BIG CITY.
WHOLE TOWN ONLY GOT ABOUT 100 PEOPLE IN IT ··
OH, YES? IN WHAT ENDEAVOR, PRAY?

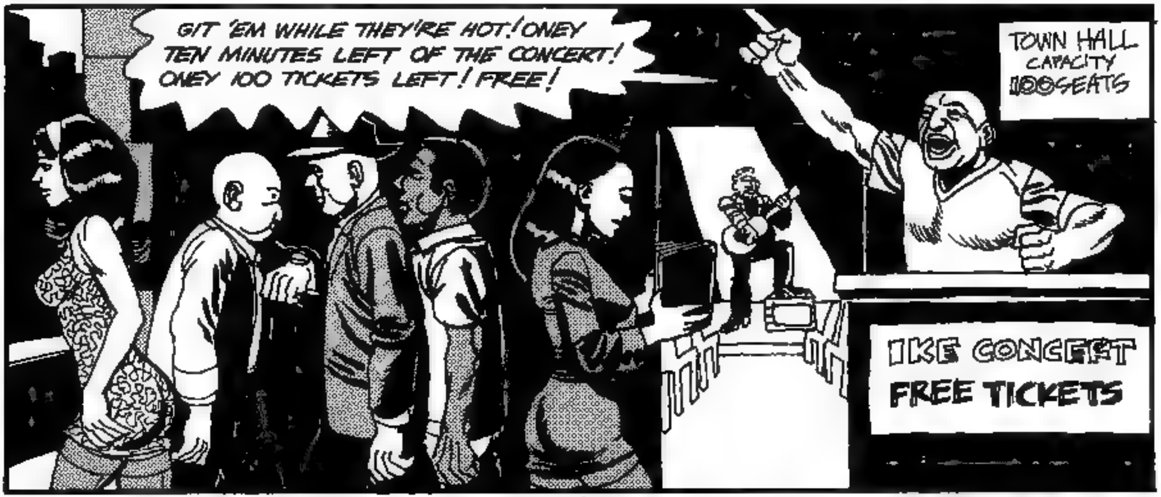

I'M GONNA CURE THE WORLD'S MUSICAL PROBLEMS. — IF ALL GOES WELL, I MIGHT EVEN CONCERN MYSELF WITH HUMAN PROBLEMS!

"IKE BROUGHT AN ASSISTANT WITH HIM NAMED 'MAYBE'. 'MAYBE' WAS HONEST AND LOYAL AND SO OF COURSE HE WASN'T LONG ON BRAINS.


HEY "MAYBE"... WHEN YOU MAIL THAT LETTER TAKE OUT THE GARBAGE TOO.
IT'S A CINCH, BOSS!


TONIGHT'S THE FIRST CONCERT OBOY!
...HEY "MAYBE", DID YOU MAIL THAT LETTER AND TAKE OUT THE GARBAGE?
IT WUZ EASY, BOSS!
IT WUZN'T NO PROBLEM FOR A BIG GUY LIKE MYSELF TO PICK ALL OF IT UP AN' I TOOK IT ALL OUT AN' NOW IT'S ALL DUMPED.
ALL OF IT?

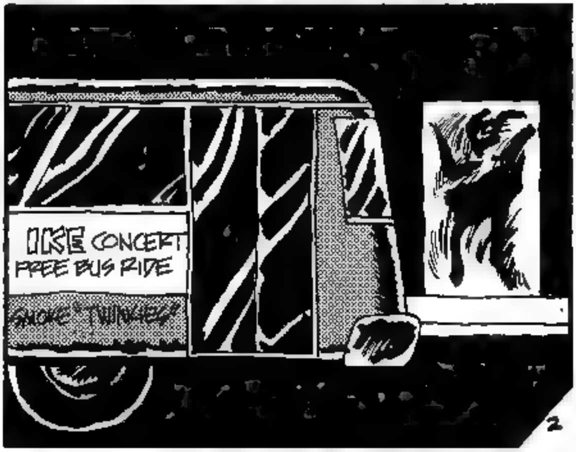
"IKE HAD TO BAIL OUT 'MAYBE' EVERY NOW AND THEN, BUT BIG-HEARTED IKE DIDN'T MIND BECAUSE HE USED 'MAYBE'S' SALARY. —THAT NIGHT WAS THE FIRST CONCERT IN THE TOWN HALL. IT WAS A MODEST BEGINNING...


GIT 'EM WHILE THEY'RE HOT! ONEY TEN MINUTES LEFT OF THE CONCERT! ONEY 100 TICKETS LEFT! FREE!
TOWN HALL CAPACITY 1000 SEATS
IKE CONCERT FREE TICKETS

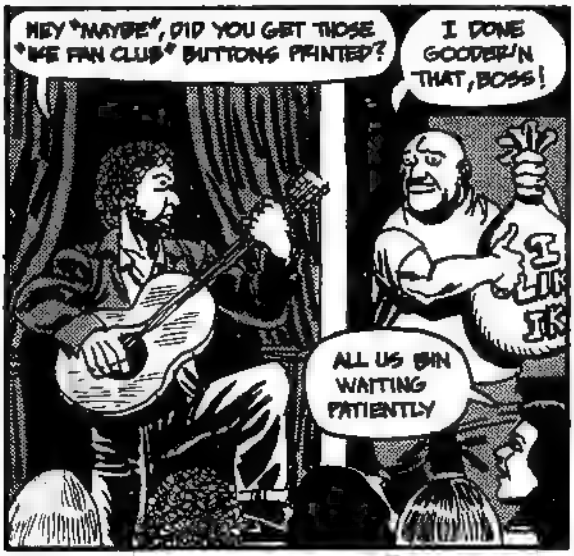
"BUT THE YOUTH OF THE TOWN, ESPECIALLY THE GIRLS, BEGAN PAYING ATTENTION TO IKE. HE HAD SOMETHING INDEFINABLE FOR WHICH THEY YEARNED.

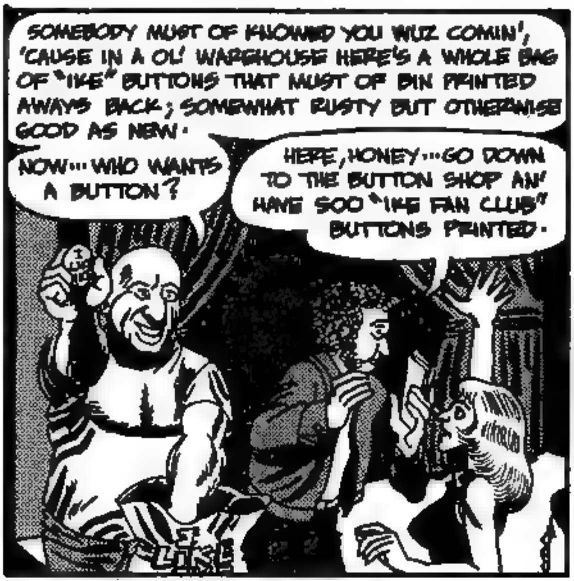
TONIGHT TOMORROW ALL YEAR TOWN HALL
IKE DILS

"SOON THE 'IKE MYSTIQUE' (SOME OF THE OLD-TIMERS CALLED IT THE 'IKE MISTAKE'... HMMPH)... HAD TAKEN HOLD. IKE WAS PLAYING TO AUDIENCES THAT THREATENED TO FILL TOWN HALL! AND BEFORE LONG HE WAS ATTRACTING OUT-OF-TOWN AUDIENCES!


IKE CONCERT FREE BUS RIDE
SMOKE "TWINKIES"

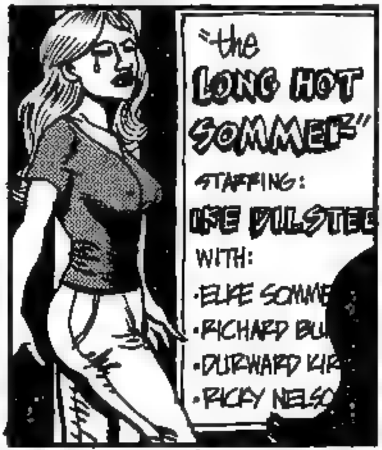
"PRESENTLY THERE WAS AN 'IKE FAN CLUB'.


HEY "MAYBE", DID YOU GET THOSE "IKE FAN CLUB" BUTTONS PRINTED?
I DONE GOODER'N THAT, BOSS!
I LIK IK
ALL US BIN WAITING PATIENTLY

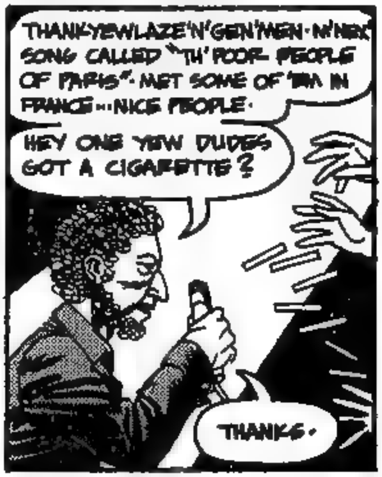

SOMEBODY MUST OF KNOWED YOU WUZ COMIN', 'CAUSE IN A OL' WAREHOUSE HERE'S A WHOLE BAG OF "IKE" BUTTONS THAT MUST OF BIN PRINTED AWAYS BACK; SOMEWHAT RUSTY BUT OTHERWISE GOOD AS NEW.
NOW... WHO WANTS A BUTTON?
HERE, HONEY... GO DOWN TO THE BUTTON SHOP AN' HAVE 500 "IKE FAN CLUB" BUTTONS PRINTED.
I LIKE

"THEN IKE WENT 'ELECTRIC'. THE CROWDS WENT WILD. 'WHAT WILL HE DO NEXT?', THEY ASKED. HE HAD THEM WHERE HE WANTED THEM. —BESIDES ELECTRIC GUITAR, HE WAS ACCOMPLISHED ON ELECTRIC POLICE CAR.

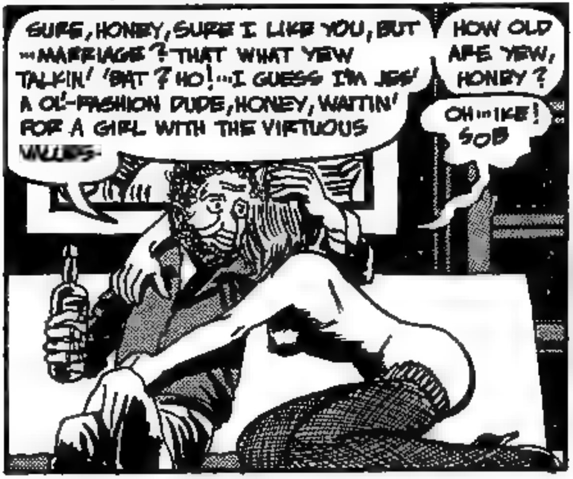
"FROM THEN ON IT WAS ONWARD AND UPWARD. SOON HE WAS APPEARING ON TV, HIS RECORDS HAD AN INTERNATIONAL AUDIENCE... AND THEN MOVIES...


"the LONG HOT SOMMER"
STARRING:
IKE DILSTEE
WITH:
·ELKE SOMME
·RICHARD BU
·DURWARD KIR
·RICKY NELSO

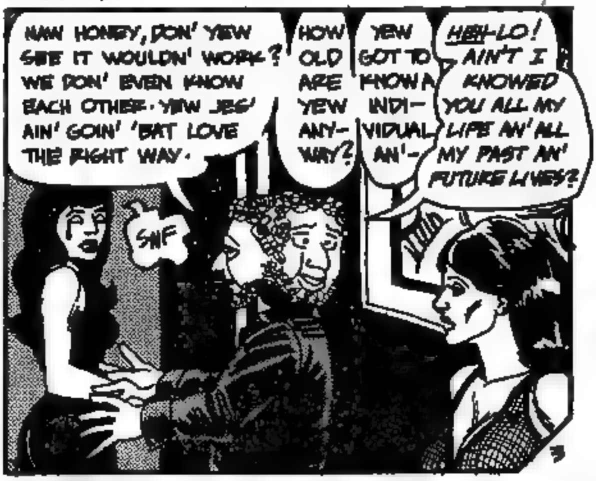
"THERE WAS NO DOUBT... IKE WAS A WORLD-WIDE PHENOMENON. YET HUMBLE IKE NEVER GOT 'SNOOTY' OR FORGOT HIS FRIENDS.


THANKYEWLAZE'N'GEN'MEN. N'NEX' SONG CALLED "TH' POOR PEOPLE OF PARIS". MET SOME OF 'EM IN FRANCE... NICE PEOPLE.
HEY ONE YEW DUDES GOT A CIGARETTE?
THANKS.

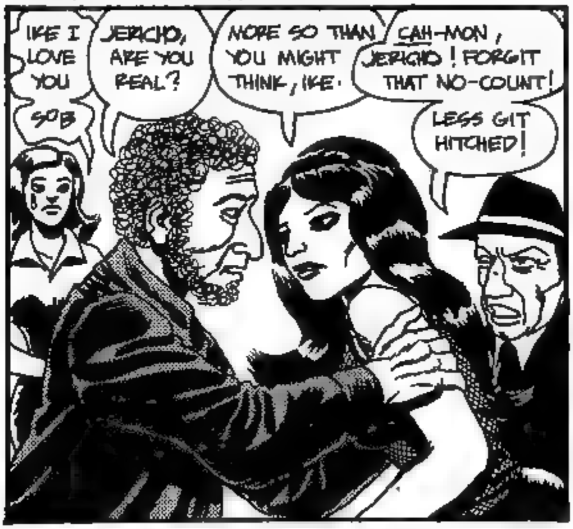
"ALTHOUGH THOUSANDS OF BEAUTIFUL GIRLS THREW THEMSELVES AT HIS FEET, HE WAS SOMEHOW NOT INTERESTED... AS THOUGH HE WAS WAITING... FOR THE RIGHT ONE TO COME ALONG.


SURE, HONEY, SURE I LIKE YOU, BUT ...MARRIAGE? THAT WHAT YEW TALKIN' 'BAT? HO! ...I GUESS I'M JES' A OL'-FASHION DUDE, HONEY, WAITIN' FOR A GIRL WITH THE VIRTUOUS VALUES.
HOW OLD ARE YEW, HONEY?
OH... IKE! SOB

"AND THEN IT HAPPENED. IT WAS WHEN IKE WAS ON TOUR IN CALIFORNIA, IN THE METROPOLITAN DISTRICT OF DOWNTOWN SUNNY SOUTH EL SOBRANTE, THAT... WE FIRST MET.

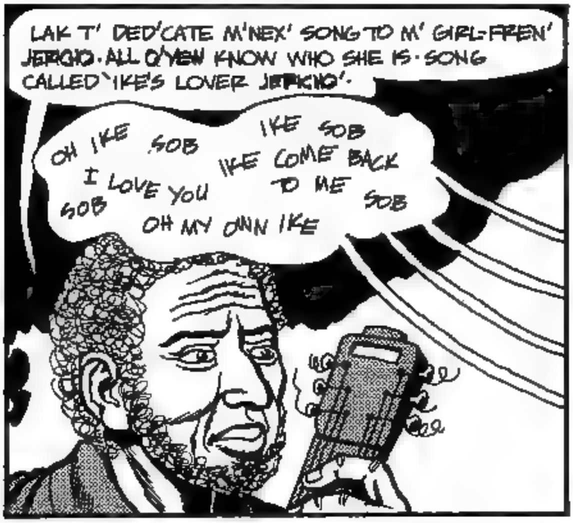

NAW HONEY, DON' YEW SEE IT WOULDN' WORK? WE DON' EVEN KNOW EACH OTHER. YEW JES' AIN' GOIN' 'BAT LOVE THE RIGHT WAY.
HOW OLD ARE YEW ANYWAY?
YEW GOT TO KNOW A INDIVIDUAL AN'—
HEL-LO! AIN'T I KNOWED YOU ALL MY LIFE AN' ALL MY PAST AN' FUTURE LIVES?
SNF

"IKE AND I HAD COME INTO EACH OTHER'S LIFE · WE DRIFTED TOGETHER LIKE MAGNETS···

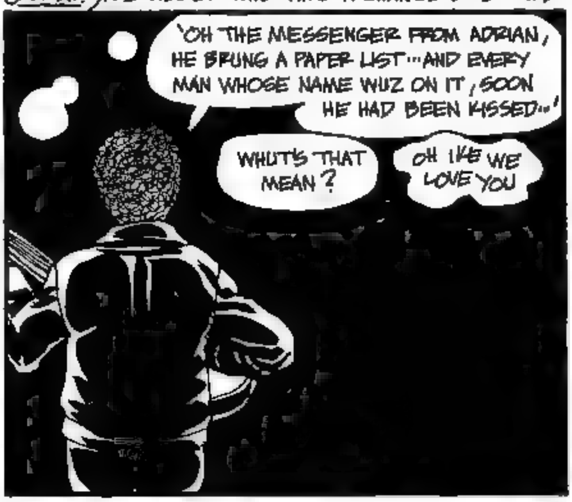

IKE I LOVE YOU
SOB
JERICHO, ARE YOU REAL?
MORE SO THAN YOU MIGHT THINK, IKE ·
CAH-MON, JERICHO! FORGIT THAT NO-COUNT!
LESS GIT HITCHED!

"AS YOU MIGHT IMAGINE, I HAD MANY SUITORS · BUT NONE INTERESTED ME ONCE I HAD MET IKE ·

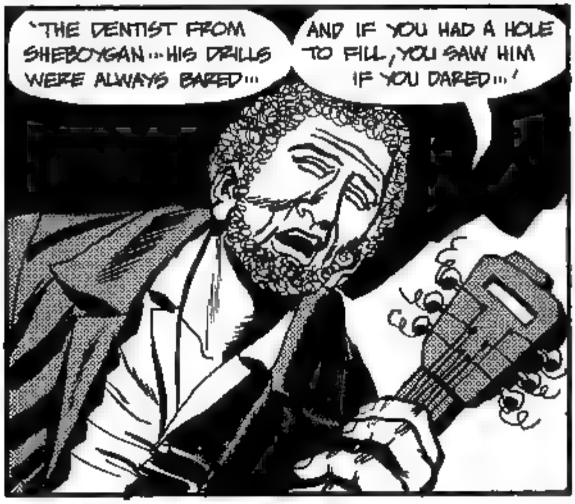
"YES, WE WERE IN LOVE · HIS YOUNG FEMALE FANS FEIGNED FRACTURED HEARTS···

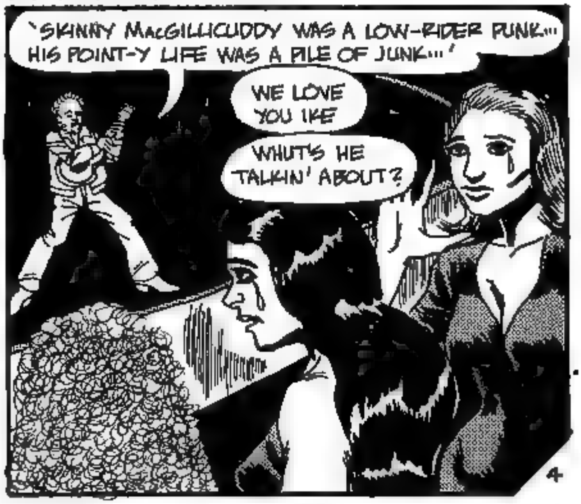

LAK T' DED'CATE M'NEX' SONG TO M' GIRL-FREN' JERICHO · ALL O'YEW KNOW WHO SHE IS · SONG CALLED 'IKE'S LOVER JERICHO'.
OH IKE SOB IKE SOB I LOVE YOU IKE COME BACK TO ME SOB SOB OH MY OWN IKE

"···BUT HIS POPULARITY WASN'T AFFECTED · THE GIRLS PINED FOR THEIR LOST LOVE AND WISHED THEY WERE (BLUSH!) ME · ABOUT THIS TIME A CHANGE BESET IKE···

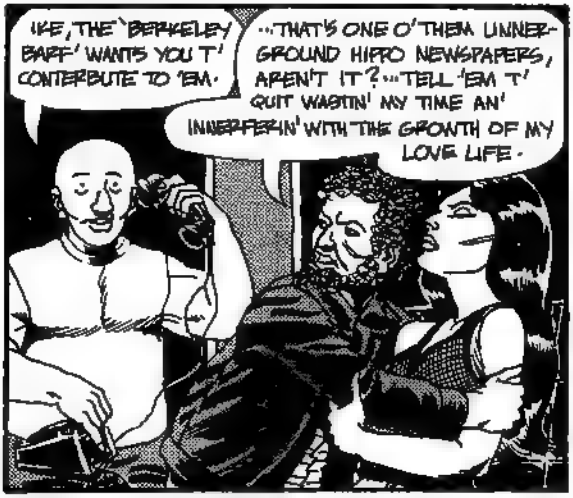

'OH THE MESSENGER FROM ADRIAN, HE BRUNG A PAPER LIST···AND EVERY MAN WHOSE NAME WUZ ON IT, SOON HE HAD BEEN KISSED···'
WHUT'S THAT MEAN?
OH IKE WE LOVE YOU

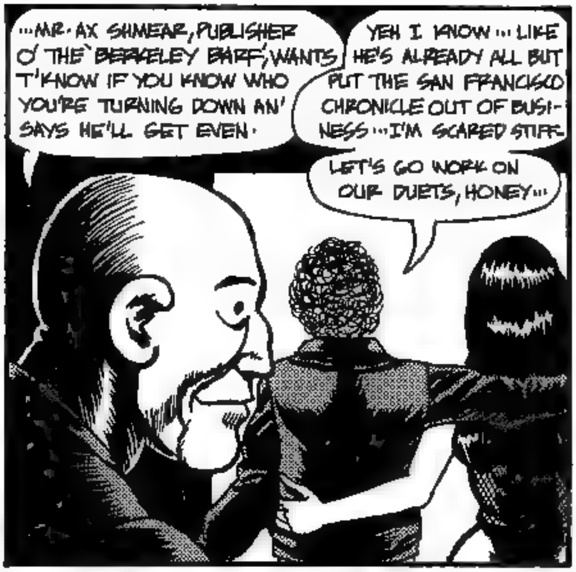
"NO LONGER CONTENT TO CONFINE HIS MATERIAL TO THE ROCK'N'ROLL *GENRE*, HE NOW SOUGHT INSPIRATION FROM THE GREAT POETS · HIS SONGS BECAME SURREALISTIC SHEETS-OF-SOUND, NOT IMMEDIATELY COMPREHENSIBLE, BUT YET CARRYING WITH THEM UNMISTAKABLY CONCRETE MOOD-SENSE-IMPRESSIONS···


'THE DENTIST FROM SHEBOYGAN···HIS DRILLS WERE ALWAYS BARED···
AND IF YOU HAD A HOLE TO FILL, YOU SAW HIM IF YOU DARED···'

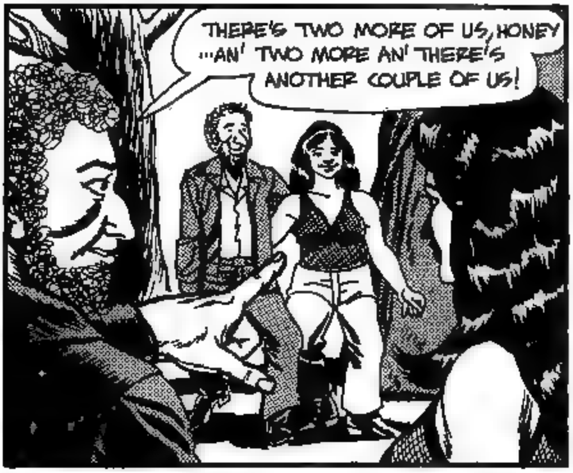

'SKINNY MacGILLICUDDY WAS A LOW-RIDER PUNK··· HIS POINT-Y LIFE WAS A PILE OF JUNK···'
WE LOVE YOU IKE
WHUT'S HE TALKIN' ABOUT?

"YES, IKE HAD NOW CROSSED OVER ... INTO THE AREA OF 'SIGNIFICANCE'. BUT HIS POPULARITY DIDN'T DIMINISH, AND OUR ROMANCE GREW...

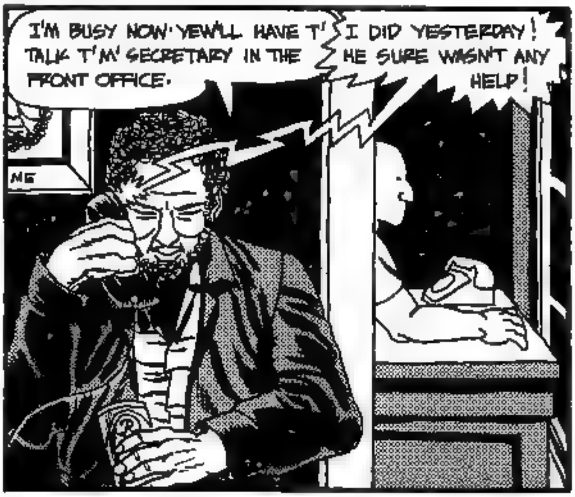

IKE, THE 'BERKELEY BARF' WANTS YOU T' CONTERBUTE TO 'EM.
...THAT'S ONE O' THEM UNNERGROUND HIPPO NEWSPAPERS, AREN'T IT? ... TELL 'EM T' QUIT WASTIN' MY TIME AN' INNERFERIN' WITH THE GROWTH OF MY LOVE LIFE.


...MR. AX SHMEAR, PUBLISHER O' THE 'BERKELEY BARF', WANTS T'KNOW IF YOU KNOW WHO YOU'RE TURNING DOWN AN' SAYS HE'LL GET EVEN.
YEH I KNOW ... LIKE HE'S ALREADY ALL BUT PUT THE SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE OUT OF BUSINESS ... I'M SCARED STIFF.
LET'S GO WORK ON OUR DUETS, HONEY...

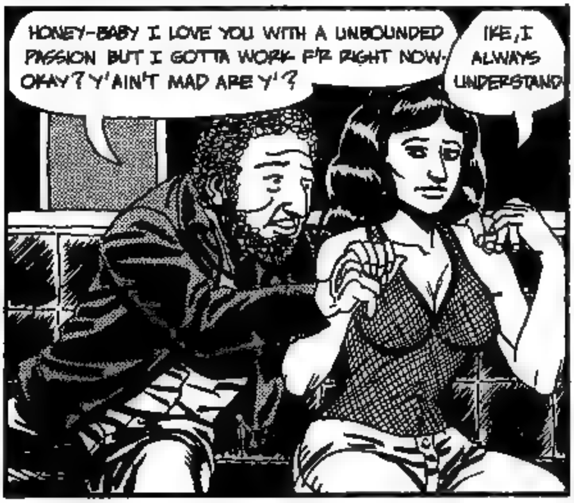
"BY THIS TIME IKE WAS A MULTIMILLIONAIRE, AND THE TWO OF US WERE THE 'BILLY STUPID AND MARILYN McMOO' OF MUSIC. THE 'IKE AND JERICHO' LOOK WAS ALL OVER. IKE WAS HAPPY.


THERE'S TWO MORE OF US, HONEY ...AN' TWO MORE AN' THERE'S ANOTHER COUPLE OF US!

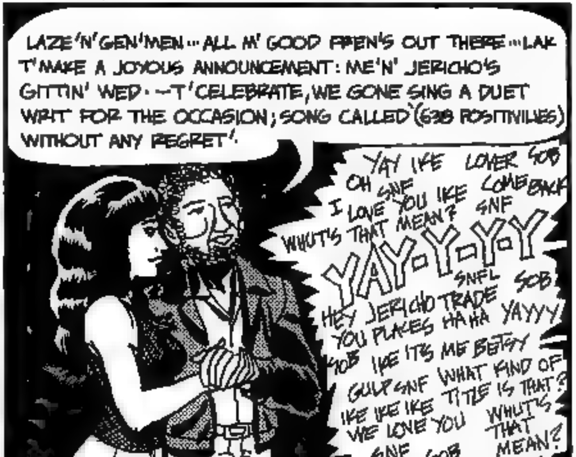
"AND I WAS BECOMING SUCCESSFUL ... MODELING, ACTING, RECORDINGS (OF IKE'S MATERIAL) ... AT THIS POINT IKE HAD TO FORM A CORPORATION.

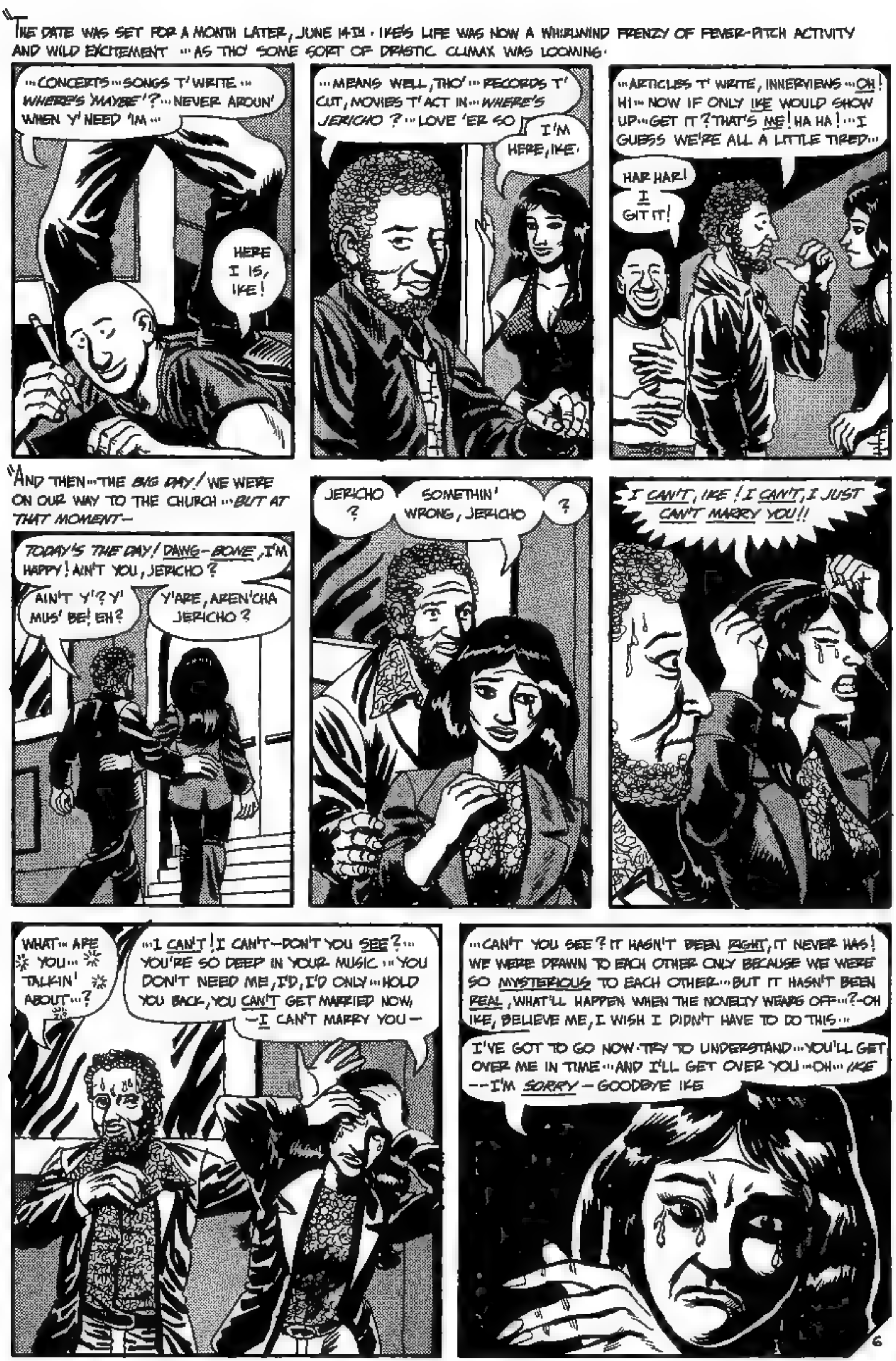

I'M BUSY NOW. YEW'LL HAVE T' TALK T'M' SECRETARY IN THE FRONT OFFICE.
I DID YESTERDAY! HE SURE WASN'T ANY HELP!

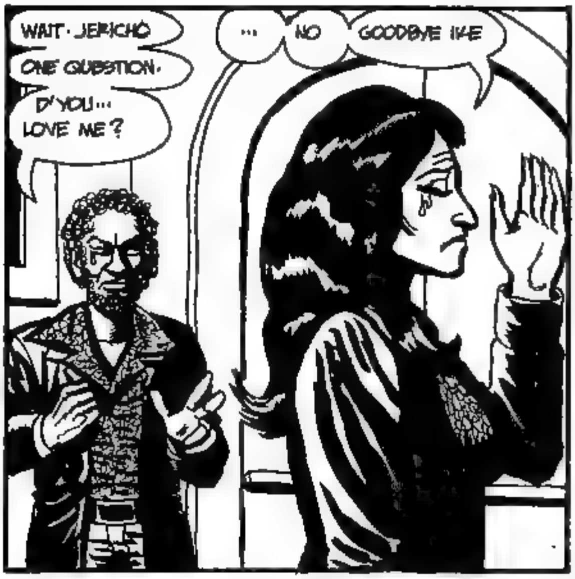
"OF COURSE NOW IKE WAS MORE WRAPPED UP IN HIS ART THAN EVER. HE WAS COMPOSING, ARRANGING, PERFORMING AND RECORDING ... FRANTICALLY.


HONEY-BABY I LOVE YOU WITH A UNBOUNDED PASSION BUT I GOTTA WORK F'R RIGHT NOW. OKAY? Y'AIN'T MAD ARE Y'?
IKE, I ALWAYS UNDERSTAND

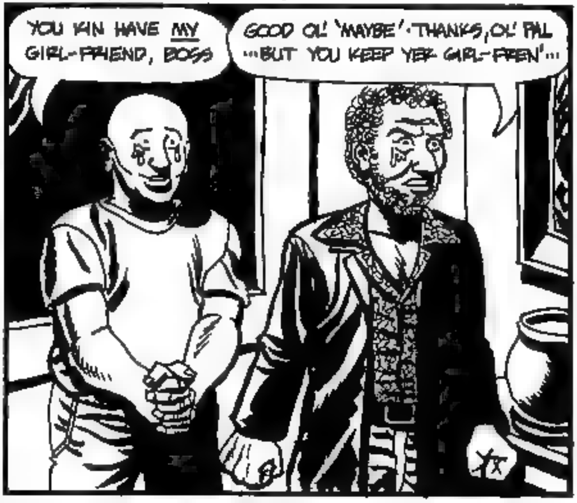
"...AND THEN CAME THE MOMENT HIS GIRL FANS PRETENDED TO DREAD, BUT SECRETELY PRAYED FOR ...

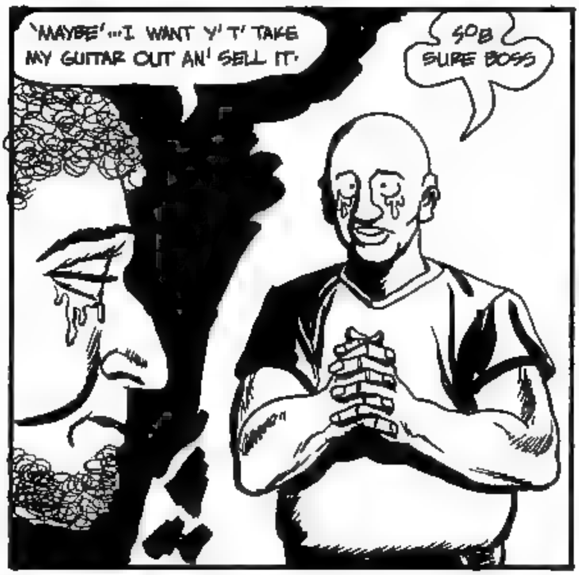

LAZE 'N' GEN'MEN ... ALL M' GOOD FREN'S OUT THERE ... LAK T'MAKE A JOYOUS ANNOUNCEMENT: ME 'N' JERICHO'S GITTIN' WED. — T'CELEBRATE, WE GONE SING A DUET WRIT FOR THE OCCASION; SONG CALLED '(638 POSITIVILIES) WITHOUT ANY REGRET'.
YAY IKE LOVER SOB
OH SNF
I LOVE YOU IKE COME BACK
WHUT'S THAT MEAN? SNF
YAY-Y-Y-Y
SNFL SOB
HEY JERICHO TRADE YOU PLACES HAHA YAYYY
SOB IKE IT'S ME BETSY
GULP SNF WHAT KIND OF TITLE IS THAT?
IKE IKE IKE
WE LOVE YOU
WHUT'S THAT MEAN?
SNF SOB
OH! OH! OH!


"THE DATE WAS SET FOR A MONTH LATER, JUNE 14TH. IKE'S LIFE WAS NOW A WHIRLWIND FRENZY OF FEVER-PITCH ACTIVITY AND WILD EXCITEMENT ... AS THO' SOME SORT OF DRASTIC CLIMAX WAS LOOMING.
...CONCERTS...SONGS T' WRITE... *WHERE'S 'MAYBE'?*...NEVER AROUN' WHEN Y' NEED 'IM...
HERE I IS, IKE!
...MEANS WELL, THO'...RECORDS T' CUT, MOVIES T' ACT IN...*WHERE'S JERICHO?*...LOVE 'ER SO
I'M HERE, IKE.
...ARTICLES T' WRITE, INNERVIEWS...OH! HI...NOW IF ONLY IKE WOULD SHOW UP...GET IT? THAT'S ME! HA HA!...I GUESS WE'RE ALL A LITTLE TIRED...
HAR HAR! I GIT IT!
"AND THEN...THE *BIG DAY!* WE WERE ON OUR WAY TO THE CHURCH...*BUT AT THAT MOMENT—*
TODAY'S THE DAY! DAWG-*BONE*, I'M HAPPY! AIN'T YOU, JERICHO?
AIN'T Y'? Y' MUS' BE! EH?
Y'ARE, AREN'CHA JERICHO?
JERICHO?
SOMETHIN' WRONG, JERICHO
?
I CAN'T, IKE! I CAN'T, I JUST CAN'T MARRY YOU!!
WHAT...ARE YOU...TALKIN' ABOUT...?
...I CAN'T! I CAN'T—DON'T YOU SEE?...YOU'RE SO DEEP IN YOUR MUSIC...YOU DON'T NEED ME, I'D, I'D ONLY...HOLD YOU BACK, YOU CAN'T GET MARRIED NOW, —I CAN'T MARRY YOU—
...CAN'T YOU SEE? IT HASN'T BEEN RIGHT, IT NEVER HAS! WE WERE DRAWN TO EACH OTHER ONLY BECAUSE WE WERE SO MYSTERIOUS TO EACH OTHER...BUT IT HASN'T BEEN REAL, WHAT'LL HAPPEN WHEN THE NOVELTY WEARS OFF...?—OH IKE, BELIEVE ME, I WISH I DIDN'T HAVE TO DO THIS...
I'VE GOT TO GO NOW. TRY TO UNDERSTAND...YOU'LL GET OVER ME IN TIME...AND I'LL GET OVER YOU...OH...*IKE*—I'M *SORRY*—GOODBYE IKE

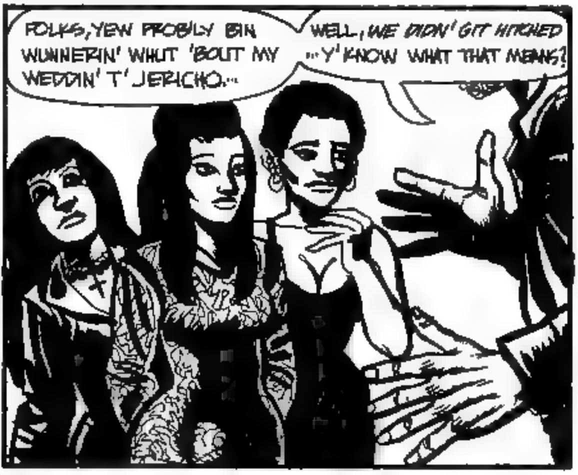

WAIT · JERICHO
ONE QUESTION ·
D'YOU... LOVE ME?
... NO
GOODBYE IKE

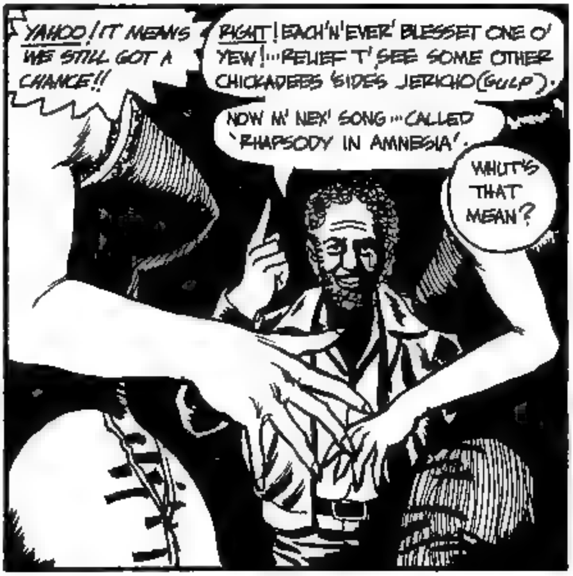
"IKE WAS THUNDERSTRUCK · HE WENT BACK HOME AND TOLD 'MAYBE' THERE WOULD BE NO WEDDING · 'MAYBE' TRIED TO CHEER HIM, BUT...


YOU KIN HAVE MY GIRL-FRIEND, BOSS
GOOD OL' 'MAYBE' · THANKS, OL' PAL ...BUT YOU KEEP YER GIRL-FREN'...

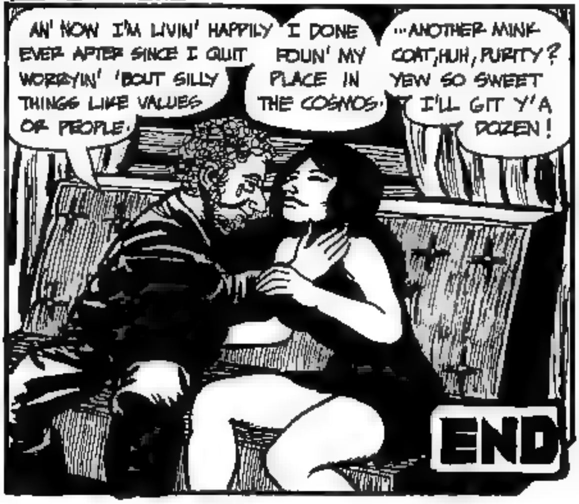

'MAYBE' ... I WANT Y' T' TAKE MY GUITAR OUT AN' SELL IT ·
SOB SURE BOSS

"IKE RATHER WENT INTO HIDING AFTER THAT · BUT 'YOU CAN'T KEEP A GOOD MAN DOWN' · AND IKE IS AS GOOD AS THEY COME · SOON HE REAPPEARED WITH A WELCOME ANNOUNCEMENT:


FOLKS, YEW PROBILY BIN WUNNERIN' WHUT 'BOUT MY WEDDIN' T' JERICHO...
WELL, WE DIDN' GIT HITCHED ... Y' KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS?


YAHOO! IT MEANS WE STILL GOT A CHANCE!!
RIGHT! EACH'N'EVER' BLESSET ONE O' YEW! ... RELIEF T' SEE SOME OTHER CHICKADEES 'SIDES JERICHO (GULP).
NOW M' NEX' SONG ... CALLED 'RHAPSODY IN AMNESIA'.
WHUT'S THAT MEAN?

"YOU SEE ... IKE LEARNED THE MOST IMPORTANT LESSON: A WEALTHY GREAT ARTIST HAS NOTHING TO FEAR EXCEPT BANKRUPTCY ITSELF!


AN' NOW I'M LIVIN' HAPPILY EVER AFTER SINCE I QUIT WORRYIN' 'BOUT SILLY THINGS LIKE VALUES OR PEOPLE.
I DONE FOUN' MY PLACE IN THE COSMOS.
...ANOTHER MINK COAT, HUH, PURITY? YEW SO SWEET I'LL GIT Y'A DOZEN!
END

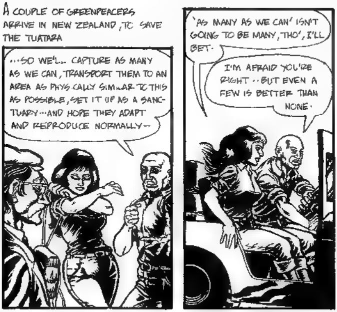
the LAST DINOSAUR

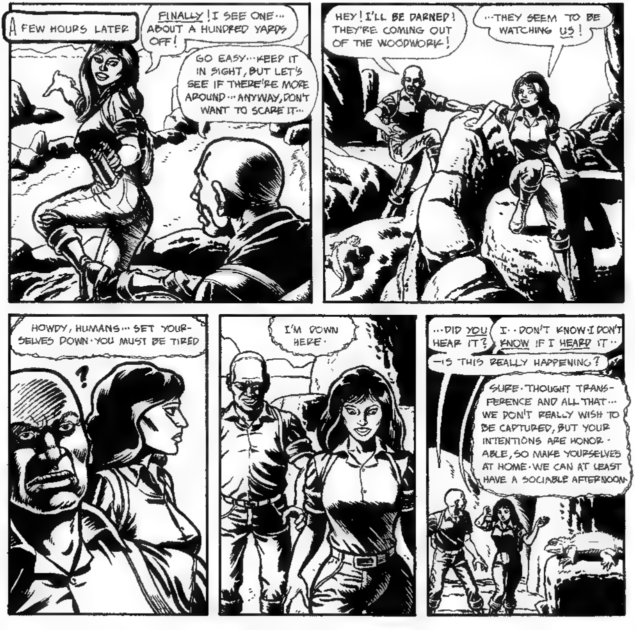
©Roger H Brand '77

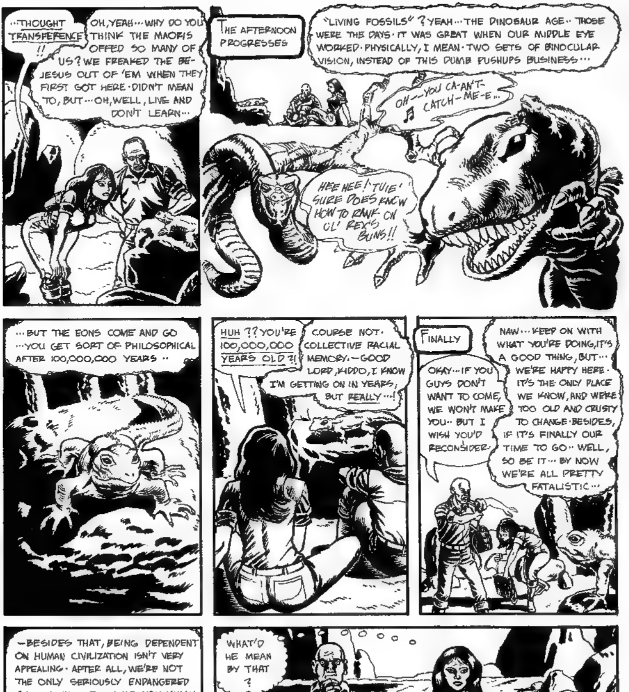
THE TUATARA, NICKNAMED THE "LIVING FOSSIL", HAS LIVED FOR BETWEEN 100,000,000 AND 200,000,000 YEARS. NOT A LIZARD, BUT ITS OWN REPTILE BRANCH, IT LIVES ON TWO SMALL NEW ZEALAND ISLANDS. FOR AN AVERAGE OF 100-200 YEARS. THE TUATARA HAS, AMONG OTHER STRUCTURAL ODDITIES, A VESTIGIAL THIRD EYE BETWEEN AND SLIGHTLY ABOVE ITS OTHER TWO-CALLED THE "PINEAL EYE"; ITS SECRETIONS (LIKE THOSE OF THE PINEAL GLAND, OR "THIRD EYE" IN HUMANS) ARE CHEMICALLY VERY SIMILAR TO LSD.

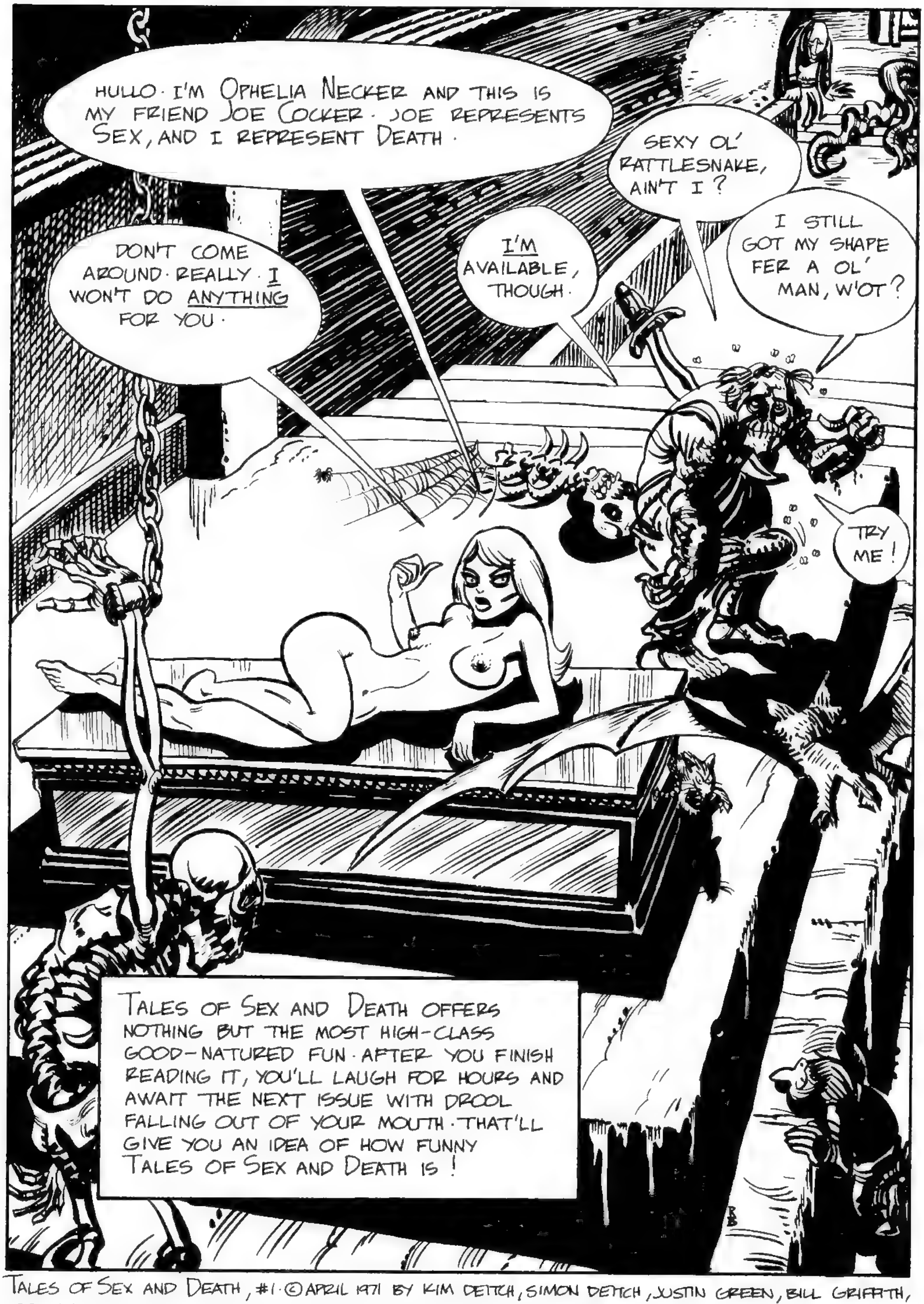
WITHIN THE LAST 125 YEARS THE MAORIS OF NEW ZEALAND HAVE WIPED OUT MOST OF THE TUATARAS. THE AUTHOR, HOWEVER, DIDN'T LEARN UNTIL NEARLY COMPLETING THIS STORY THAT IN RECENT YEARS NEW ZEALAND HAS MADE PRESERVES OF THE TUATARA ISLANDS, AND THE CRITTERS ARE FLUORISHING.

SO AS YOU READ THIS STORY, JUST PRETEND THE TUATARA IS STILL THREATENED WITH EXTINCTION AND BE GLAD IT REALLY ISN'T.


A COUPLE OF GREENPEACERS ARRIVE IN NEW ZEALAND, TO SAVE THE TUATARA
...SO WE'LL CAPTURE AS MANY AS WE CAN, TRANSPORT THEM TO AN AREA AS PHYSICALLY SIMILAR TO THIS AS POSSIBLE, SET IT UP AS A SANCTUARY...AND HOPE THEY ADAPT AND REPRODUCE NORMALLY--
'AS MANY AS WE CAN' ISN'T GOING TO BE MANY, THO', I'LL BET.
I'M AFRAID YOU'RE RIGHT..BUT EVEN A FEW IS BETTER THAN NONE.


A FEW HOURS LATER
FINALLY! I SEE ONE...ABOUT A HUNDRED YARDS OFF!
GO EASY...KEEP IT IN SIGHT, BUT LET'S SEE IF THERE'RE MORE AROUND...ANYWAY, DON'T WANT TO SCARE IT...
HEY! I'LL BE DARNED! THEY'RE COMING OUT OF THE WOODWORK!
...THEY SEEM TO BE WATCHING US!
HOWDY, HUMANS... SET YOURSELVES DOWN. YOU MUST BE TIRED
?
I'M DOWN HERE.
...DID YOU HEAR IT?
I..DON'T KNOW. I DON'T KNOW IF I HEARD IT..
--IS THIS REALLY HAPPENING?
SURE. THOUGHT TRANSFERENCE AND ALL THAT...WE DON'T REALLY WISH TO BE CAPTURED, BUT YOUR INTENTIONS ARE HONORABLE, SO MAKE YOURSELVES AT HOME. WE CAN AT LEAST HAVE A SOCIABLE AFTERNOON.


…THOUGHT TRANSFERENCE !!
OH, YEAH··· WHY DO YOU THINK THE MAORIS OFFED SO MANY OF US? WE FREAKED THE BE-JESUS OUT OF 'EM WHEN THEY FIRST GOT HERE· DIDN'T MEAN TO, BUT··· OH, WELL, LIVE AND DON'T LEARN···
THE AFTERNOON PROGRESSES
"LIVING FOSSILS"? YEAH··· THE DINOSAUR AGE·· THOSE WERE THE DAYS· IT WAS GREAT WHEN OUR MIDDLE EYE WORKED PHYSICALLY, I MEAN· TWO SETS OF BINOCULAR VISION, INSTEAD OF THIS DUMB PUSHUPS BUSINESS···
OH— YOU CA-AN'T-CATCH-ME-E·· ♫
HEE HEE! 'TUIE' SURE DOES KNOW HOW TO RANK ON OL' REX'S BUNS!!
···BUT THE EONS COME AND GO ···YOU GET SORT OF PHILOSOPHICAL AFTER 100,000,000 YEARS ··
HUH ?? YOU'RE 100,000,000 YEARS OLD ?!
COURSE NOT· COLLECTIVE RACIAL MEMORY· —GOOD LORD, KIDDO, I KNOW I'M GETTING ON IN YEARS, BUT REALLY···!
FINALLY
OKAY··· IF YOU GUYS DON'T WANT TO COME, WE WON'T MAKE YOU·· BUT I WISH YOU'D RECONSIDER·
NAW··· KEEP ON WITH WHAT YOU'RE DOING, IT'S A GOOD THING, BUT··· WE'RE HAPPY HERE· IT'S THE ONLY PLACE WE KNOW, AND WE'RE TOO OLD AND CRUSTY TO CHANGE· BESIDES, IF IT'S FINALLY OUR TIME TO GO·· WELL, SO BE IT··· BY NOW WE'RE ALL PRETTY FATALISTIC···
—BESIDES THAT, BEING DEPENDENT ON HUMAN CIVILIZATION ISN'T VERY APPEALING· AFTER ALL, WE'RE NOT THE ONLY SERIOUSLY ENDANGERED SPECIES IN THE WORLD, YOU KNOW· —WELL, GODSPEED···
WHAT'D HE MEAN BY THAT ?
END


HULLO · I'M OPHELIA NECKER AND THIS IS MY FRIEND JOE COCKER · JOE REPRESENTS SEX, AND I REPRESENT DEATH ·
DON'T COME AROUND · REALLY · I WON'T DO ANYTHING FOR YOU ·
I'M AVAILABLE, THOUGH ·
SEXY OL' RATTLESNAKE, AIN'T I?
I STILL GOT MY SHAPE FER A OL' MAN, W'OT?
TRY ME!
TALES OF SEX AND DEATH OFFERS NOTHING BUT THE MOST HIGH-CLASS GOOD-NATURED FUN · AFTER YOU FINISH READING IT, YOU'LL LAUGH FOR HOURS AND AWAIT THE NEXT ISSUE WITH DROOL FALLING OUT OF YOUR MOUTH · THAT'LL GIVE YOU AN IDEA OF HOW FUNNY TALES OF SEX AND DEATH IS!
RB

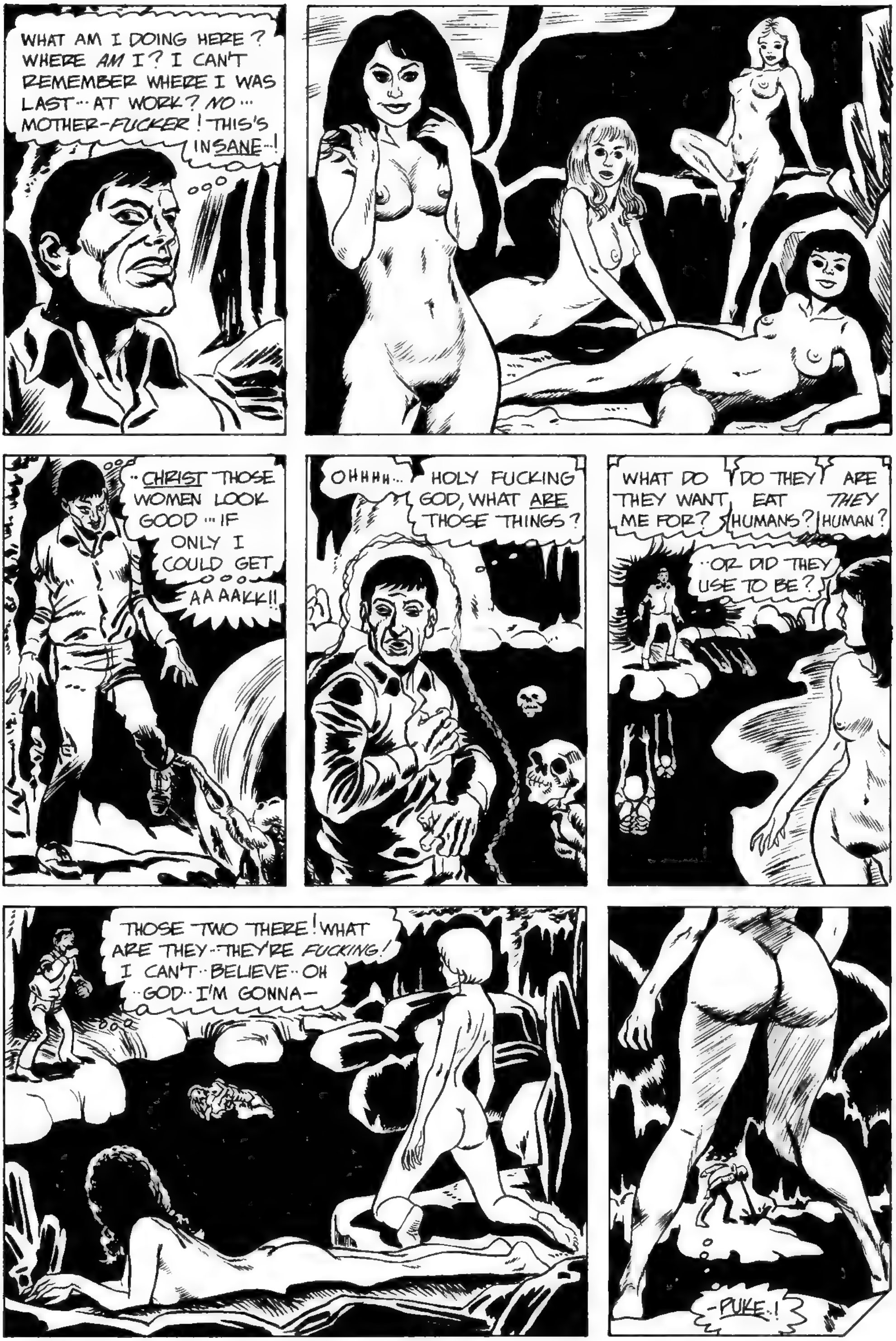
TALES OF SEX AND DEATH, #1 · © APRIL 1971 BY KIM DEITCH, SIMON DEITCH, JUSTIN GREEN, BILL GRIFFITH, RORY HAYES, PAUL RODGERS, S. CLAY WILSON, AND EDITOR – ROGER BRAND, 217 MARINE ST., POINT RICHMOND, CALIF. 94801 · PRINTED AND DISTRIBUTED BY THE PRINT MINT, 830 FOLGER, BERKELEY, CALIF. 94710 · IN DE LISS A CLUZZ NO CHEELDREN — HEDOLTS HONLY ·

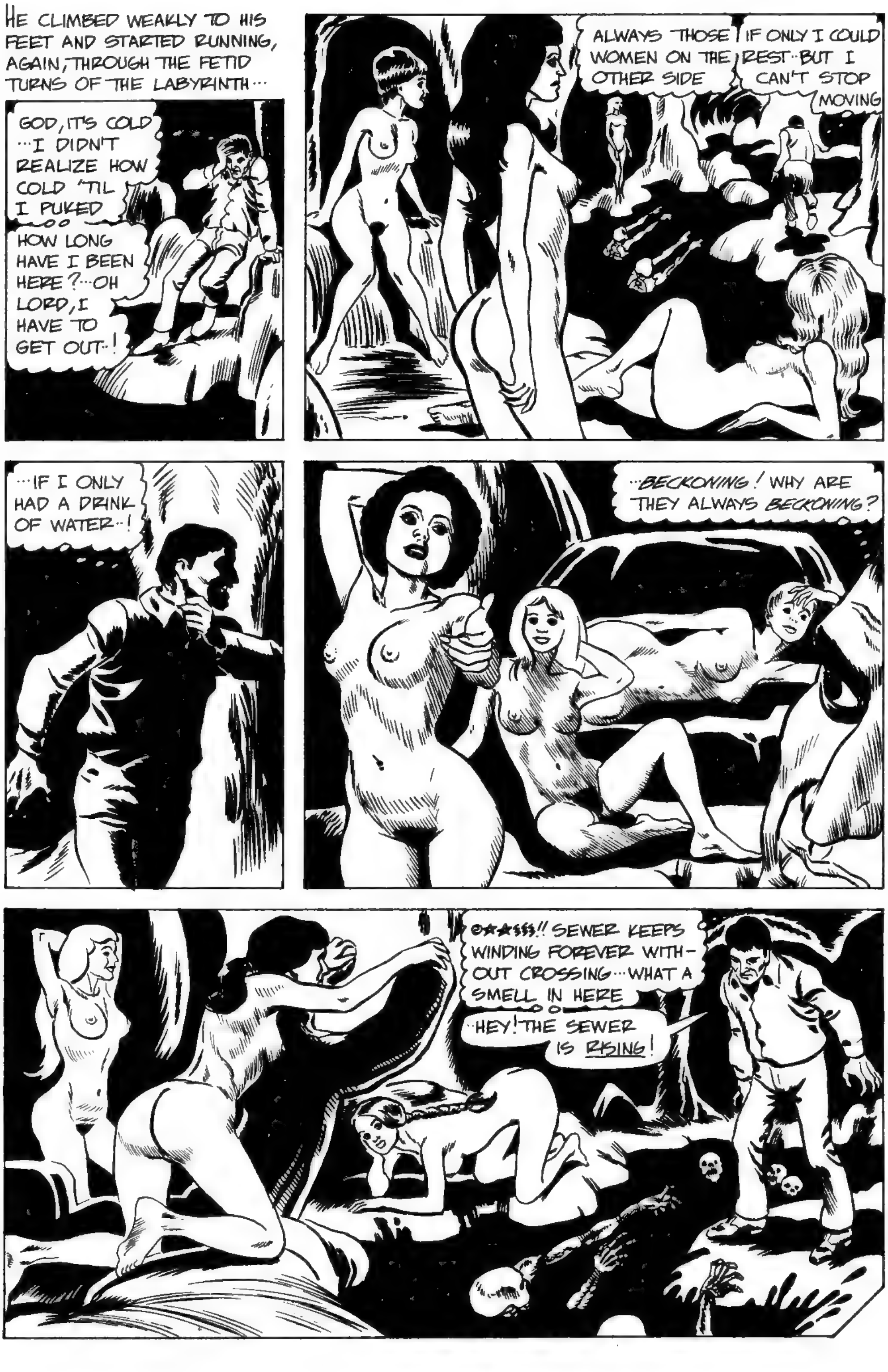
THIS IS MEL EDMONDS… AND YOU ARE ABOUT TO ACCOMPANY HIM ON A TRIP THROUGH

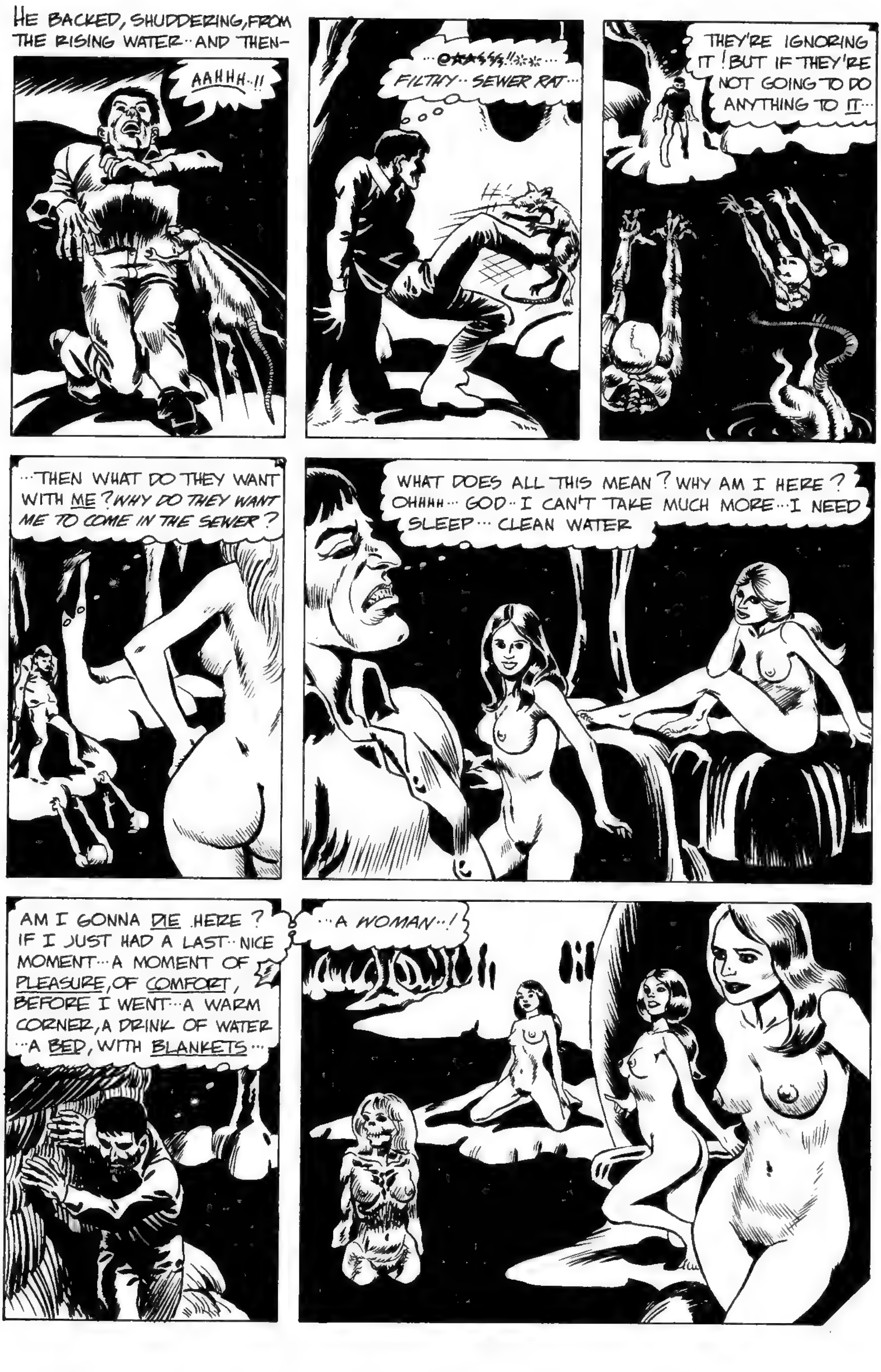
THE BIG SEWER!

by Roger Brand '71

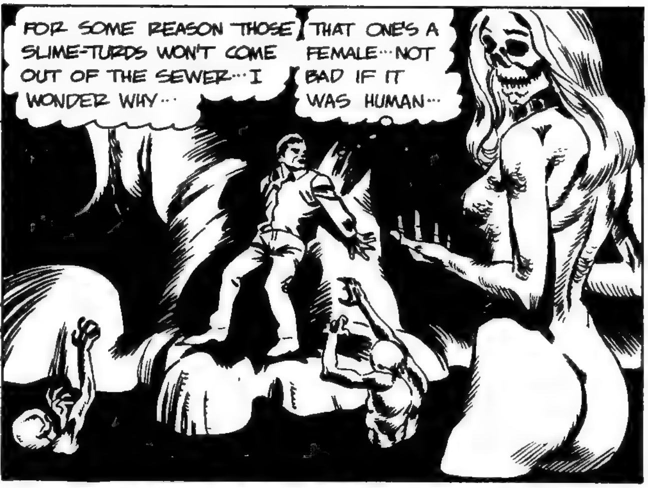
A PSYCHO-SEXUAL SUSPENSTORY!

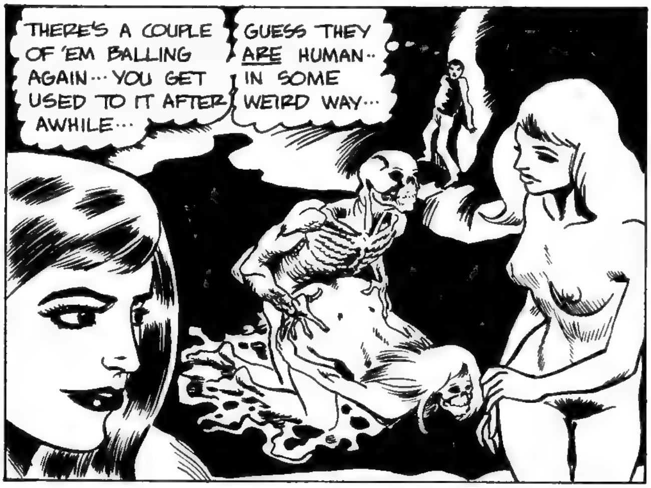

WHAT AM I DOING HERE? WHERE AM I? I CAN'T REMEMBER WHERE I WAS LAST··· AT WORK? NO··· MOTHER-FUCKER! THIS'S INSANE··!
··CHRIST THOSE WOMEN LOOK GOOD··· IF ONLY I COULD GET
AA AAKK!!
OHHHH...
HOLY FUCKING GOD, WHAT ARE THOSE THINGS?
WHAT DO THEY WANT ME FOR?
DO THEY EAT HUMANS?
ARE THEY HUMAN?
··OR DID THEY USE TO BE?
THOSE TWO THERE! WHAT ARE THEY··THEY'RE FUCKING! I CAN'T··BELIEVE··OH ··GOD··I'M GONNA—
-PUKE!


HE CLIMBED WEAKLY TO HIS FEET AND STARTED RUNNING, AGAIN, THROUGH THE FETID TURNS OF THE LABYRINTH…
GOD, IT'S COLD …I DIDN'T REALIZE HOW COLD 'TIL I PUKED
HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN HERE?…OH LORD, I HAVE TO GET OUT…!
ALWAYS THOSE WOMEN ON THE OTHER SIDE
IF ONLY I COULD REST…BUT I CAN'T STOP MOVING
…IF I ONLY HAD A DRINK OF WATER…!
…BECKONING! WHY ARE THEY ALWAYS BECKONING?
@★★$$$!! SEWER KEEPS WINDING FOREVER WITHOUT CROSSING…WHAT A SMELL IN HERE
…HEY! THE SEWER IS RISING!

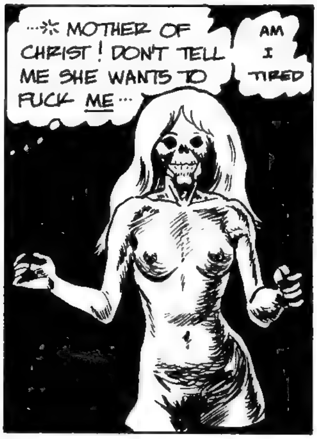

HE BACKED, SHUDDERING, FROM THE RISING WATER... AND THEN-
AAHHH..!!
...@☆*$$$!!✲✲... FILTHY... SEWER RAT...
THEY'RE IGNORING IT! BUT IF THEY'RE NOT GOING TO DO ANYTHING TO IT...
...THEN WHAT DO THEY WANT WITH ME? WHY DO THEY WANT ME TO COME IN THE SEWER?
WHAT DOES ALL THIS MEAN? WHY AM I HERE? OHHHH... GOD.. I CAN'T TAKE MUCH MORE... I NEED SLEEP... CLEAN WATER
AM I GONNA DIE HERE? IF I JUST HAD A LAST.. NICE MOMENT... A MOMENT OF PLEASURE, OF COMFORT, BEFORE I WENT... A WARM CORNER, A DRINK OF WATER ...A BED, WITH BLANKETS...
...A WOMAN..!

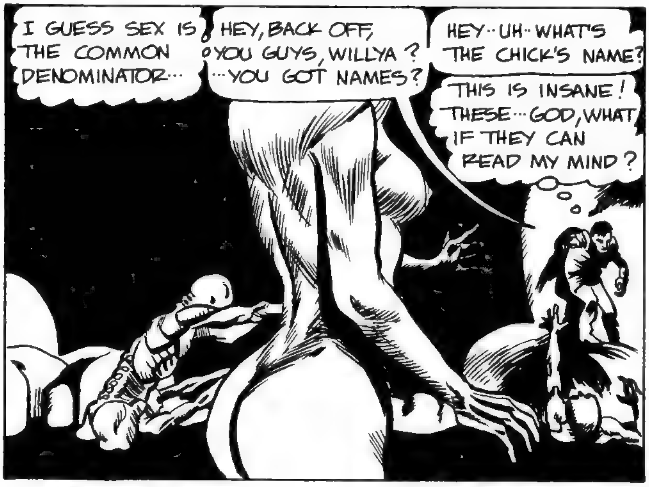
THE LONGING AND FRUSTRATION WERE UNBEARABLE... THE SEWER-WATER WAS CLOSER THAN EVER... HE WAS SO TIRED HE THOUGHT OF STOPPING AND DYING... BUT HE KNEW HE COULDN'T; IT WOULDN'T WORK: HE'D HAVE TO *DO* SOMETHING TO KILL HIMSELF, LIKE HANG OR STAB OR SOMETHING, AND HE COULDN'T... AND IF HE TRIED TO STAND 'TIL HE DIED, THAT WOULDN'T WORK EITHER. IF THE RATS GOT TOO CLOSE, HE'D RUN... IF THE DEATH-FIGURES GOT TOO CLOSE, HE'D RUN... IF THE WATER STARTED COVERING HIM, HE'D CLIMB... IF HE BEGAN TO FREEZE, HE'D MOVE ON.

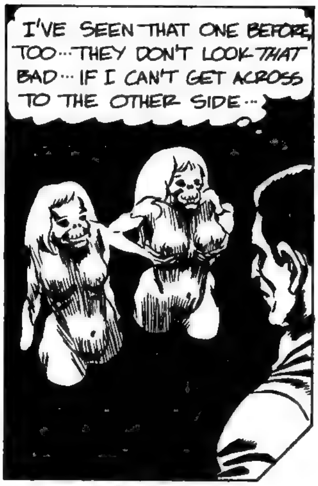

FOR SOME REASON THOSE SLIME-TURDS WON'T COME OUT OF THE SEWER... I WONDER WHY...
THAT ONE'S A FEMALE... NOT BAD IF IT WAS HUMAN...


THERE'S A COUPLE OF 'EM BALLING AGAIN... YOU GET USED TO IT AFTER AWHILE...
GUESS THEY ARE HUMAN... IN SOME WEIRD WAY...

THE FEMALE HE'D NOTICED KEPT BECKONING SUGGESTIVELY.


...* MOTHER OF CHRIST! DON'T TELL ME SHE WANTS TO FUCK ME...
AM I TIRED


I GUESS SEX IS THE COMMON DENOMINATOR...
HEY, BACK OFF, YOU GUYS, WILLYA? ...YOU GOT NAMES?
HEY... UH... WHAT'S THE CHICK'S NAME?
THIS IS INSANE! THESE... GOD, WHAT IF THEY CAN READ MY MIND?


I'VE SEEN THAT ONE BEFORE, TOO... THEY DON'T LOOK THAT BAD... IF I CAN'T GET ACROSS TO THE OTHER SIDE...

NOW HE WAS REALLY AFRAID HE WAS GOING CRAZY. IT WAS GETTING HARD TO HANG ON...

..CHRIST FUCK IT, I CAN'T BE THINKING THAT..!

...GOT TO KEEP THINKING ABOUT THOSE REAL WOMEN! GOT TO TRY TO GET TO 'EM!

AS HE RAN, HE APPROACHED A JUMP THAT WAS BLOCKED BY SEVERAL OF THE ROTTING DEATH-FIGURES. FATIGUE AND HORROR HAD PUSHED HIM NEARLY TO THE POINT OF HYSTERIA.

GET BACK! GET-GET OUT OF MY WAY..!

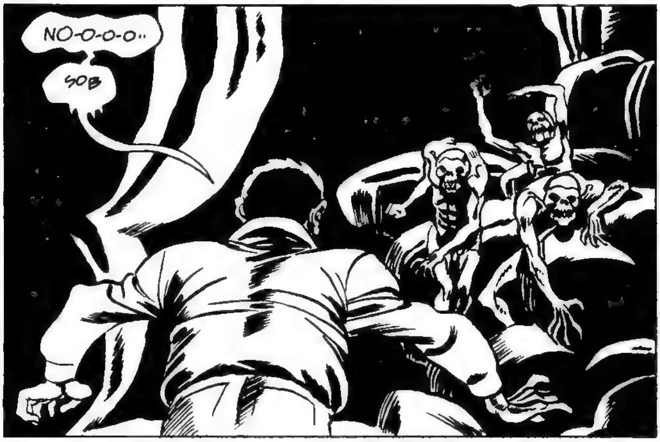
EDMONDS, IN DESPERATION, USED UP A PRECIOUS BURST OF ENERGY BEFORE HE COULD STOP HIMSELF.

...WHICH PROVED A GOOD MOVE, AS IT HAPPENED, BUT HE WAS BECOMING MORE SPENT BY THE SECOND...

...RIP YOU FILTHY @#$%*!!s APART! KNOCK YOU LOOSE FROM YOUR MAGGOTS!

...AND HIS FEMALE ENTOURAGE WAS STILL WITH HIM, AND GROWING, TOO.

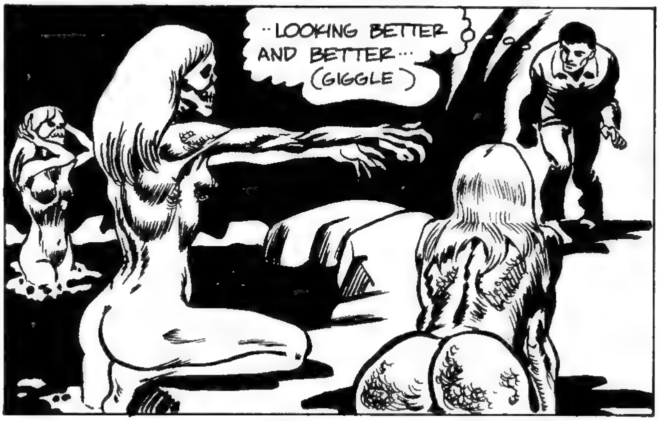
ANOTHER CLUSTER OF WALKING DEAD LUNGED AT HIM, THIS TIME COMING UP ONTO THE BANK!

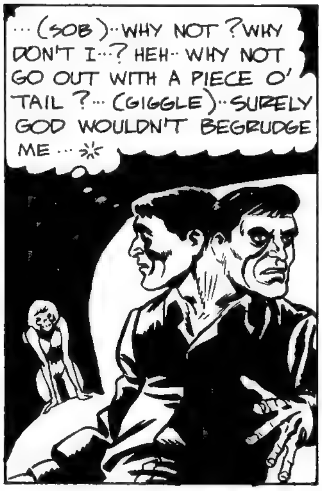


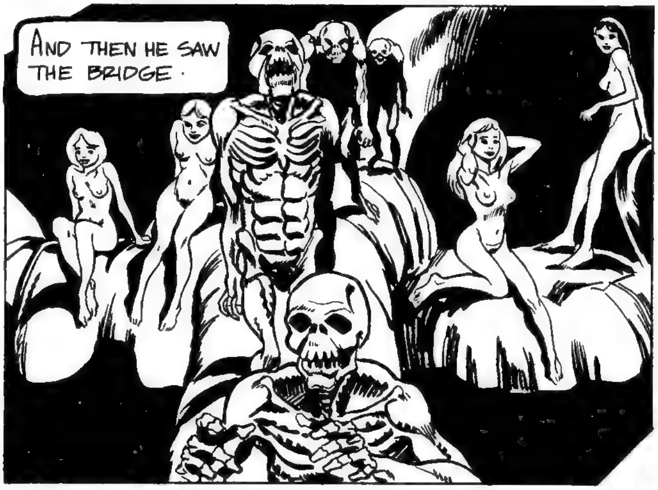
IN TERROR, HE SMASHED HIS WAY THROUGH THEM. IT NEVER DID OCCUR TO HIM THAT THEY WERE NEITHER STRONG NOR SOLID

NOW THERE WERE MORE, EVERYWHERE HE LOOKED...

THEY NEVER OFFERED MUCH RESISTANCE, REALLY, BUT HE WAS ALMOST IN SHOCK FROM THE FEAR AND EXHAUSTION. HE FELT THE END NEAR... THERE WERE THE FEMALES...


..LOOKING BETTER AND BETTER... (GIGGLE)


... (SOB).. WHY NOT? WHY DON'T I..? HEH.. WHY NOT GO OUT WITH A PIECE O' TAIL?... (GIGGLE).. SURELY GOD WOULDN'T BEGRUDGE ME...


AND THEN HE SAW THE BRIDGE.

HE FELT A FRESH BURST OF ENERGY... A SECOND WIND... WHICH LASTED ABOUT THREE SECONDS. BUT HE TOLD HIMSELF..

—THIS IS MY *LAST CHANCE!* *THIS* TIME I'M GETTING ACROSS...

HE FIGURED HE COULD SWING HIS CLUB A HALF-DOZEN TIMES MORE. THERE WERE SEVEN THINGS IN HIS WAY. IF HE COULD KNOCK DOWN TWO WITH ONE BLOW, HE'D MAKE IT.

...HAH! THREE OF THE FUCKERS WITH ONE BLOW!

CAN'T HOLD OUT. BUT... JUST ONE LEFT..!

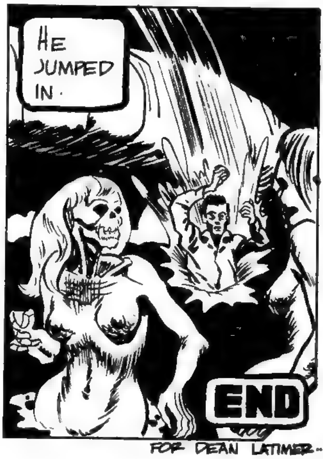
AND FINALLY, MEL EDMONDS SUMMONED HIS... *FINAL*... OUNCE OF STRENGTH.

WELL..?
ARE YOU COMING ?

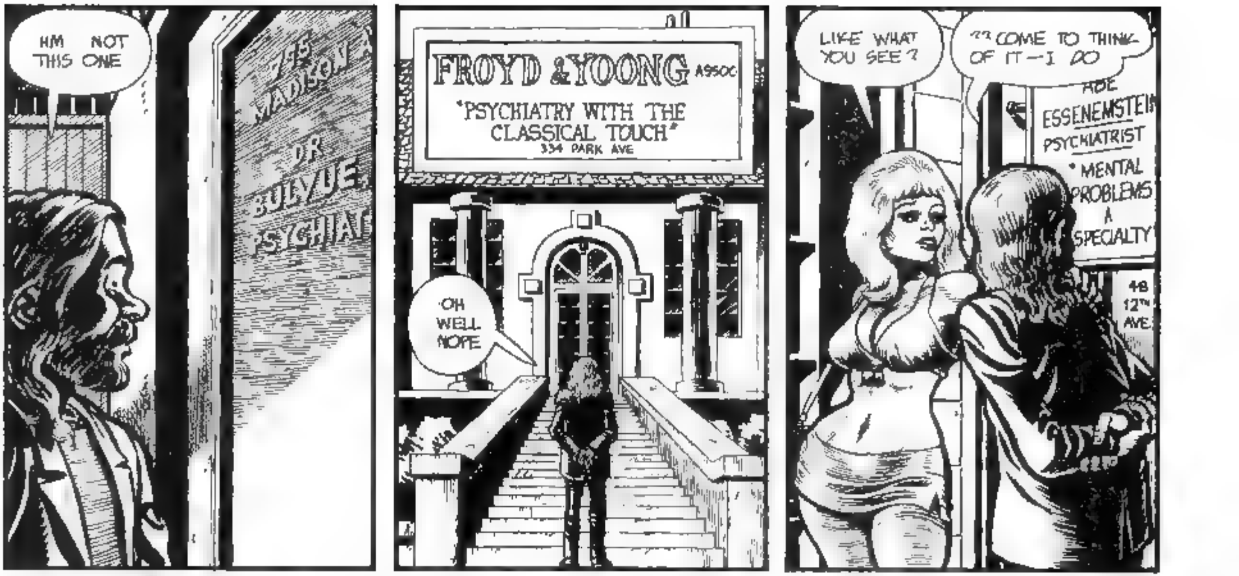
HE STOOD... PANTING... UNTIL HE WAS TOO TIRED TO PANT.. HE WAS TOTALLY SPENT.

AW C'MON
HEH.. EH.. EH

NAH... WHAT FOR? HE WAS JUST TOO TIRED...

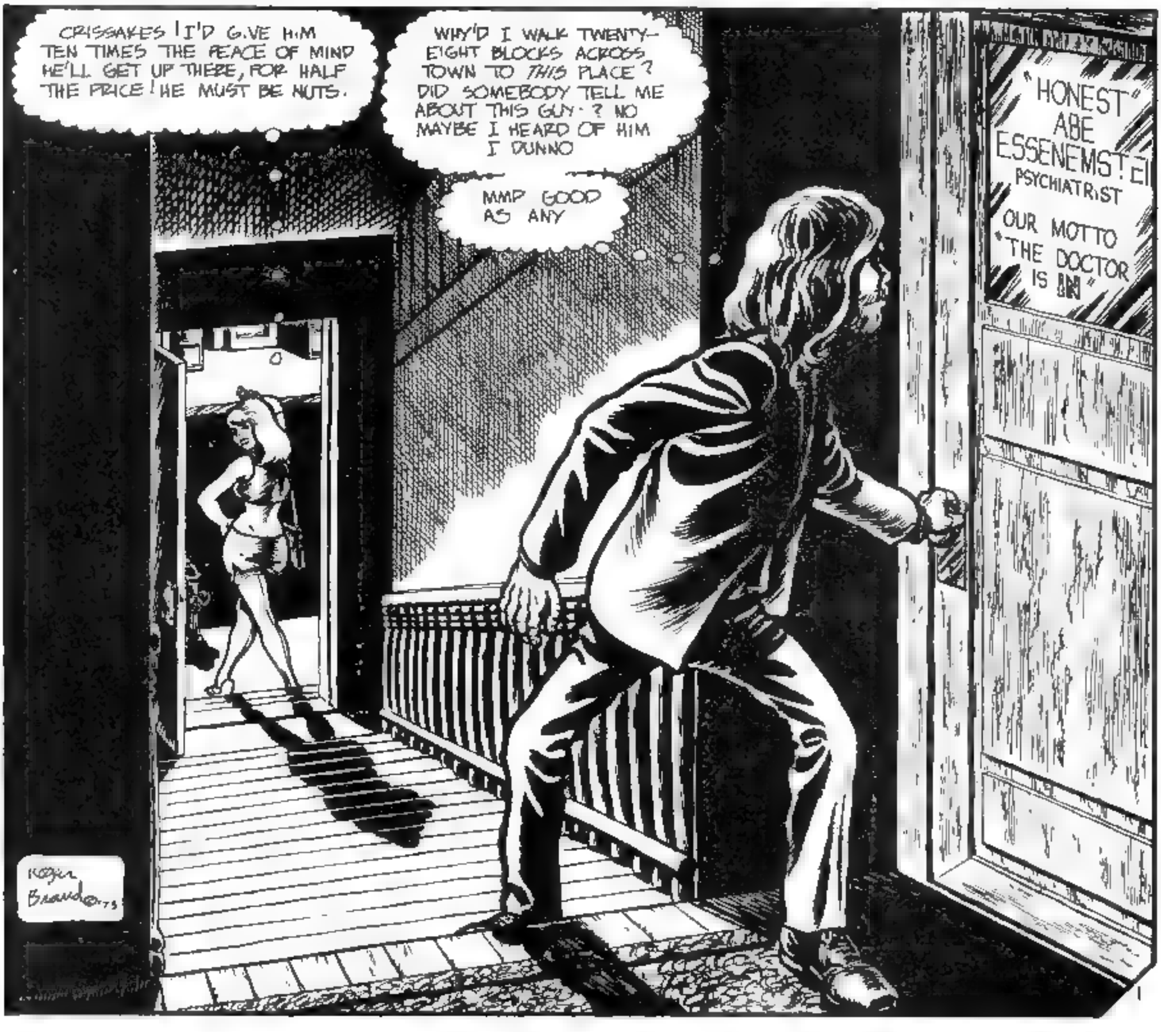

HE JUMPED IN.
END

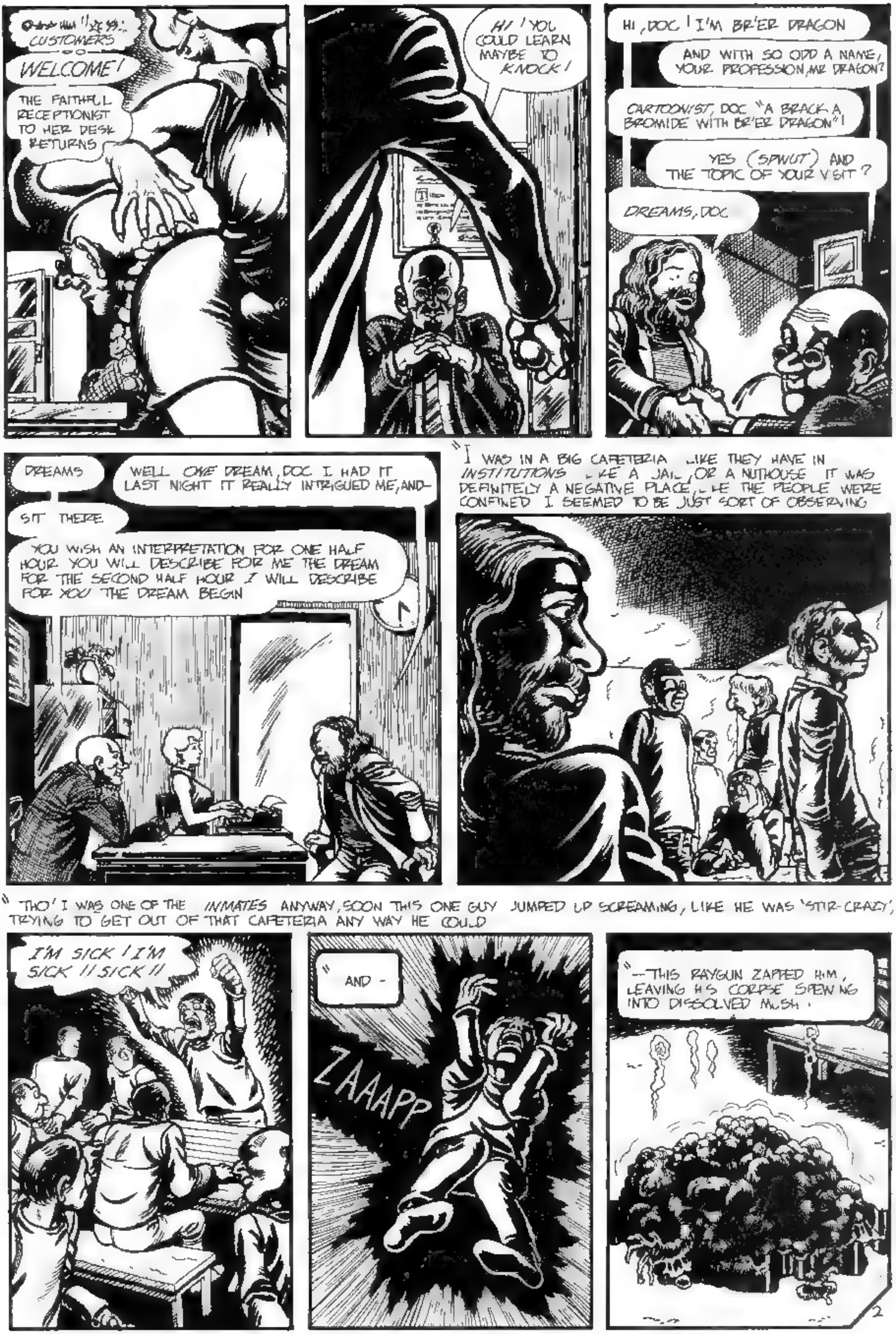
FOR DEAN LATIMER...


HM NOT THIS ONE
715 MADISON A
DR BULYUE PSYCHIA
FROYD & YOONG ASSOC
"PSYCHIATRY WITH THE CLASSICAL TOUCH"
334 PARK AVE
OH WELL NOPE
LIKE WHAT YOU SEE?
?? COME TO THINK OF IT—I *DO*
ABE ESSENEMSTEIN PSYCHIATRIST
"MENTAL PROBLEMS A SPECIALTY"
48 12TH AVE.

"BR'ER DRAGON'S DREAM!"

OR: "THE MEAT WILL PLEASE COME TO ORDER!"


CRISSAKES! I'D GIVE HIM TEN TIMES THE PEACE OF MIND HE'LL GET UP THERE, FOR HALF THE PRICE! HE MUST BE NUTS.
WHY'D I WALK TWENTY-EIGHT BLOCKS ACROSS TOWN TO *THIS* PLACE? DID SOMEBODY TELL ME ABOUT THIS GUY-? NO MAYBE I HEARD OF HIM I DUNNO
MMP GOOD AS ANY
"HONEST" ABE ESSENEMSTEI PSYCHIATRIST
OUR MOTTO "THE DOCTOR IS IN"
roger brand '73


CUSTOMERS
WELCOME!
THE FAITHFULL RECEPTIONIST TO HER DESK RETURNS
HI! YOU COULD LEARN MAYBE TO KNOCK!
HI, DOC! I'M BR'ER DRAGON
AND WITH SO ODD A NAME, YOUR PROFESSION, MR DRAGON?
CARTOONIST, DOC "A BRACK A BROMIDE WITH BR'ER DRAGON"!
YES (SPWUT) AND THE TOPIC OF YOUR VISIT?
DREAMS, DOC
DREAMS
WELL ONE DREAM, DOC I HAD IT LAST NIGHT IT REALLY INTRIGUED ME, AND—
SIT THERE
YOU WISH AN INTERPRETATION FOR ONE HALF HOUR YOU WILL DESCRIBE FOR ME THE DREAM FOR THE SECOND HALF HOUR I WILL DESCRIBE FOR YOU THE DREAM BEGIN
"I WAS IN A BIG CAFETERIA LIKE THEY HAVE IN INSTITUTIONS LIKE A JAIL OR A NUTHOUSE IT WAS DEFINITELY A NEGATIVE PLACE, LIKE THE PEOPLE WERE CONFINED I SEEMED TO BE JUST SORT OF OBSERVING
" THO' I WAS ONE OF THE INMATES ANYWAY, SOON THIS ONE GUY JUMPED UP SCREAMING, LIKE HE WAS 'STIR-CRAZY', TRYING TO GET OUT OF THAT CAFETERIA ANY WAY HE COULD
I'M SICK! I'M SICK!! SICK!!
" AND -
ZAAAPP
"—THIS RAYGUN ZAPPED HIM, LEAVING HIS CORPSE SPEWING INTO DISSOLVED MUSH.

"THERE WAS ONLY ONE DOORWAY, BEYOND WHICH WAS BLACKNESS. THREE OTHERS WERE AT MY TABLE: TWO ANONYMOUS GUYS (WHO I THINK WERE CARTOONIST-BUDDIES OF MINE) AND A BLACK CHICK WHO WAS CALM, ALERT, AND INTELLIGENT. SORT OF A MODIFIED ANGELA DAVIS. OUR BACKS WERE TO THE WALL, SO WE HAD A GOOD VIEW

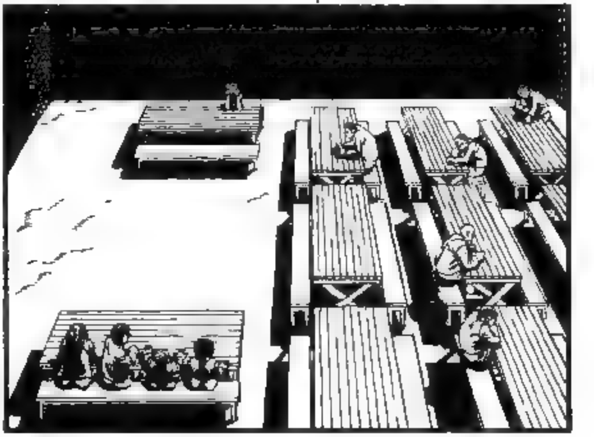
"WE HAVE THE RIGHT TO DISPOSE OF ANYONE WHO IS DEFECTIVE!"

"THE AMPLIFIED ANNOUNCEMENT MEANT THAT THOSE IN POWER WOULD TOLERATE NO ATTEMPTS TO BEAT THE SYSTEM.

DON'T GET YOURSELF KILLED LIKE THAT POOR GUY! AT LEAST ENJOY THIS SOUP. IT'S DELICIOUS

"I DON'T KNOW IF MY CAUTION WAS COMMON SENSE OR PACIFISM. THE SOUP WAS A RICH REDDISH MEAT-AND-VEGETABLES SOUP, LIKE SOME I'D HAD A FEW DAYS AGO

"THERE WAS A PASSAGE OF DREAM-TIME, DURING WHICH IT WAS UNDERSTOOD THAT MOST OF THE INMATES HAD BEEN ZAPPED AS THEY FLIPPED OUT, ONE BY ONE



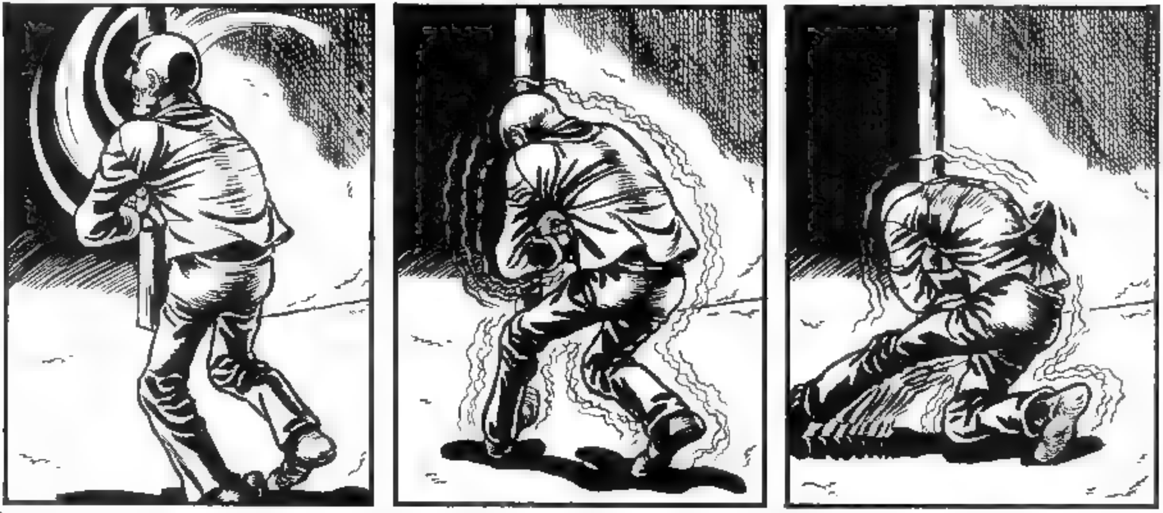
"THEN ONE GUY (WHO I THINK WAS ANOTHER CARTOONIST-BUDDY) GRABBED A BUTCHER KNIFE (LORD KNOWS FROM WHERE) AND RAN AT THE DOOR, AS IF TO TRY TO KILL A FEW OF THE BASTARDS BEFORE THEY ZAPPED HIM—

NO! IT'S FUTILE. DON'T KILL YOURSELF FOR NOTHING!

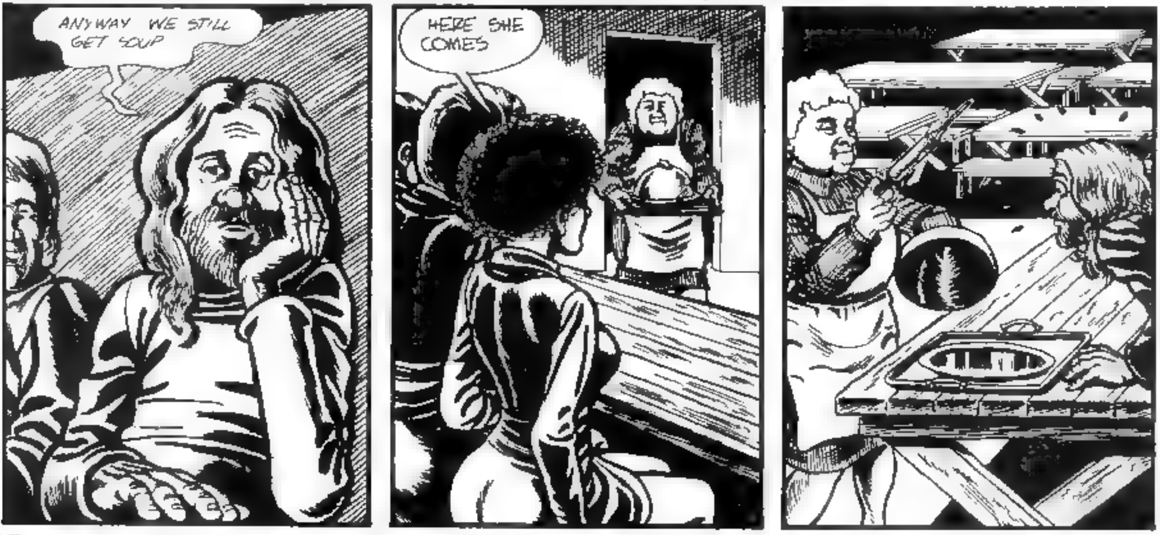
"BUT INSTEAD HE PLUNGED THE BLADE DEEP INTO HIS OWN STOMACH

"HE MEANT TO DEPRIVE THEM OF THE PLEASURE OF ZAPPING HIM (THO' I DON'T THINK THEY CARED)

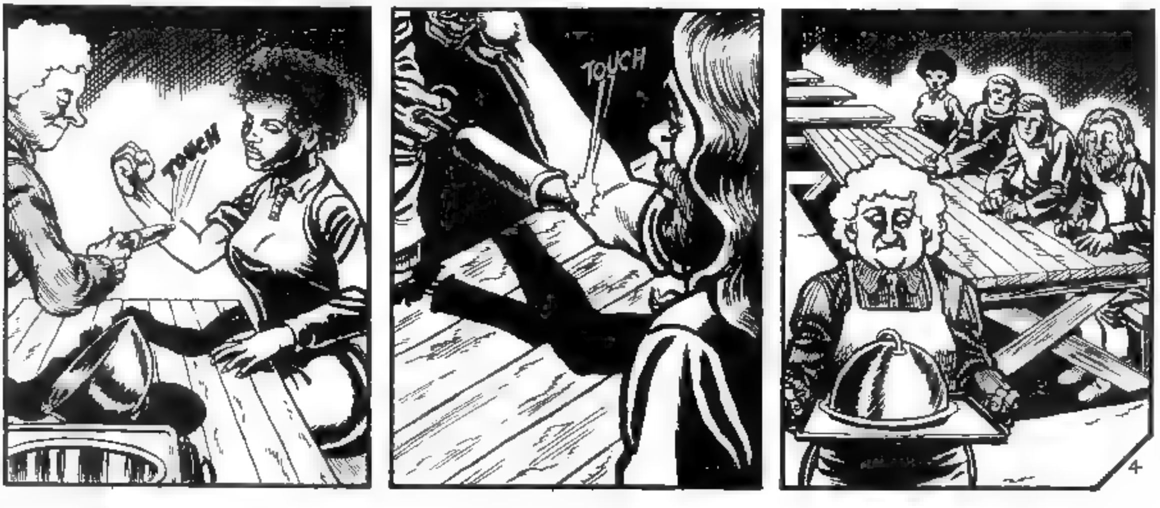
"IT TOOK SEVERAL SECONDS FOR THE BLADE TO EMERGE

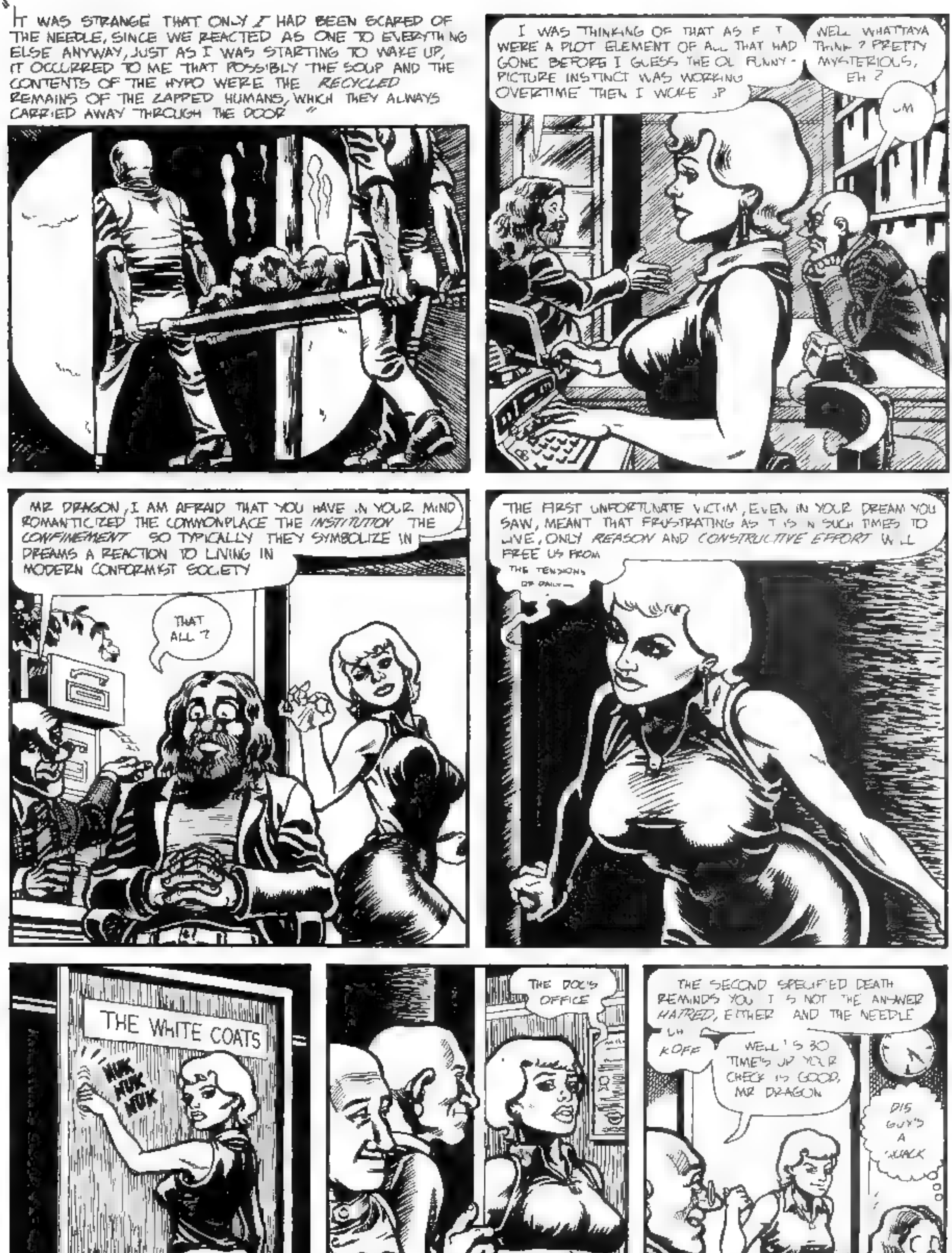


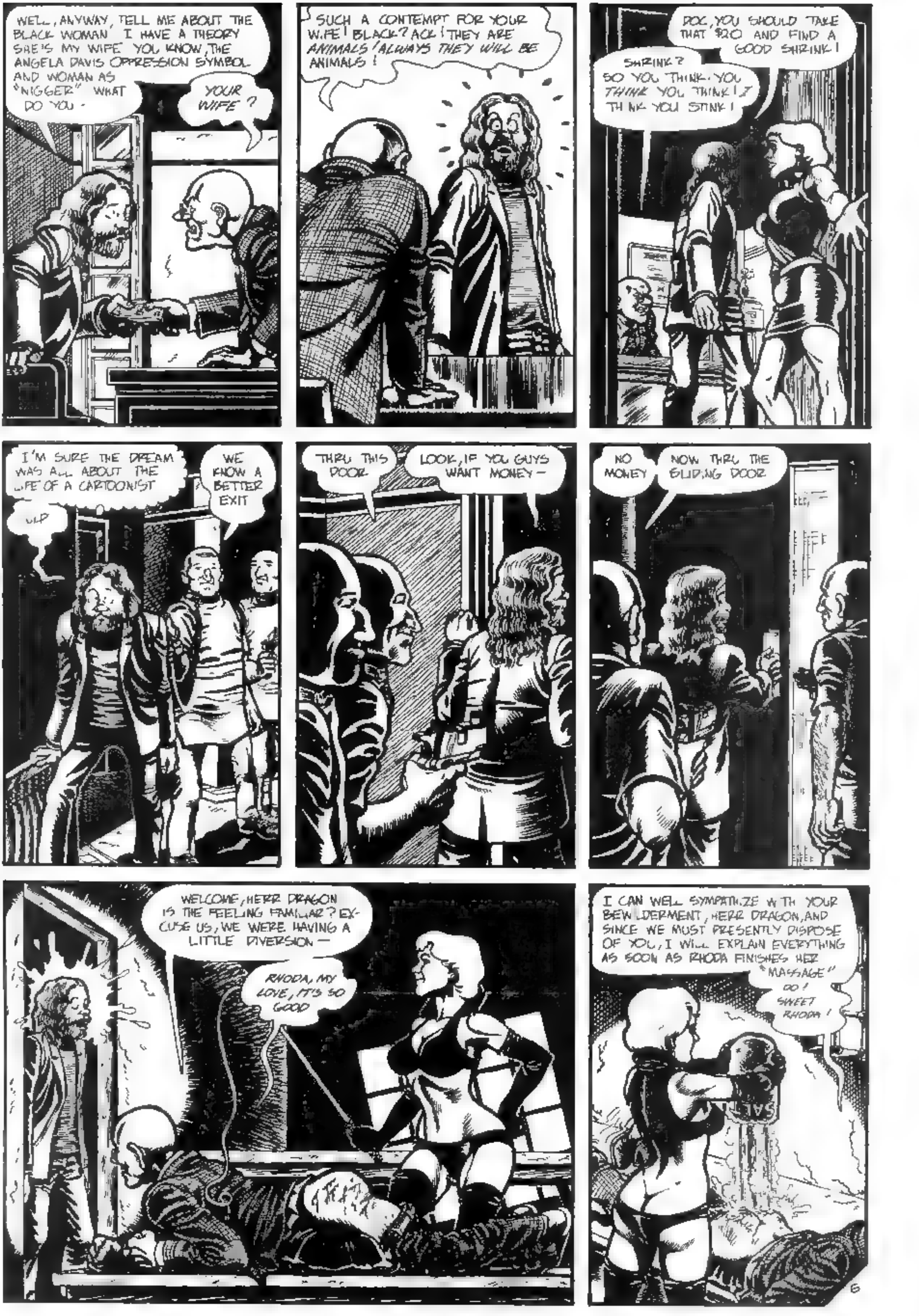
"I REMEMBER APPRAISING THE WHOLE SEQUENCE AS IF IT WERE A HOLLYWOOD SPECIAL EFFECT, IN TERMS OF TIMING, DRAMATIC EFFECTIVENESS, ETC. FINALLY JUST THE FOUR OF US REMAINED


ANYWAY WE STILL GET SOUP
HERE SHE COMES

"THE SOUP HAD BEEN REPLACED BY SOME NUTRIENT THAT WAS IN THE HYPODERMIC I WAS SCARED SHITLESS OF THE NEEDLE, BUT ONLY MOMENTARILY, BECAUSE THE OTHERS CALMLY HELD OUT THEIR ARMS AND WHEN I LOOKED AGAIN, THERE WAS NO NEEDLE POINT ON THE HYPO IT WAS SOME KIND OF *PRETEND*, AS IF TO FOOL SOME ONLOOKERS, BUT THERE WERE NONE IN THE DREAM

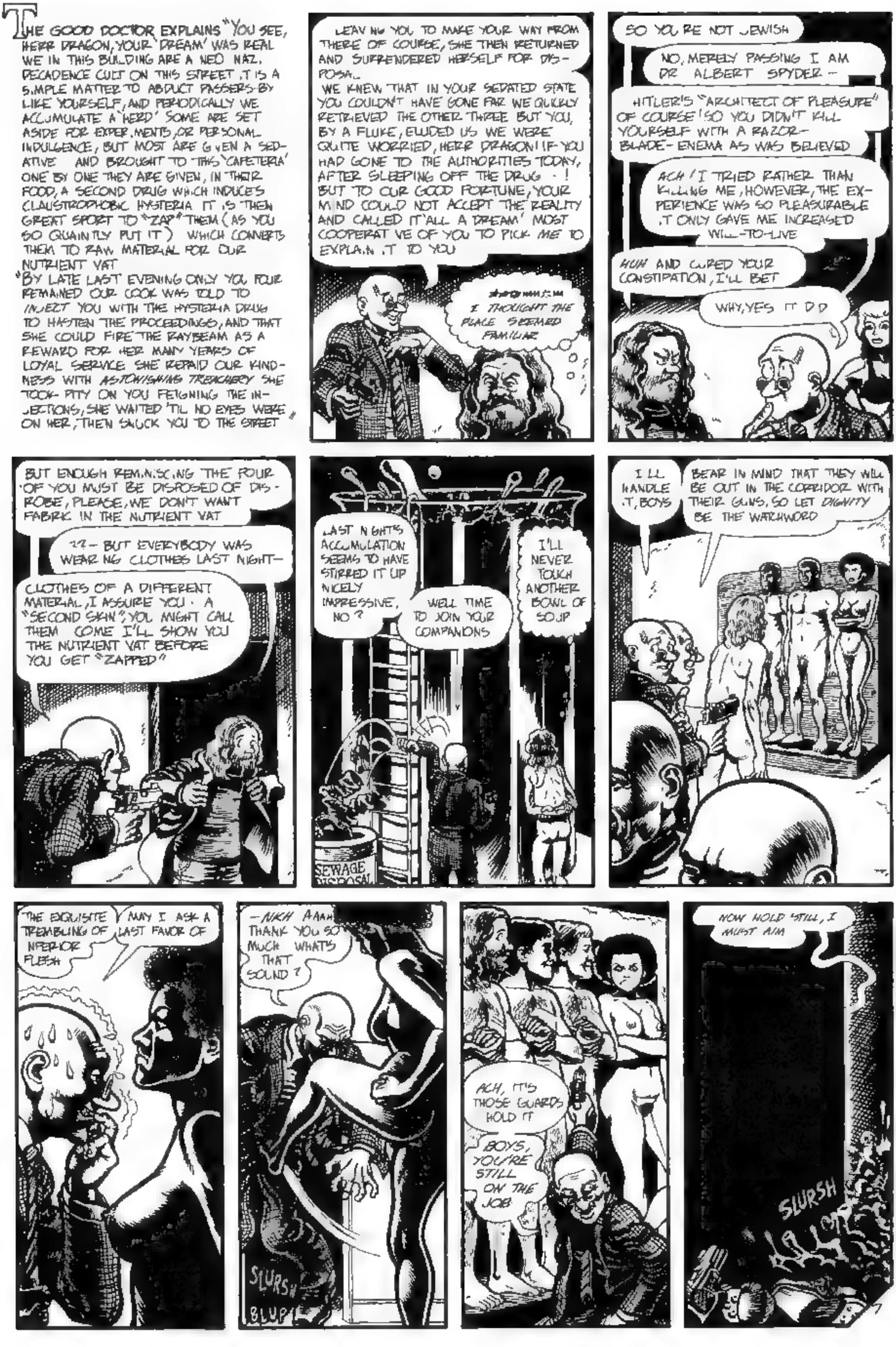


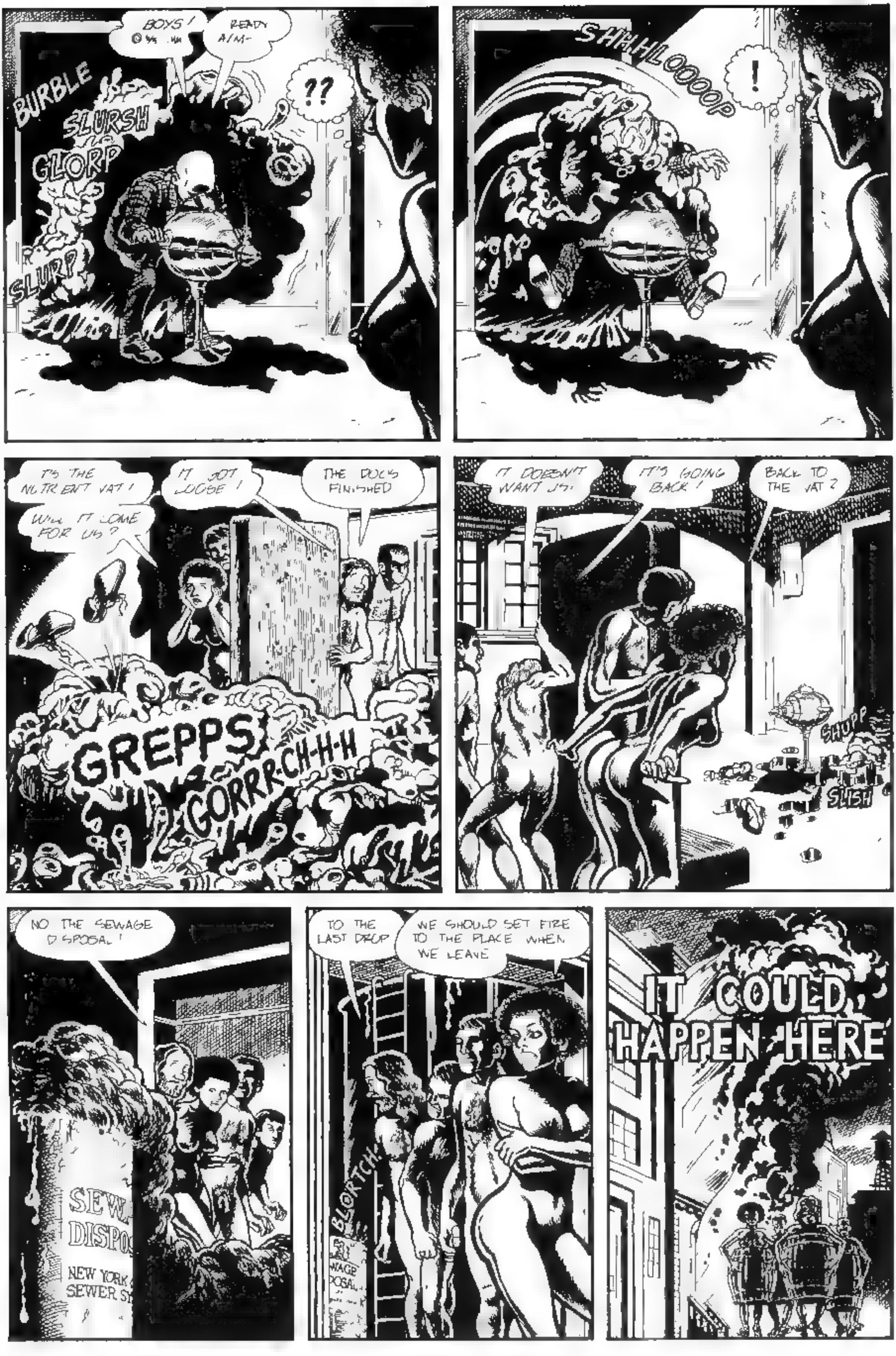

"IT WAS STRANGE THAT ONLY *I* HAD BEEN SCARED OF THE NEEDLE, SINCE WE REACTED AS ONE TO EVERYTHING ELSE ANYWAY, JUST AS I WAS STARTING TO WAKE UP, IT OCCURRED TO ME THAT POSSIBLY THE SOUP AND THE CONTENTS OF THE HYPO WERE THE *RECYCLED* REMAINS OF THE ZAPPED HUMANS, WHICH THEY ALWAYS CARRIED AWAY THROUGH THE DOOR"
I WAS THINKING OF THAT AS IF IT WERE A PLOT ELEMENT OF ALL THAT HAD GONE BEFORE I GUESS THE OL FUNNY-PICTURE INSTINCT WAS WORKING OVERTIME THEN I WOKE UP
WELL WHATTAYA THINK ? PRETTY MYSTERIOUS, EH ?
UM
MR DRAGON, I AM AFRAID THAT YOU HAVE IN YOUR MIND ROMANTICIZED THE COMMONPLACE THE *INSTITUTION* THE *CONFINEMENT* SO TYPICALLY THEY SYMBOLIZE IN DREAMS A REACTION TO LIVING IN MODERN CONFORMIST SOCIETY
THAT ALL ?
THE FIRST UNFORTUNATE VICTIM, EVEN IN YOUR DREAM YOU SAW, MEANT THAT FRUSTRATING AS IT IS IN SUCH TIMES TO LIVE, ONLY *REASON* AND *CONSTRUCTIVE EFFORT* WILL FREE US FROM
THE TENSIONS OF DAILY —
THE WHITE COATS
NUK NUK NUK
THE DOC'S OFFICE
THE SECOND SPECIFIED DEATH REMINDS YOU IT IS NOT THE ANSWER *HATRED*, EITHER AND THE NEEDLE
UH KOFF
WELL IS SO TIME'S UP YOUR CHECK IS GOOD, MR DRAGON
DIS GUY'S A QUACK


WELL, ANYWAY, TELL ME ABOUT THE BLACK WOMAN I HAVE A THEORY SHE'S MY WIFE YOU KNOW, THE ANGELA DAVIS OPPRESSION SYMBOL AND WOMAN AS "NIGGER" WHAT DO YOU -
YOUR WIFE ?
SUCH A CONTEMPT FOR YOUR WIFE! BLACK? ACK! THEY ARE *ANIMALS*! *ALWAYS THEY WILL BE* ANIMALS!
DOC, YOU SHOULD TAKE THAT $20 AND FIND A GOOD SHRINK!
SHRINK? SO YOU THINK. YOU *THINK* YOU THINK! I THINK YOU STINK!
I'M SURE THE DREAM WAS ALL ABOUT THE LIFE OF A CARTOONIST
ULP
WE KNOW A BETTER EXIT
THRU THIS DOOR
LOOK, IF YOU GUYS WANT MONEY —
NO MONEY
NOW THRU THE SLIDING DOOR
WELCOME, HERR DRAGON IS THE FEELING FAMILIAR? EXCUSE US, WE WERE HAVING A LITTLE DIVERSION —
RHODA, MY LOVE, IT'S SO GOOD
I CAN WELL SYMPATHIZE WITH YOUR BEWILDERMENT, HERR DRAGON, AND SINCE WE MUST PRESENTLY DISPOSE OF YOU, I WILL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING AS SOON AS RHODA FINISHES HER "MASSAGE"
OO! SWEET RHODA!

THE GOOD DOCTOR EXPLAINS "YOU SEE, HERR DRAGON, YOUR 'DREAM' WAS REAL WE IN THIS BUILDING ARE A NEO NAZI DECADENCE CULT ON THIS STREET IT IS A SIMPLE MATTER TO ABDUCT PASSERS-BY LIKE YOURSELF, AND PERIODICALLY WE ACCUMULATE A 'HERD' SOME ARE SET ASIDE FOR EXPERIMENTS, OR PERSONAL INDULGENCE, BUT MOST ARE GIVEN A SEDATIVE AND BROUGHT TO THIS 'CAFETERIA' ONE BY ONE THEY ARE GIVEN, IN THEIR FOOD, A SECOND DRUG WHICH INDUCES CLAUSTROPHOBIC HYSTERIA IT IS THEN GREAT SPORT TO "ZAP" THEM (AS YOU SO QUAINTLY PUT IT) WHICH CONVERTS THEM TO RAW MATERIAL FOR OUR NUTRIENT VAT

"BY LATE LAST EVENING ONLY YOU FOUR REMAINED OUR COOK WAS TOLD TO *INJECT* YOU WITH THE HYSTERIA DRUG TO HASTEN THE PROCEEDINGS, AND THAT SHE COULD FIRE THE RAYBEAM AS A REWARD FOR HER MANY YEARS OF LOYAL SERVICE SHE REPAID OUR KINDNESS WITH *ASTONISHING TREACHERY* SHE TOOK PITY ON YOU FEIGNING THE INJECTIONS, SHE WAITED 'TIL NO EYES WERE ON HER, THEN SNUCK YOU TO THE STREET"


LEAVING YOU TO MAKE YOUR WAY FROM THERE OF COURSE, SHE THEN RETURNED AND SURRENDERED HERSELF FOR DISPOSAL. WE KNEW THAT IN YOUR SEDATED STATE YOU COULDN'T HAVE GONE FAR WE QUICKLY RETRIEVED THE OTHER THREE BUT YOU, BY A FLUKE, ELUDED US WE WERE QUITE WORRIED, HERR DRAGON! IF YOU HAD GONE TO THE AUTHORITIES TODAY, AFTER SLEEPING OFF THE DRUG - ! BUT TO OUR GOOD FORTUNE, YOUR MIND COULD NOT ACCEPT THE REALITY AND CALLED IT ALL A 'DREAM' MOST COOPERATIVE OF YOU TO PICK *ME* TO EXPLAIN IT TO YOU
I THOUGHT THE PLACE SEEMED FAMILIAR
SO YOU'RE NOT JEWISH
NO, MERELY PASSING I AM DR ALBERT SPYDER —
HITLER'S "ARCHITECT OF PLEASURE" OF COURSE! SO YOU DIDN'T KILL YOURSELF WITH A RAZOR-BLADE-ENEMA AS WAS BELIEVED
ACH! I TRIED RATHER THAN KILLING ME, HOWEVER, THE EXPERIENCE WAS SO PLEASURABLE IT ONLY GAVE ME INCREASED WILL-TO-LIVE
HUH AND CURED YOUR CONSTIPATION, I'LL BET
WHY, YES IT DID
BUT ENOUGH REMINISCING THE FOUR OF YOU MUST BE DISPOSED OF DISROBE, PLEASE, WE DON'T WANT FABRIC IN THE NUTRIENT VAT
?? — BUT EVERYBODY WAS WEARING CLOTHES LAST NIGHT—
CLOTHES OF A DIFFERENT MATERIAL, I ASSURE YOU. A "SECOND SKIN" YOU MIGHT CALL THEM COME I'LL SHOW YOU THE NUTRIENT VAT BEFORE YOU GET "ZAPPED"
LAST NIGHT'S ACCUMULATION SEEMS TO HAVE STIRRED IT UP NICELY IMPRESSIVE, NO?
WELL TIME TO JOIN YOUR COMPANIONS
I'LL NEVER TOUCH ANOTHER BOWL OF SOUP
SEWAGE DISPOSAL
I'LL HANDLE IT, BOYS
BEAR IN MIND THAT THEY WILL BE OUT IN THE CORRIDOR WITH THEIR GUNS, SO LET *DIGNITY* BE THE WATCHWORD
THE EXQUISITE TREMBLING OF INFERIOR FLESH
MAY I ASK A LAST FAVOR OF
—*NKH AAAH* THANK YOU SO MUCH WHAT'S THAT SOUND?
SLURSH
BLUP
ACH, IT'S THOSE GUARDS HOLD IT
BOYS, YOU'RE STILL ON THE JOB
NOW HOLD STILL, I MUST AIM
SLURSH


BOYS! @%$.!!
READY AIM-
??
BURBLE
SLURSH
GLORP
SLURP
SHHHLOOOOP
!
IT'S THE NUTRIENT VAT!
IT GOT LOOSE!
THE DOC'S FINISHED
WILL IT COME FOR US?
GREPPS!
GORRR-CH-H-H
IT DOESN'T WANT US!
IT'S GOING BACK!
BACK TO THE VAT?
SHUPP
SLISH
NO THE SEWAGE DISPOSAL!
SEWA
DISPOS
NEW YORK &
SEWER SY
TO THE LAST DROP
WE SHOULD SET FIRE TO THE PLACE WHEN WE LEAVE
BLORTCH
IT COULD HAPPEN HERE

The Greening of AMERICA

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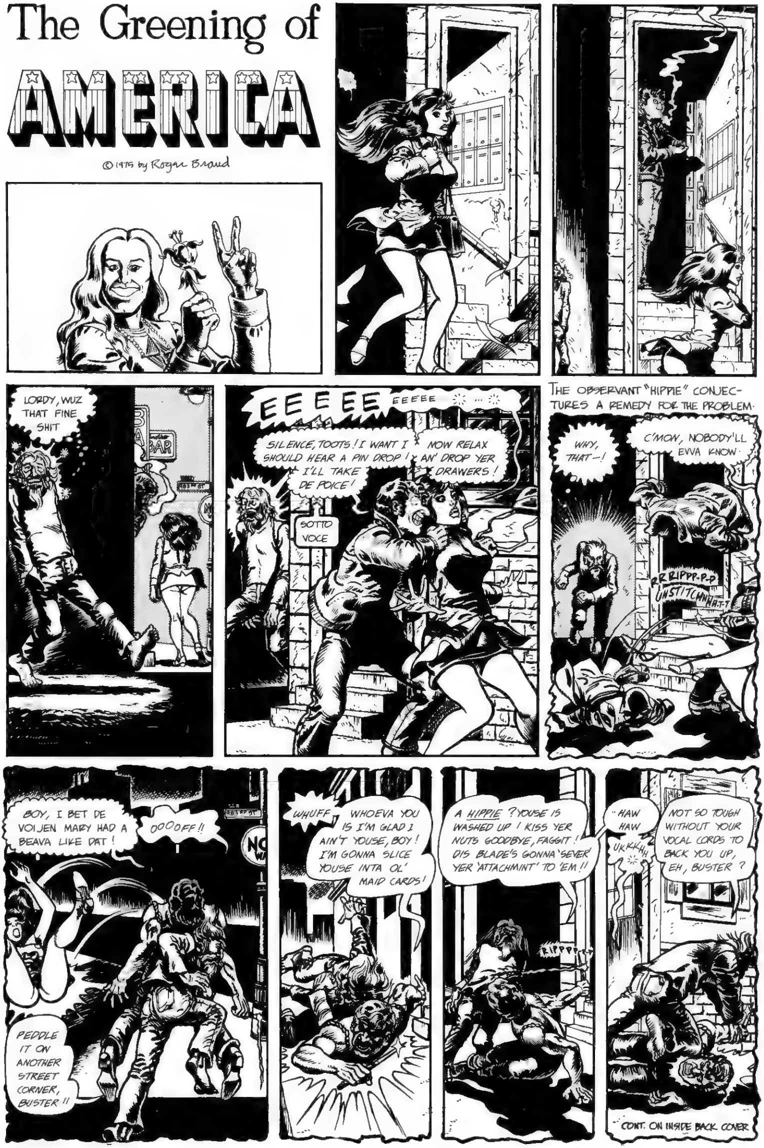
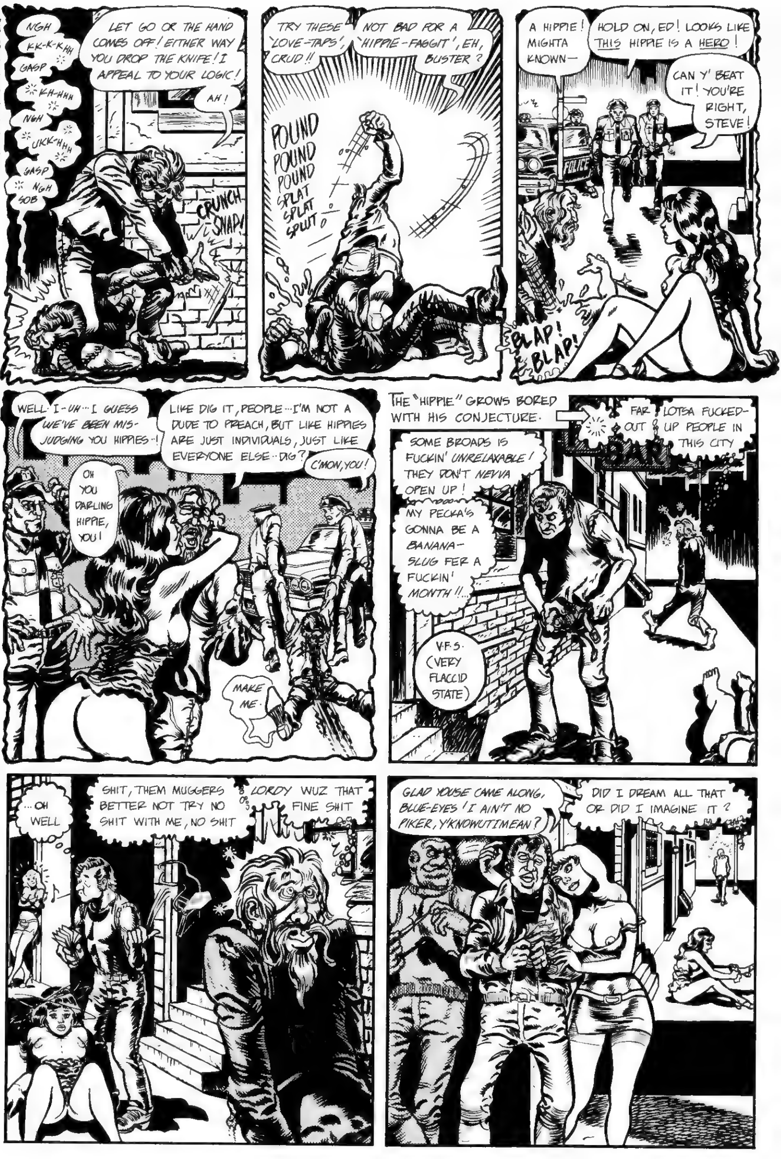

LORDY, WUZ THAT FINE SHIT
BAR
103RD ST
EEEEE EEEEE
SILENCE, TOOTS! I WANT I SHOULD HEAR A PIN DROP! I'LL TAKE DE POICE!
NOW RELAX AN' DROP YER DRAWERS!
SOTTO VOCE
THE OBSERVANT "HIPPIE" CONJECTURES A REMEDY FOR THE PROBLEM.
WHY, THAT—!
C'MON, NOBODY'LL EVVA KNOW.
RRRIPPP-P-P
UNSTITCHHH-T-T
BOY, I BET DE VOIJEN MARY HAD A BEAVA LIKE DAT!
OOOOFF!!
103RD ST
PEDDLE IT ON ANOTHER STREET CORNER, BUSTER!!
WHUFF
WHOEVA YOU IS I'M GLAD I AIN'T YOUSE, BOY! I'M GONNA SLICE YOUSE INTA OL' MAID CARDS!
A HIPPIE? YOUSE IS WASHED UP! KISS YER NUTS GOODBYE, FAGGIT! DIS BLADE'S GONNA 'SEVER' YER 'ATTACHMINT' TO 'EM!!
RIPPPPP
HAW HAW
UKKKHH
NOT SO TOUGH WITHOUT YOUR VOCAL CORDS TO BACK YOU UP, EH, BUSTER?
CONT. ON INSIDE BACK COVER

CONT. FROM INSIDE FRONT COVER

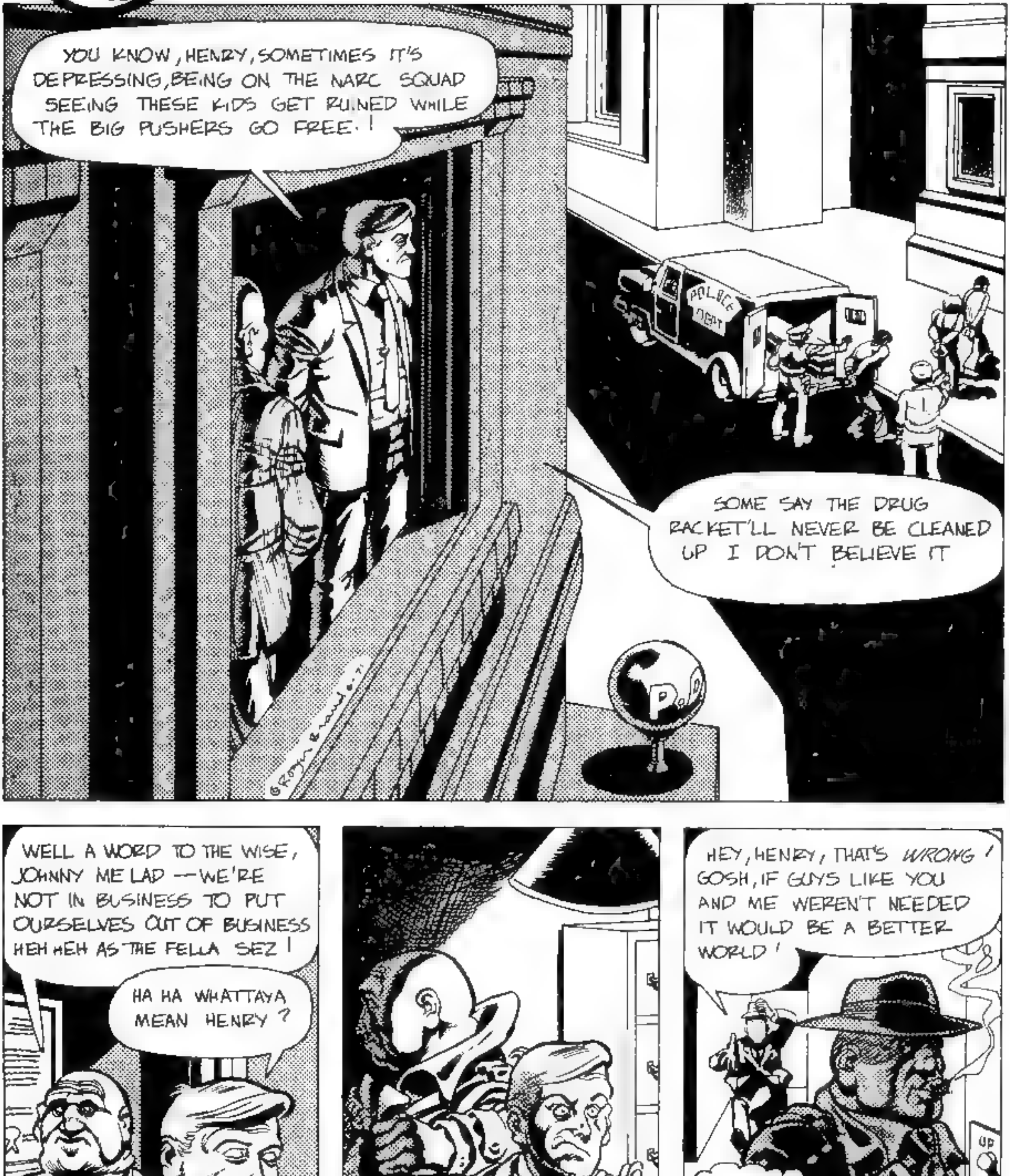


NGH
KK-K-KHH
GASP
KH-HHH
NGH
UKK-HHH
GASP
NGH
SOB
LET GO OR THE HAND COMES OFF! EITHER WAY YOU DROP THE KNIFE! I APPEAL TO YOUR LOGIC!
AH!
CRUNCH SNAP!
TRY THESE 'LOVE-TAPS', CRUD!!
NOT BAD FOR A 'HIPPIE-FAGGIT', EH, BUSTER?
POUND POUND POUND SPLAT SPLAT SPLUT
A HIPPIE! MIGHTA KNOWN—
HOLD ON, ED! LOOKS LIKE THIS HIPPIE IS A HERO!
CAN Y' BEAT IT! YOU'RE RIGHT, STEVE!
POLICE
BLAP! BLAP!
WELL I-UH... I GUESS WE'VE BEEN MIS-JUDGING YOU HIPPIES..!
LIKE DIG IT, PEOPLE... I'M NOT A DUDE TO PREACH, BUT LIKE HIPPIES ARE JUST INDIVIDUALS, JUST LIKE EVERYONE ELSE.. DIG?
C'MON, YOU!
OH YOU DARLING HIPPIE, YOU!
MAKE ME.
THE "HIPPIE" GROWS BORED WITH HIS CONJECTURE.
FAR OUT
LOTSA FUCKED-UP PEOPLE IN THIS CITY
BAR
SOME BROADS IS FUCKIN' UNRELAXABLE! THEY DON'T NEVVA OPEN UP!
MY PECKA'S GONNA BE A BANANA-SLUG FER A FUCKIN' MONTH!!...
V.F.S. (VERY FLACCID STATE)
...OH WELL
SHIT, THEM MUGGERS BETTER NOT TRY NO SHIT WITH ME, NO SHIT
LORDY WUZ THAT FINE SHIT
GLAD YOUSE CAME ALONG, BLUE-EYES! I AIN'T NO PIKER, Y'KNOWUTIMEAN?
DID I DREAM ALL THAT OR DID I IMAGINE IT?

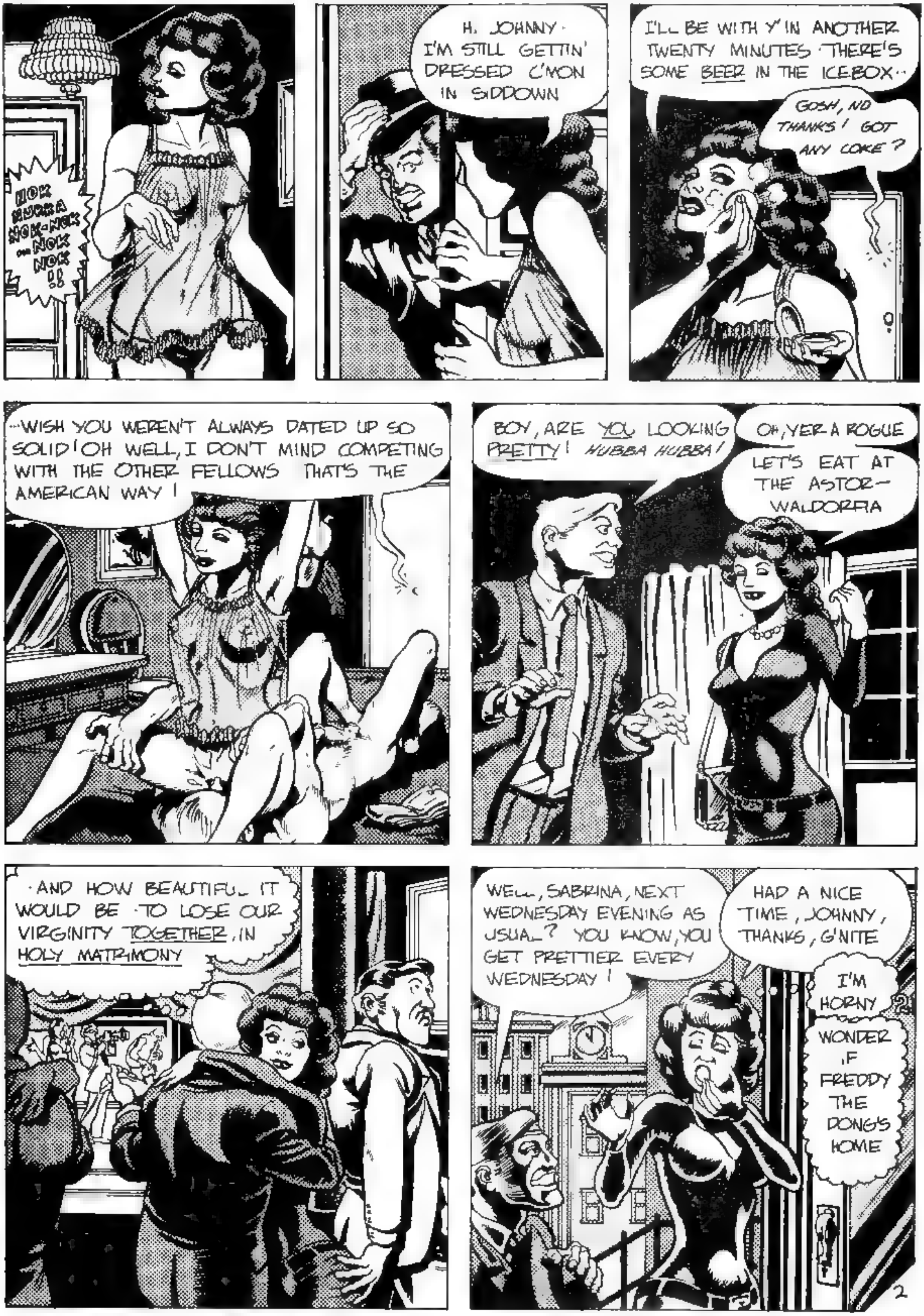
JOHNNY CARTER WAS A COP AN HONEST, DECENT AMERICAN ALL HE WANTED WAS A BETTER WORLD FOR EVERYONE, FREE FROM CORRUPTING FORCES LIKE THE KILLER DRUG, HEROIN

JOHNNY CARTER in...

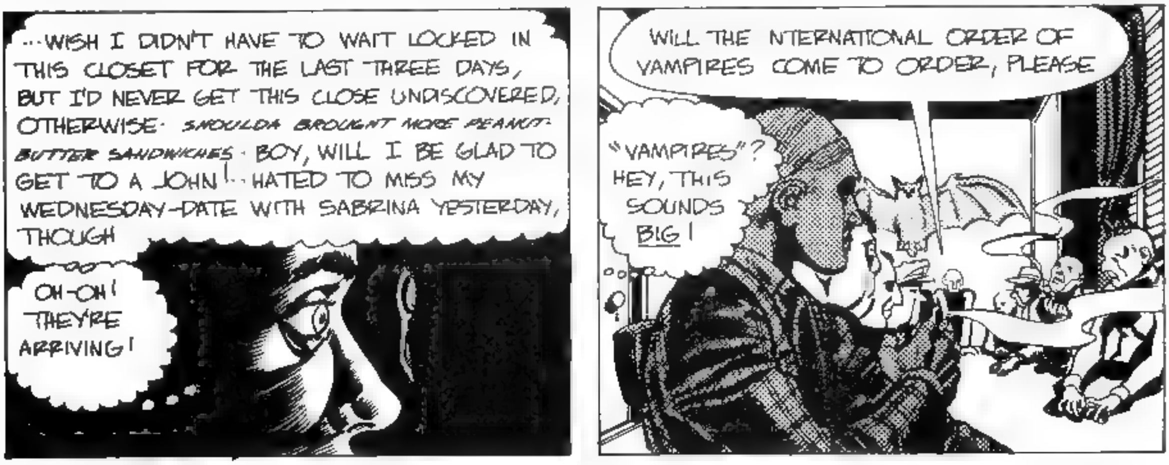
TAINTED BLOOD!


YOU KNOW, HENRY, SOMETIMES IT'S DEPRESSING, BEING ON THE NARC SQUAD SEEING THESE KIDS GET RUINED WHILE THE BIG PUSHERS GO FREE!
POLICE DEPT
SOME SAY THE DRUG RACKET'LL NEVER BE CLEANED UP I DON'T BELIEVE IT
P.D.
©Roger Brand
WELL A WORD TO THE WISE, JOHNNY ME LAD -- WE'RE NOT IN BUSINESS TO PUT OURSELVES OUT OF BUSINESS HEH HEH AS THE FELLA SEZ!
HA HA WHATTAYA MEAN HENRY?
HEY, HENRY, THAT'S *WRONG*! GOSH, IF GUYS LIKE YOU AND ME WEREN'T NEEDED IT WOULD BE A BETTER WORLD!
UP
WELCOME TO 1971, KID

CARTER PAID COURT REGULARLY TO ONE SABRINA FELDSPAR, WHOM HE LOVED SHE WAS AS STUPID AS YOU'LL FIND, BUT CARTER DIDN'T KNOW THAT, ANYWAY, HE RESPECTED PEOPLE FOR THEIR STRENGTH OF CHARACTER HE ALLOWED AS HOW SABRINA HAD IT, AND THEN SOME.

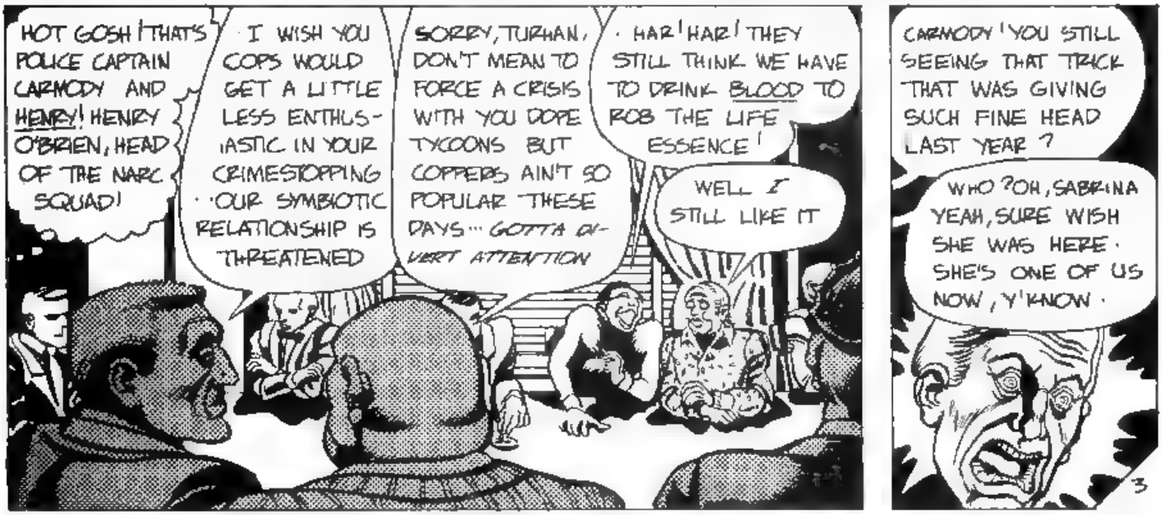

NOK HUBBA NOK-NOK – NOK NOK !!
HI JOHNNY. I'M STILL GETTIN' DRESSED C'MON IN SIDDOWN
I'LL BE WITH Y'IN ANOTHER TWENTY MINUTES. THERE'S SOME BEER IN THE ICEBOX...
GOSH, NO THANKS! GOT ANY COKE?
...WISH YOU WEREN'T ALWAYS DATED UP SO SOLID! OH WELL, I DON'T MIND COMPETING WITH THE OTHER FELLOWS THAT'S THE AMERICAN WAY!
BOY, ARE YOU LOOKING PRETTY! HUBBA HUBBA!
OH, YER A ROGUE
LET'S EAT AT THE ASTOR-WALDORFIA
...AND HOW BEAUTIFUL IT WOULD BE. TO LOSE OUR VIRGINITY TOGETHER, IN HOLY MATRIMONY
WELL, SABRINA, NEXT WEDNESDAY EVENING AS USUAL? YOU KNOW, YOU GET PRETTIER EVERY WEDNESDAY!
HAD A NICE TIME, JOHNNY, THANKS, G'NITE
I'M HORNY
WONDER IF FREDDY THE DONG'S HOME
?

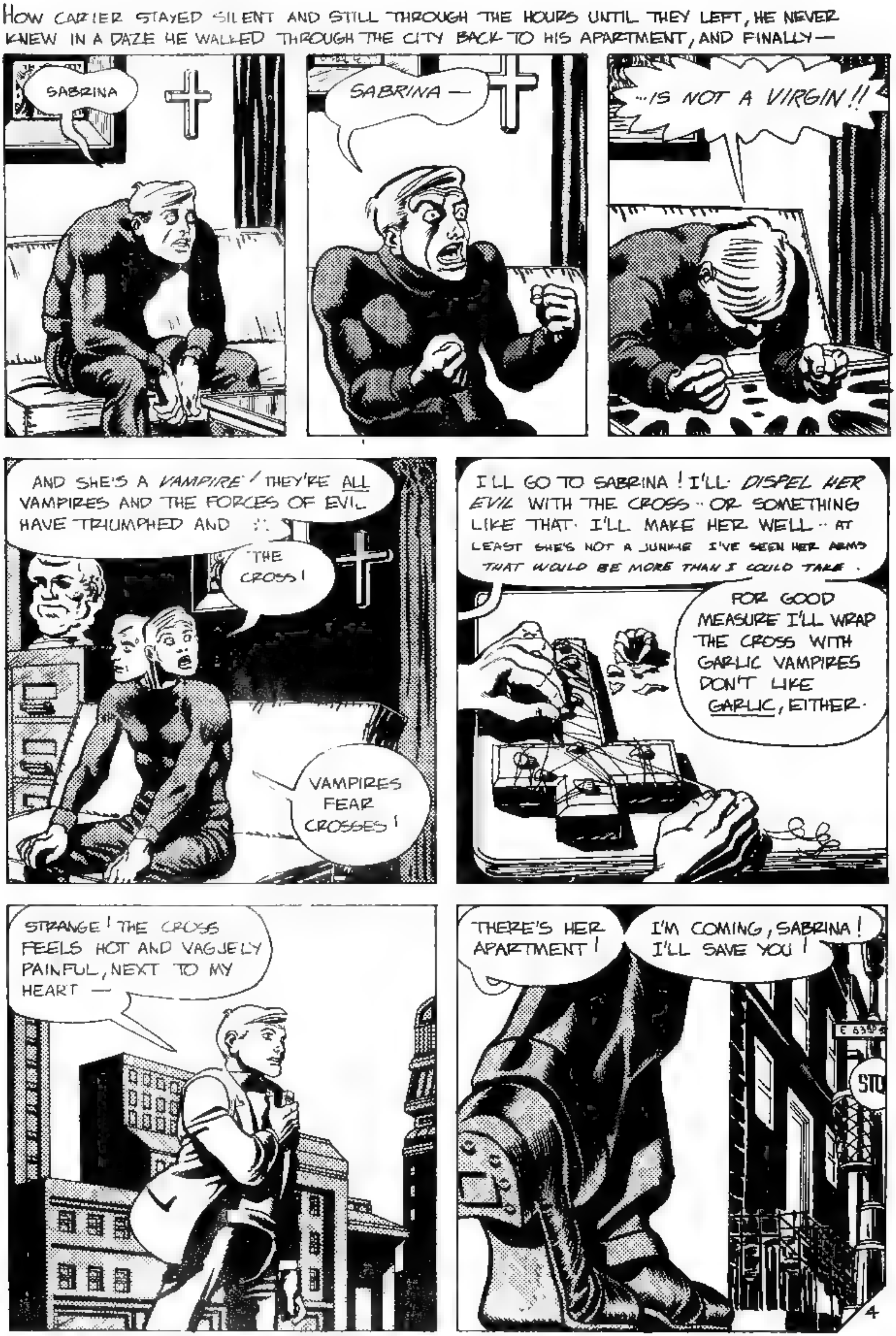
YES, CARTER'S LIFE SEEMED PRETTY FULL, WITH HIGH HOPES FOR THE FUTURE IF ONLY HE COULD WIPE OUT CRIME. THEN ONE DAY, AFTER EXTENSIVE SLEUTHING AND WIRETAPPING, HE LEARNED OF A MYSTERIOUS TOP-LEVEL MEETING OF THE NARCOTICS "BIGGIES", AS WELL AS OTHER UNNAMED AGENTS OF SIN. HE WENT TO THE DESIGNATED HOTEL THREE DAYS IN ADVANCE.


...WISH I DIDN'T HAVE TO WAIT LOCKED IN THIS CLOSET FOR THE LAST THREE DAYS, BUT I'D NEVER GET THIS CLOSE UNDISCOVERED, OTHERWISE. SHOULDA BROUGHT MORE PEANUT-BUTTER SANDWICHES. BOY, WILL I BE GLAD TO GET TO A JOHN!.. HATED TO MISS MY WEDNESDAY-DATE WITH SABRINA YESTERDAY, THOUGH.
OH-OH! THEY'RE ARRIVING!
WILL THE NTERNATIONAL ORDER OF VAMPIRES COME TO ORDER, PLEASE.
"VAMPIRES"? HEY, THIS SOUNDS BIG!

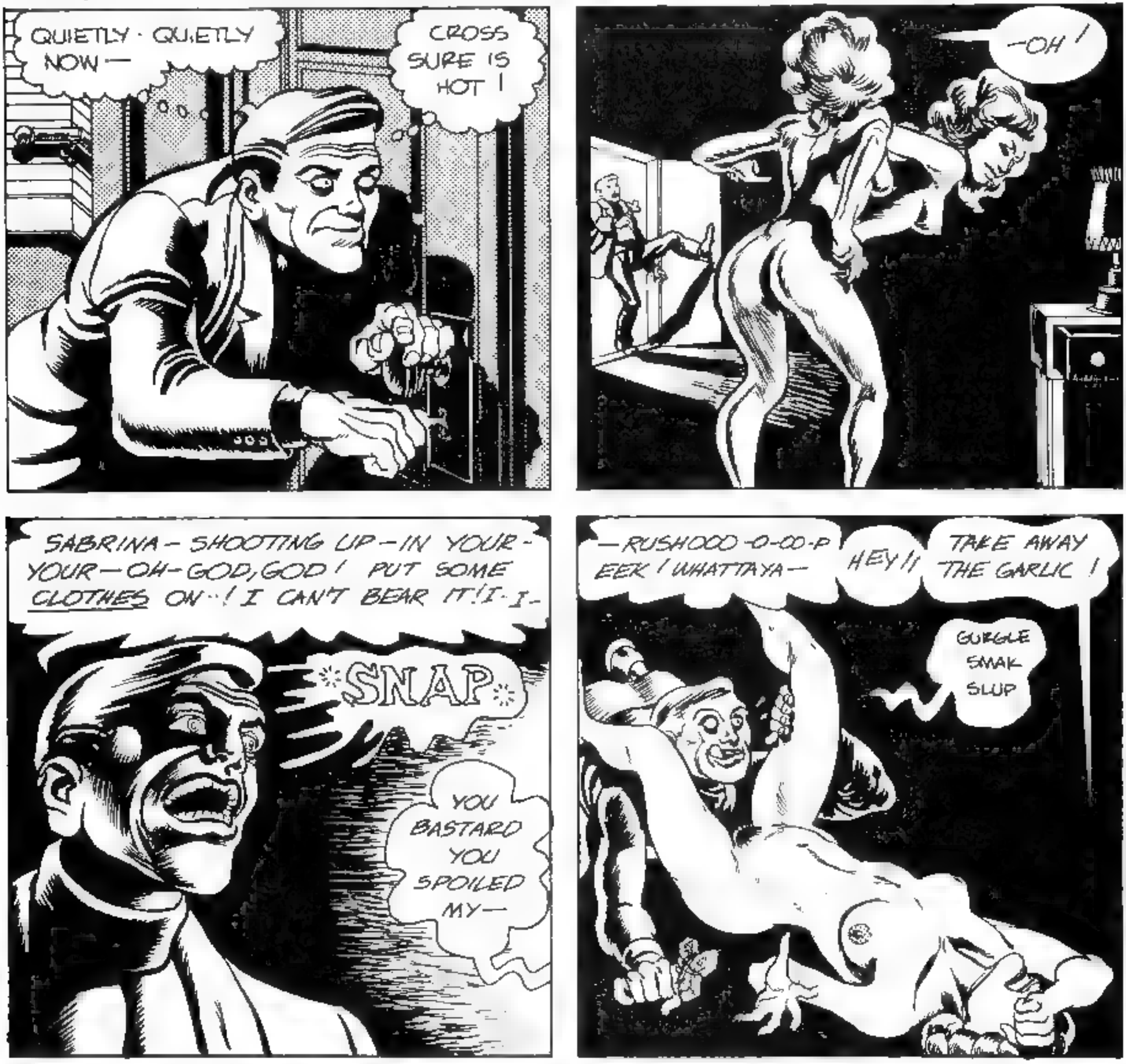
"ARE ALL THE VAMPIRE FACTIONS REPRESENTED? LET'S SEE, THE POLITICIANS, POLICE OFFICIALS, HEROIN TRAFFICKERS, THE MILITARY, ART CRITICS, PSYCHOLOGISTS, CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY, RELIGIOUS LEADERS. GOOD. MORE WILL ARRIVE LATER."

CARTER LISTENED AND WATCHED, NUMB WITH HORROR, AS EVERYTHING HE HELD SACRED WAS REVEALED TO BE A PART OF THE VAMPIRES' WORLD-MANIPULATION-COMPLEX.

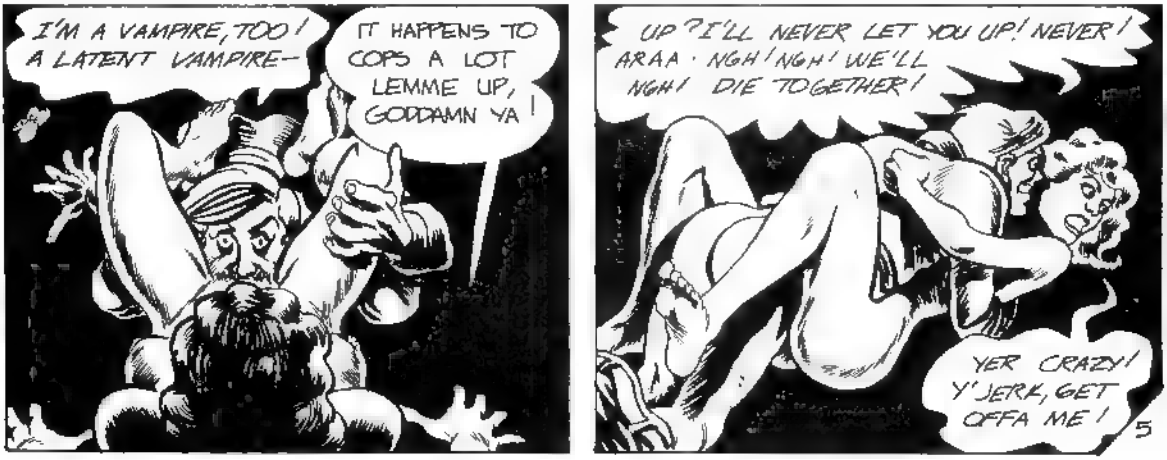

HOT GOSH! THAT'S POLICE CAPTAIN CARMODY AND HENRY! HENRY O'BRIEN, HEAD OF THE NARC SQUAD!
I WISH YOU COPS WOULD GET A LITTLE LESS ENTHUSIASTIC IN YOUR CRIMESTOPPING. OUR SYMBIOTIC RELATIONSHIP IS THREATENED.
SORRY, TURHAN, DON'T MEAN TO FORCE A CRISIS WITH YOU DOPE TYCOONS, BUT COPPERS AIN'T SO POPULAR THESE DAYS... GOTTA DIVERT ATTENTION.
HAR! HAR! THEY STILL THINK WE HAVE TO DRINK BLOOD TO ROB THE LIFE ESSENCE!
WELL I STILL LIKE IT.
CARMODY! YOU STILL SEEING THAT TRICK THAT WAS GIVING SUCH FINE HEAD LAST YEAR?
WHO? OH, SABRINA. YEAH, SURE WISH SHE WAS HERE. SHE'S ONE OF US NOW, Y'KNOW.


HOW CARIER STAYED SILENT AND STILL THROUGH THE HOURS UNTIL THEY LEFT, HE NEVER KNEW IN A DAZE HE WALKED THROUGH THE CITY BACK TO HIS APARTMENT, AND FINALLY—
SABRINA
SABRINA —
...IS NOT A VIRGIN!!
AND SHE'S A *VAMPIRE*! THEY'RE ALL VAMPIRES AND THE FORCES OF EVIL HAVE TRIUMPHED AND ...
THE CROSS!
VAMPIRES FEAR CROSSES!
I'LL GO TO SABRINA! I'LL *DISPEL HER EVIL* WITH THE CROSS.. OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT. I'LL MAKE HER WELL.. AT LEAST SHE'S NOT A JUNKIE I'VE SEEN HER ARMS *THAT WOULD BE MORE THAN I COULD TAKE*.
FOR GOOD MEASURE I'LL WRAP THE CROSS WITH GARLIC VAMPIRES DON'T LIKE GARLIC, EITHER.
STRANGE! THE CROSS FEELS HOT AND VAGJELY PAINFUL, NEXT TO MY HEART —
THERE'S HER APARTMENT!
I'M COMING, SABRINA! I'LL SAVE YOU!
E 63RD ST
STO

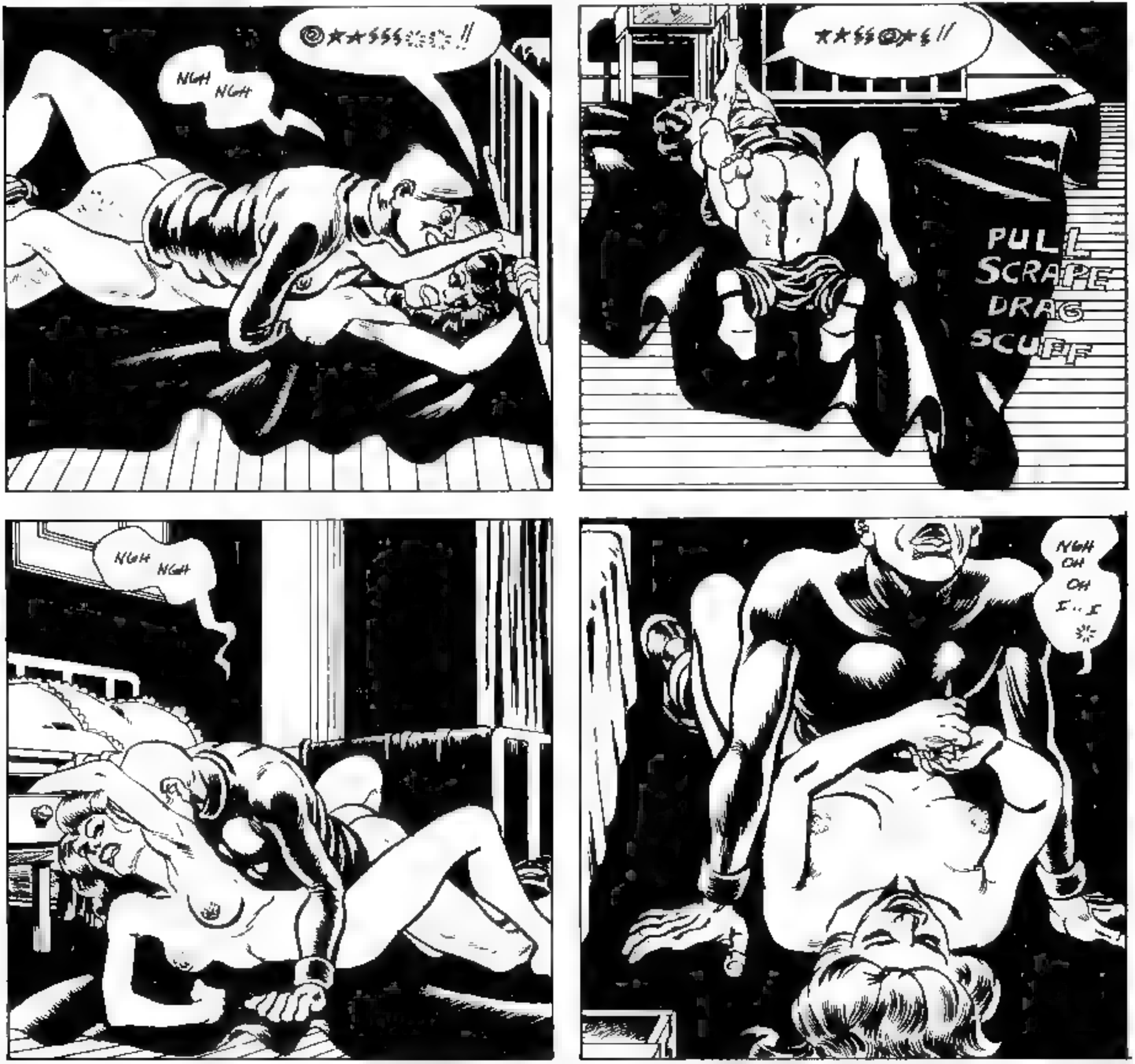
CARTER DECIDED TO SLIP IN UNANNOUNCED, AND OBTAINED A DUPLICATE KEY FROM THE SUPER, ON THE STRENGTH OF HIS BADGE AND NARC SQUAD CREDENTIALS


QUIETLY · QUIETLY NOW —
CROSS SURE IS HOT !
—OH !
SABRINA — SHOOTING UP — IN YOUR — YOUR — OH — GOD, GOD ! PUT SOME CLOTHES ON ·· ! I CAN'T BEAR IT ! I - I -
SNAP
YOU BASTARD YOU SPOILED MY —
— RUSHOOO-O-OO-P EEK ! WHATTAYA —
HEY !!
TAKE AWAY THE GARLIC !
GURGLE SMAK SLUP

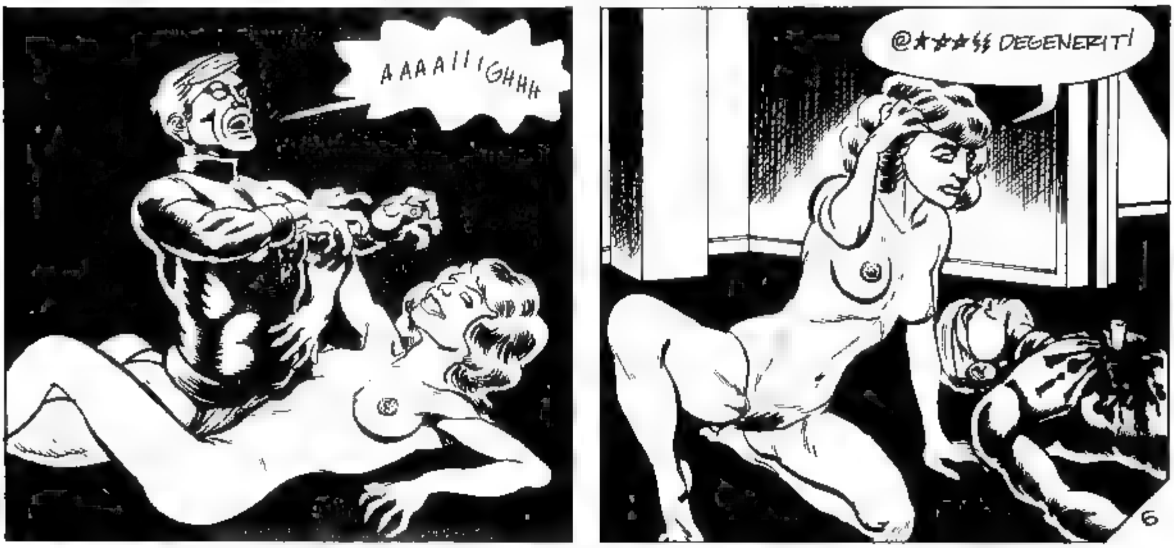
WITH A SHUDDER OF REVULSION, IN THE MIDST OF HIS EXPLOSION OF INSANITY AND LUST, CARTER REALIZED THAT THE GARLIC (FOR IT IS INDEED THE GARLIC THAT GAGS VAMPIRES, CROSSES HAVING NO MORE EFFECT THAN A STAR OF DAVID) WAS WEAKENING HIM AS MUCH AS SABRINA AS HE FLUNG AWAY THE GARLIC CROSS, THE FULL TRUTH HIT HIM


I'M A VAMPIRE, TOO ! A LATENT VAMPIRE —
IT HAPPENS TO COPS A LOT LEMME UP, GODDAMN YA !
UP ? I'LL NEVER LET YOU UP ! NEVER ! ARAA · NGH ! NGH ! WE'LL NGH ! DIE TOGETHER !
YER CRAZY ! Y'JERK, GET OFFA ME !

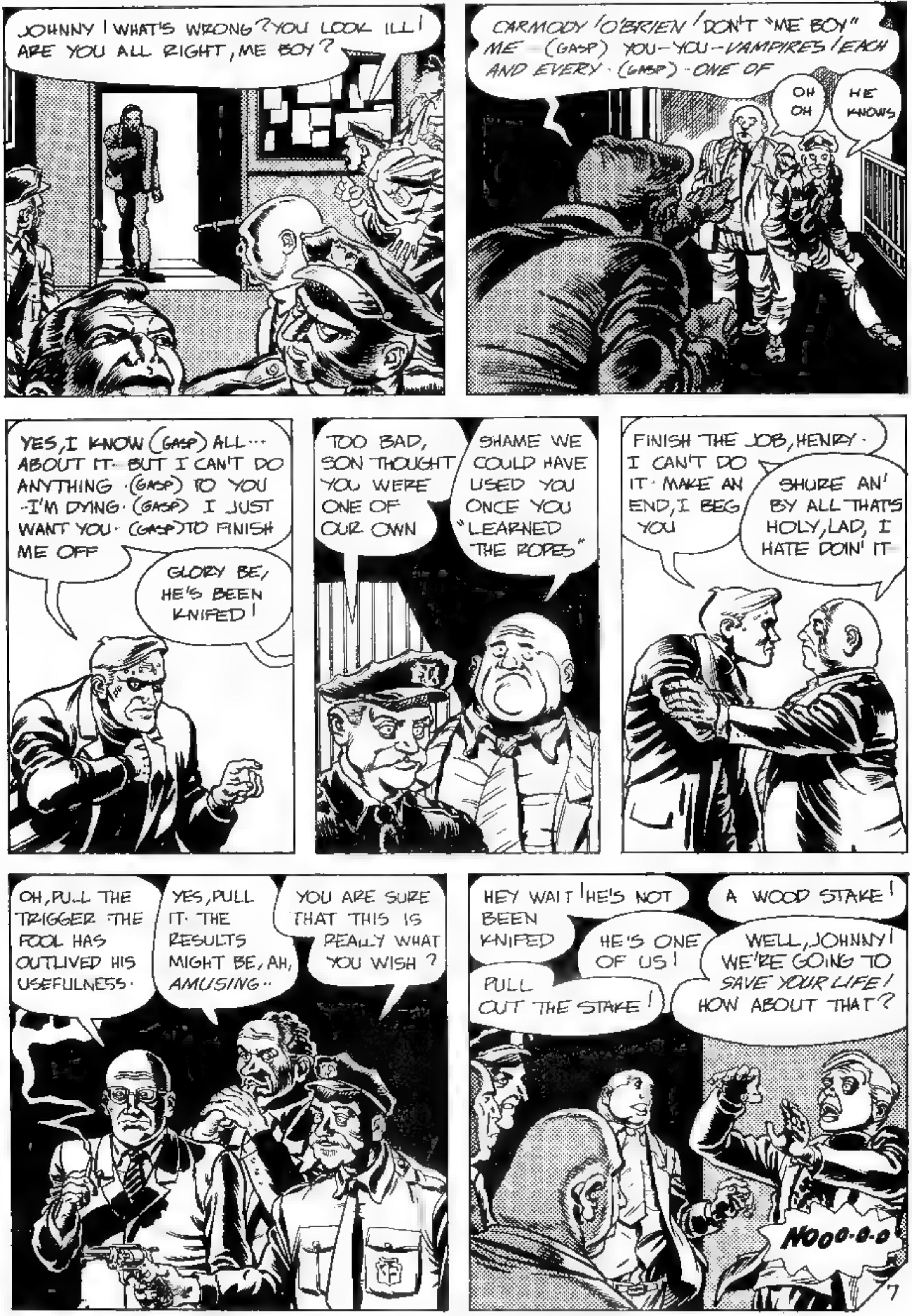
SABRINA, HOWEVER, WAS USED TO HAVING OCCASIONAL VIOLENT SUITORS, SOME OF WHOM WERE VAMPIRES, FOR WHICH TIMES SHE KEPT HANDY A SHARPENED WOOD STAKE—


NGH NGH
@★★$$$@@!!
★★$$@★$!!
PULL SCRAPE DRAG SCUFF
NGH NGH
NGH OH OH I.. I

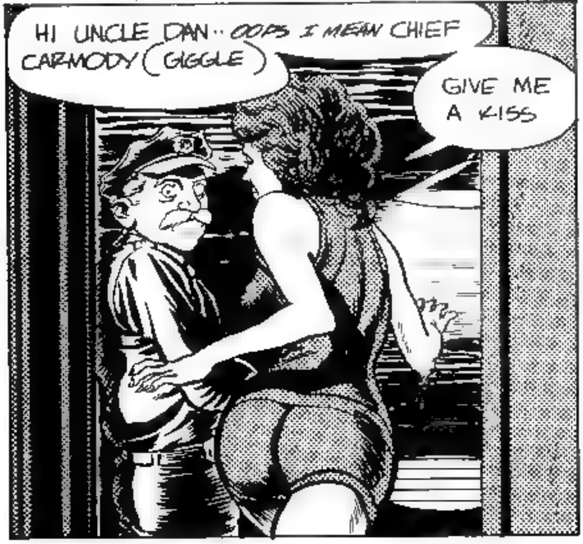
IT WAS CARTER'S FIRST FUCK, AND IT WAS A LULU!

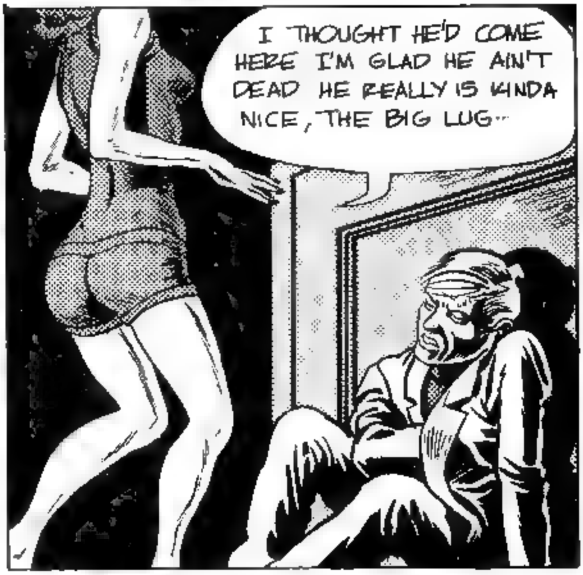

AAAA!!!GHHH
@★★★$$ DEGENERIT!

BUT THE STAKE HADN'T BEEN DRIVEN IN DEEP ENOUGH. CARTER WAS WOUNDED BUT ALIVE. AS THOUGH SLEEPWALKING, HE HEADED INSTINCTIVELY FOR THE POLICE STATION.


JOHNNY! WHAT'S WRONG? YOU LOOK ILL! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, ME BOY?
CARMODY! O'BRIEN! DON'T "ME BOY" ME — (GASP) YOU-YOU-*VAMPIRES!* EACH AND EVERY · (GASP) · ONE OF
OH OH
HE KNOWS
YES, I KNOW (GASP) ALL··· ABOUT IT. BUT I CAN'T DO ANYTHING ·(GASP) TO YOU ·I'M DYING· (GASP) I JUST WANT YOU· (GASP) TO FINISH ME OFF
GLORY BE, HE'S BEEN KNIFED!
TOO BAD, SON. THOUGHT YOU WERE ONE OF OUR OWN
SHAME WE COULD HAVE USED YOU ONCE YOU "LEARNED THE ROPES"
FINISH THE JOB, HENRY. I CAN'T DO IT. MAKE AN END, I BEG YOU
SHURE AN' BY ALL THAT'S HOLY, LAD, I HATE DOIN' IT
OH, PULL THE TRIGGER. THE FOOL HAS OUTLIVED HIS USEFULNESS.
YES, PULL IT. THE RESULTS MIGHT BE, AH, *AMUSING..*
YOU ARE SURE THAT THIS IS REALLY WHAT YOU WISH?
HEY WAIT! HE'S NOT BEEN KNIFED
HE'S ONE OF US!
PULL OUT THE STAKE!
A WOOD STAKE!
WELL, JOHNNY! WE'RE GOING TO *SAVE YOUR LIFE!* HOW ABOUT THAT?
NOOO-O-O

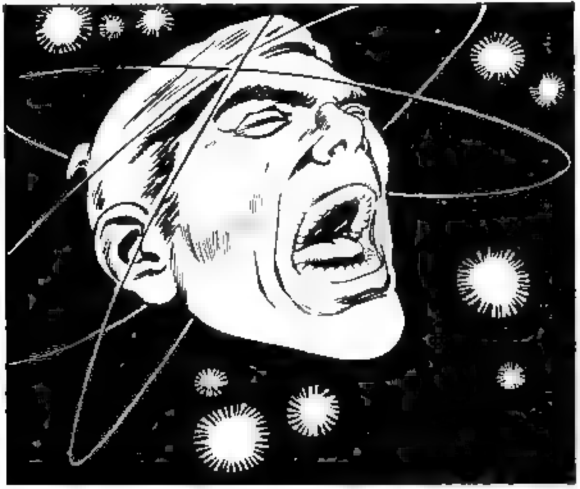
JUST THEN, IN FLOUNCED SABRINA

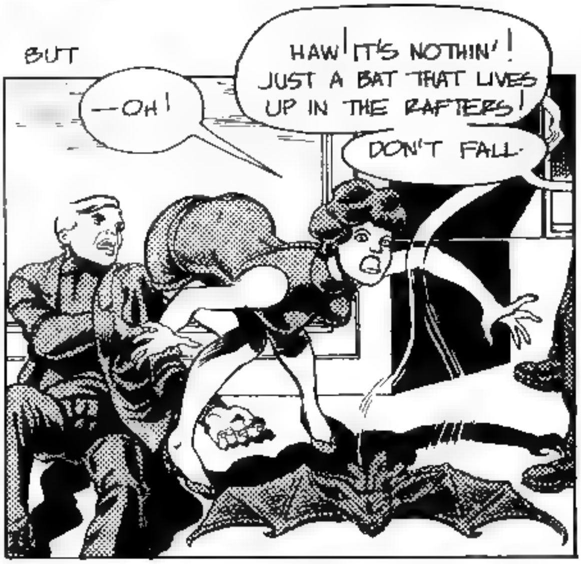

HI UNCLE DAN.. *OOPS I MEAN* CHIEF CARMODY (GIGGLE)
GIVE ME A KISS

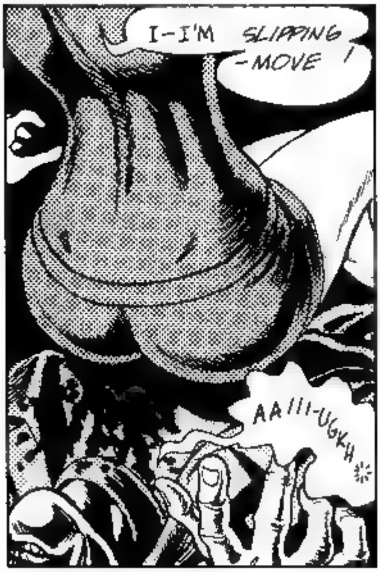

I THOUGHT HE'D COME HERE I'M GLAD HE AIN'T DEAD HE REALLY IS KINDA NICE, THE BIG LUG..

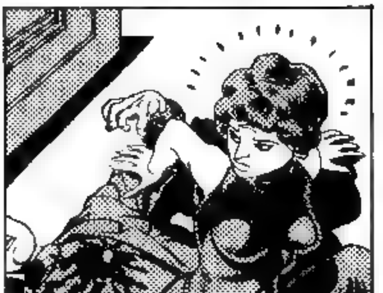
THROUGH HIS NEAR-DEATH-HAZE, CARTER HEARD SABRINA'S WORDS. HE TRIED TO SPEAK, TO SAY, "PULL OUT THE STAKE! LET ME *LIVE*!!"

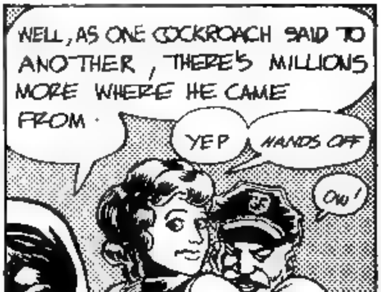
BUT



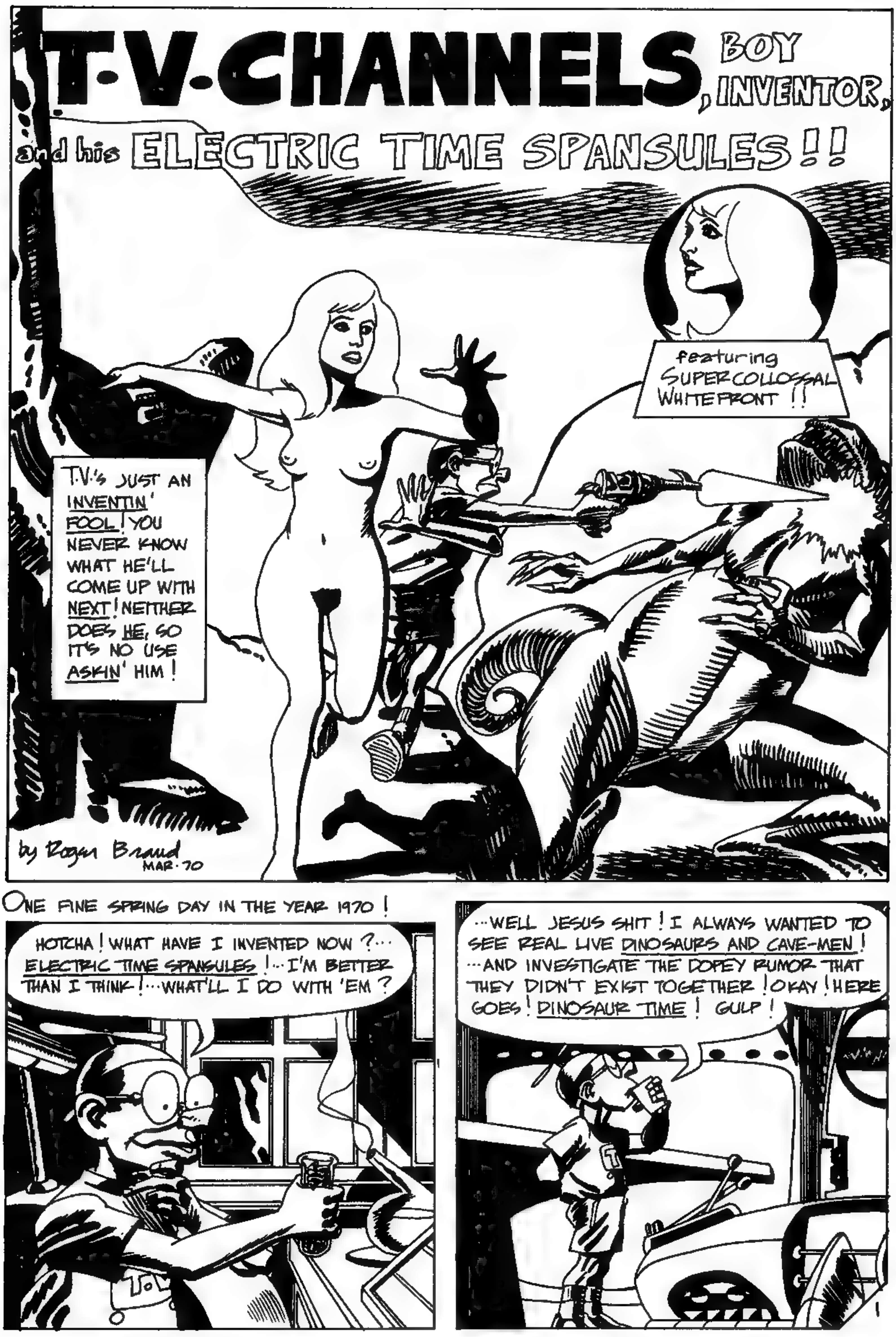

—OH!
HAW! IT'S NOTHIN'! JUST A BAT THAT LIVES UP IN THE RAFTERS!
DON'T FALL.

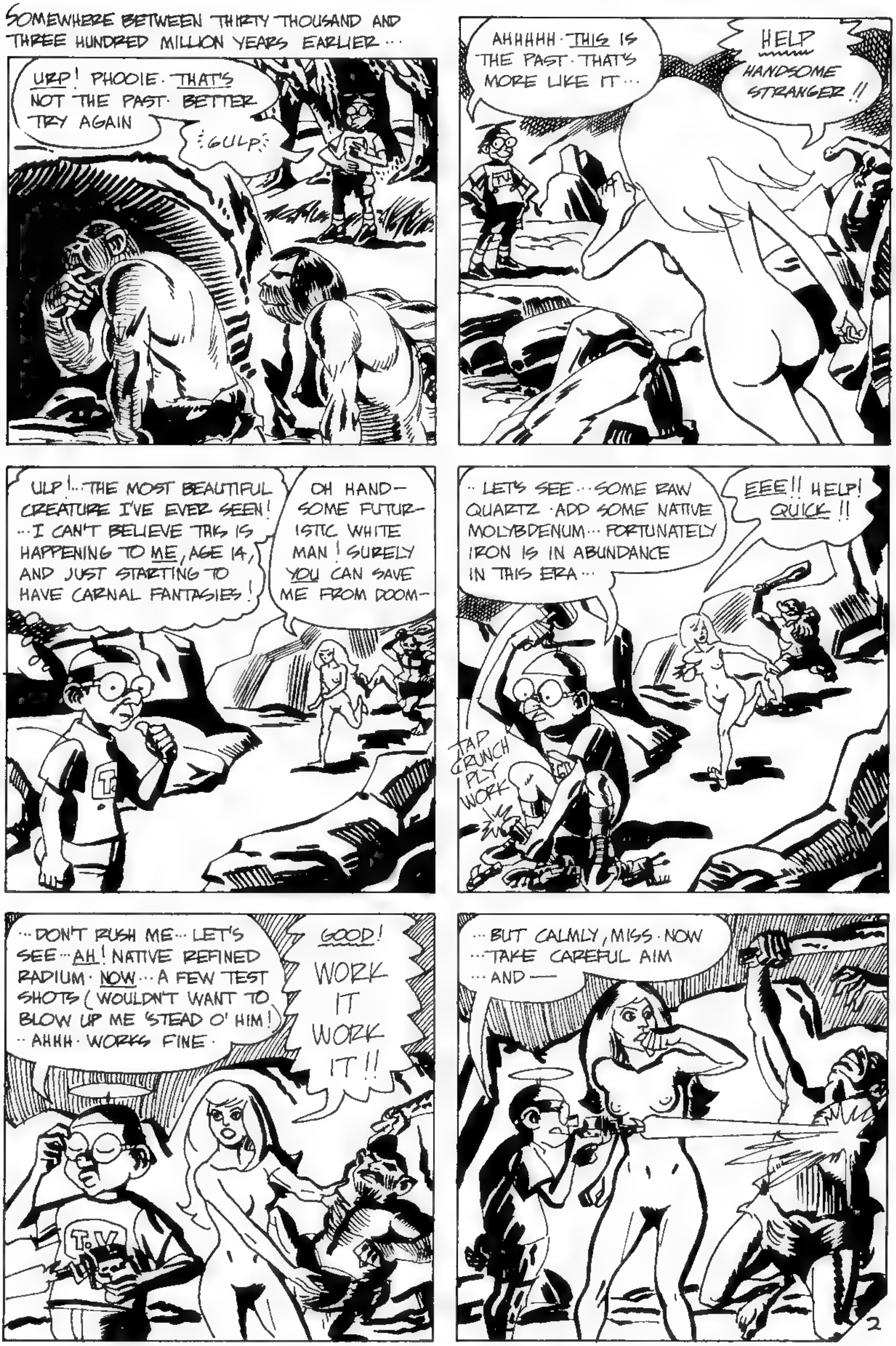

I-I'M *SLIPPING* —MOVE!
AAIII-UGKH!

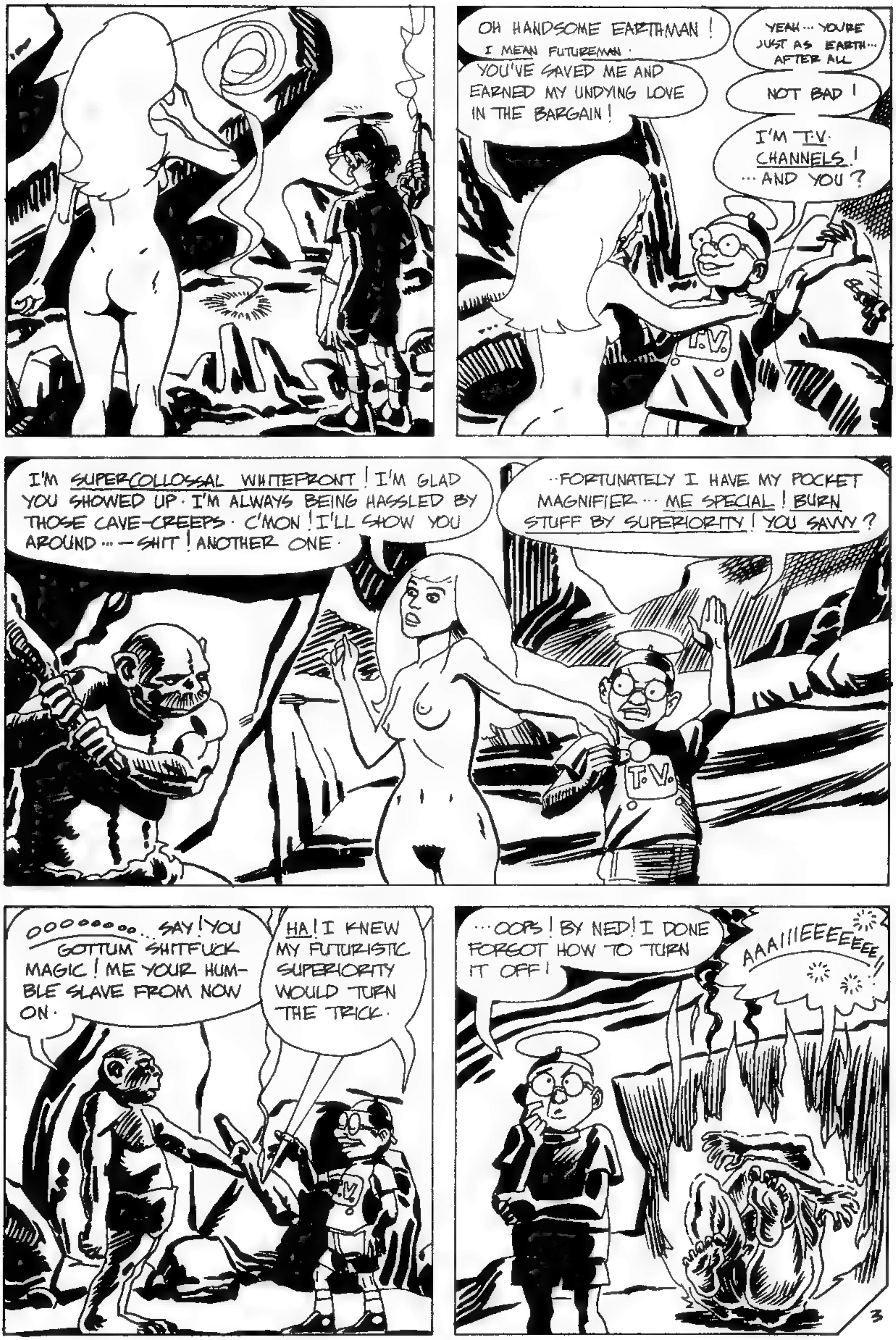


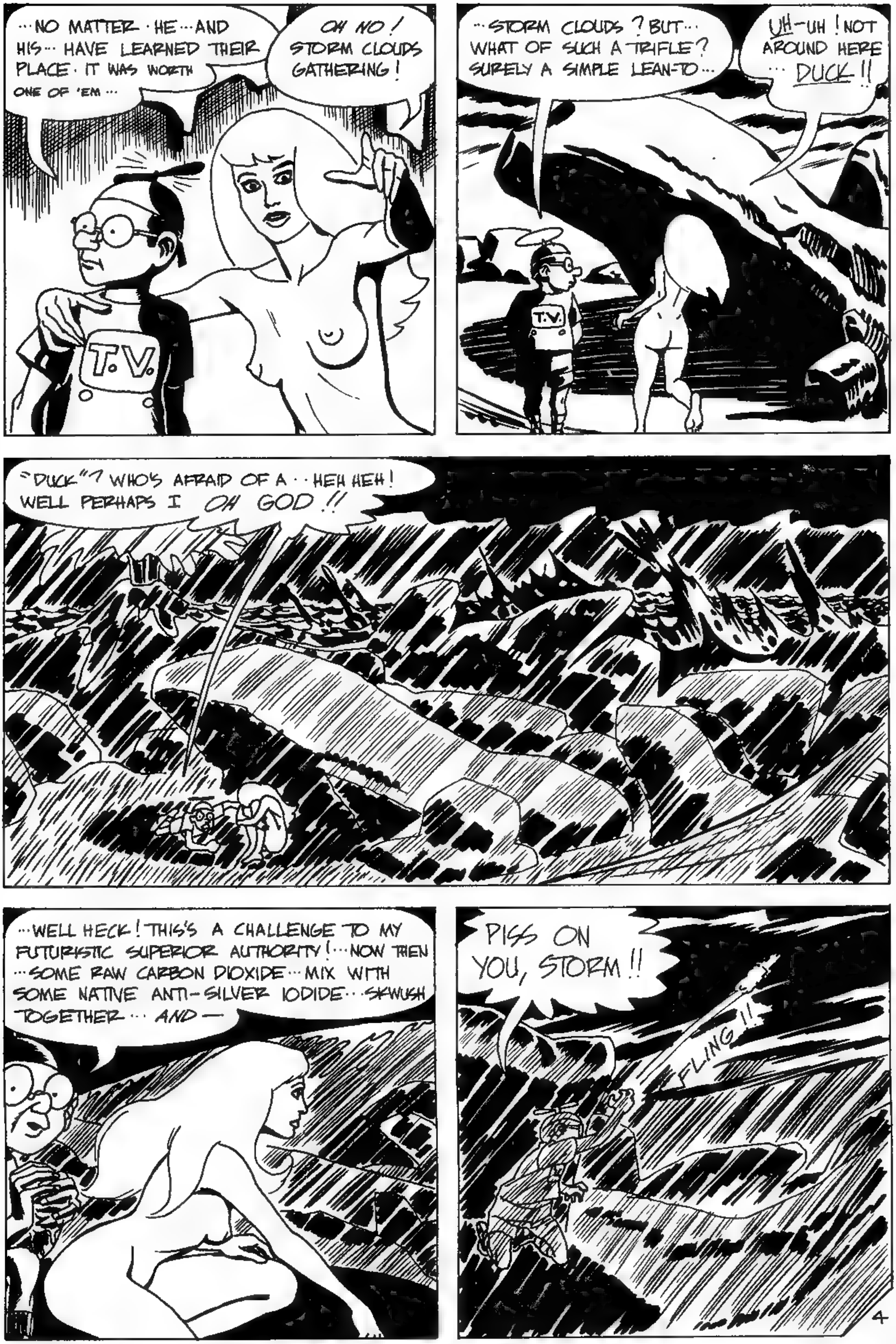

WELL, AS ONE COCKROACH SAID TO ANOTHER, THERE'S MILLIONS MORE WHERE HE CAME FROM.
YEP
HANDS OFF
OW!
END

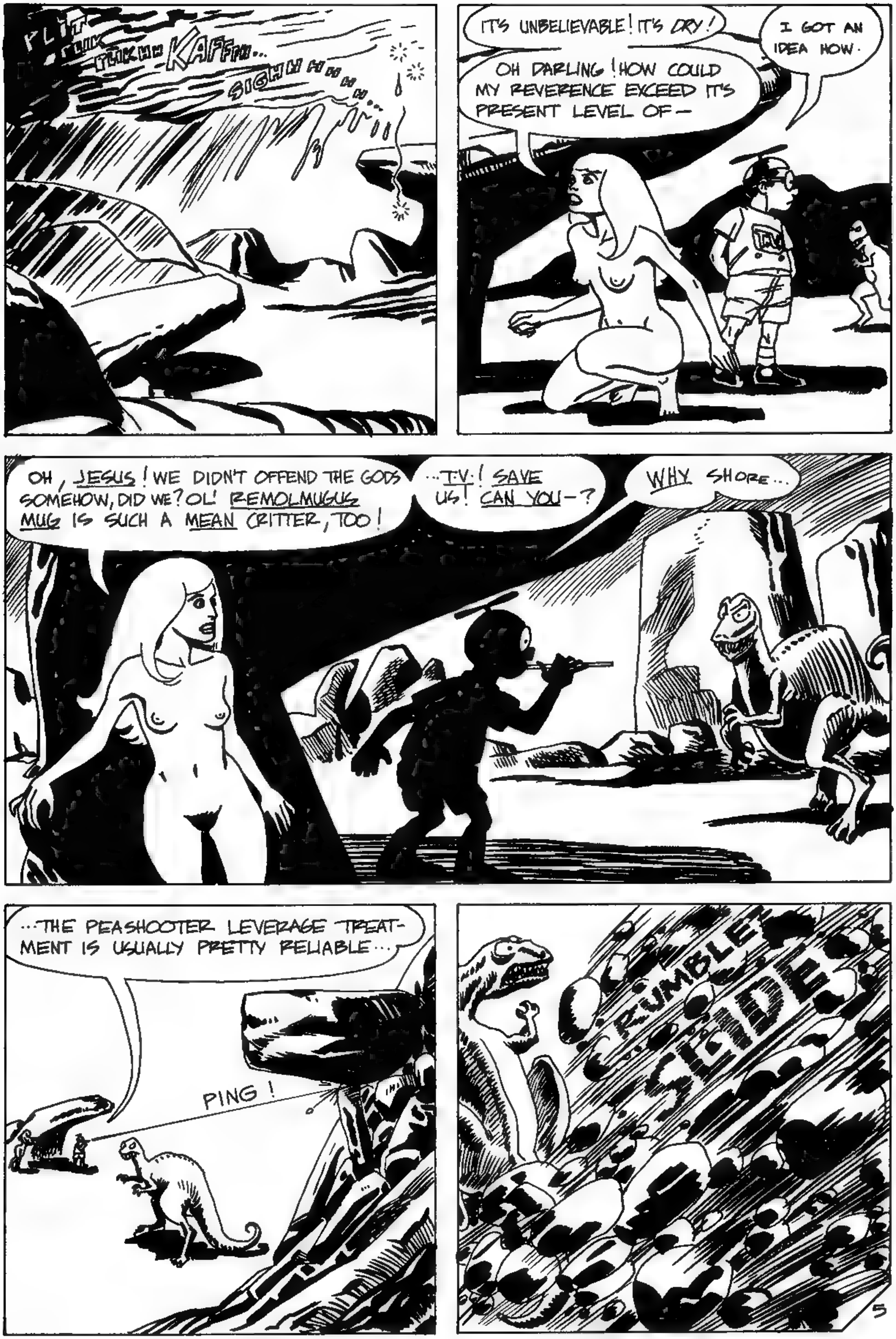
T·V·CHANNELS, BOY INVENTOR, and his ELECTRIC TIME SPANSULES!!

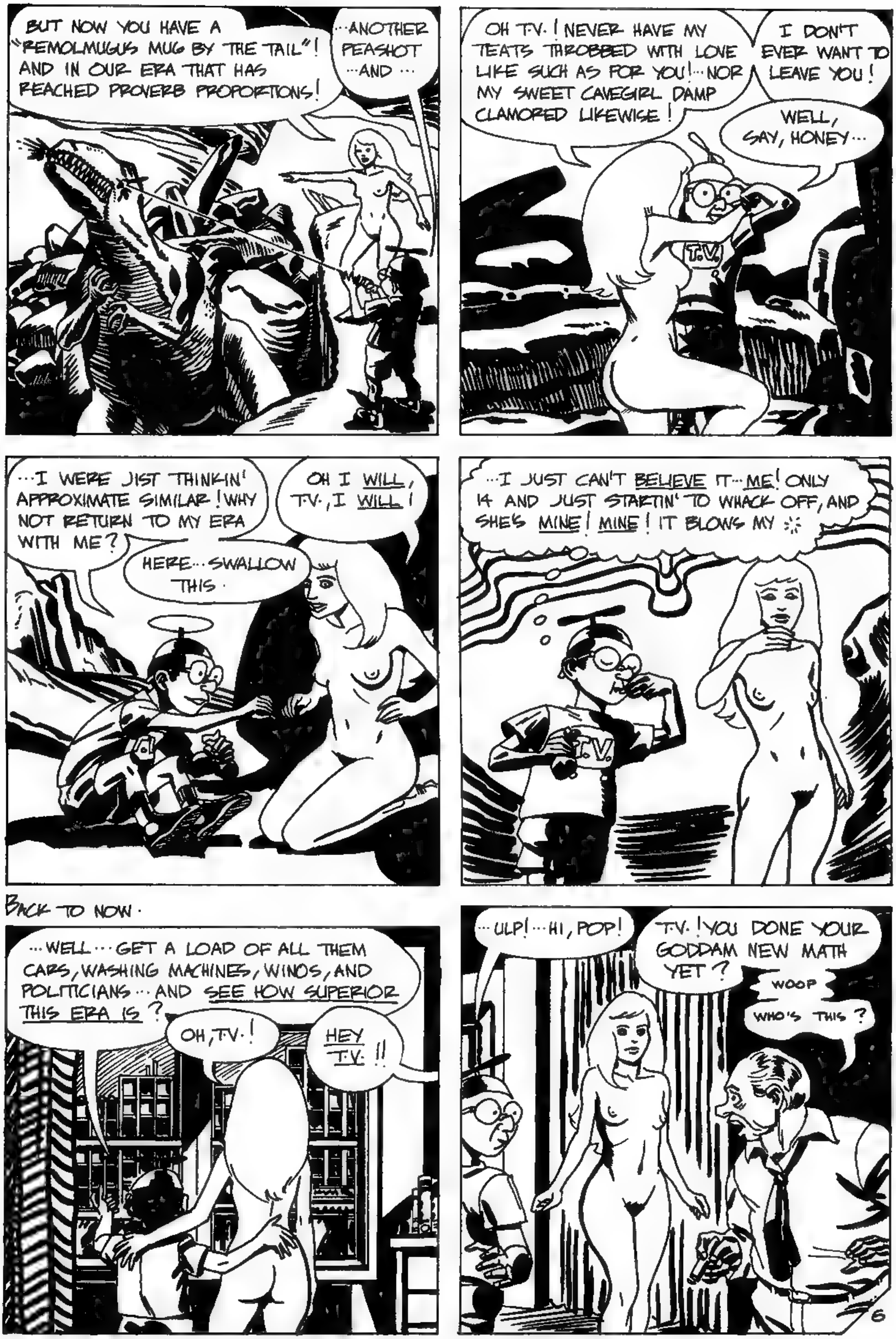

featuring SUPERCOLLOSSAL WHITEFRONT!!
T.V.'s JUST AN INVENTIN' FOOL! YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT HE'LL COME UP WITH NEXT! NEITHER DOES HE, SO IT'S NO USE ASKIN' HIM!
by Roger Brand MAR·70
ONE FINE SPRING DAY IN THE YEAR 1970!
HOTCHA! WHAT HAVE I INVENTED NOW?... ELECTRIC TIME SPANSULES!... I'M BETTER THAN I THINK!... WHAT'LL I DO WITH 'EM?
...WELL JESUS SHIT! I ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE REAL LIVE DINOSAURS AND CAVE-MEN! ...AND INVESTIGATE THE DOPEY RUMOR THAT THEY DIDN'T EXIST TOGETHER! OKAY! HERE GOES! DINOSAUR TIME! GULP!
T.V.

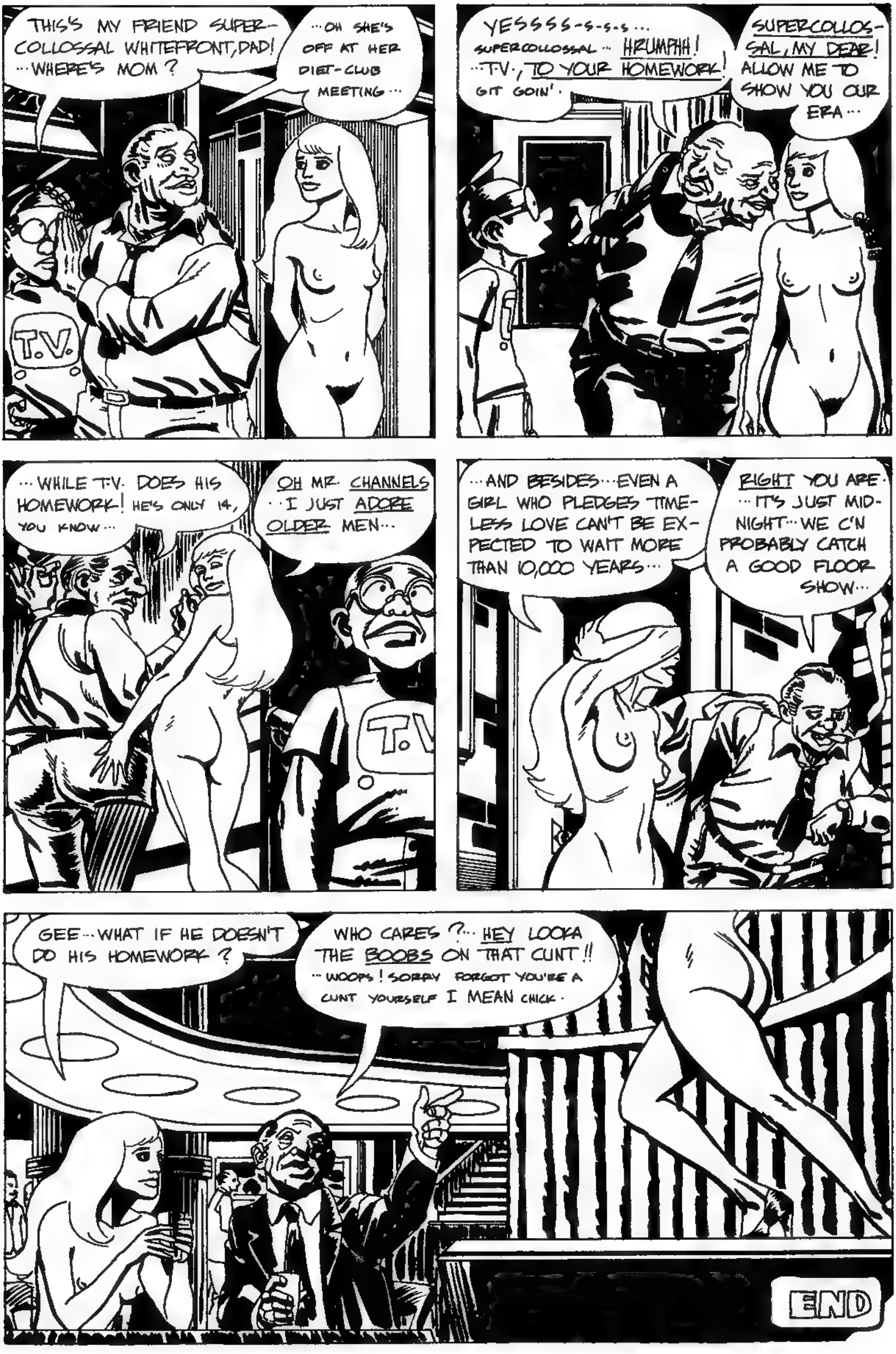

SOMEWHERE BETWEEN THIRTY THOUSAND AND THREE HUNDRED MILLION YEARS EARLIER…
URP! PHOOIE. THAT'S NOT THE PAST. BETTER TRY AGAIN
GULP
AHHHHH. THIS IS THE PAST. THAT'S MORE LIKE IT…
HELP HANDSOME STRANGER!!
TV
ULP!… THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CREATURE I'VE EVER SEEN! …I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS IS HAPPENING TO ME, AGE 14, AND JUST STARTING TO HAVE CARNAL FANTASIES!
OH HANDSOME FUTURISTIC WHITE MAN! SURELY YOU CAN SAVE ME FROM DOOM—
T.V
…LET'S SEE… SOME RAW QUARTZ. ADD SOME NATIVE MOLYBDENUM… FORTUNATELY IRON IS IN ABUNDANCE IN THIS ERA…
EEE!! HELP! QUICK!!
TAP CRUNCH PLY WORK
…DON'T RUSH ME… LET'S SEE… AH! NATIVE REFINED RADIUM. NOW… A FEW TEST SHOTS (WOULDN'T WANT TO BLOW UP ME 'STEAD O' HIM!) …AHHH. WORKS FINE.
GOOD! WORK IT WORK IT!!
T.V
…BUT CALMLY, MISS. NOW …TAKE CAREFUL AIM …AND—

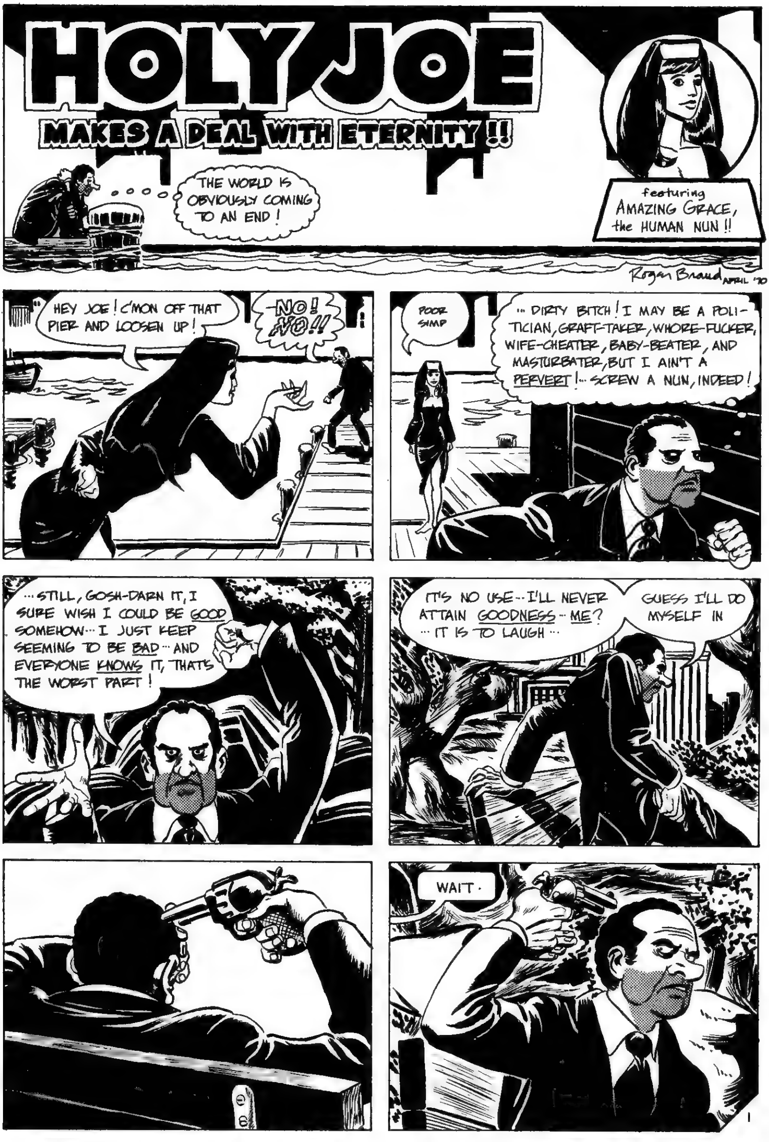

OH HANDSOME EARTHMAN ! I MEAN FUTUREMAN · YOU'VE SAVED ME AND EARNED MY UNDYING LOVE IN THE BARGAIN !
YEAH ... YOU'RE JUST AS EARTH ... AFTER ALL
NOT BAD !
I'M T.V. CHANNELS ! ... AND YOU ?
I'M SUPERCOLLOSSAL WHITEFRONT ! I'M GLAD YOU SHOWED UP · I'M ALWAYS BEING HASSLED BY THOSE CAVE-CREEPS · C'MON ! I'LL SHOW YOU AROUND ... — SHIT ! ANOTHER ONE ·
... FORTUNATELY I HAVE MY POCKET MAGNIFIER ... ME SPECIAL ! BURN STUFF BY SUPERIORITY ! YOU SAVVY ?
T.V.
OOOOOOOO ... SAY ! YOU GOTTUM SHITFUCK MAGIC ! ME YOUR HUMBLE SLAVE FROM NOW ON ·
HA ! I KNEW MY FUTURISTIC SUPERIORITY WOULD TURN THE TRICK ·
... OOPS ! BY NED ! I DONE FORGOT HOW TO TURN IT OFF !
AAAIIIEEEEEEE !!

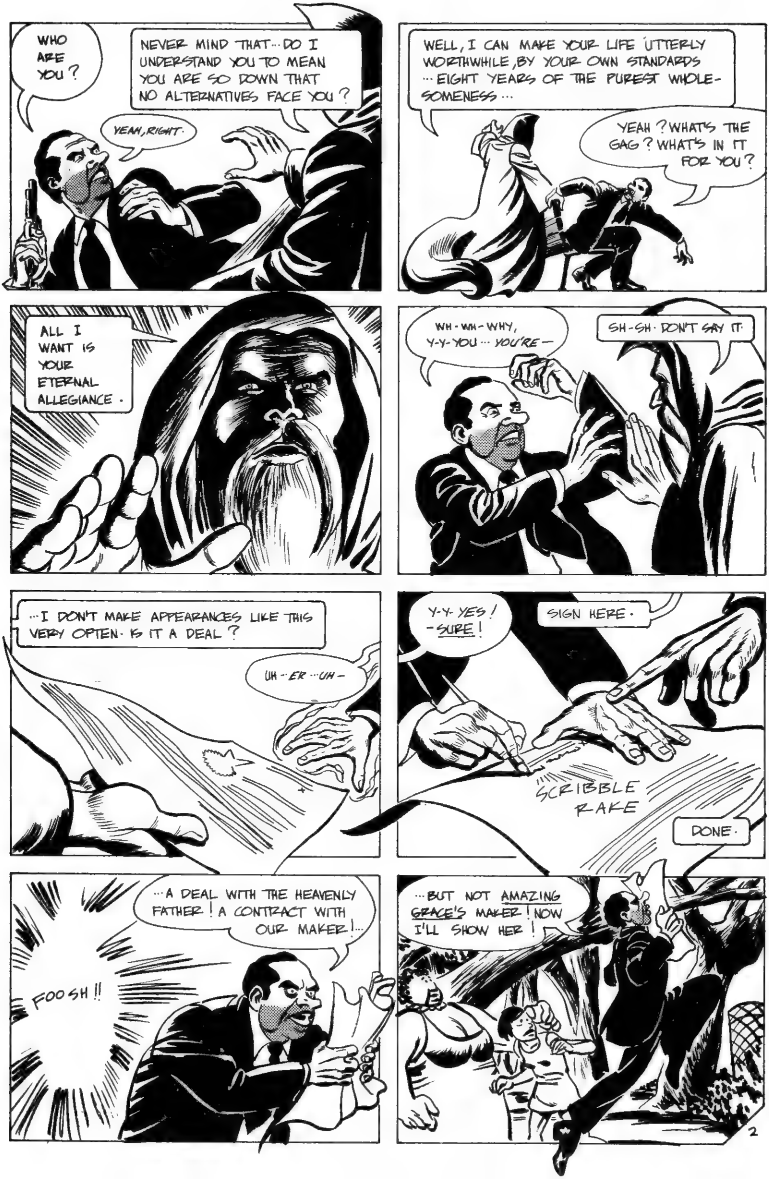

...NO MATTER · HE ... AND HIS ... HAVE LEARNED THEIR PLACE · IT WAS WORTH ONE OF 'EM ...
OH NO! STORM CLOUDS GATHERING!
T.V.
...STORM CLOUDS ? BUT... WHAT OF SUCH A TRIFLE? SURELY A SIMPLE LEAN-TO...
UH-UH! NOT AROUND HERE ... DUCK!!
T.V.
"DUCK"? WHO'S AFRAID OF A .. HEH HEH! WELL PERHAPS I OH GOD!!
...WELL HECK! THIS'S A CHALLENGE TO MY FUTURISTIC SUPERIOR AUTHORITY! ...NOW THEN ...SOME RAW CARBON DIOXIDE ... MIX WITH SOME NATIVE ANTI-SILVER IODIDE ... SKWUSH TOGETHER ... AND —
PISS ON YOU, STORM!!
FLING!!

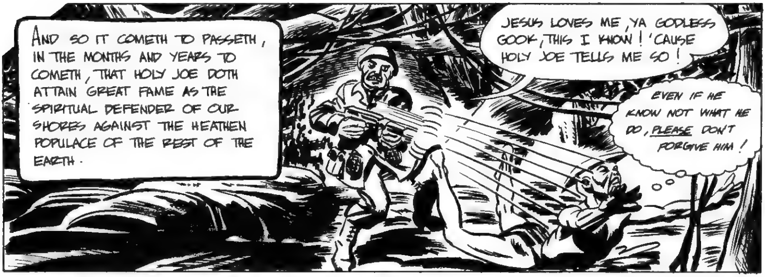

PLIT
FLIK
THKHH KAFFHH...
SIGHHHHHHH...
IT'S UNBELIEVABLE! IT'S DRY!
OH DARLING! HOW COULD MY REVERENCE EXCEED IT'S PRESENT LEVEL OF—
I GOT AN IDEA HOW.
TV
OH, JESUS! WE DIDN'T OFFEND THE GODS SOMEHOW, DID WE? OL' REMOLMUGUS MUG IS SUCH A MEAN CRITTER, TOO!
...T.V.! SAVE US! CAN YOU—?
WHY SHORE...
...THE PEASHOOTER LEVERAGE TREATMENT IS USUALLY PRETTY RELIABLE...
PING!
RUMBLE
SLIDE


BUT NOW YOU HAVE A "REMOLMUGUS MUG BY THE TAIL"! AND IN OUR ERA THAT HAS REACHED PROVERB PROPORTIONS!
...ANOTHER PEASHOT ...AND ...
OH T.V.! NEVER HAVE MY TEATS THROBBED WITH LOVE LIKE SUCH AS FOR YOU!...NOR MY SWEET CAVEGIRL DAMP CLAMORED LIKEWISE!
I DON'T EVER WANT TO LEAVE YOU!
WELL, SAY, HONEY...
T.V.
...I WERE JIST THINKIN' APPROXIMATE SIMILAR! WHY NOT RETURN TO MY ERA WITH ME?
OH I WILL, T.V., I WILL!
HERE...SWALLOW THIS.
...I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE IT...ME! ONLY 14 AND JUST STARTIN' TO WHACK OFF, AND SHE'S MINE! MINE! IT BLOWS MY
T.V.
BACK TO NOW.
...WELL...GET A LOAD OF ALL THEM CARS, WASHING MACHINES, WINOS, AND POLITICIANS...AND SEE HOW SUPERIOR THIS ERA IS?
OH, T.V.!
HEY T.V.!!
...ULP!...HI, POP!
T.V.! YOU DONE YOUR GODDAM NEW MATH YET?
WOOP
WHO'S THIS?

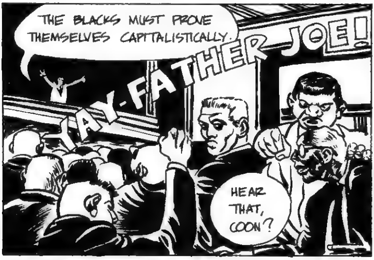

THIS'S MY FRIEND SUPER-COLLOSSAL WHITEFRONT, DAD! ···WHERE'S MOM?
···OH SHE'S OFF AT HER DIET-CLUB MEETING···
YESSSS-S-S-S··· SUPERCOLLOSSAL··· HRUMPHH! ···T.V., TO YOUR HOMEWORK! GIT GOIN'.
SUPERCOLLOSSAL, MY DEAR! ALLOW ME TO SHOW YOU OUR ERA···
T.V.
···WHILE T.V. DOES HIS HOMEWORK! HE'S ONLY 14, YOU KNOW···
OH MR. CHANNELS ··I JUST ADORE OLDER MEN···
T.V.
···AND BESIDES···EVEN A GIRL WHO PLEDGES TIMELESS LOVE CAN'T BE EXPECTED TO WAIT MORE THAN 10,000 YEARS···
RIGHT YOU ARE. ···IT'S JUST MIDNIGHT···WE C'N PROBABLY CATCH A GOOD FLOOR SHOW···
GEE···WHAT IF HE DOESN'T DO HIS HOMEWORK?
WHO CARES?··· HEY LOOKA THE BOOBS ON THAT CUNT!! ···WOOPS! SORRY FORGOT YOU'RE A CUNT YOURSELF I MEAN CHICK.
END


HOLY JOE
MAKES A DEAL WITH ETERNITY !!
THE WORLD IS OBVIOUSLY COMING TO AN END !
featuring AMAZING GRACE, the HUMAN NUN !!
Roger Brand APRIL '70
HEY JOE ! C'MON OFF THAT PIER AND LOOSEN UP !
NO! NO!!
POOR SIMP
... DIRTY BITCH ! I MAY BE A POLITICIAN, GRAFT-TAKER, WHORE-FUCKER, WIFE-CHEATER, BABY-BEATER, AND MASTURBATER, BUT I AIN'T A PERVERT !... SCREW A NUN, INDEED !
... STILL, GOSH-DARN IT, I SURE WISH I COULD BE GOOD SOMEHOW... I JUST KEEP SEEMING TO BE BAD... AND EVERYONE KNOWS IT, THAT'S THE WORST PART !
IT'S NO USE... I'LL NEVER ATTAIN GOODNESS... ME? ... IT IS TO LAUGH...
GUESS I'LL DO MYSELF IN
WAIT.

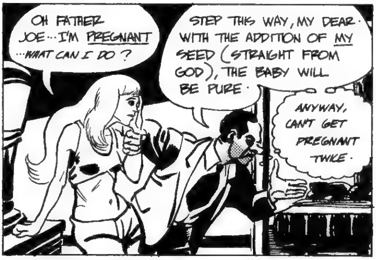

WHO ARE YOU?
NEVER MIND THAT... DO I UNDERSTAND YOU TO MEAN YOU ARE SO DOWN THAT NO ALTERNATIVES FACE YOU?
YEAH, RIGHT.
WELL, I CAN MAKE YOUR LIFE UTTERLY WORTHWHILE, BY YOUR OWN STANDARDS ... EIGHT YEARS OF THE PUREST WHOLESOMENESS...
YEAH? WHAT'S THE GAG? WHAT'S IN IT FOR YOU?
ALL I WANT IS YOUR ETERNAL ALLEGIANCE.
WH-WH-WHY, Y-Y-YOU... YOU'RE—
SH-SH. DON'T SAY IT.
...I DON'T MAKE APPEARANCES LIKE THIS VERY OFTEN. IS IT A DEAL?
UH--ER--UH—
Y-Y-YES! -SURE!
SIGN HERE.
SCRIBBLE RAKE
DONE.
FOOSH!!
...A DEAL WITH THE HEAVENLY FATHER! A CONTRACT WITH OUR MAKER!...
...BUT NOT AMAZING GRACE'S MAKER! NOW I'LL SHOW HER!


AND SO IT COMETH TO PASSETH, IN THE MONTHS AND YEARS TO COMETH, THAT HOLY JOE DOTH ATTAIN GREAT FAME AS THE SPIRITUAL DEFENDER OF OUR SHORES AGAINST THE HEATHEN POPULACE OF THE REST OF THE EARTH.
JESUS LOVES ME, YA GODLESS GOOK, THIS I KNOW! 'CAUSE HOLY JOE TELLS ME SO!
EVEN IF HE KNOW NOT WHAT HE DO, PLEASE DON'T FORGIVE HIM!

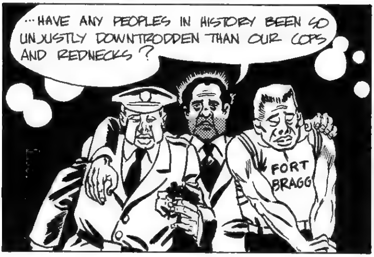
HE GIVES HOPE TO THE IGNORANT AND HATE-FILLED.

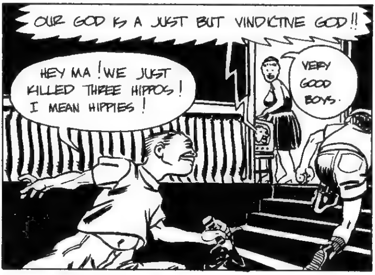

THE BLACKS MUST PROVE THEMSELVES CAPITALISTICALLY.
YAY-FATHER JOE!
HEAR THAT, COON?

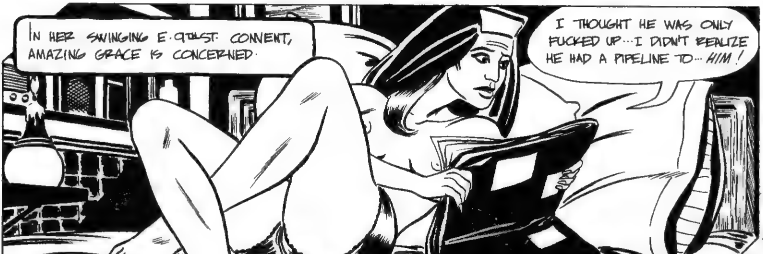
HE STRAIGHTENS OUT FAMILY PROBLEMS.

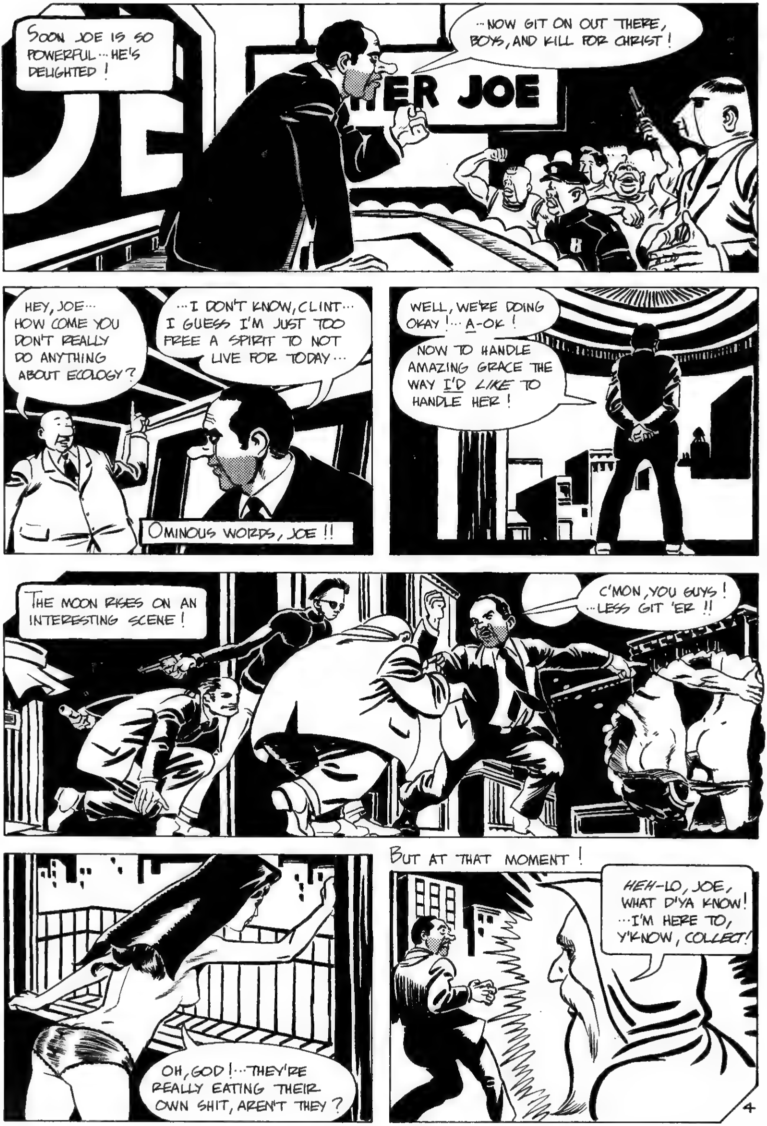

OH FATHER JOE... I'M PREGNANT ...WHAT CAN I DO?
STEP THIS WAY, MY DEAR. WITH THE ADDITION OF MY SEED (STRAIGHT FROM GOD), THE BABY WILL BE PURE.
ANYWAY, CAN'T GET PREGNANT TWICE.

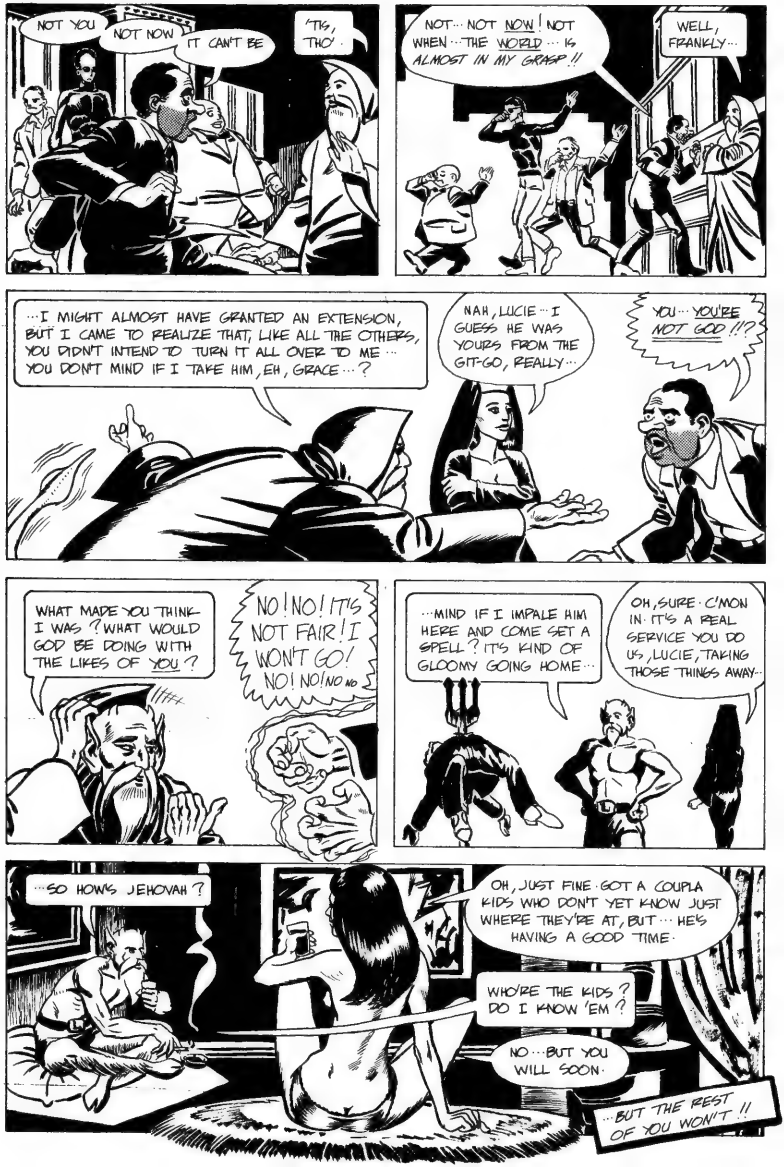
HE CHAMPIONS THE OPPRESSED.


...HAVE ANY PEOPLES IN HISTORY BEEN SO UNJUSTLY DOWNTRODDEN THAN OUR COPS AND REDNECKS?
FORT BRAGG


OUR GOD IS A JUST BUT VINDICTIVE GOD!!
HEY MA! WE JUST KILLED THREE HIPPOS! I MEAN HIPPIES!
VERY GOOD BOYS.

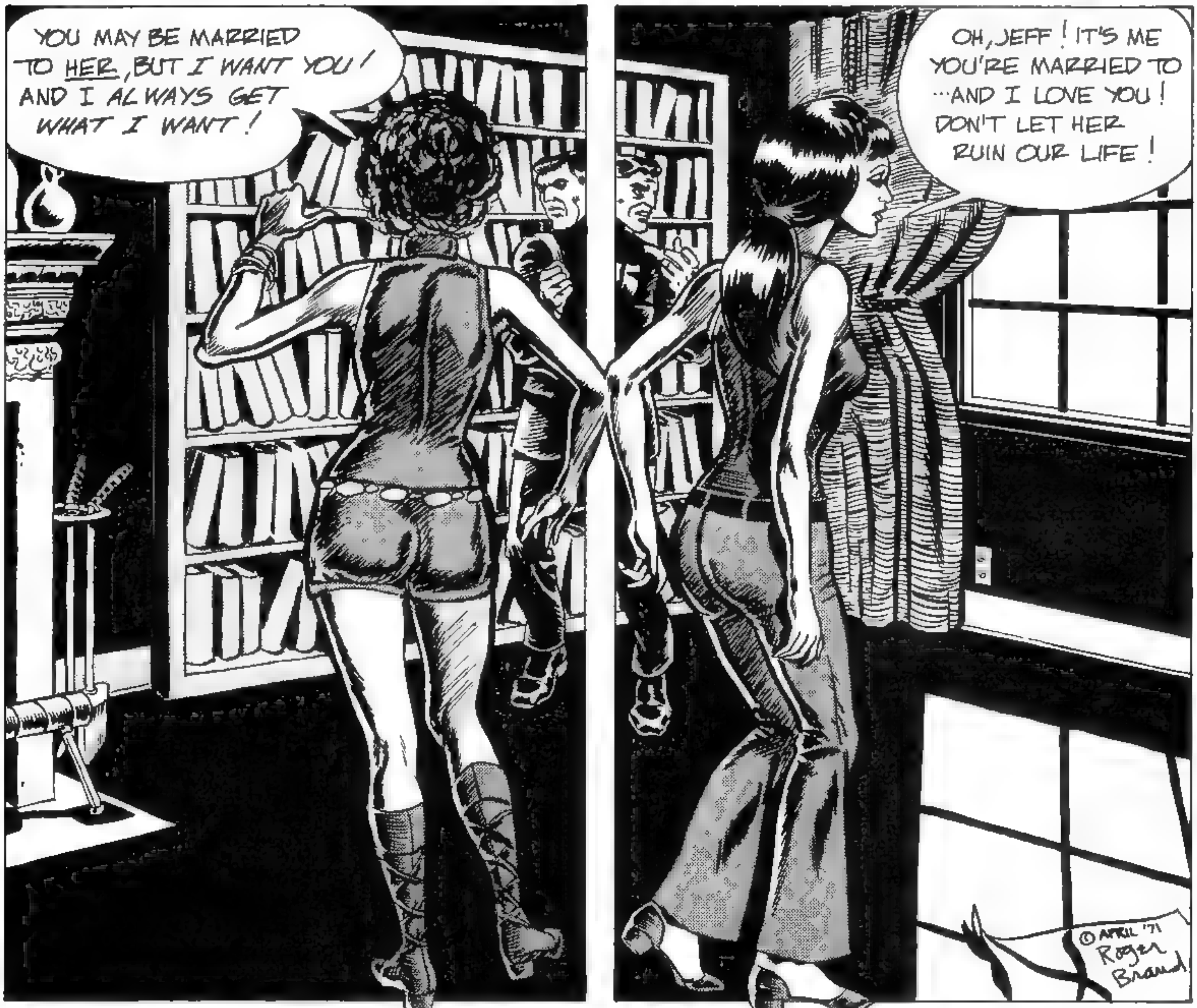

IN HER SWINGING E. 91ST. CONVENT, AMAZING GRACE IS CONCERNED.
I THOUGHT HE WAS ONLY FUCKED UP... I DIDN'T REALIZE HE HAD A PIPELINE TO... HIM!


SOON JOE IS SO POWERFUL ... HE'S DELIGHTED !
...NOW GIT ON OUT THERE, BOYS, AND KILL FOR CHRIST !
HER JOE
HEY, JOE ... HOW COME YOU DON'T REALLY DO ANYTHING ABOUT ECOLOGY ?
... I DON'T KNOW, CLINT ... I GUESS I'M JUST TOO FREE A SPIRIT TO NOT LIVE FOR TODAY ...
OMINOUS WORDS, JOE !!
WELL, WE'RE DOING OKAY ! ... A-OK !
NOW TO HANDLE AMAZING GRACE THE WAY I'D LIKE TO HANDLE HER !
THE MOON RISES ON AN INTERESTING SCENE !
C'MON, YOU GUYS ! ... LESS GIT 'ER !!
OH, GOD ! ... THEY'RE REALLY EATING THEIR OWN SHIT, AREN'T THEY ?
BUT AT THAT MOMENT !
HEH-LO, JOE, WHAT D'YA KNOW ! ... I'M HERE TO, Y'KNOW, COLLECT !

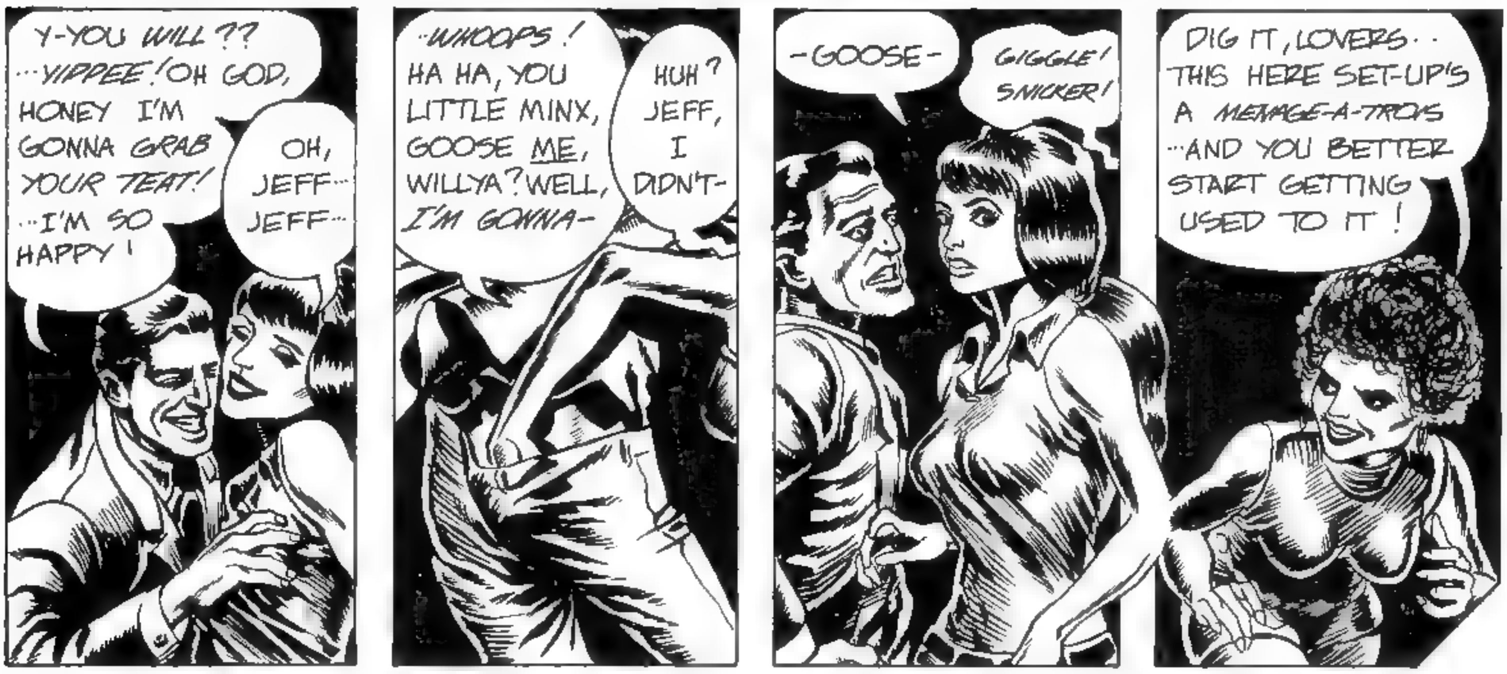

NOT YOU
NOT NOW
IT CAN'T BE
'TIS, THO'.
NOT... NOT NOW! NOT WHEN... THE WORLD... IS ALMOST IN MY GRASP!!
WELL, FRANKLY...
...I MIGHT ALMOST HAVE GRANTED AN EXTENSION, BUT I CAME TO REALIZE THAT, LIKE ALL THE OTHERS, YOU DIDN'T INTEND TO TURN IT ALL OVER TO ME... YOU DON'T MIND IF I TAKE HIM, EH, GRACE...?
NAH, LUCIE... I GUESS HE WAS YOURS FROM THE GIT-GO, REALLY...
YOU... YOU'RE NOT GOD!!?
WHAT MADE YOU THINK I WAS? WHAT WOULD GOD BE DOING WITH THE LIKES OF YOU?
NO! NO! IT'S NOT FAIR! I WON'T GO! NO! NO! NO NO
...MIND IF I IMPALE HIM HERE AND COME SET A SPELL? IT'S KIND OF GLOOMY GOING HOME...
OH, SURE. C'MON IN. IT'S A REAL SERVICE YOU DO US, LUCIE, TAKING THOSE THINGS AWAY...
...SO HOW'S JEHOVAH?
OH, JUST FINE. GOT A COUPLA KIDS WHO DON'T YET KNOW JUST WHERE THEY'RE AT, BUT... HE'S HAVING A GOOD TIME.
WHO'RE THE KIDS? DO I KNOW 'EM?
NO... BUT YOU WILL SOON.
...BUT THE REST OF YOU WON'T!!

I LOVED EVELYN...BUT LULU WAS PURE EVIL! SHE WAS TEARING US APART! I WANTED TO TEAR HER APART!...THERE WAS NOTHING LEFT BUT TO TEAR THEM APART...BUT HAD I THE STRENGTH? FOR I HAD MARRIED A SIAMESE TWIN...AND...

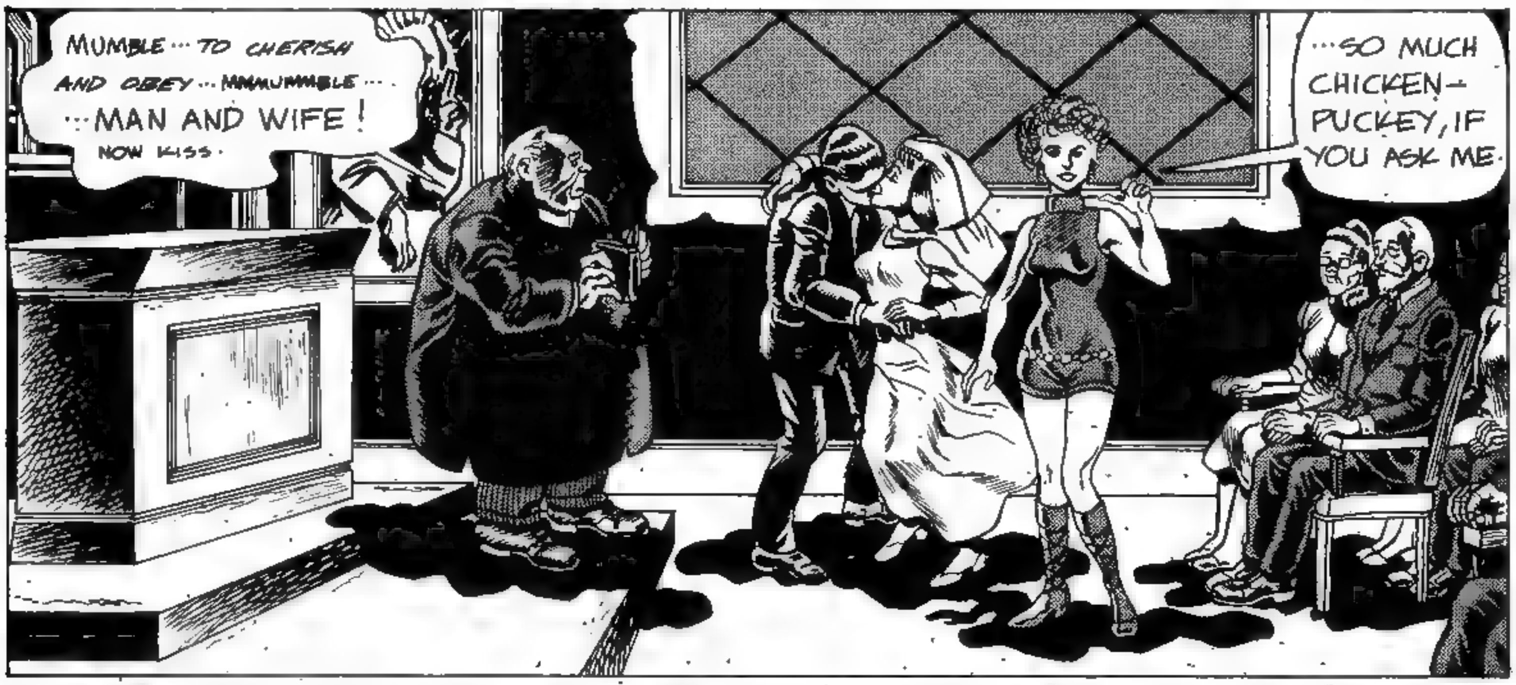
EVIL WAS HALF THE BARGAIN !!


YOU MAY BE MARRIED TO HER, BUT I WANT YOU! AND I ALWAYS GET WHAT I WANT!
OH, JEFF! IT'S ME YOU'RE MARRIED TO ...AND I LOVE YOU! DON'T LET HER RUIN OUR LIFE!
© APRIL '71 Roger Brand

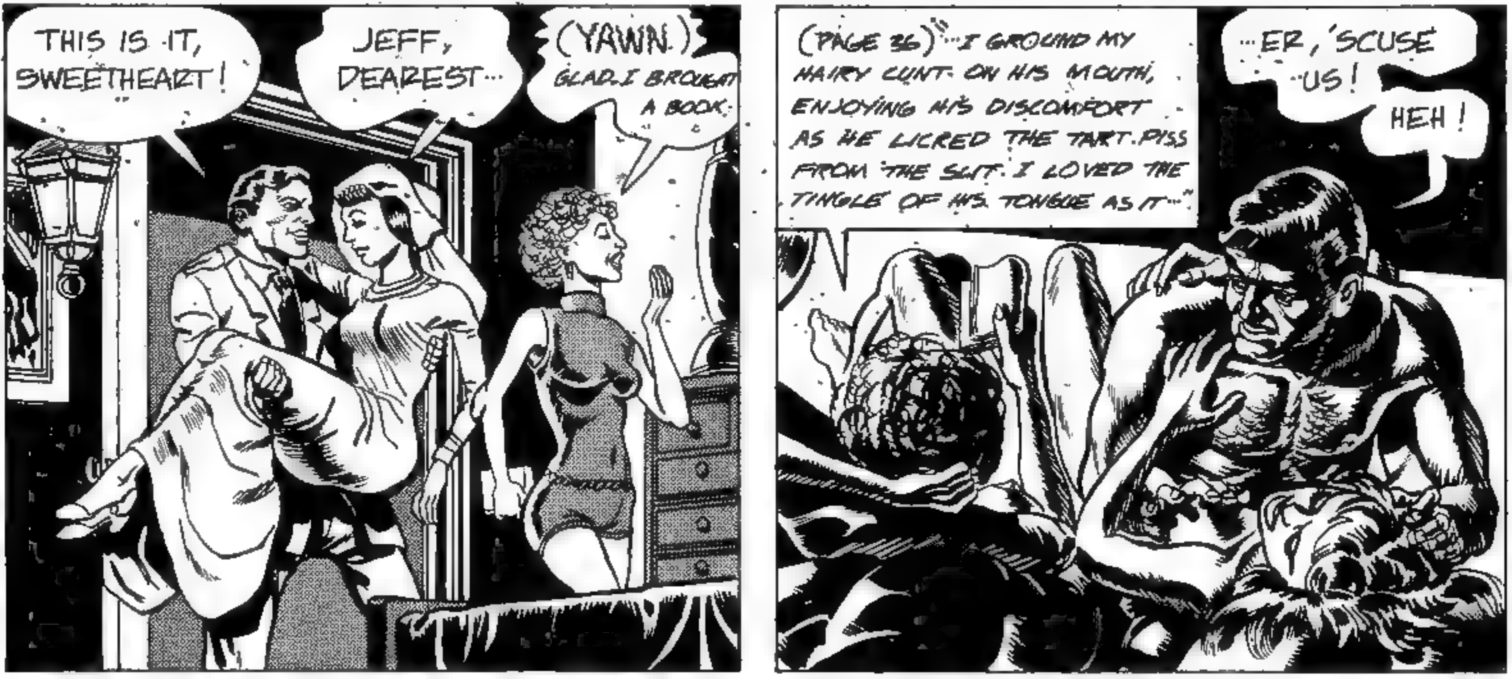
IT WAS THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE, THE DAY I PROPOSED TO EVELYN...SWEET, KIND EVELYN...AND SHE SAID "YES"! BUT EVEN THEN, I HAD THE FIRST HINT OF WHAT WAS TO COME...

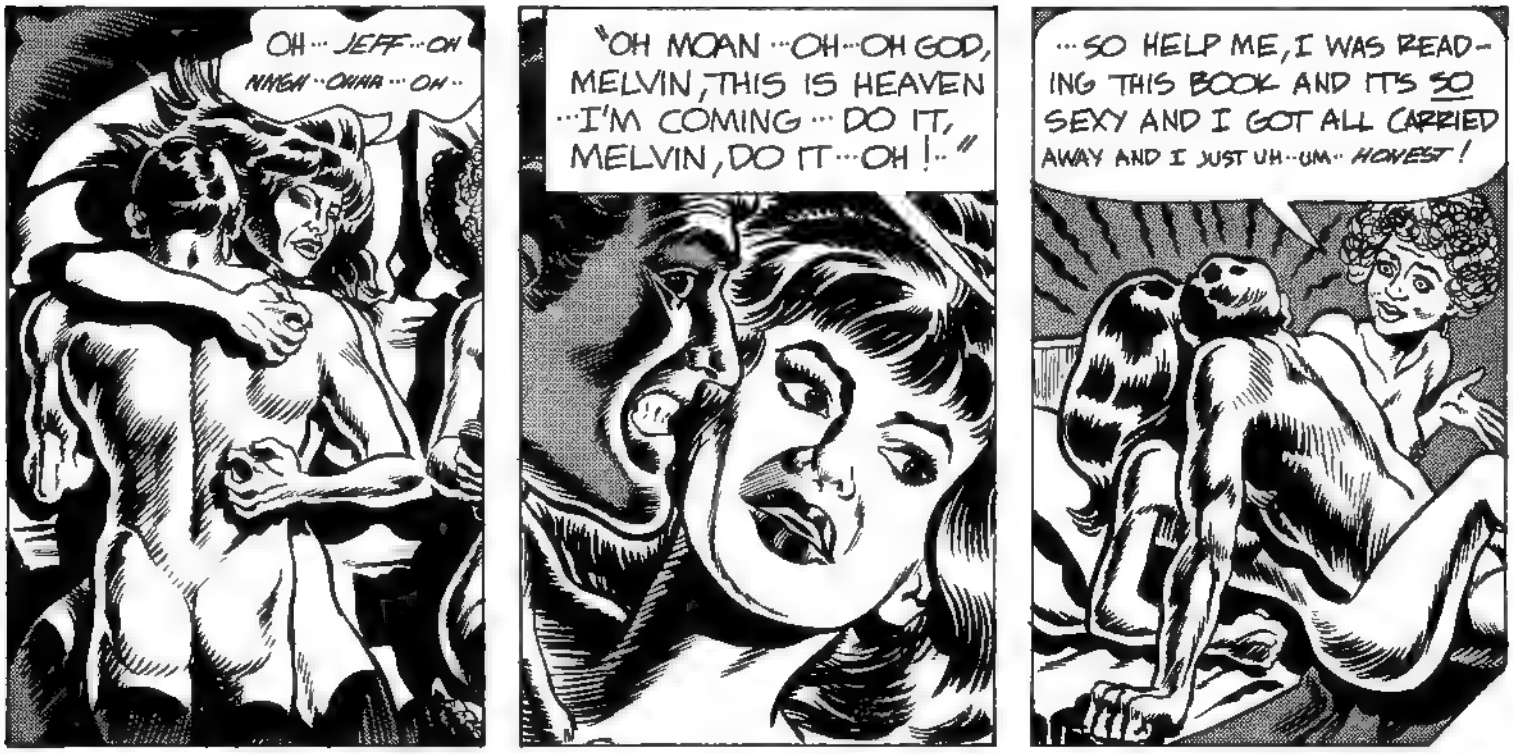

Y-YOU WILL?? ...YIPPEE! OH GOD, HONEY I'M GONNA GRAB YOUR TEAT! ...I'M SO HAPPY!
OH, JEFF... JEFF...
WHOOPS! HA HA, YOU LITTLE MINX, GOOSE ME, WILLYA? WELL, I'M GONNA-
HUH? JEFF, I DIDN'T-
-GOOSE-
GIGGLE! SNICKER!
DIG IT, LOVERS... THIS HERE SET-UP'S A MENAGE-A-TROIS ...AND YOU BETTER START GETTING USED TO IT!

IF ONLY I'D USED MY BRAINS! IF ONLY I'D SEEN THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL! BUT A MAN IN LOVE IS RULED BY HIS "HEART", NOT HIS HEAD ... AND A FEW DAYS LATER ...

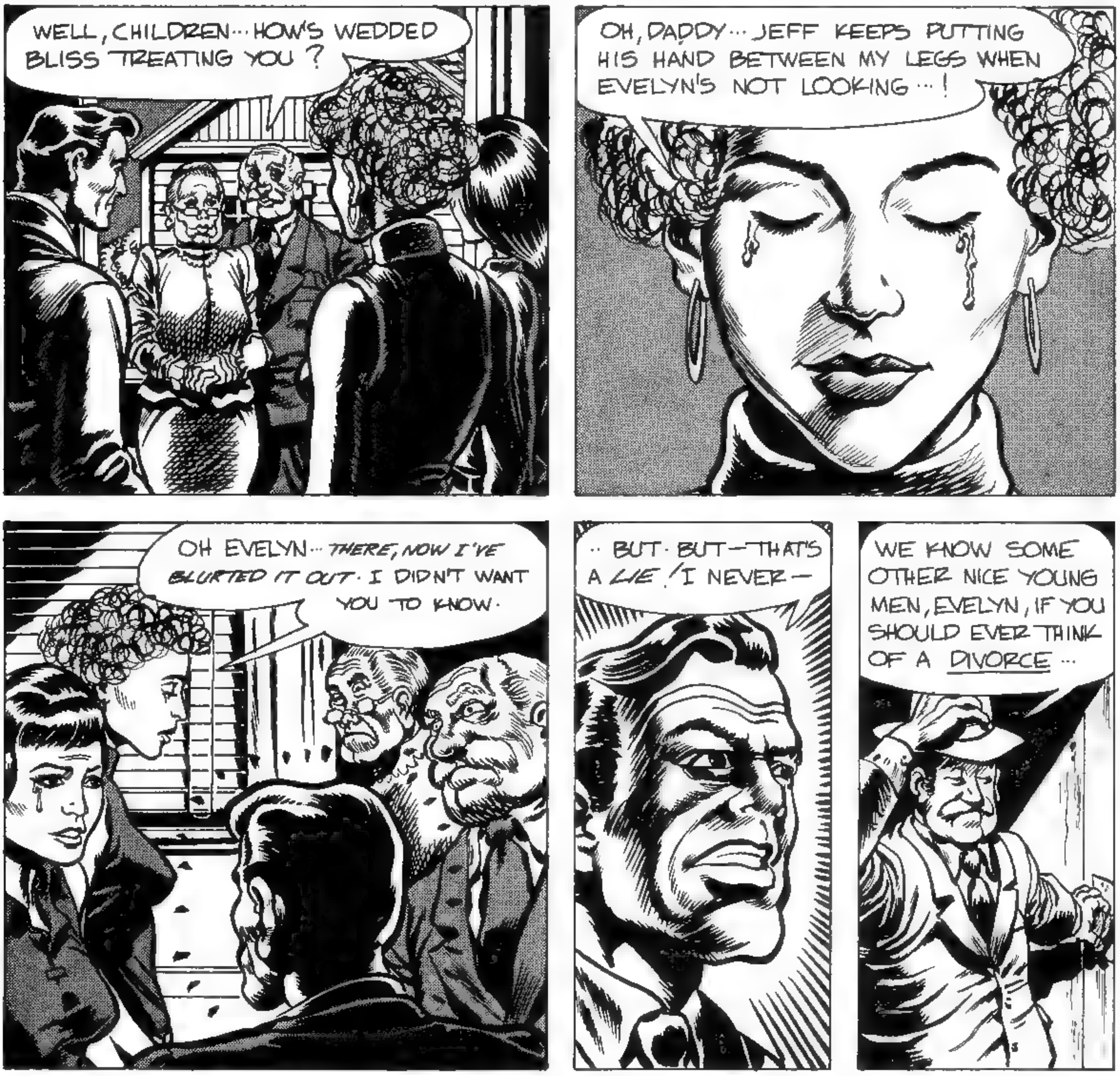

MUMBLE ... TO CHERISH AND OBEY ... MMMUMMBLE ... ... MAN AND WIFE! NOW KISS.
... SO MUCH CHICKEN-PUCKEY, IF YOU ASK ME.

AND THEN ... THE WEDDING NIGHT. WE WERE GLORIOUSLY HAPPY, EVELYN AND I, AS I CARRIED HER OVER THE THRESHOLD ... AND WE PREPARED FOR THE MOST SACRED ECSTASY ... THE CONSUMATION.


THIS IS IT, SWEETHEART!
JEFF, DEAREST ...
(YAWN.) GLAD I BROUGHT A BOOK.
(PAGE 36) "... I GROUND MY HAIRY CUNT ON HIS MOUTH, ENJOYING HIS DISCOMFORT AS HE LICKED THE TART PISS FROM THE SLIT. I LOVED THE TINGLE OF HIS TONGUE AS IT ..."
... ER, 'SCUSE US!
HEH!


OH ... JEFF ... OH NNGH ... OHHH ... OH ...
"OH MOAN ... OH ... OH GOD, MELVIN, THIS IS HEAVEN ... I'M COMING ... DO IT, MELVIN, DO IT ... OH! ..."
... SO HELP ME, I WAS READING THIS BOOK AND IT'S SO SEXY AND I GOT ALL CARRIED AWAY AND I JUST UH ... UM ... HONEST!

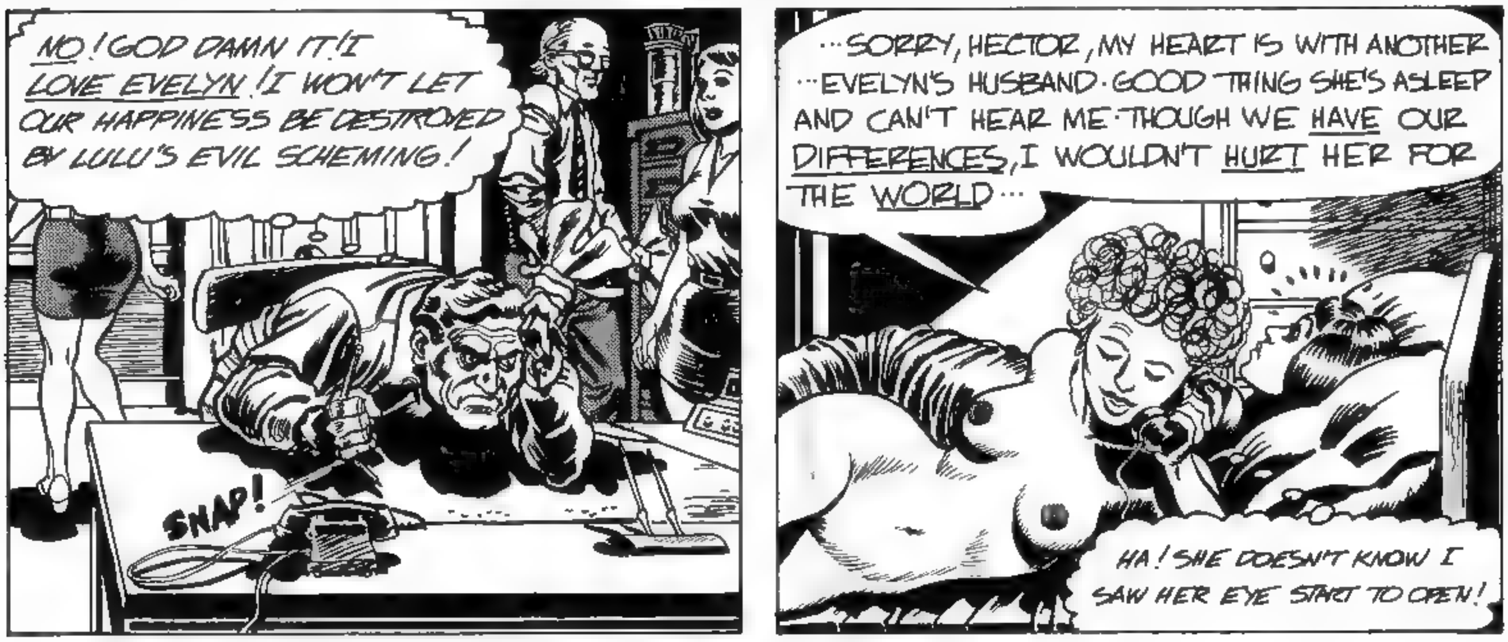
FROM THAT HIGH-POINT OF OUR MARRIAGE ON, IT WAS DOWNHILL ALL THE WAY LIKE THE TIME EVELYN'S AND LULU'S PARENTS CAME VISITING ···


WELL, CHILDREN··· HOW'S WEDDED BLISS TREATING YOU ?
OH, DADDY··· JEFF KEEPS PUTTING HIS HAND BETWEEN MY LEGS WHEN EVELYN'S NOT LOOKING···!
OH EVELYN··· THERE, NOW I'VE BLURTED IT OUT· I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO KNOW·
·· BUT· BUT—THAT'S A LIE! I NEVER—
WE KNOW SOME OTHER NICE YOUNG MEN, EVELYN, IF YOU SHOULD EVER THINK OF A DIVORCE ···

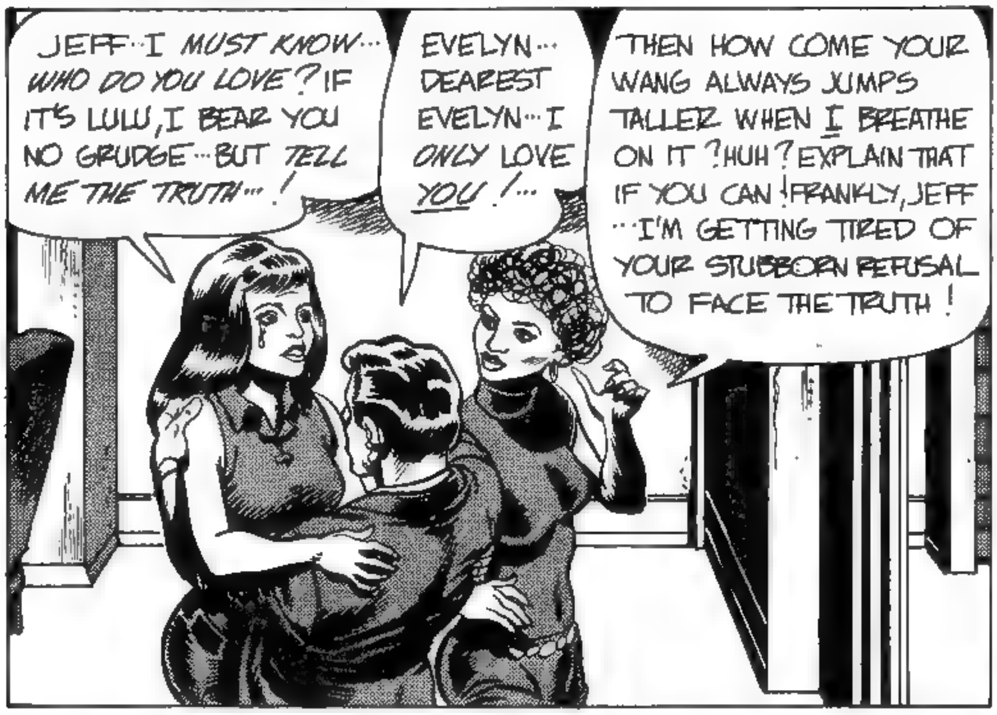
EVELYN DIDN'T BELIEVE LULU · BUT THE SEED OF SUSPICION WAS PLANTED AND FROM THEN ON, LULU'S ADVANCES TO ME BECAME MORE AND MORE BLATANT ·

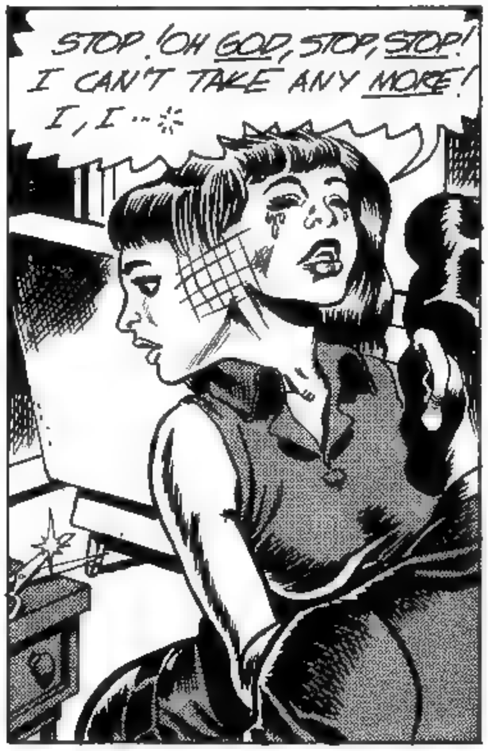
WHY FIGHT IT, HONEY ?...
·· YOU MAY AS WELL GIVE IN···
···YOU KNOW IT'S REALLY ME YOU SAIL FOR···

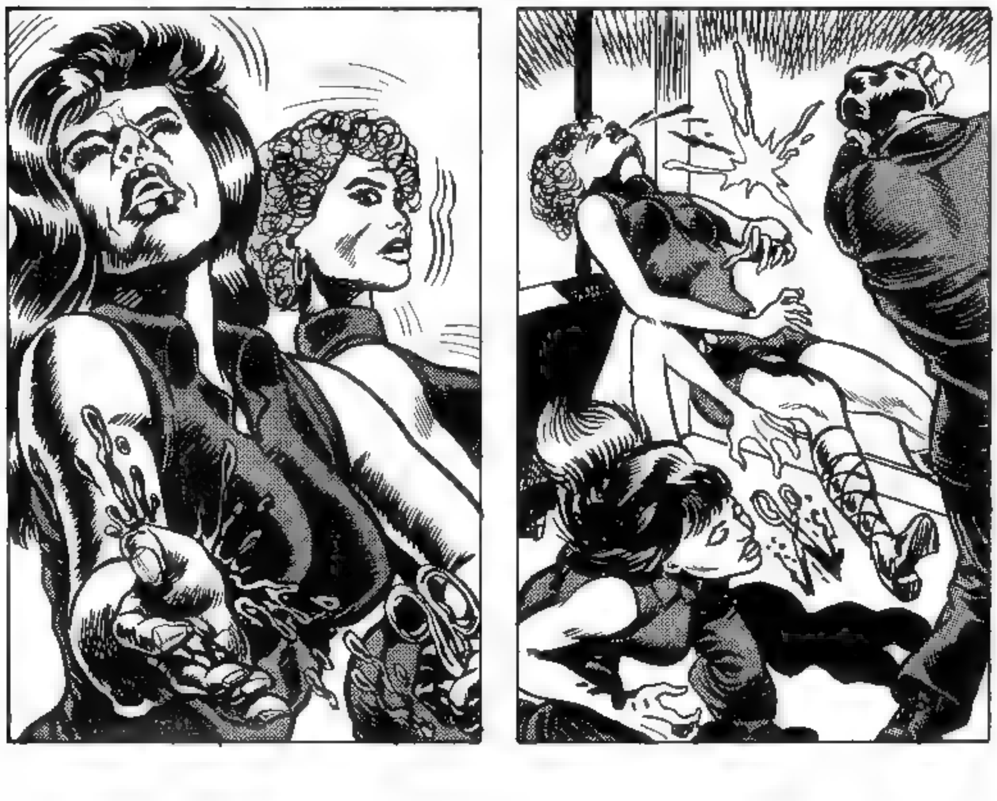
AND LULU'S POISON WAS HAVING ITS INEXORABLE EFFECT. TO MY HORROR, I REALIZED SHE WASN'T ENTIRELY WRONG ... I *WAS* FASCINATED AND TEMPTED BY AN EVIL MIRROR-IMAGE OF MY SWEET WIFE. AND LULU WOULD WORK ON EVELYN WHILE I WAS AWAY AT WORK ...


NO! GOD DAMN IT! I LOVE EVELYN! I WON'T LET OUR HAPPINESS BE DESTROYED BY LULU'S EVIL SCHEMING!
SNAP!
... SORRY, HECTOR, MY HEART IS WITH ANOTHER ... EVELYN'S HUSBAND. GOOD THING SHE'S ASLEEP AND CAN'T HEAR ME. THOUGH WE HAVE OUR DIFFERENCES, I WOULDN'T HURT HER FOR THE WORLD ...
HA! SHE DOESN'T KNOW I SAW HER EYE START TO OPEN!

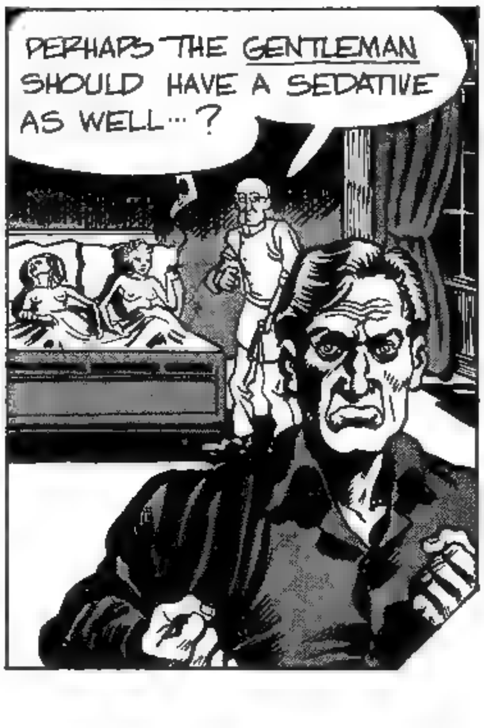
... UNTIL FINALLY, ONE DAY—


JEFF. I MUST KNOW ... WHO DO YOU LOVE? IF IT'S LULU, I BEAR YOU NO GRUDGE ... BUT TELL ME THE TRUTH ...!
EVELYN ... DEAREST EVELYN ... I ONLY LOVE YOU! ...
THEN HOW COME YOUR WANG ALWAYS JUMPS TALLER WHEN I BREATHE ON IT? HUH? EXPLAIN THAT IF YOU CAN! FRANKLY, JEFF ... I'M GETTING TIRED OF YOUR STUBBORN REFUSAL TO FACE THE TRUTH!

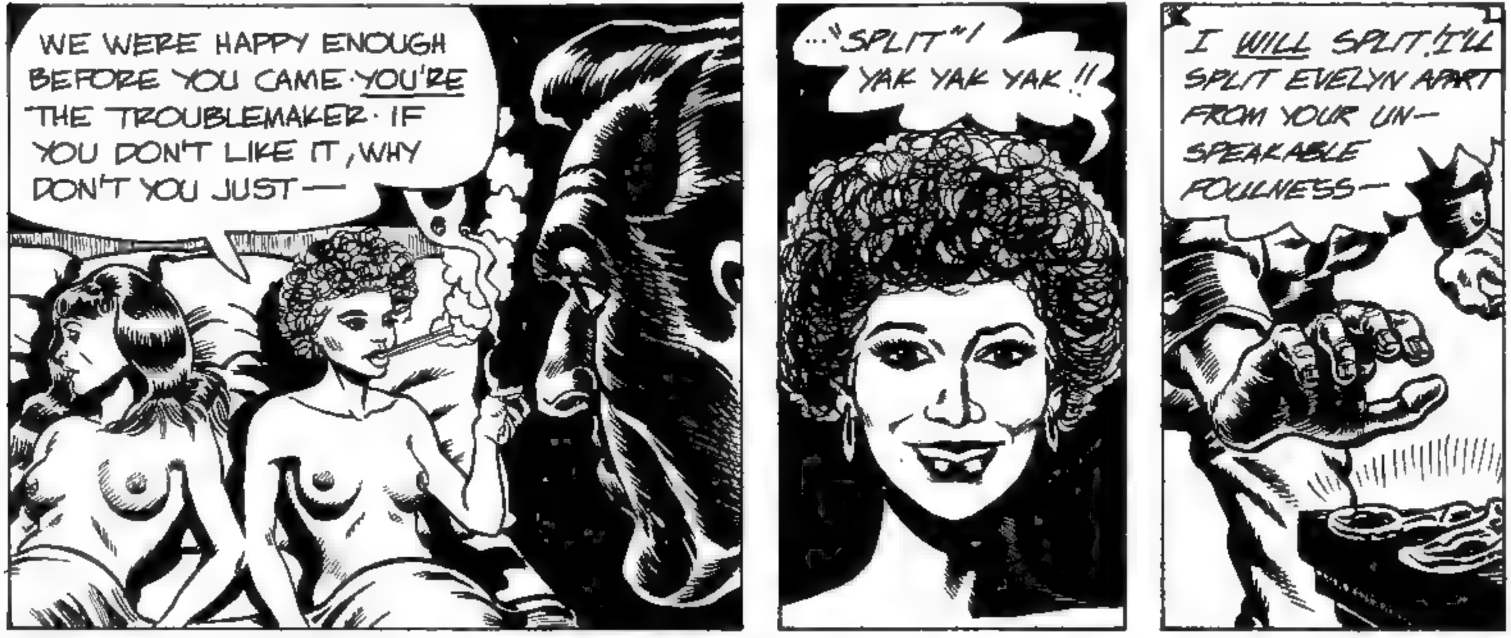

STOP! OH GOD, STOP, STOP! I CAN'T TAKE ANY MORE! I, I ...



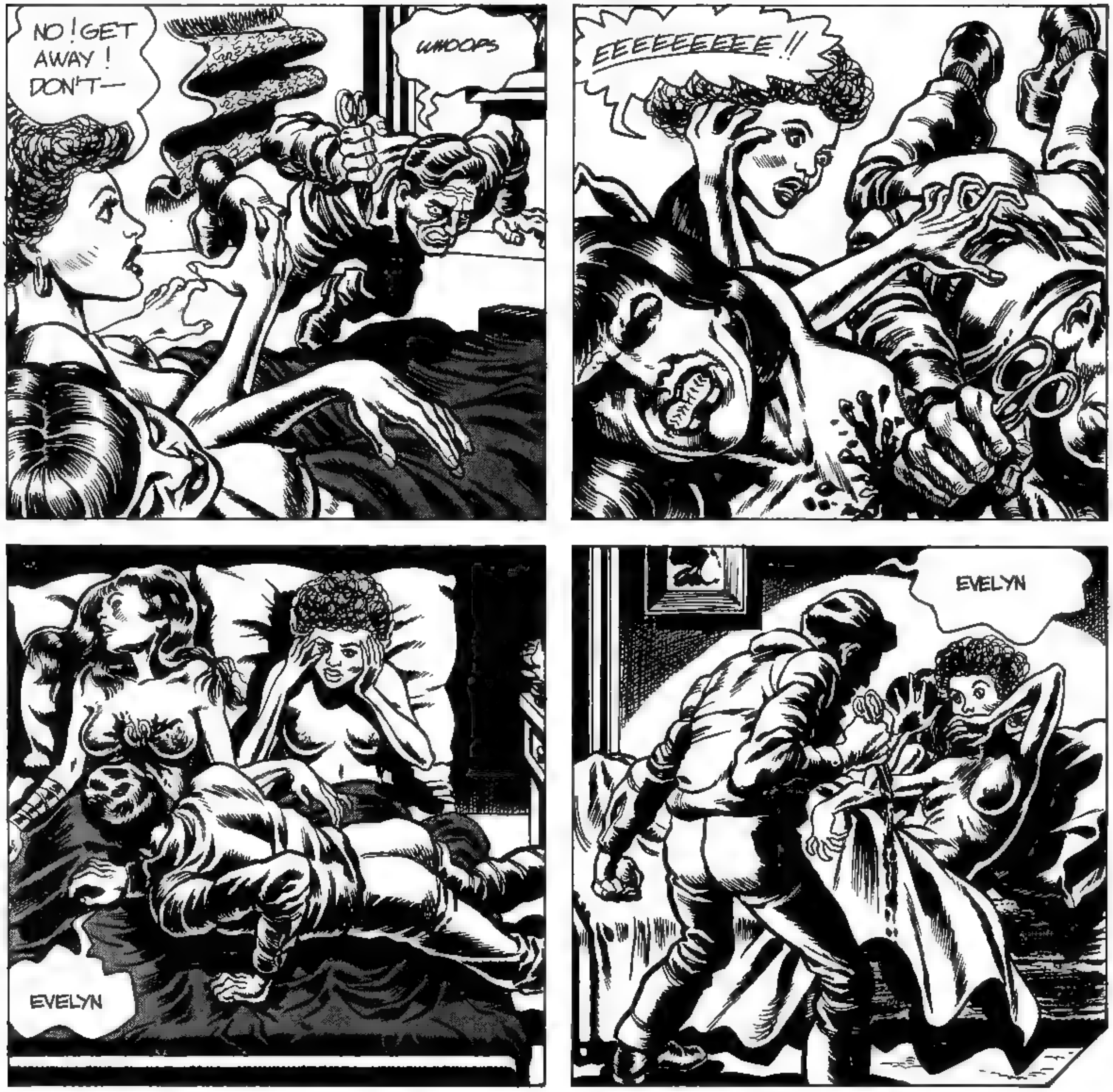
THE WOUND WASN'T BAD ... NOT *PHYSICALLY* ...


PERHAPS THE GENTLEMAN SHOULD HAVE A SEDATIVE AS WELL ...?

GOD FORGIVE ME FOR WHAT HAPPENED NEXT. AFTER THE DOCTOR LEFT, I TURNED TO CONFRONT LULU, BUT IN HER EYES THERE WAS NO TRACE OF REMORSE. SHE ONLY TOOK A DEEP DRAG ON HER CIGARETTE, EXHALED SLOWLY, AND SAID—


WE WERE HAPPY ENOUGH BEFORE YOU CAME. YOU'RE THE TROUBLEMAKER. IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT, WHY DON'T YOU JUST—
..."SPLIT"! YAK YAK YAK!!
I WILL SPLIT. I'LL SPLIT EVELYN APART FROM YOUR UNSPEAKABLE FOULNESS—

I ONLY INTENDED TO CUT THEM APART, TO SEPARATE THE GOOD FROM THE EVIL! BUT—


NO! GET AWAY! DON'T—
WHOOPS
EEEEEEEEEE!!
EVELYN
EVELYN

EVELYN!!
EVELYN!

OF COURSE THE NEIGHBORS HEARD THE SCREAMS WHEN THE POLICE CAME TO GET ME, THERE WASN'T MUCH LEFT OF LULU I WAS STILL TRYING VAINLY TO SEPARATE THE BODIES OF LULU AND EVELYN... BUT THE SCISSORS WERE PRETTY DULL BY THAT TIME FROM HAVING HIT SO MUCH BONE..

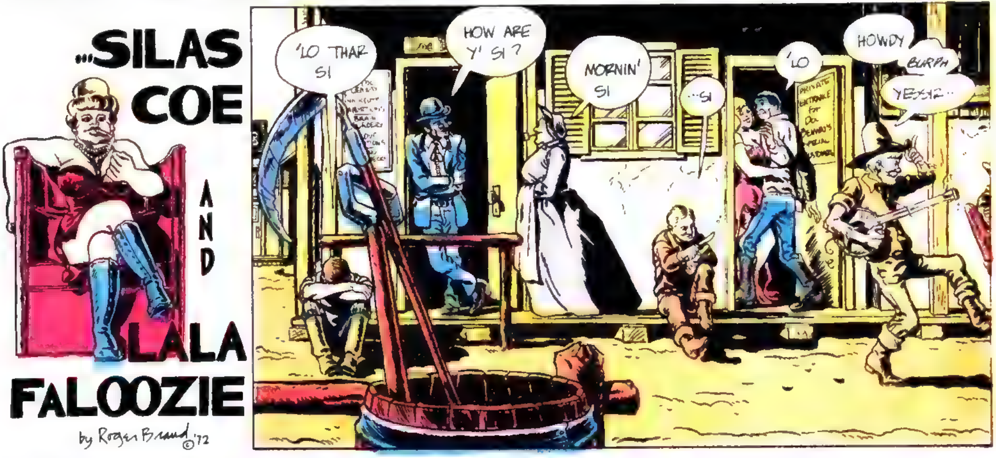
AT MY TRIAL, MY DEFENSE LAWYER TRIED TO PROVE I WAS INSANE. I GUESS MAYBE I AM. BUT I CAN'T STAY ALIVE NOW... SO I DID A BRILLIANT ACTING JOB, AND CONVINCED THE JURY OF MY SANITY... AND NOW I'M ON DEATH ROW. THERE'S NOT MUCH TO DO ON DEATH ROW, SO I BEAT OFF A LOT. IT'S FUNNY... I'VE FALLEN IN LOVE WITH MY RIGHT HAND, BUT MY LEFT HAND IS REALLY EVIL...

THEY'RE COMING FOR ME IN ABOUT AN HOUR. BUT IF I CAN SHARPEN THIS FLATTENED TIN CAN BEFORE THEY GET HERE, I'LL CUT OFF MY LEFT HAND... I'LL SAVE THEM THE TROUBLE..

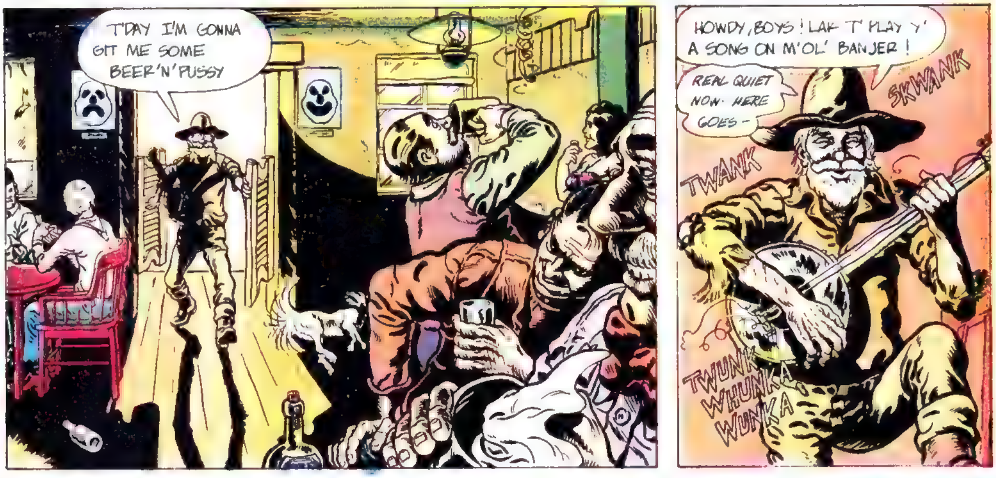
GATHER 'ROUND, PARDS! THIS HERE'S YORE DEAR FRIEND *STORYVILLE LIL*... HERE T' TELL YEW A STORY OF *PASSION* 'N' *TENDER LOVE*!... AN EPIC TALE OF DAN CUPID'S SWEET TRIUMPH... ALL 'BOUT THE *TRUE ROMANCE* BETWEEN...

...SILAS COE AND LALA FALOOZIE

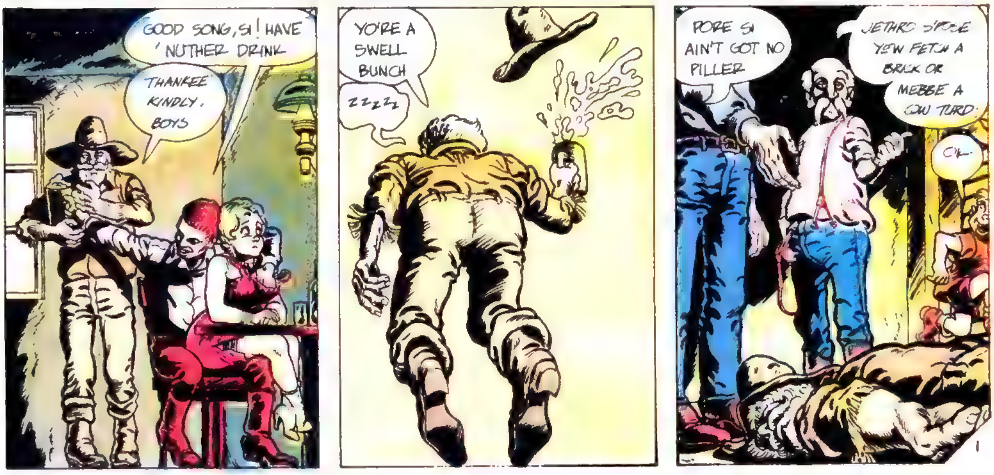
by Roger Brand ©72

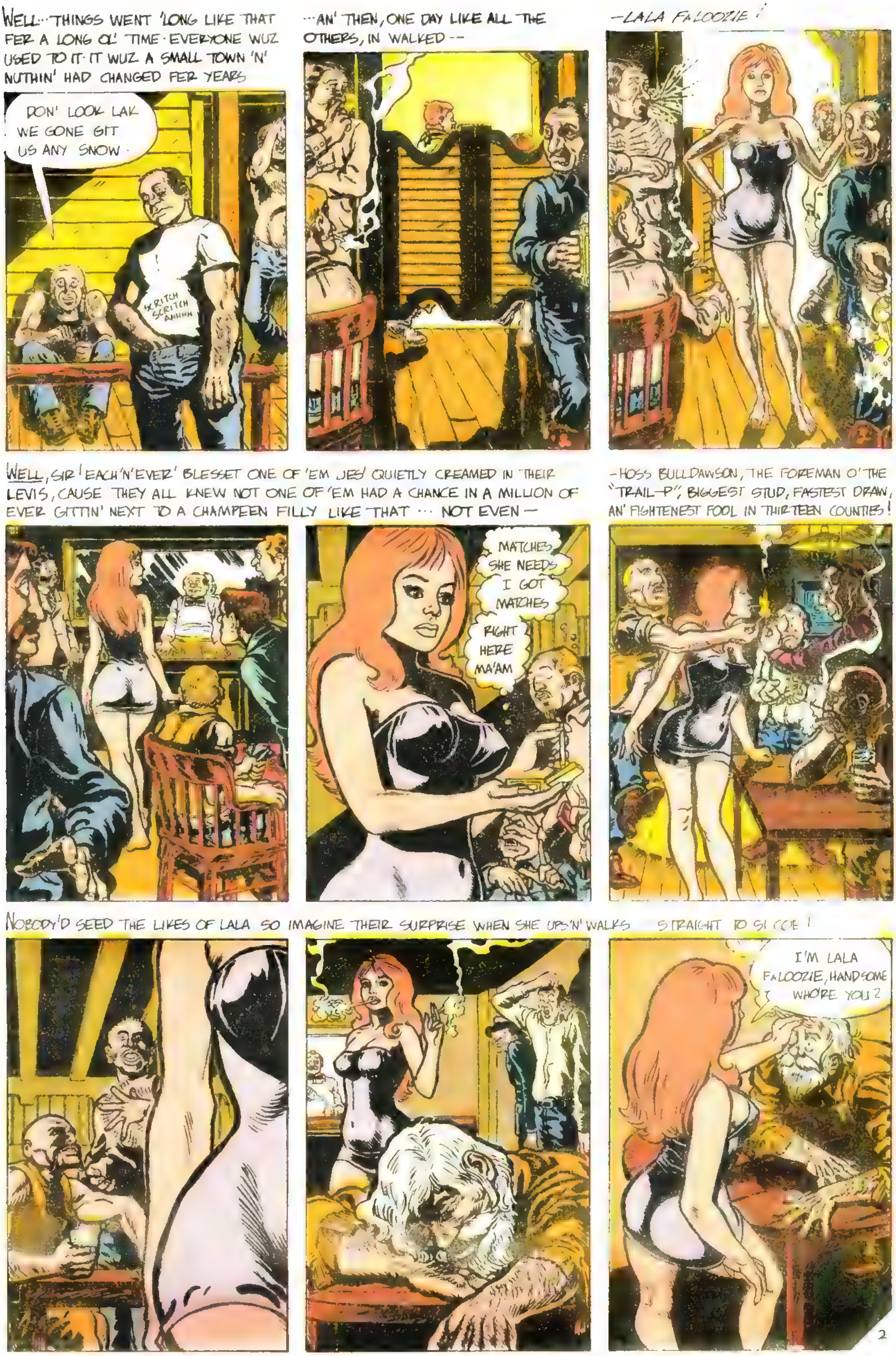

'LO THAR SI
HOW ARE Y' SI?
MORNIN' SI
...SI
'LO
HOWDY
BURPH
YESSIR...

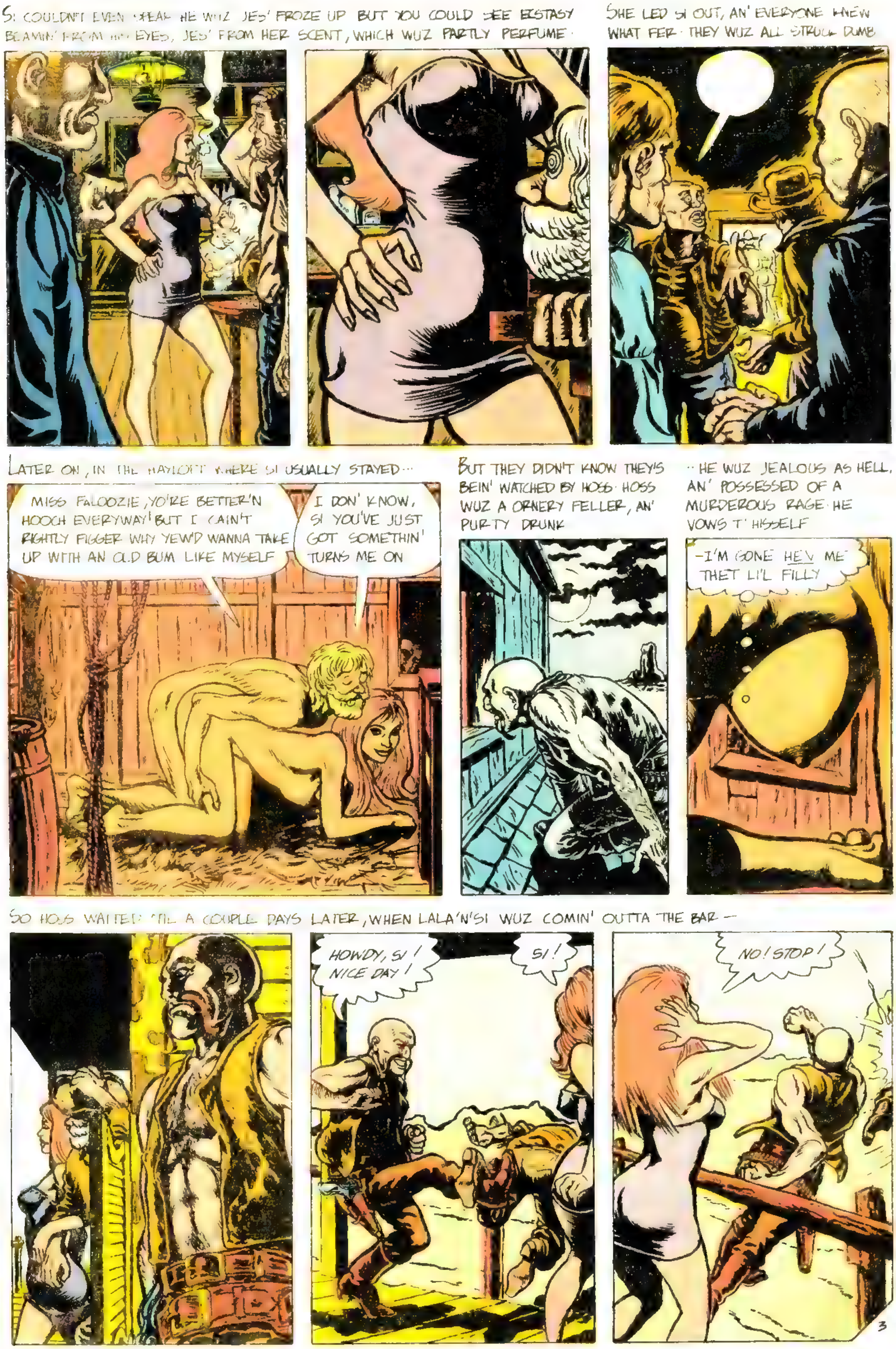
SI WOULD COME IN THE BAR WITH HIS HANDS AND TONGUE OUT... TALKIN' HIS USUAL UNFULFILLED FANTASY.

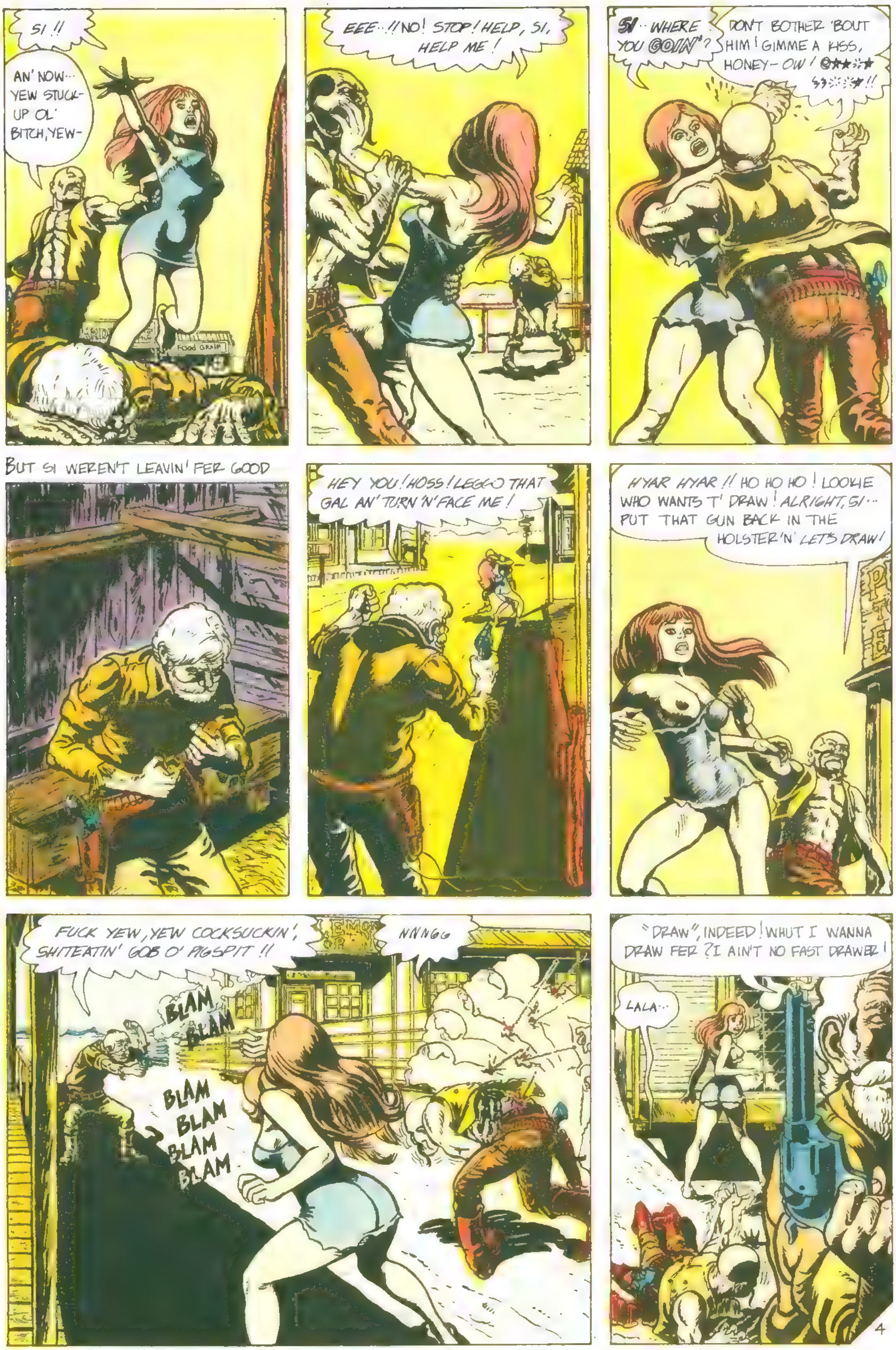

T'DAY I'M GONNA GIT ME SOME BEER'N'PUSSY
HOWDY, BOYS! LAK T' PLAY Y' A SONG ON M'OL' BANJER!
REAL QUIET NOW. HERE GOES -
SKWANK
TWANK
TWUNKA WHUNKA WUNKA

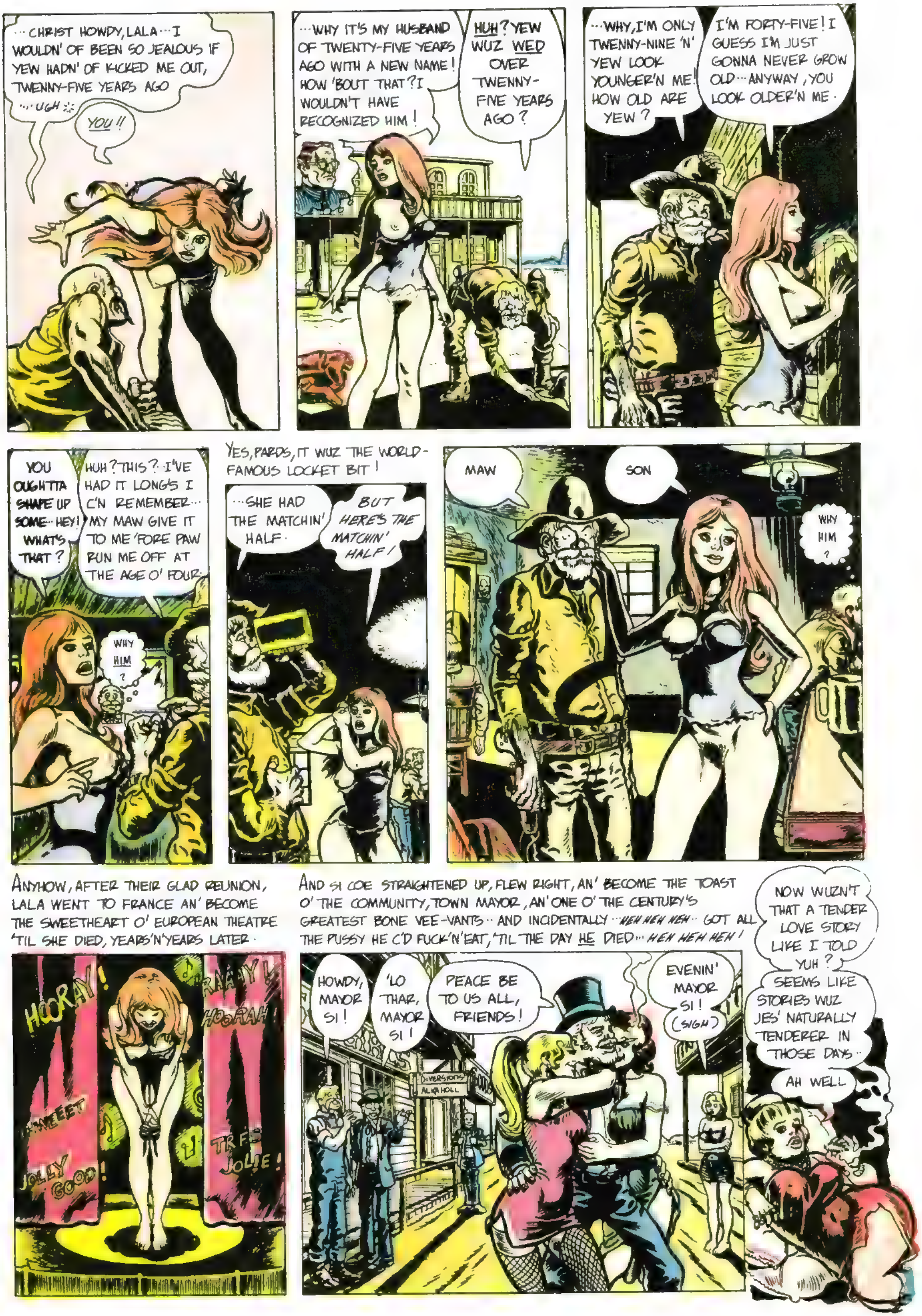
BUT THEY ALL LIKED SI... THEY'D GIVE HIM DRINKS... THEN MOST TIMES SI'D FALL ASLEEP ON THE FLOOR.


GOOD SONG, SI! HAVE 'NUTHER DRINK
THANKEE KINDLY, BOYS
YO'RE A SWELL BUNCH
ZZZZZ
PORE SI AIN'T GOT NO PILLER
JETHRO S'POSE YEW FETCH A BRICK OR MEBBE A COW TURD.
OK.


WELL… THINGS WENT 'LONG LIKE THAT FER A LONG OL' TIME · EVERYONE WUZ USED TO IT · IT WUZ A SMALL TOWN 'N' NUTHIN' HAD CHANGED FER YEARS
DON' LOOK LAK WE GONE GIT US ANY SNOW ·
SCRITCH SCRITCH AHHHH
…AN' THEN, ONE DAY LIKE ALL THE OTHERS, IN WALKED --
–LALA FALOOZIE !
WELL, SIR ! EACH'N'EVER' BLESSET ONE OF 'EM JES' QUIETLY CREAMED IN THEIR LEVIS, CAUSE THEY ALL KNEW NOT ONE OF 'EM HAD A CHANCE IN A MILLION OF EVER GITTIN' NEXT TO A CHAMPEEN FILLY LIKE THAT … NOT EVEN –
MATCHES SHE NEEDS I GOT MATCHES
RIGHT HERE MA'AM
–HOSS BULLDAWSON, THE FOREMAN O' THE "TRAIL–P", BIGGEST STUD, FASTEST DRAW, AN' FIGHTENEST FOOL IN THIRTEEN COUNTIES !
NOBODY'D SEED THE LIKES OF LALA SO IMAGINE THEIR SURPRISE WHEN SHE UPS'N' WALKS STRAIGHT TO SI COE !
I'M LALA FALOOZIE, HANDSOME WHO'RE YOU ?


SI COULDN'T EVEN SPEAK HE WUZ JES' FROZE UP BUT YOU COULD SEE ECSTASY BEAMIN' FROM HIS EYES, JES' FROM HER SCENT, WHICH WUZ PARTLY PERFUME.
SHE LED SI OUT, AN' EVERYONE KNEW WHAT FER. THEY WUZ ALL STRUCK DUMB
LATER ON, IN THE HAYLOFT WHERE SI USUALLY STAYED...
MISS FALOOZIE, YO'RE BETTER'N HOOCH EVERYWAY! BUT I CAIN'T RIGHTLY FIGGER WHY YEW'D WANNA TAKE UP WITH AN OLD BUM LIKE MYSELF
I DON' KNOW, SI YOU'VE JUST GOT SOMETHIN' TURNS ME ON
BUT THEY DIDN'T KNOW THEY'S BEIN' WATCHED BY HOSS. HOSS WUZ A ORNERY FELLER, AN' PURTY DRUNK
...HE WUZ JEALOUS AS HELL, AN' POSSESSED OF A MURDEROUS RAGE. HE VOWS T' HISSELF
-I'M GONE HEV ME THET LI'L FILLY
SO HOSS WAITED 'TIL A COUPLE DAYS LATER, WHEN LALA'N'SI WUZ COMIN' OUTTA THE BAR—
HOWDY, SI! NICE DAY!
SI!
NO! STOP!


SI !!
AN' NOW... YEW STUCK-UP OL' BITCH, YEW—
FOOD GRAIN
EEE...!! NO! STOP! HELP, SI, HELP ME!
SI... WHERE YOU GOIN'?
DON'T BOTHER 'BOUT HIM! GIMME A KISS, HONEY— OW! @★★!★ $$!★!!
BUT SI WEREN'T LEAVIN' FER GOOD
HEY YOU! HOSS! LEGGO THAT GAL AN' TURN 'N' FACE ME!
HYAR HYAR!! HO HO HO! LOOKIE WHO WANTS T' DRAW! ALRIGHT, SI... PUT THAT GUN BACK IN THE HOLSTER 'N' LET'S DRAW!
FUCK YEW, YEW COCKSUCKIN', SHITEATIN' GOB O' PIGSPIT!!
NNNGG
BLAM BLAM
BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM
"DRAW", INDEED! WHUT I WANNA DRAW FER? I AIN'T NO FAST DRAWER!
LALA...


···CHRIST HOWDY, LALA··· I WOULDN' OF BEEN SO JEALOUS IF YEW HADN' OF KICKED ME OUT, TWENNY-FIVE YEARS AGO ···UGH ⁘
YOU!!
···WHY IT'S MY HUSBAND OF TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO WITH A NEW NAME! HOW 'BOUT THAT? I WOULDN'T HAVE RECOGNIZED HIM!
HUH? YEW WUZ WED OVER TWENNY-FIVE YEARS AGO?
···WHY, I'M ONLY TWENNY-NINE 'N' YEW LOOK YOUNGER'N ME! HOW OLD ARE YEW?
I'M FORTY-FIVE! I GUESS I'M JUST GONNA NEVER GROW OLD··· ANYWAY, YOU LOOK OLDER'N ME.
YOU OUGHTTA SHAPE UP SOME···HEY! WHAT'S THAT?
HUH? THIS? I'VE HAD IT LONG'S I C'N REMEMBER··· MY MAW GIVE IT TO ME 'FORE PAW RUN ME OFF AT THE AGE O' FOUR.
WHY HIM?
YES, PARDS, IT WUZ THE WORLD-FAMOUS LOCKET BIT!
···SHE HAD THE MATCHIN' HALF.
BUT HERE'S THE MATCHIN' HALF!
MAW
SON
WHY HIM?
ANYHOW, AFTER THEIR GLAD REUNION, LALA WENT TO FRANCE AN' BECOME THE SWEETHEART O' EUROPEAN THEATRE 'TIL SHE DIED, YEARS'N'YEARS LATER.
HOORAY!
RAAAY!
HOORAH!
SWEEET
JOLLY GOOD!
TRÈS JOLIE!
AND SI COE STRAIGHTENED UP, FLEW RIGHT, AN' BECOME THE TOAST O' THE COMMUNITY, TOWN MAYOR, AN' ONE O' THE CENTURY'S GREATEST BONE VEE-VANTS·· AND INCIDENTALLY ···HEH HEH HEH·· GOT ALL THE PUSSY HE C'D FUCK'N'EAT, 'TIL THE DAY HE DIED··· HEH HEH HEH!
HOWDY, MAYOR SI!
'LO THAR, MAYOR SI!
PEACE BE TO US ALL, FRIENDS!
EVENIN' MAYOR SI! (SIGH)
NOW WUZN'T THAT A TENDER LOVE STORY LIKE I TOLD YUH?
SEEMS LIKE STORIES WUZ JES' NATURALLY TENDERER IN THOSE DAYS··
AH WELL

GILROY BLURR USED TO BE A BUNDLE OF NEUROSES AND INADEQUACIES, ALL OF WHICH CENTERED AROUND SEX. HOW HE BURST THE PARALYZING CHAINS OF HIS DULL EXISTENCE AND FOUND PEACE OF MIND IS DOCUMENTED IN THIS TALE OF HEROIC SELF-ACCEPTANCE!

"GILLY CONQUERS HIS SEX PROBLEM!"

by Roger Brand

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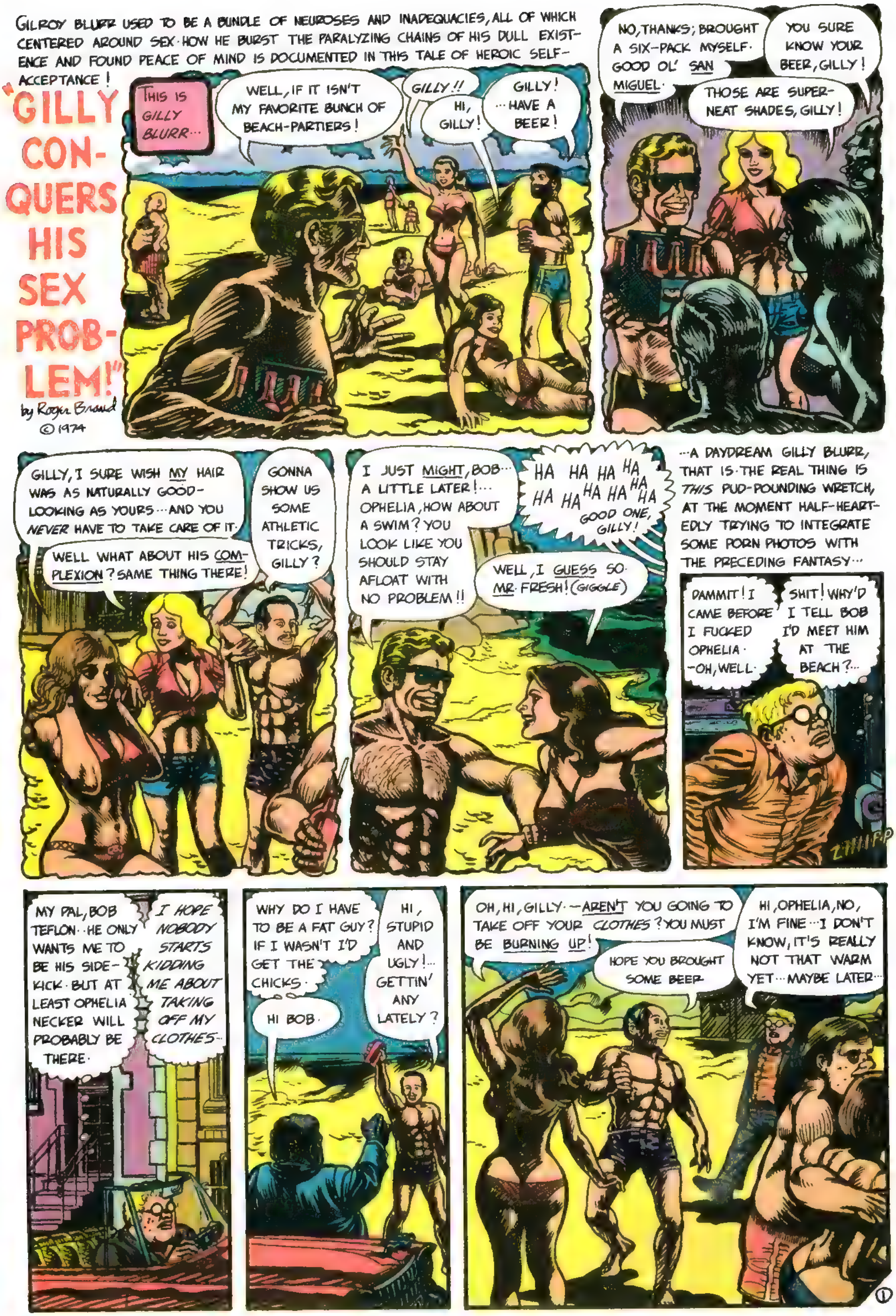
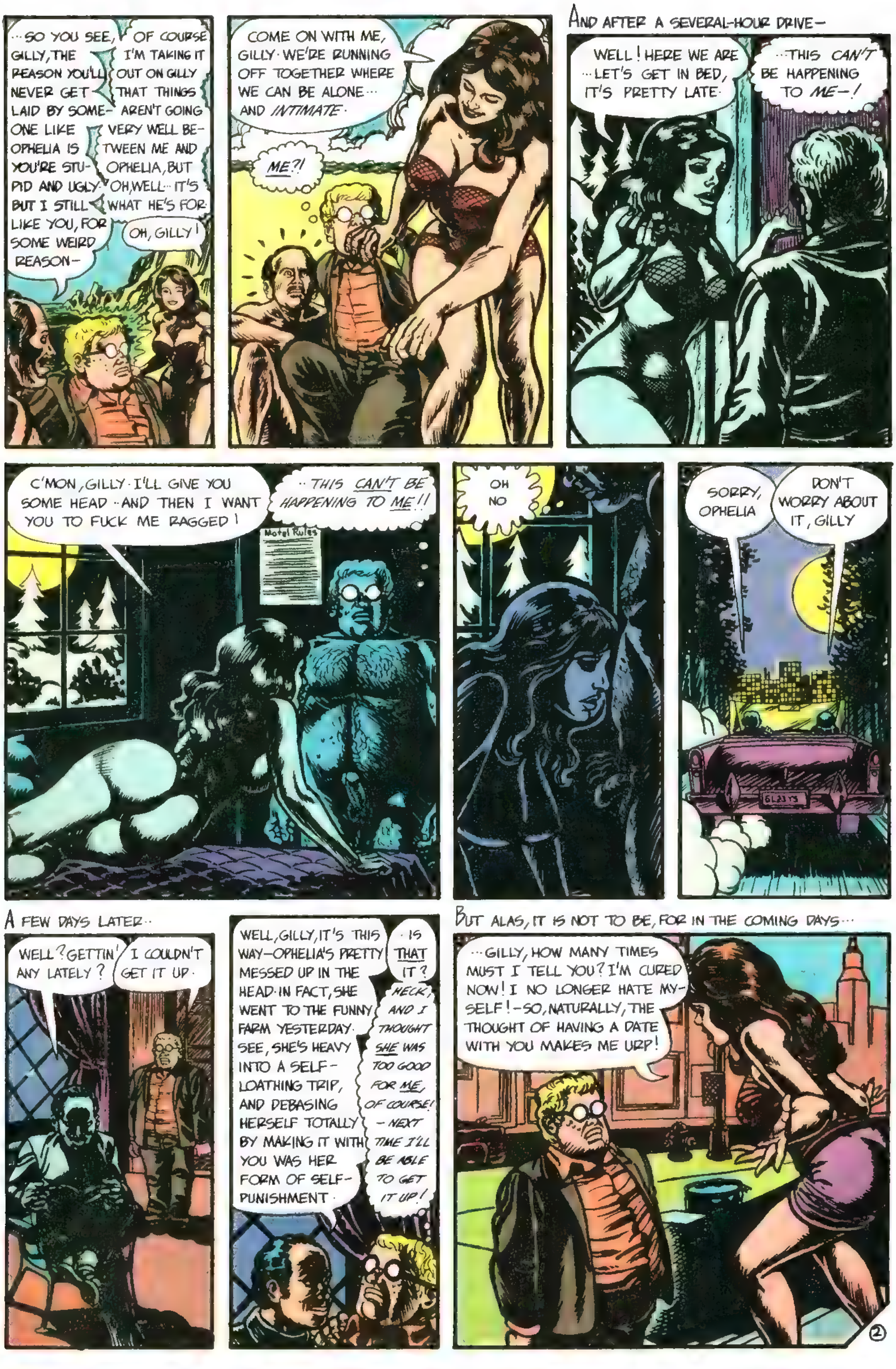
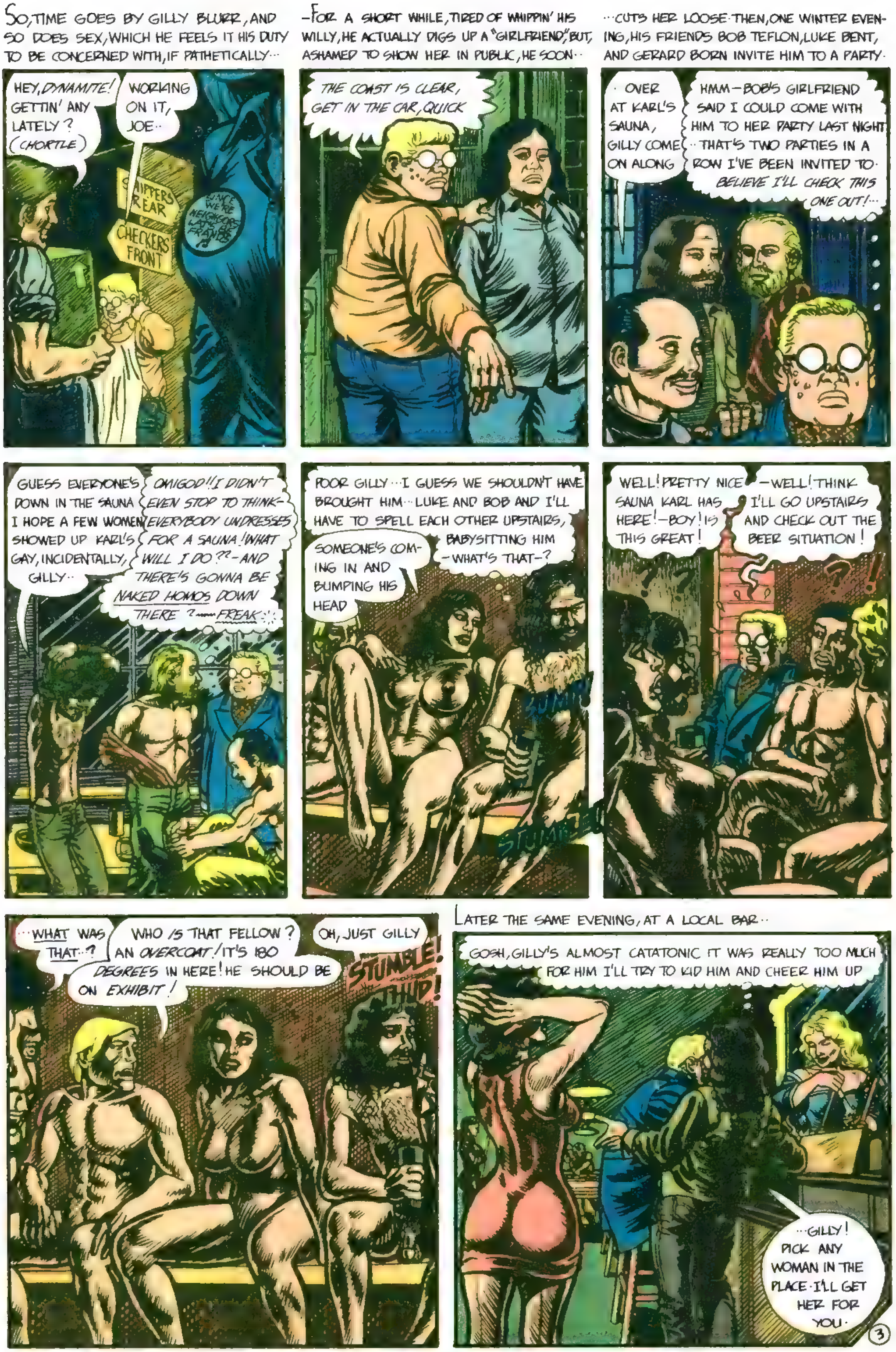
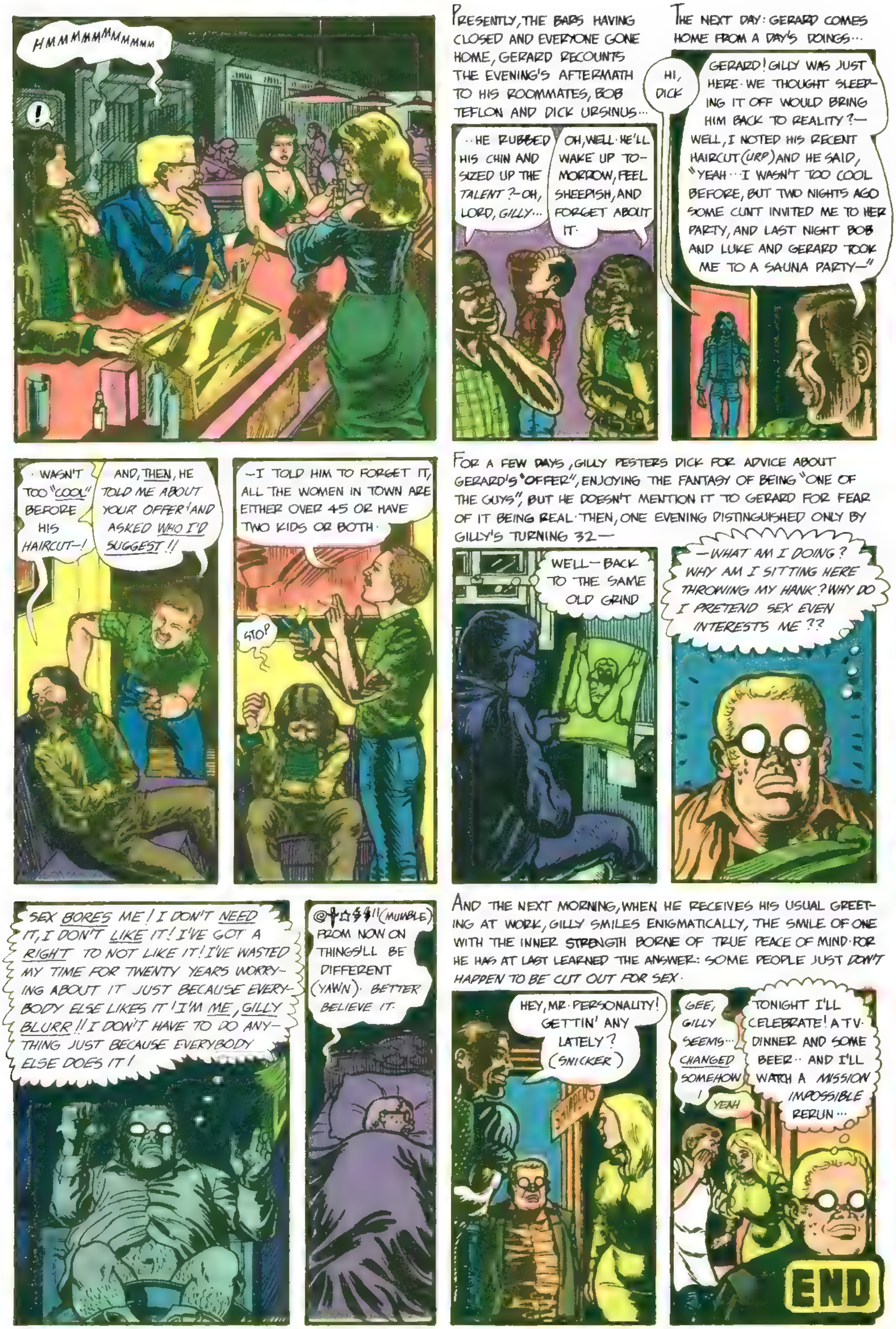
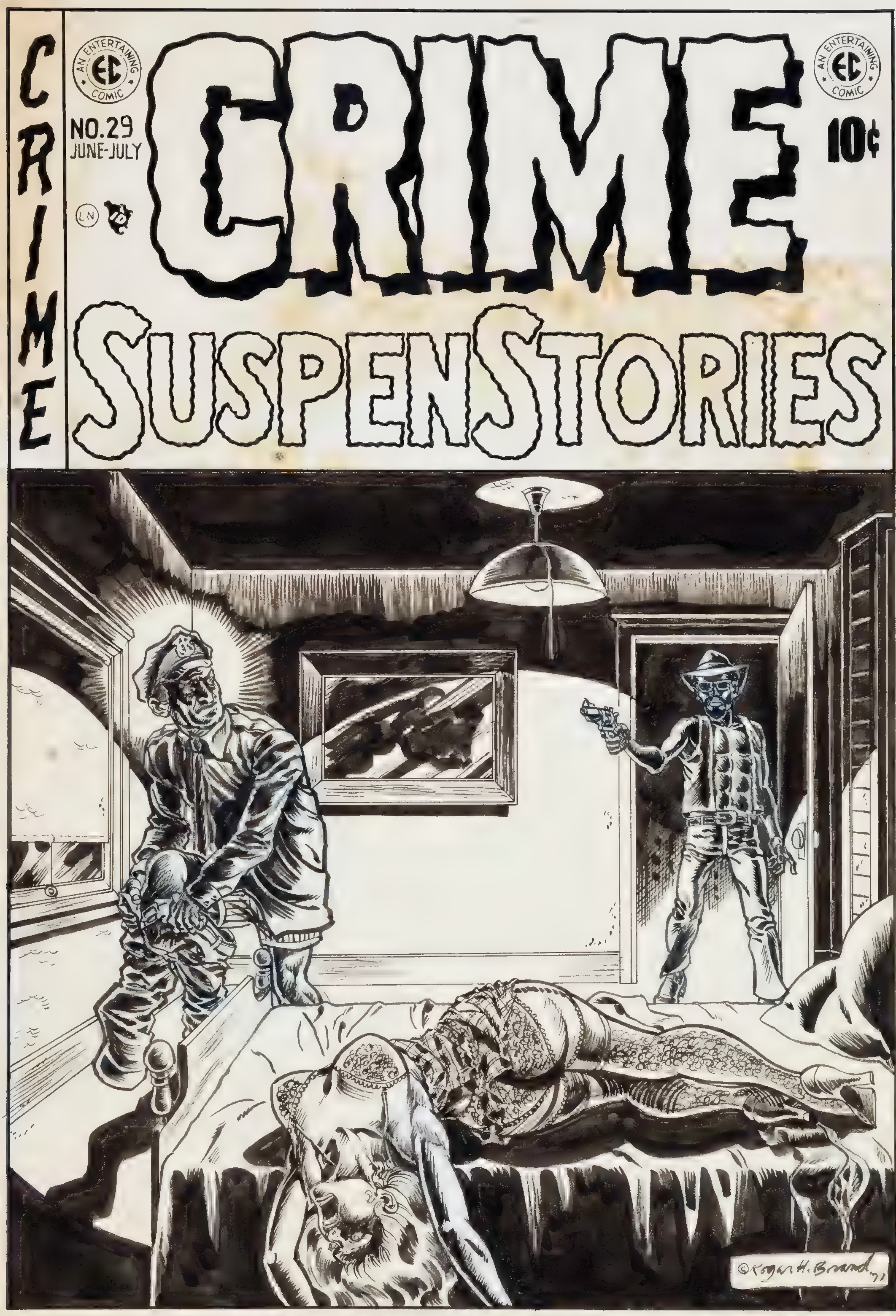

THIS IS GILLY BLURR...
WELL, IF IT ISN'T MY FAVORITE BUNCH OF BEACH-PARTIERS!
GILLY!!
HI, GILLY!
GILLY! ...HAVE A BEER!
NO, THANKS; BROUGHT A SIX-PACK MYSELF. GOOD OL' SAN MIGUEL.
YOU SURE KNOW YOUR BEER, GILLY!
THOSE ARE SUPER-NEAT SHADES, GILLY!
GILLY, I SURE WISH MY HAIR WAS AS NATURALLY GOOD-LOOKING AS YOURS... AND YOU NEVER HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF IT.
WELL WHAT ABOUT HIS COMPLEXION? SAME THING THERE!
GONNA SHOW US SOME ATHLETIC TRICKS, GILLY?
I JUST MIGHT, BOB... A LITTLE LATER!... OPHELIA, HOW ABOUT A SWIM? YOU LOOK LIKE YOU SHOULD STAY AFLOAT WITH NO PROBLEM!!
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA GOOD ONE, GILLY!
WELL, I GUESS SO. MR. FRESH! (GIGGLE)
...A DAYDREAM GILLY BLURR, THAT IS. THE REAL THING IS THIS PUD-POUNDING WRETCH, AT THE MOMENT HALF-HEARTEDLY TRYING TO INTEGRATE SOME PORN PHOTOS WITH THE PRECEDING FANTASY...
DAMMIT! I CAME BEFORE I FUCKED OPHELIA. -OH, WELL.
SHIT! WHY'D I TELL BOB I'D MEET HIM AT THE BEACH?...
ZTHHHPP
MY PAL, BOB TEFLON. HE ONLY WANTS ME TO BE HIS SIDEKICK. BUT AT LEAST OPHELIA NECKER WILL PROBABLY BE THERE.
I HOPE NOBODY STARTS KIDDING ME ABOUT TAKING OFF MY CLOTHES.
WHY DO I HAVE TO BE A FAT GUY? IF I WASN'T I'D GET THE CHICKS.
HI BOB.
HI, STUPID AND UGLY!... GETTIN' ANY LATELY?
OH, HI, GILLY. --AREN'T YOU GOING TO TAKE OFF YOUR CLOTHES? YOU MUST BE BURNING UP!
HOPE YOU BROUGHT SOME BEER.
HI, OPHELIA, NO, I'M FINE... I DON'T KNOW, IT'S REALLY NOT THAT WARM YET... MAYBE LATER...


…SO YOU SEE, GILLY, THE REASON YOU'LL NEVER GET LAID BY SOMEONE LIKE OPHELIA IS YOU'RE STUPID AND UGLY. BUT I STILL LIKE YOU, FOR SOME WEIRD REASON—
OF COURSE I'M TAKING IT OUT ON GILLY THAT THINGS AREN'T GOING VERY WELL BETWEEN ME AND OPHELIA, BUT OH, WELL… IT'S WHAT HE'S FOR.
OH, GILLY!
COME ON WITH ME, GILLY. WE'RE RUNNING OFF TOGETHER WHERE WE CAN BE ALONE… AND *INTIMATE*.
ME?!
AND AFTER A SEVERAL-HOUR DRIVE—
WELL! HERE WE ARE …LET'S GET IN BED, IT'S PRETTY LATE.
…THIS *CAN'T* BE HAPPENING TO *ME*—!
C'MON, GILLY. I'LL GIVE YOU SOME HEAD… AND THEN I WANT YOU TO FUCK ME RAGGED!
…*THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING TO ME*!!
Motel Rules
OH NO
SORRY, OPHELIA
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, GILLY
A FEW DAYS LATER…
WELL? GETTIN' ANY LATELY?
I COULDN'T GET IT UP.
WELL, GILLY, IT'S THIS WAY—OPHELIA'S PRETTY MESSED UP IN THE HEAD. IN FACT, SHE WENT TO THE FUNNY FARM YESTERDAY. SEE, SHE'S HEAVY INTO A SELF-LOATHING TRIP, AND DEBASING HERSELF TOTALLY BY MAKING IT WITH YOU WAS HER FORM OF SELF-PUNISHMENT.
IS THAT IT?
HECK, AND I THOUGHT SHE WAS TOO GOOD FOR ME, OF COURSE! —NEXT TIME I'LL BE ABLE TO GET IT UP!
BUT ALAS, IT IS NOT TO BE, FOR IN THE COMING DAYS…
…GILLY, HOW MANY TIMES MUST I TELL YOU? I'M CURED NOW! I NO LONGER HATE MYSELF!—SO, NATURALLY, THE THOUGHT OF HAVING A DATE WITH YOU MAKES ME URP!


SO, TIME GOES BY GILLY BLURR, AND SO DOES SEX, WHICH HE FEELS IT HIS DUTY TO BE CONCERNED WITH, IF PATHETICALLY···
HEY, DYNAMITE! GETTIN' ANY LATELY? (CHORTLE)
WORKING ON IT, JOE··
SHIPPERS REAR
CHECKERS FRONT
SINCE WE'RE NEIGHBORS LET'S BE FRIENDS
–FOR A SHORT WHILE, TIRED OF WHIPPIN' HIS WILLY, HE ACTUALLY DIGS UP A "GIRLFRIEND," BUT, ASHAMED TO SHOW HER IN PUBLIC, HE SOON··
THE COAST IS CLEAR, GET IN THE CAR, QUICK
···CUTS HER LOOSE·THEN, ONE WINTER EVENING, HIS FRIENDS BOB TEFLON, LUKE BENT, AND GERARD BORN INVITE HIM TO A PARTY·
· OVER AT KARL'S SAUNA, GILLY COME ON ALONG
HMM–BOB'S GIRLFRIEND SAID I COULD COME WITH HIM TO HER PARTY LAST NIGHT ··THAT'S TWO PARTIES IN A ROW I'VE BEEN INVITED TO· BELIEVE I'LL CHECK THIS ONE OUT!···
GUESS EVERYONE'S DOWN IN THE SAUNA I HOPE A FEW WOMEN SHOWED UP· KARL'S GAY, INCIDENTALLY, GILLY··
OMIGOD!! I DIDN'T EVEN STOP TO THINK– EVERYBODY UNDRESSES FOR A SAUNA! WHAT WILL I DO??–AND THERE'S GONNA BE NAKED HOMOS DOWN THERE?~~ FREAK!
POOR GILLY···I GUESS WE SHOULDN'T HAVE BROUGHT HIM··LUKE AND BOB AND I'LL HAVE TO SPELL EACH OTHER UPSTAIRS, BABYSITTING HIM –WHAT'S THAT–?
SOMEONE'S COMING IN AND BUMPING HIS HEAD
BUMP!
STUMBLE!
WELL! PRETTY NICE SAUNA KARL HAS HERE!–BOY! IS THIS GREAT!
–WELL! THINK I'LL GO UPSTAIRS AND CHECK OUT THE BEER SITUATION!
?!
···WHAT WAS THAT··?
WHO IS THAT FELLOW? AN OVERCOAT! IT'S 180 DEGREES IN HERE! HE SHOULD BE ON EXHIBIT!
OH, JUST GILLY
STUMBLE! THUD!
LATER THE SAME EVENING, AT A LOCAL BAR··
GOSH, GILLY'S ALMOST CATATONIC IT WAS REALLY TOO MUCH FOR HIM I'LL TRY TO KID HIM AND CHEER HIM UP
···GILLY! PICK ANY WOMAN IN THE PLACE·I'LL GET HER FOR YOU·


HMMMMMMMMMMM
!
PRESENTLY, THE BARS HAVING CLOSED AND EVERYONE GONE HOME, GERARD RECOUNTS THE EVENING'S AFTERMATH TO HIS ROOMMATES, BOB TEFLON AND DICK URSINUS···
··HE RUBBED HIS CHIN AND SIZED UP THE *TALENT*?—OH, LORD, GILLY···
OH, WELL· HE'LL WAKE UP TOMORROW, FEEL SHEEPISH, AND FORGET ABOUT IT·
THE NEXT DAY: GERARD COMES HOME FROM A DAY'S DOINGS···
HI, DICK
GERARD! GILLY WAS JUST HERE· WE THOUGHT SLEEPING IT OFF WOULD BRING HIM BACK TO REALITY?—WELL, I NOTED HIS RECENT HAIRCUT (URP) AND HE SAID, "YEAH ··· I WASN'T TOO COOL BEFORE, BUT TWO NIGHTS AGO SOME CUNT INVITED ME TO HER PARTY, AND LAST NIGHT BOB AND LUKE AND GERARD TOOK ME TO A SAUNA PARTY—"
·WASN'T TOO "COOL" BEFORE HIS HAIRCUT—!
AND, THEN, HE TOLD ME ABOUT YOUR OFFER! AND ASKED WHO I'D SUGGEST!!
—I TOLD HIM TO FORGET IT, ALL THE WOMEN IN TOWN ARE EITHER OVER 45 OR HAVE TWO KIDS OR BOTH·
STOP
FOR A FEW DAYS, GILLY PESTERS DICK FOR ADVICE ABOUT GERARD'S "OFFER", ENJOYING THE FANTASY OF BEING "ONE OF THE GUYS", BUT HE DOESN'T MENTION IT TO GERARD FOR FEAR OF IT BEING REAL· THEN, ONE EVENING DISTINGUISHED ONLY BY GILLY'S TURNING 32—
WELL—BACK TO THE SAME OLD GRIND
—WHAT AM I DOING? WHY AM I SITTING HERE THROWING MY HANK? WHY DO I PRETEND SEX EVEN INTERESTS ME??
SEX BORES ME! I DON'T NEED IT, I DON'T LIKE IT! I'VE GOT A RIGHT TO NOT LIKE IT! I'VE WASTED MY TIME FOR TWENTY YEARS WORRYING ABOUT IT JUST BECAUSE EVERYBODY ELSE LIKES IT! I'M ME, GILLY BLURR!! I DON'T HAVE TO DO ANYTHING JUST BECAUSE EVERYBODY ELSE DOES IT!
@✝☆$$!! (MUMBLE) FROM NOW ON THINGS'LL BE DIFFERENT (YAWN)· BETTER BELIEVE IT·
AND THE NEXT MORNING, WHEN HE RECEIVES HIS USUAL GREETING AT WORK, GILLY SMILES ENIGMATICALLY, THE SMILE OF ONE WITH THE INNER STRENGTH BORNE OF TRUE PEACE OF MIND· FOR HE HAS AT LAST LEARNED THE ANSWER: SOME PEOPLE JUST DON'T HAPPEN TO BE CUT OUT FOR SEX·
HEY, MR· PERSONALITY! GETTIN' ANY LATELY? (SNICKER)
STAPLERS
GEE, GILLY SEEMS··· CHANGED SOMEHOW!
YEAH
TONIGHT I'LL CELEBRATE! A TV· DINNER AND SOME BEER·· AND I'LL WATCH A MISSION IMPOSSIBLE RERUN···
END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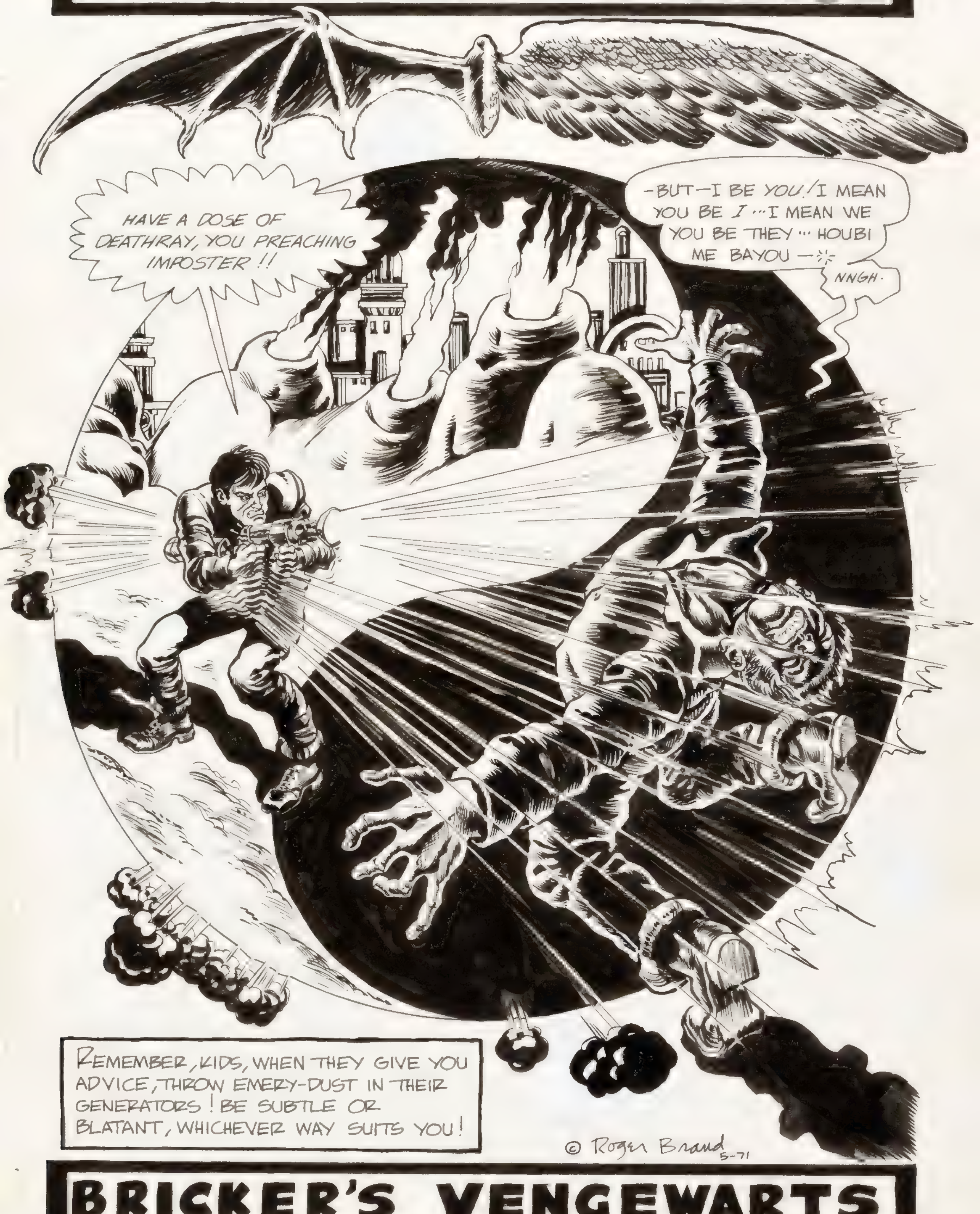
STRAWBRICK'S REVENGE


HAVE A DOSE OF DEATHRAY, YOU PREACHING IMPOSTER !!
-BUT—I BE YOU! I MEAN YOU BE I ··· I MEAN WE YOU BE THEY ··· HOUBI ME BAYOU —
NNGH.

REMEMBER, KIDS, WHEN THEY GIVE YOU ADVICE, THROW EMERY-DUST IN THEIR GENERATORS! BE SUBTLE OR BLATANT, WHICHEVER WAY SUITS YOU!

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BRICKER'S VENGEWARTS

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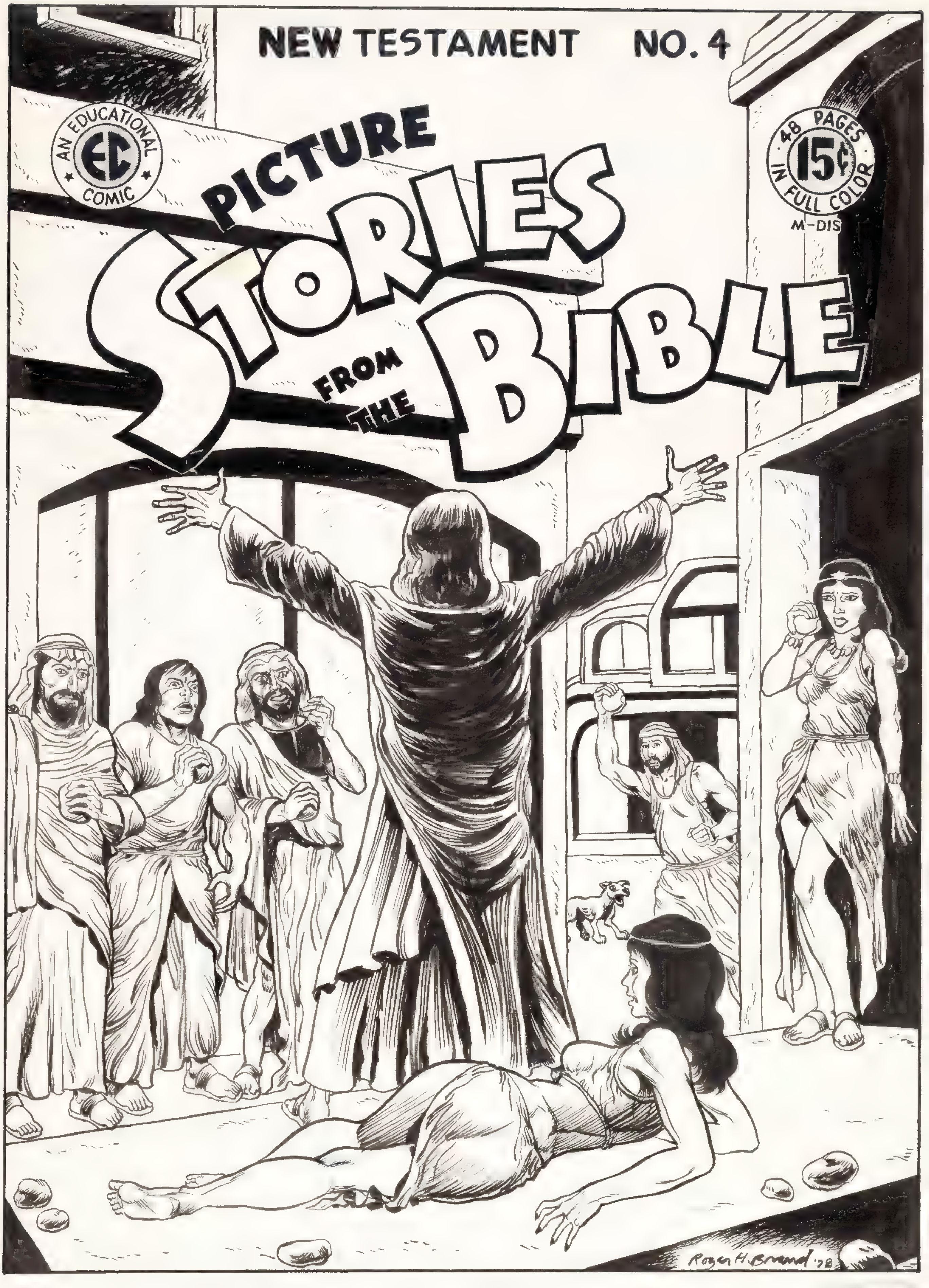
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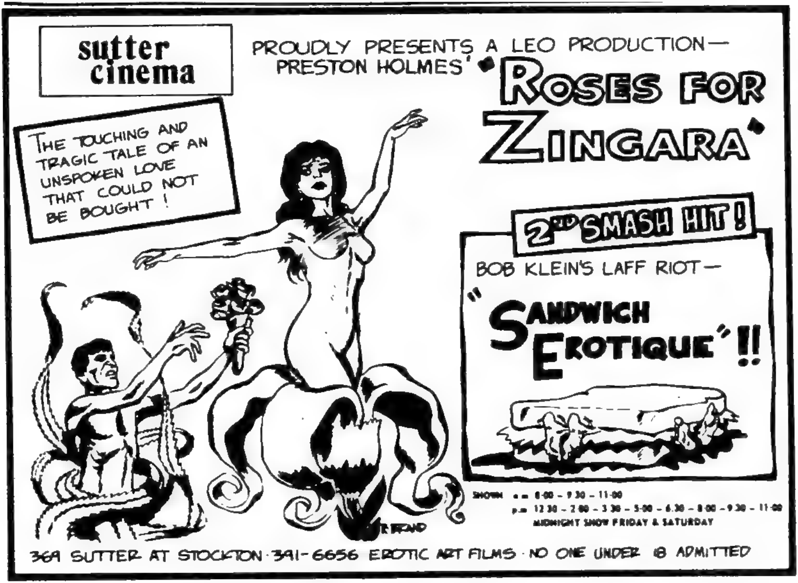
Roger Brand

NEW SHOW THIS WEEK



sutter
cinema

PROUDLY PRESENTS A LEO PRODUCTION—
PRESTON HOLMES' "ROSES FOR ZINGARA"

THE TOUCHING AND TRAGIC TALE OF AN UNSPOKEN LOVE THAT COULD NOT BE BOUGHT!

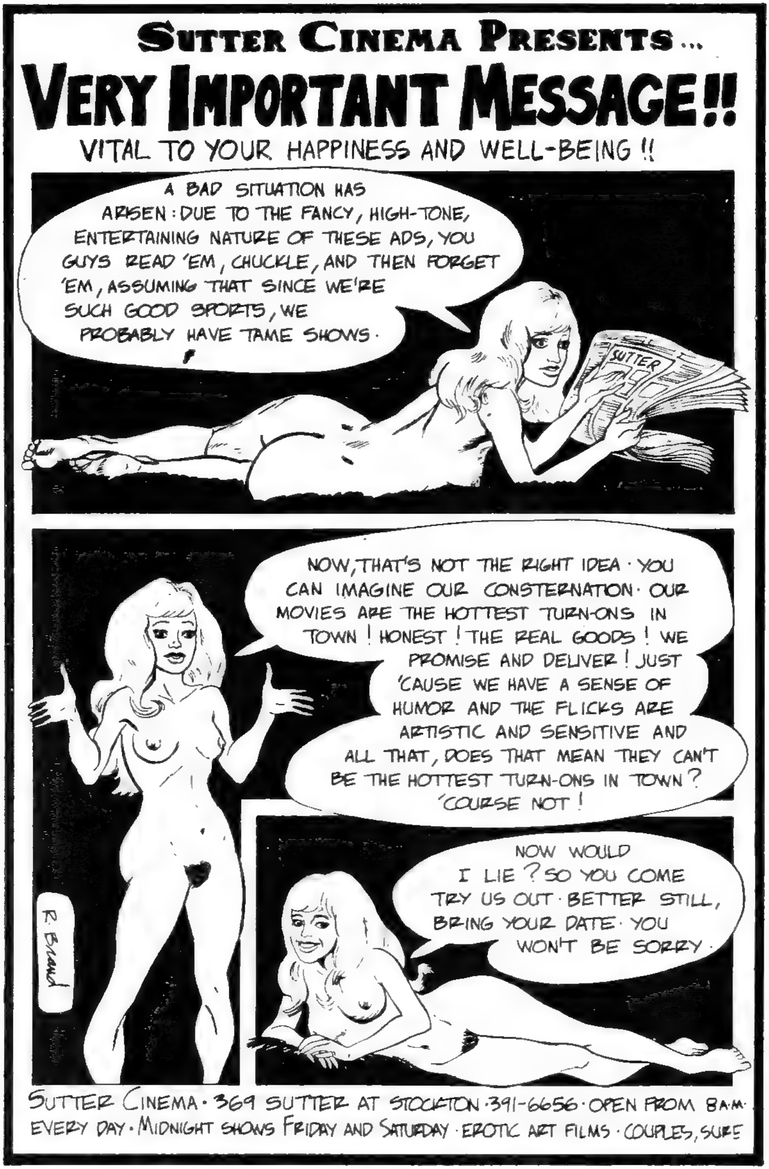
2nd SMASH HIT!

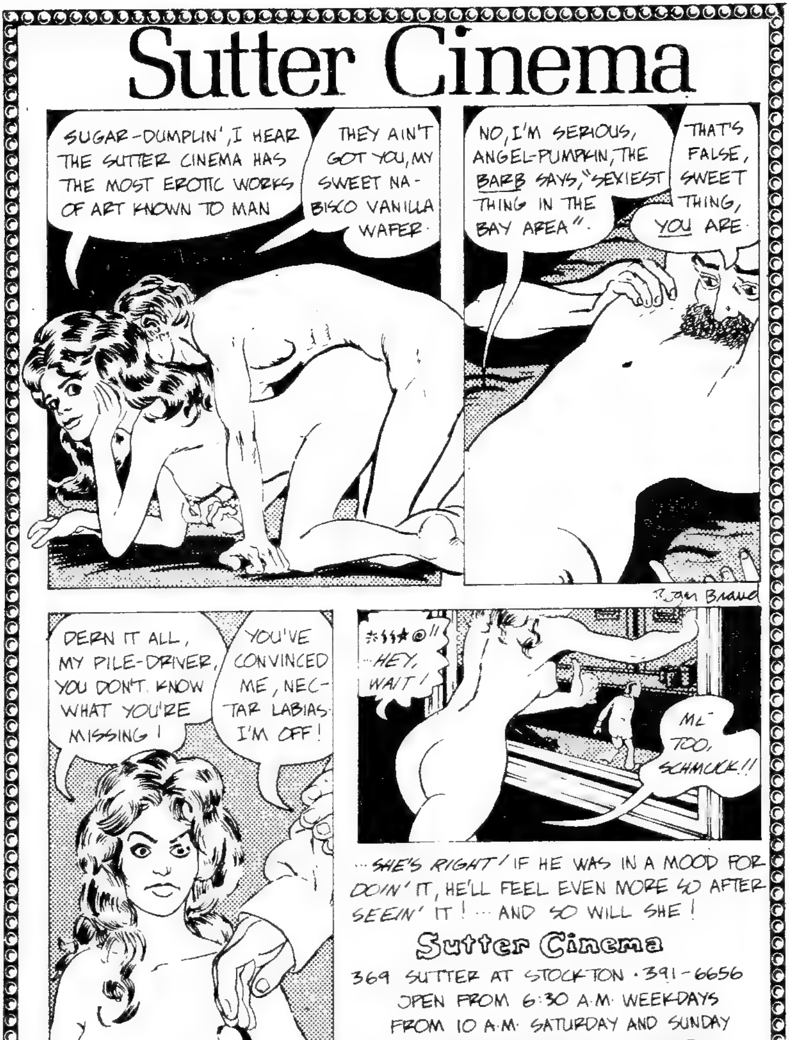
BOB KLEIN'S LAFF RIOT—

"SANDWICH EROTIQUE"!!

SHOWN a.m. 8:00 - 9:30 - 11:00
p.m. 12:30 - 2:00 - 3:30 - 5:00 - 6:30 - 8:00 - 9:30 - 11:00
MIDNIGHT SHOW FRIDAY & SATURDAY

369 SUTTER AT STOCKTON · 391-6656 EROTIC ART FILMS · NO ONE UNDER 18 ADMITTED


SUTTER CINEMA PRESENTS...
VERY IMPORTANT MESSAGE!!
VITAL TO YOUR HAPPINESS AND WELL-BEING !!
A BAD SITUATION HAS ARISEN: DUE TO THE FANCY, HIGH-TONE, ENTERTAINING NATURE OF THESE ADS, YOU GUYS READ 'EM, CHUCKLE, AND THEN FORGET 'EM, ASSUMING THAT SINCE WE'RE SUCH GOOD SPORTS, WE PROBABLY HAVE TAME SHOWS.
SUTTER
NOW, THAT'S NOT THE RIGHT IDEA · YOU CAN IMAGINE OUR CONSTERNATION · OUR MOVIES ARE THE HOTTEST TURN-ONS IN TOWN! HONEST! THE REAL GOODS! WE PROMISE AND DELIVER! JUST 'CAUSE WE HAVE A SENSE OF HUMOR AND THE FLICKS ARE ARTISTIC AND SENSITIVE AND ALL THAT, DOES THAT MEAN THEY CAN'T BE THE HOTTEST TURN-ONS IN TOWN? 'COURSE NOT!
NOW WOULD I LIE? SO YOU COME TRY US OUT · BETTER STILL, BRING YOUR DATE · YOU WON'T BE SORRY.
R. Bland
SUTTER CINEMA · 369 SUTTER AT STOCKTON · 391-6656 · OPEN FROM 8 A.M. EVERY DAY · MIDNIGHT SHOWS FRIDAY AND SATURDAY · EROTIC ART FILMS · COUPLES, SURE



Sutter Cinema

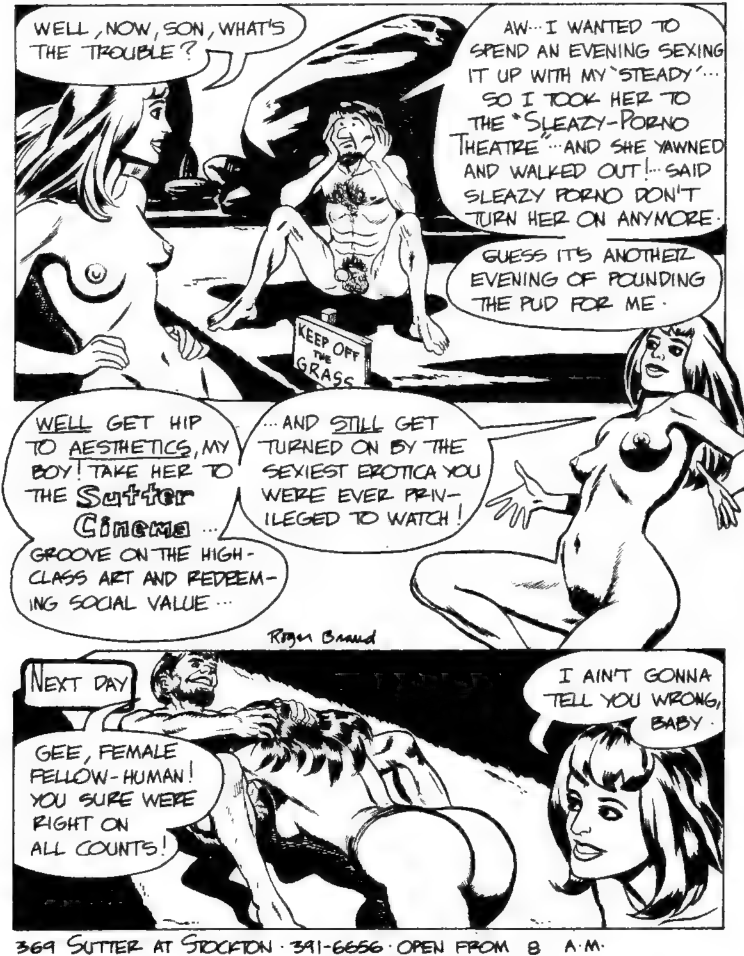
SUGAR-DUMPLIN', I HEAR THE SUTTER CINEMA HAS THE MOST EROTIC WORKS OF ART KNOWN TO MAN
THEY AIN'T GOT YOU, MY SWEET NABISCO VANILLA WAFER.
NO, I'M SERIOUS, ANGEL-PUMPKIN, THE BARB SAYS, "SEXIEST THING IN THE BAY AREA".
THAT'S FALSE, SWEET THING, YOU ARE.
Roger Brand
DERN IT ALL, MY PILE-DRIVER, YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE MISSING!
YOU'VE CONVINCED ME, NECTAR LABIAS. I'M OFF!
*$$★@!! ...HEY, WAIT!
ME TOO, SCHMUCK!!

...*SHE'S RIGHT!* IF HE WAS IN A MOOD FOR *DOIN'* IT, HE'LL FEEL EVEN MORE SO AFTER *SEEIN'* IT! ... AND SO WILL SHE!

Sutter Cinema

369 SUTTER AT STOCKTON · 391-6656
OPEN FROM 6:30 A.M. WEEKDAYS
FROM 10 A.M. SATURDAY AND SUNDAY
LATE SHOWS FRIDAY AND SATURDAY
COUPLES WELCOME!

Sutter Cinema


WELL, NOW, SON, WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?
AW… I WANTED TO SPEND AN EVENING SEXING IT UP WITH MY 'STEADY'… SO I TOOK HER TO THE "SLEAZY-PORNO THEATRE"… AND SHE YAWNED AND WALKED OUT!… SAID SLEAZY PORNO DON'T TURN HER ON ANYMORE.
GUESS IT'S ANOTHER EVENING OF POUNDING THE PUD FOR ME.
KEEP OFF THE GRASS
WELL GET HIP TO AESTHETICS, MY BOY! TAKE HER TO THE Sutter Cinema… GROOVE ON THE HIGH-CLASS ART AND REDEEMING SOCIAL VALUE…
…AND STILL GET TURNED ON BY THE SEXIEST EROTICA YOU WERE EVER PRIVILEGED TO WATCH!
Roger Brand
NEXT DAY
I AIN'T GONNA TELL YOU WRONG, BABY.
GEE, FEMALE FELLOW-HUMAN! YOU SURE WERE RIGHT ON ALL COUNTS!

369 SUTTER AT STOCKTON · 391-6656 · OPEN FROM 8 A.M.
EVERY DAY · MIDNIGHT SHOWS FRIDAY + SATURDAY

SUTTER FABLES

ONCE THERE WAS A MAN WITH A RATHER COOL WIFE. HE TOOK HER TO SUTTER CINEMA TO TURN HER ON. WHEN THEY GOT HOME SHE WAS SO TURNED ON THAT SHE JUST PLAIN BURNT HIM OUT.

HEY! GIMME MORE.
NO MORE.

AFTER THE FUNERAL THE WIDOW HAD A GREAT TIME WITH HER NEW FRIENDS.

WHOOPEE!
WHOOPEE!
WHOOPEE!
WHY DIDN'T MY OL' MAN TELL ME IT WAS LIKE THIS?

BUT THE HUSBAND, EVEN IN DEATH, WAS JEALOUS OF FORMER PLEASURES, AND ONE DAY… HE SHOWED UP AGAIN.

ERK
FFER
03-1970

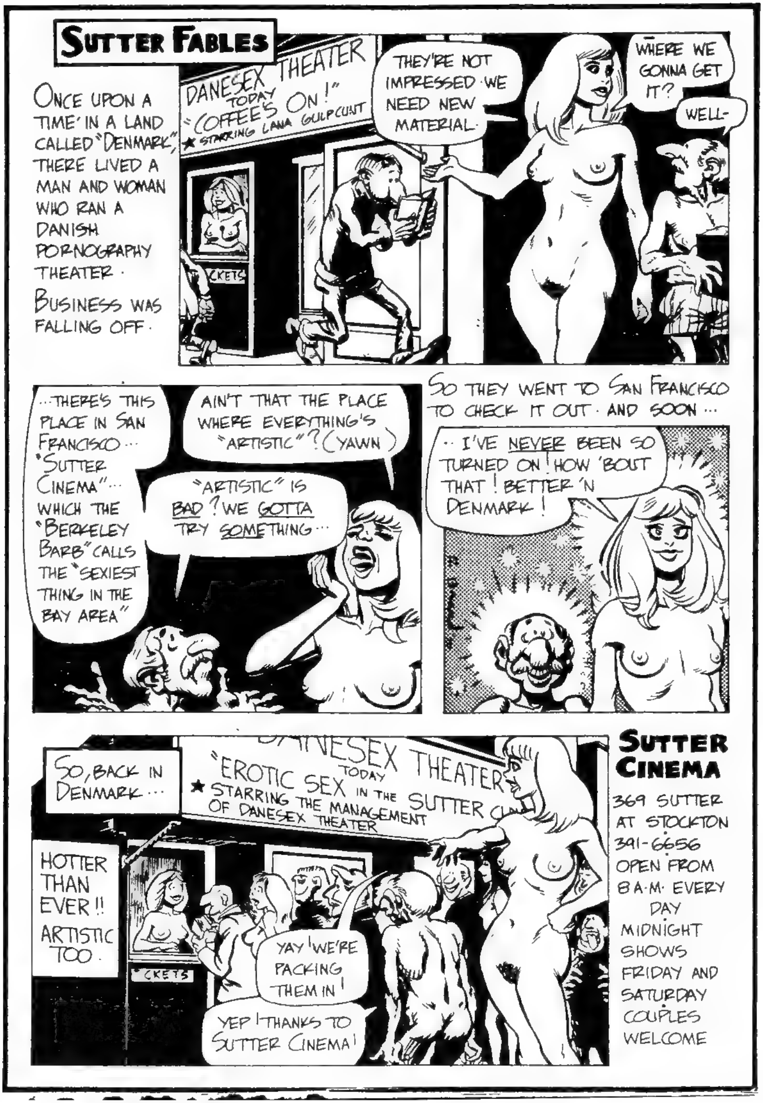
NEEDLESS TO SAY, SHE SURE AS HELL WOULDN'T GIVE HIM ANY.

DARLING! KISS ME!
YUK!
BRAACK!!

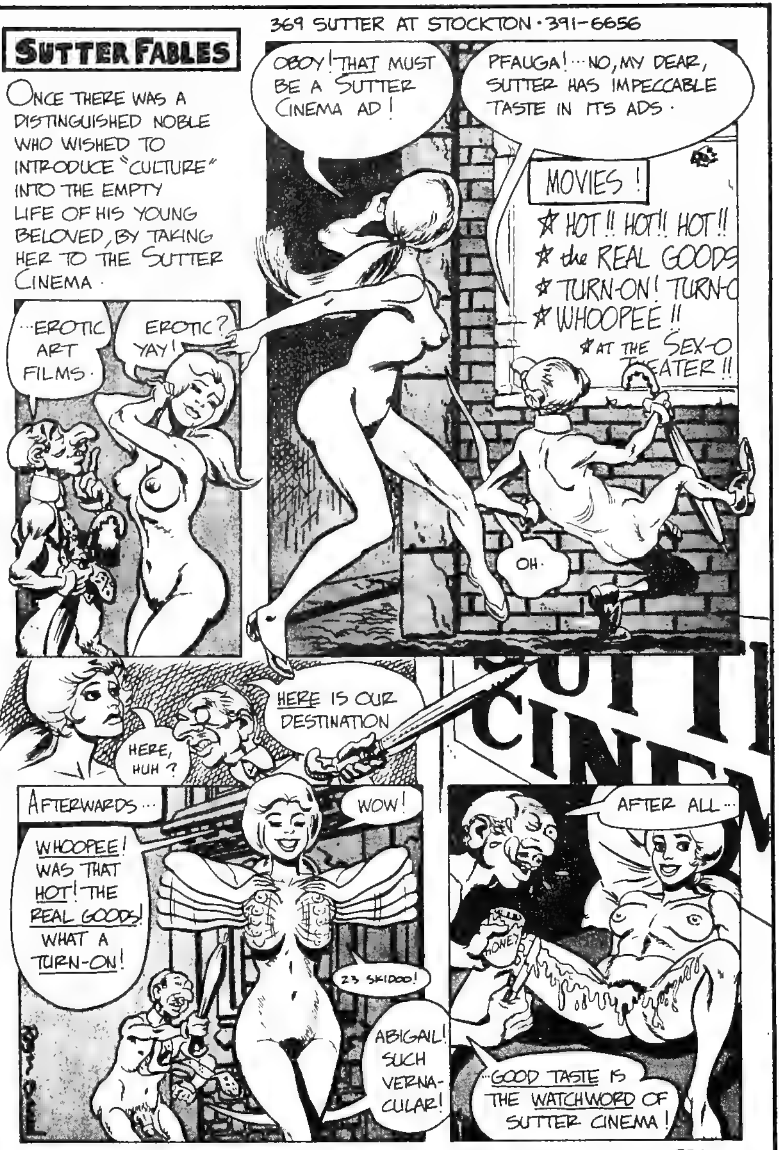
SO HE FIGURED IF IT WORKED ONCE IT WOULD WORK TWICE, AND TOOK HER BACK TO SUTTER CINEMA, BUT THEY WOULDN'T LET HIM IN.
SMALL WONDER.

THIS IS A HIGH-CLASS JOINT.
FUMIGATION IS MANDATORY.
R. Bland '70

SUTTER CINEMA 369 SUTTER AT STOCKTON. 391-6656 OPEN FROM 8 A.M. EVERY DAY
MIDNIGHT SHOWS FRIDAY AND SATURDAY EROTIC ART FILMS. COUPLES WELCOME


SUTTER FABLES
ONCE UPON A TIME IN A LAND CALLED "DENMARK", THERE LIVED A MAN AND WOMAN WHO RAN A DANISH PORNOGRAPHY THEATER.
BUSINESS WAS FALLING OFF.
DANESEX THEATER
TODAY
"COFFEE'S ON!"
★ STARRING LANA GULPCUNT
CKETS
THEY'RE NOT IMPRESSED. WE NEED NEW MATERIAL.
WHERE WE GONNA GET IT?
WELL-
...THERE'S THIS PLACE IN SAN FRANCISCO... "SUTTER CINEMA"... WHICH THE "BERKELEY BARB" CALLS THE "SEXIEST THING IN THE BAY AREA"
AIN'T THAT THE PLACE WHERE EVERYTHING'S "ARTISTIC"? (YAWN)
"ARTISTIC" IS BAD? WE GOTTA TRY SOMETHING...
SO THEY WENT TO SAN FRANCISCO TO CHECK IT OUT. AND SOON...
.. I'VE NEVER BEEN SO TURNED ON! HOW 'BOUT THAT! BETTER 'N DENMARK!
SO, BACK IN DENMARK...
DANESEX THEATER
TODAY
"EROTIC SEX IN THE SUTTER CI
★ STARRING THE MANAGEMENT OF DANESEX THEATER
HOTTER THAN EVER!! ARTISTIC TOO.
CKETS
YAY! WE'RE PACKING THEM IN!
YEP! THANKS TO SUTTER CINEMA!
SUTTER CINEMA
369 SUTTER
AT STOCKTON
391-6656
OPEN FROM
8 A.M. EVERY DAY
MIDNIGHT SHOWS
FRIDAY AND SATURDAY
COUPLES WELCOME

369 SUTTER AT STOCKTON · 391-6656


SUTTER FABLES
ONCE THERE WAS A DISTINGUISHED NOBLE WHO WISHED TO INTRODUCE "CULTURE" INTO THE EMPTY LIFE OF HIS YOUNG BELOVED, BY TAKING HER TO THE SUTTER CINEMA.
...EROTIC ART FILMS.
EROTIC? YAY!
OBOY! THAT MUST BE A SUTTER CINEMA AD!
PFAUGA! ...NO, MY DEAR, SUTTER HAS IMPECCABLE TASTE IN ITS ADS.
MOVIES!
☆ HOT!! HOT!! HOT!!
☆ the REAL GOODS
☆ TURN-ON! TURN-O
☆ WHOOPEE!!
☆ AT THE SEX-O THEATER!!
OH.
HERE IS OUR DESTINATION
HERE, HUH?
CINEM
AFTERWARDS...
WOW!
WHOOPEE! WAS THAT HOT! THE REAL GOODS! WHAT A TURN-ON!
23 SKIDOO!
ABIGAIL! SUCH VERNACULAR!
AFTER ALL...
HONEY
...GOOD TASTE IS THE WATCHWORD OF SUTTER CINEMA!

OPEN FROM 8 A.M. EVERY DAY · MIDNIGHT SHOWS FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

WORLD PREMIERE!
STARTS THURSDAY, NOV. 18!

LEO PRODUCTIONS
PROUDLY PRESENTS

STRAIGHT BANANA!

THE STORY OF BONNIE AND HYDE!!

HYDE - WANTED ONLY TO EXPOSE THE TRUTH - NO MATTER WHAT THE COST!!
BONNIE - BRAVED THE SNEERS OF A JADED SOCIETY TO FIND ONE HONEST MAN!!
RATED XXXX!

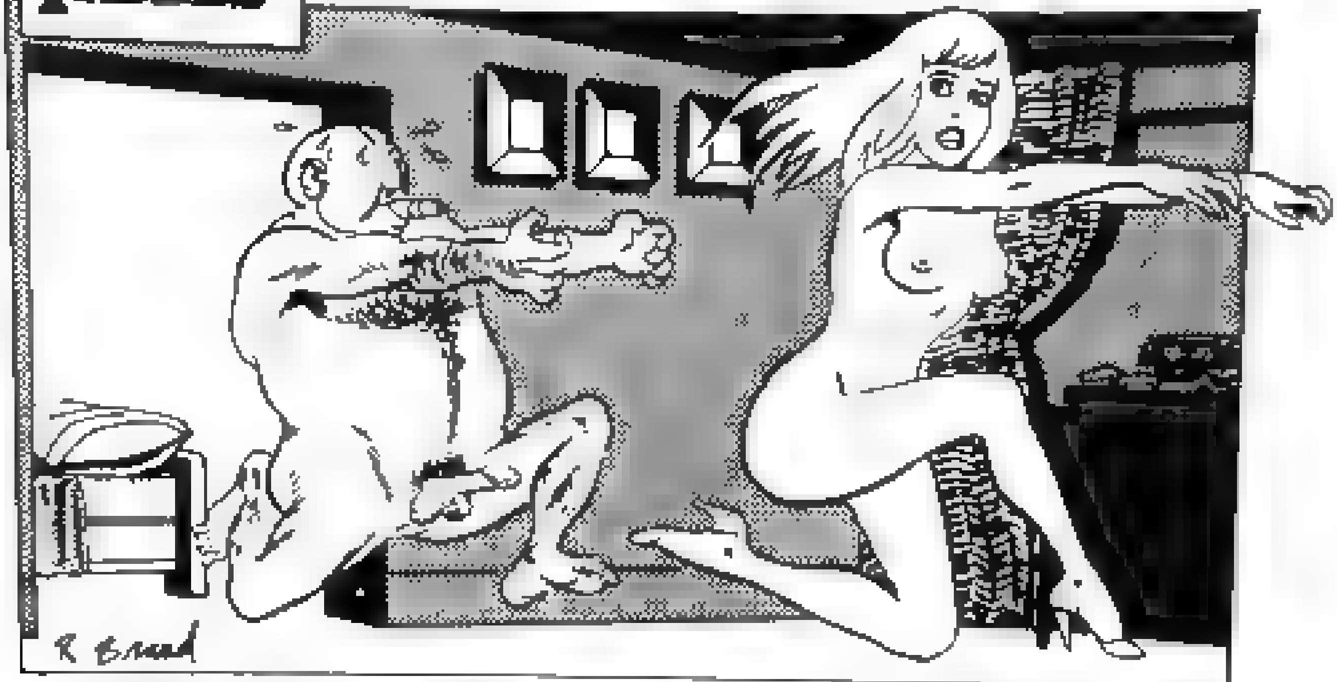
IF YOU ARE OFFENDED BY NUDITY OR INTIMATE RELATIONS BETWEEN MEN AND WOMEN, PLEASE DO NOT ATTEND THIS PRESENTATION.

ADULTS ONLY · COUPLES WELCOME

sutter cinema
369 SUTTER at STOCKTON
391-6656

SUTTER FABLES

ONCE UPON A TIME THE FAIREST DAMSEL IN THE LAND, WHO WAS STARSTRUCK, WENT TO HOLLYWOOD, WHERE SHE HAD TO BALL THE PRODUCERS IN ORDER TO GET INTO BASICALLY UNTRUTHFUL MOVIES

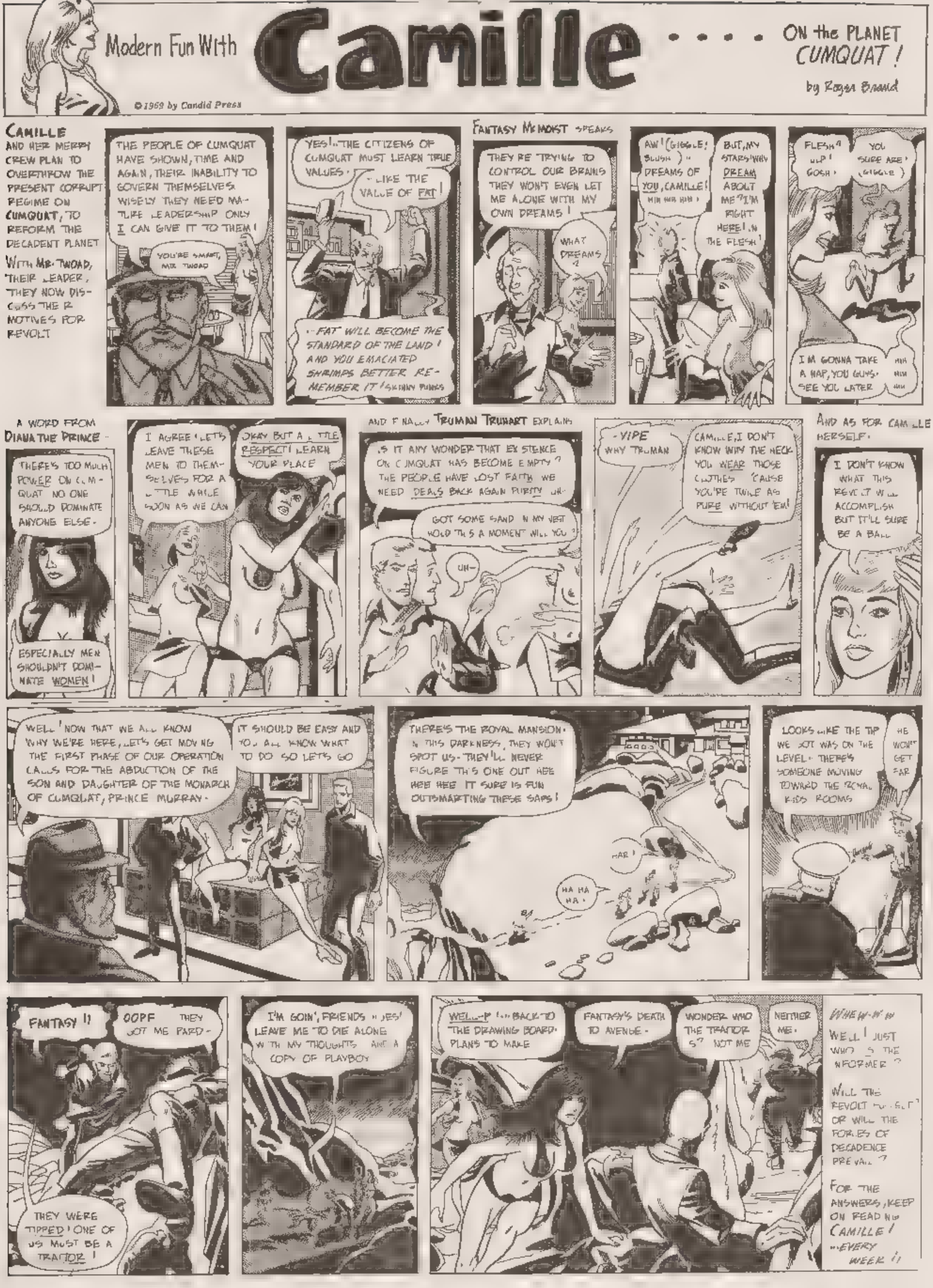


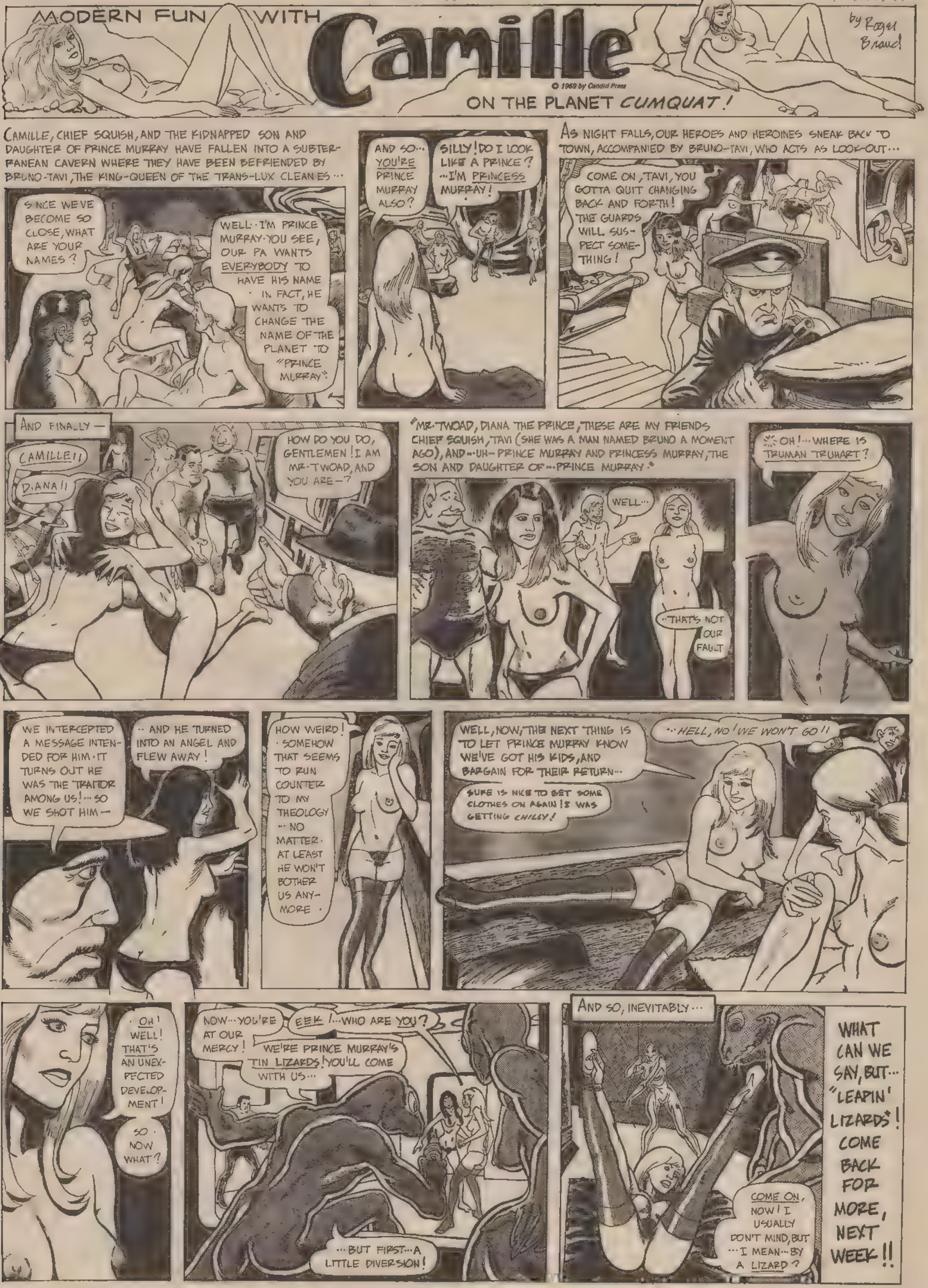
SO SHE CAME TO SAN FRANCISCO, WHERE SHE MET "BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE" WHO MADE BEAUTIFUL MOVIES THAT WERE HONEST AND ARTISTIC SHE HAD A GREAT TIME FROM THEN ON

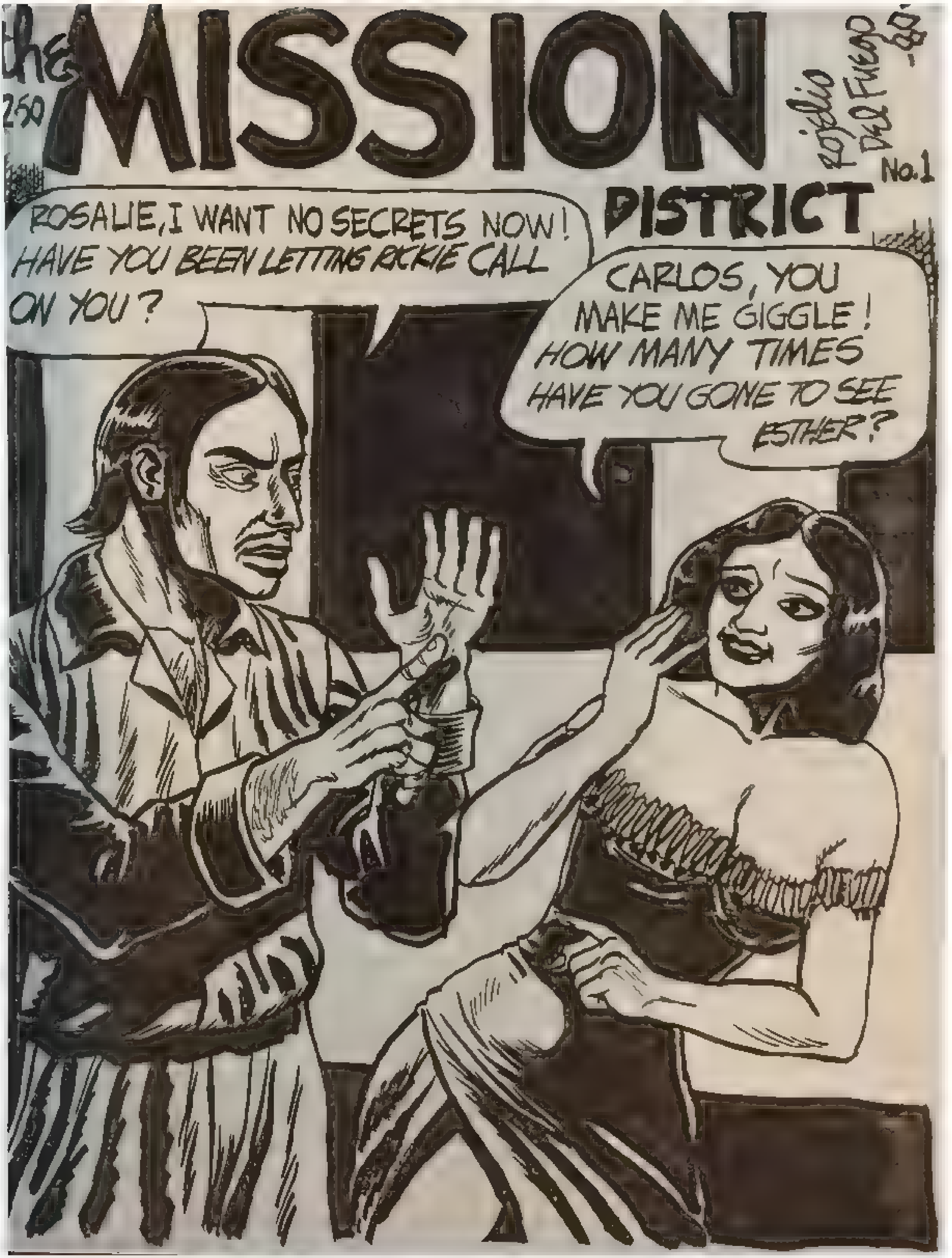
MORAL IT'S MORE FUN TO BALL THE ACTORS THAN THE PRODUCERS

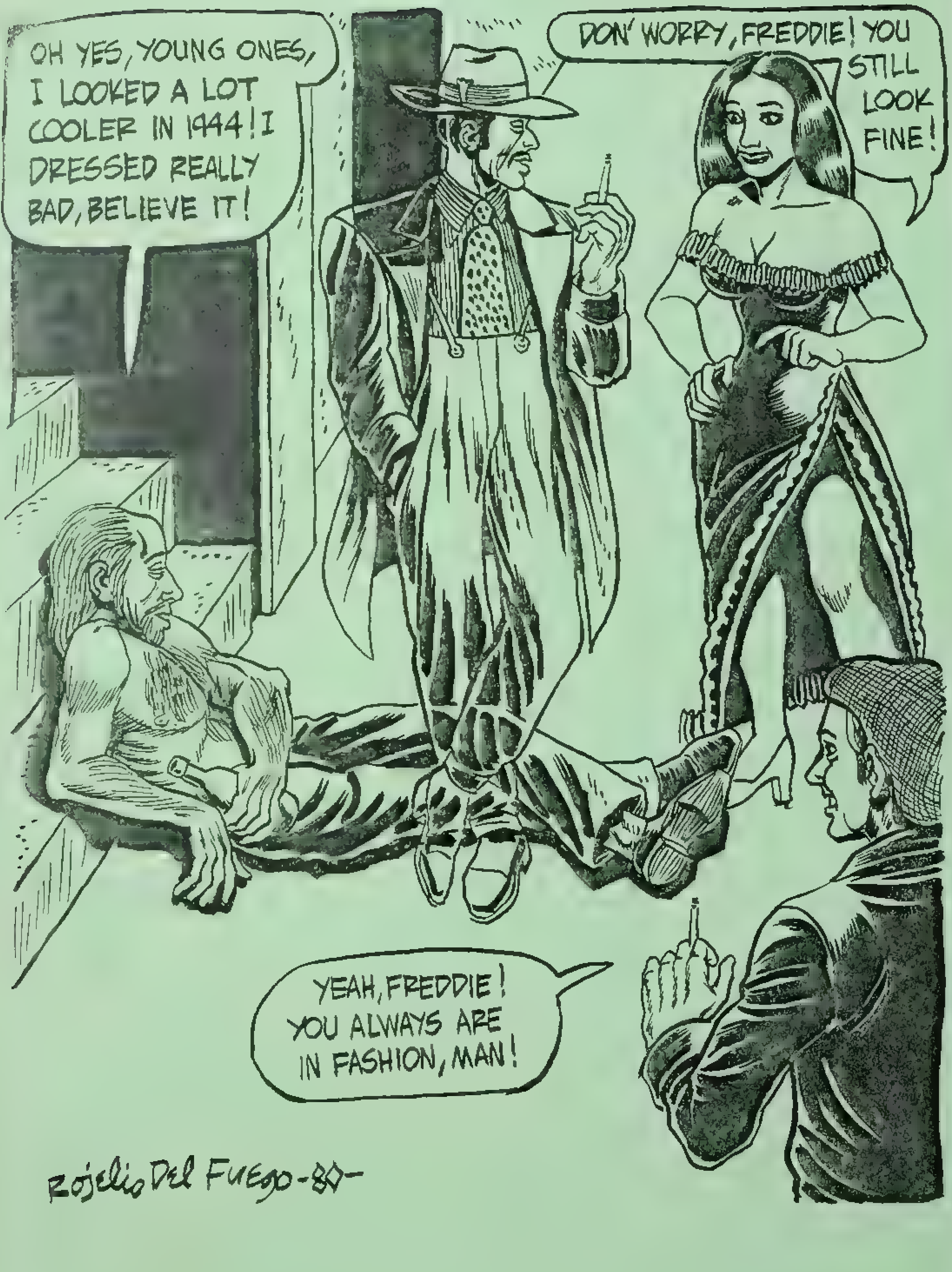
SUTTER CINEMA

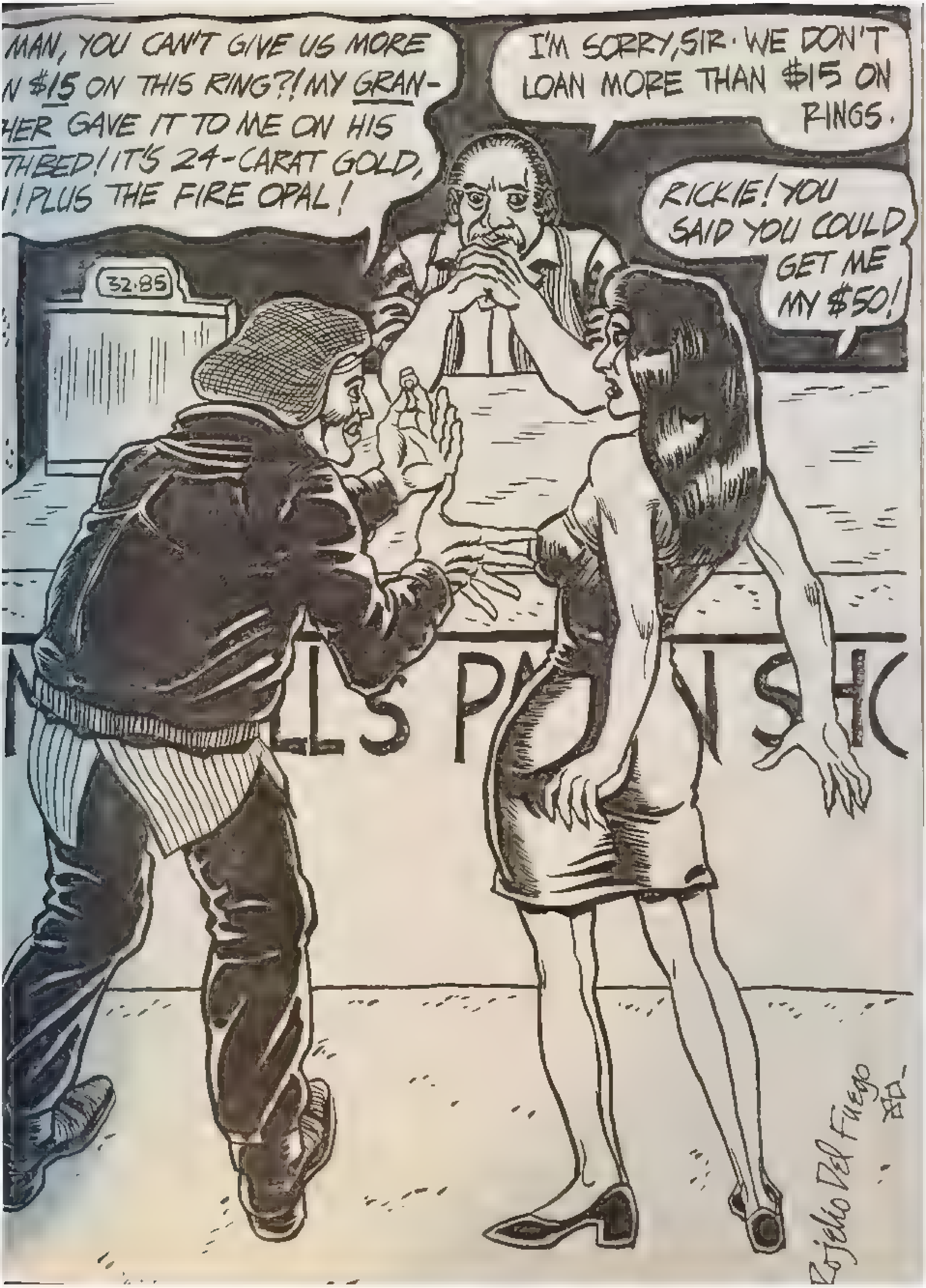
369 SUTTER AT
STOCKTON·391 6666
OPEN FROM 8 A M
EVERY DAY
MIDNIGHT SHOWS
FRIDAY + SATURDAY
COUPLES
WELCOME!

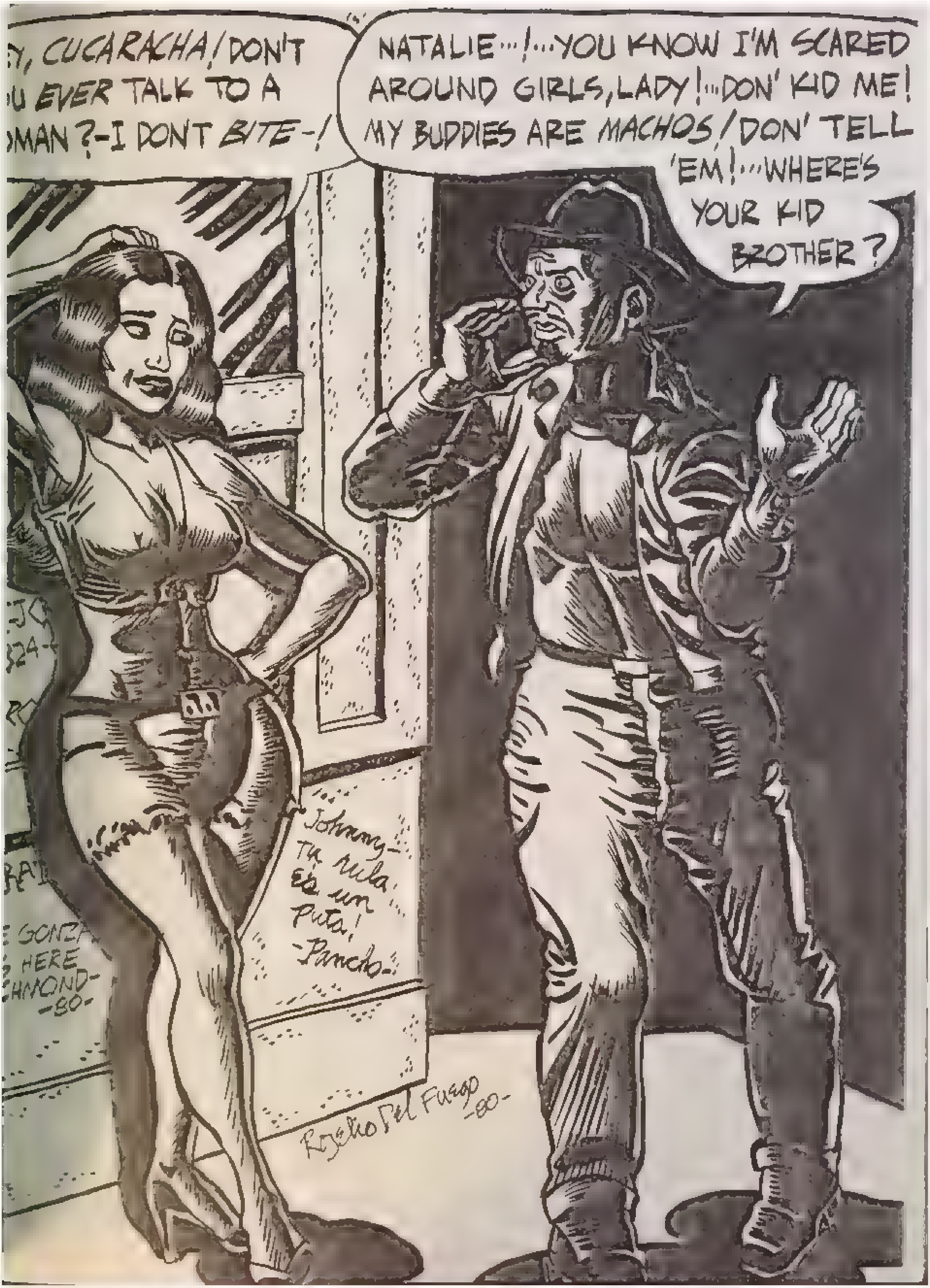

Modern Fun With
Camille
. . . . ON the PLANET CUMQUAT!
by Roger Brand
©1969 by Candid Press
CAMILLE AND HER MERRY CREW PLAN TO OVERTHROW THE PRESENT CORRUPT REGIME ON CUMQUAT, TO REFORM THE DECADENT PLANET
WITH MR. TWOAD, THEIR LEADER, THEY NOW DISCUSS THEIR MOTIVES FOR REVOLT
THE PEOPLE OF CUMQUAT HAVE SHOWN, TIME AND AGAIN, THEIR INABILITY TO GOVERN THEMSELVES WISELY THEY NEED MATURE LEADERSHIP ONLY I CAN GIVE IT TO THEM!
YOU'RE SMART, MR TWOAD
YES!..THE CITIZENS OF CUMQUAT MUST LEARN TRUE VALUES.
..LIKE THE VALUE OF FAT!
..FAT WILL BECOME THE STANDARD OF THE LAND! AND YOU EMACIATED SHRIMPS BETTER REMEMBER IT! SKINNY PUNKS
FANTASY McMOIST SPEAKS
THEY'RE TRYING TO CONTROL OUR BRAINS THEY WON'T EVEN LET ME ALONE WITH MY OWN DREAMS!
WHAT DREAMS?
AW! (GIGGLE! BLUSH) .. DREAMS OF YOU, CAMILLE! HIM HIM HIM!
BUT, MY STARS! WHY DREAM ABOUT ME? I'M RIGHT HERE! IN THE FLESH!
FLESH? ULP! GOSH!
YOU SURE ARE! (GIGGLE)
I'M GONNA TAKE A NAP, YOU GUYS. SEE YOU LATER
HIM HIM HIM
A WORD FROM DIANA THE PRINCE ..
THERE'S TOO MUCH POWER ON CUMQUAT NO ONE SHOULD DOMINATE ANYONE ELSE.
ESPECIALLY MEN SHOULDN'T DOMINATE WOMEN!
I AGREE! LET'S LEAVE THESE MEN TO THEMSELVES FOR A LITTLE WHILE SOON AS WE CAN
OKAY BUT A LITTLE RESPECT! LEARN YOUR PLACE
AND FINALLY TRUMAN TRUHART EXPLAINS
IS IT ANY WONDER THAT EXISTENCE ON CUMQUAT HAS BECOME EMPTY? THE PEOPLE HAVE LOST FAITH WE NEED IDEALS BACK AGAIN PURITY UH..
GOT SOME SAND IN MY VEST HOLD THIS A MOMENT WILL YOU?
UH–
-YIPE WHY TRUMAN
CAMILLE, I DON'T KNOW WHY THE HECK YOU WEAR THOSE CLOTHES 'CAUSE YOU'RE TWICE AS PURE WITHOUT 'EM!
AND AS FOR CAMILLE HERSELF.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS REVOLT WILL ACCOMPLISH BUT IT'LL SURE BE A BALL
WELL! NOW THAT WE ALL KNOW WHY WE'RE HERE, LET'S GET MOVING THE FIRST PHASE OF OUR OPERATION CALLS FOR THE ABDUCTION OF THE SON AND DAUGHTER OF THE MONARCH OF CUMQUAT, PRINCE MURRAY.
IT SHOULD BE EASY AND YOU ALL KNOW WHAT TO DO SO LET'S GO
THERE'S THE ROYAL MANSION. IN THIS DARKNESS, THEY WON'T SPOT US. THEY'LL NEVER FIGURE THIS ONE OUT HEE HEE HEE IT SURE IS FUN OUTSMARTING THESE SAPS!
HAR!
HA HA HA.
LOOKS LIKE THE TIP WE GOT WAS ON THE LEVEL. THERE'S SOMEONE MOVING TOWARD THE ROYAL KIDS ROOMS
HE WON'T GET FAR
FANTASY!!
OOPF THEY GOT ME PARD-
THEY WERE TIPPED! ONE OF US MUST BE A TRAITOR!
I'M GOIN', FRIENDS .. YES! LEAVE ME TO DIE ALONE WITH MY THOUGHTS AND A COPY OF PLAYBOY
WELL-P! .. BACK TO THE DRAWING BOARD. PLANS TO MAKE
FANTASY'S DEATH TO AVENGE.
WONDER WHO THE TRAITOR IS? NOT ME
NEITHER ME.
WHEW-W-W
WELL! JUST WHO IS THE INFORMER?
WILL THE REVOLT SUCCEED? OR WILL THE FORCES OF DECADENCE PREVAIL?
FOR THE ANSWERS, KEEP ON READING CAMILLE! ..EVERY WEEK!!

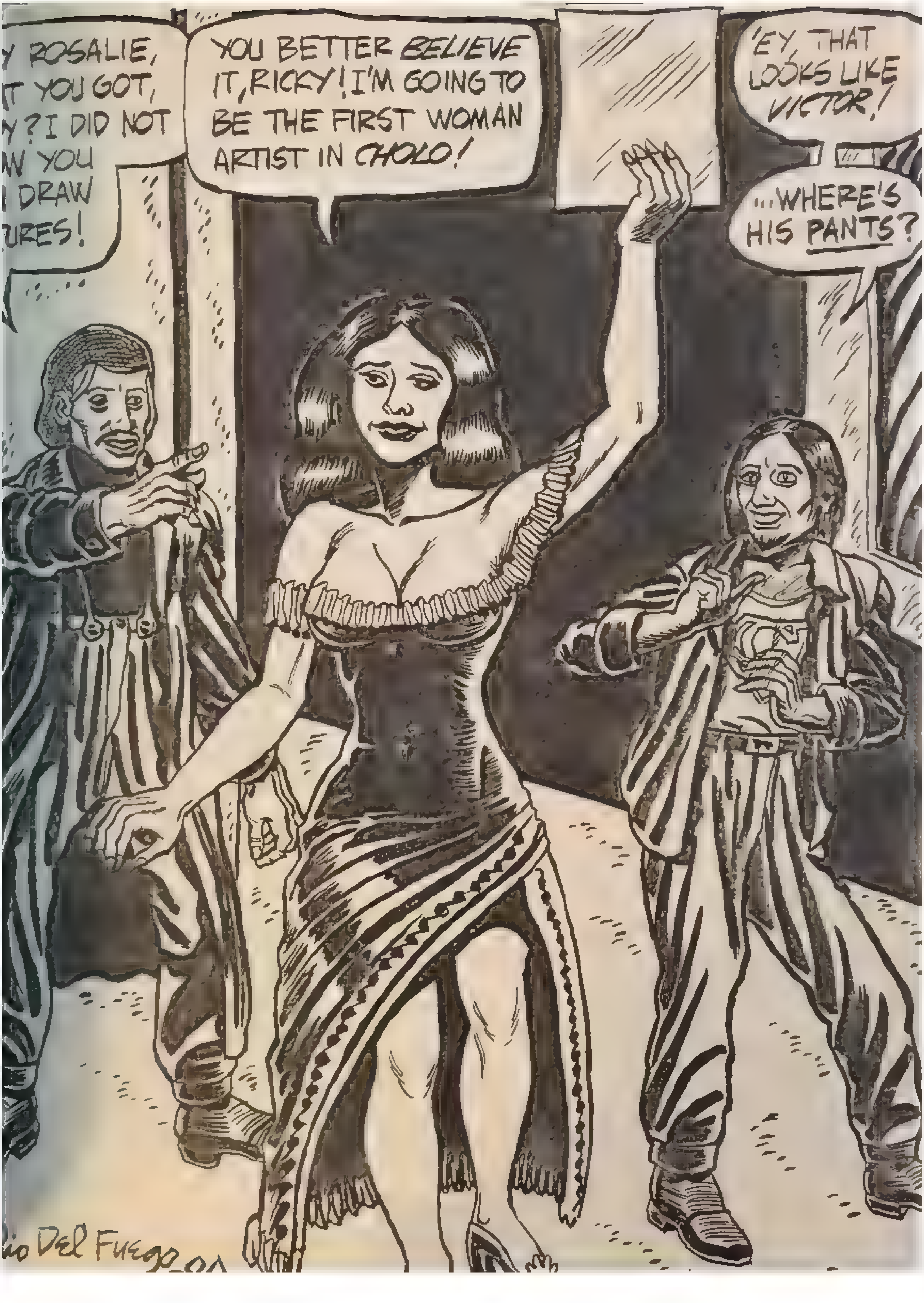

MODERN FUN WITH Camille
by Roger Brand
© 1969 by Candid Press
ON THE PLANET CUMQUAT!
CAMILLE, CHIEF SQUISH, AND THE KIDNAPPED SON AND DAUGHTER OF PRINCE MURRAY HAVE FALLEN INTO A SUBTERRANEAN CAVERN WHERE THEY HAVE BEEN BEFRIENDED BY BRUNO-TAVI, THE KING-QUEEN OF THE TRANS-LUX CLEANES…
SINCE WE'VE BECOME SO CLOSE, WHAT ARE YOUR NAMES?
WELL · I'M PRINCE MURRAY · YOU SEE, OUR PA WANTS EVERYBODY TO HAVE HIS NAME · IN FACT, HE WANTS TO CHANGE THE NAME OF THE PLANET TO "PRINCE MURRAY"!
AND SO… YOU'RE PRINCE MURRAY ALSO?
SILLY! DO I LOOK LIKE A PRINCE? …I'M PRINCESS MURRAY!
AS NIGHT FALLS, OUR HEROES AND HEROINES SNEAK BACK TO TOWN, ACCOMPANIED BY BRUNO-TAVI, WHO ACTS AS LOOK-OUT…
COME ON, TAVI, YOU GOTTA QUIT CHANGING BACK AND FORTH! THE GUARDS WILL SUSPECT SOMETHING!
AND FINALLY—
CAMILLE!!
DIANA!!
HOW DO YOU DO, GENTLEMEN! I AM MR·TWOAD, AND YOU ARE—?
"MR·TWOAD, DIANA THE PRINCE, THESE ARE MY FRIENDS CHIEF SQUISH, TAVI (SHE WAS A MAN NAMED BRUNO A MOMENT AGO), AND…UH…PRINCE MURRAY AND PRINCESS MURRAY, THE SON AND DAUGHTER OF…PRINCE MURRAY."
WELL…
…THAT'S NOT OUR FAULT
OH!…WHERE IS TRUMAN TRUHART?
WE INTERCEPTED A MESSAGE INTENDED FOR HIM · IT TURNS OUT HE WAS THE TRAITOR AMONG US!…SO WE SHOT HIM—
…AND HE TURNED INTO AN ANGEL AND FLEW AWAY!
HOW WEIRD! · SOMEHOW THAT SEEMS TO RUN COUNTER TO MY THEOLOGY …NO MATTER · AT LEAST HE WON'T BOTHER US ANYMORE ·
WELL, NOW, THE NEXT THING IS TO LET PRINCE MURRAY KNOW WE'VE GOT HIS KIDS, AND BARGAIN FOR THEIR RETURN…
SURE IS NICE TO GET SOME CLOTHES ON AGAIN! I WAS GETTING CHILLY!
…HELL, NO! WE WON'T GO!!
·OH! WELL! THAT'S AN UNEXPECTED DEVELOPMENT!
SO· NOW WHAT?
NOW…YOU'RE AT OUR MERCY!
EEK!…WHO ARE YOU?
WE'RE PRINCE MURRAY'S TIN LIZARDS! YOU'LL COME WITH US…
…BUT FIRST…A LITTLE DIVERSION!
AND SO, INEVITABLY…
COME ON, NOW! I USUALLY DON'T MIND, BUT …I MEAN…BY A LIZARD?
WHAT CAN WE SAY, BUT… "LEAPIN' LIZARDS"! COME BACK FOR MORE, NEXT WEEK!!

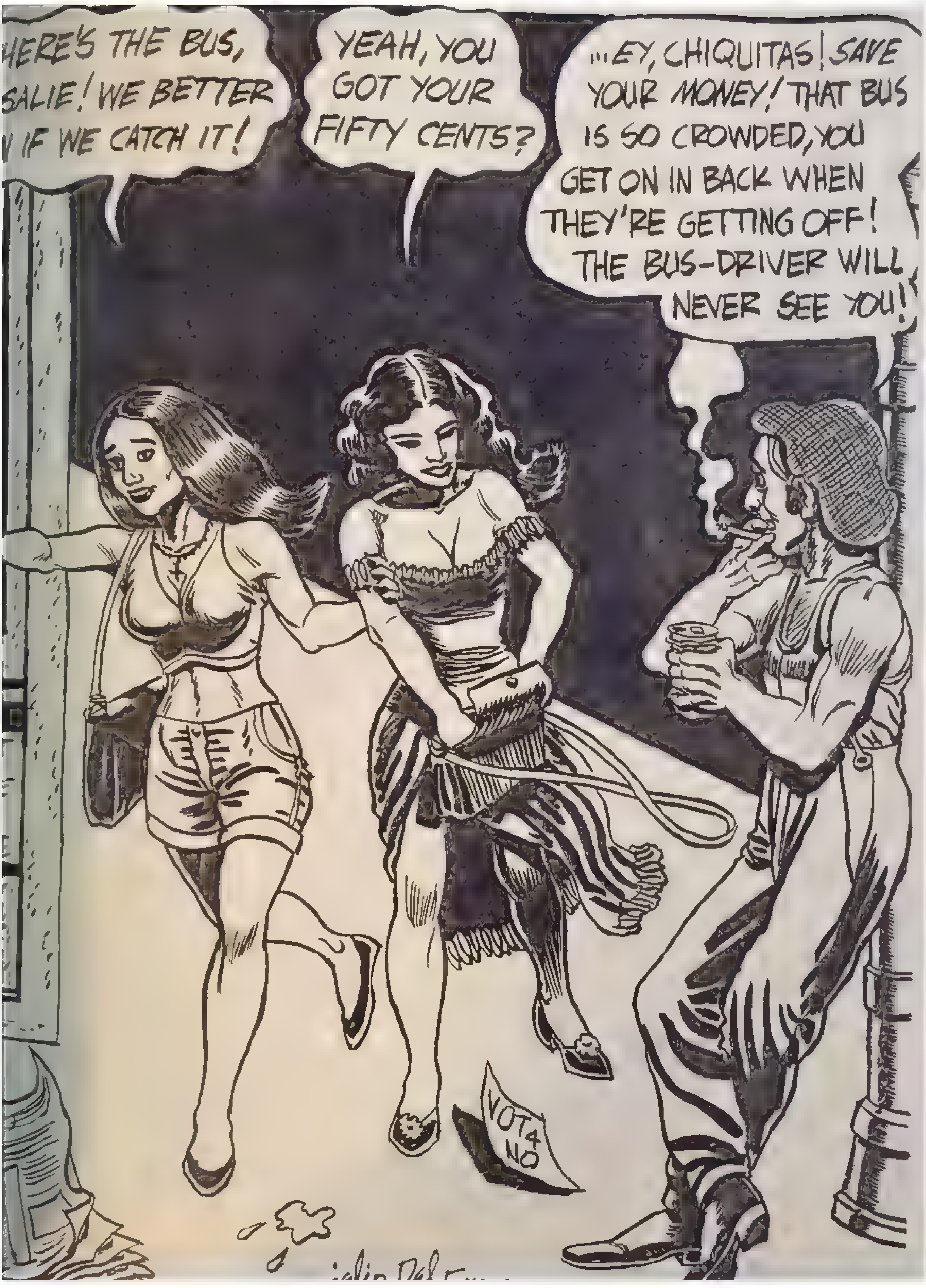

the MISSION DISTRICT
25¢
Rogelio Del Fuego '80
No. 1
ROSALIE, I WANT NO SECRETS NOW! HAVE YOU BEEN LETTING RICKIE CALL ON YOU?
CARLOS, YOU MAKE ME GIGGLE! HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU GONE TO SEE ESTHER?

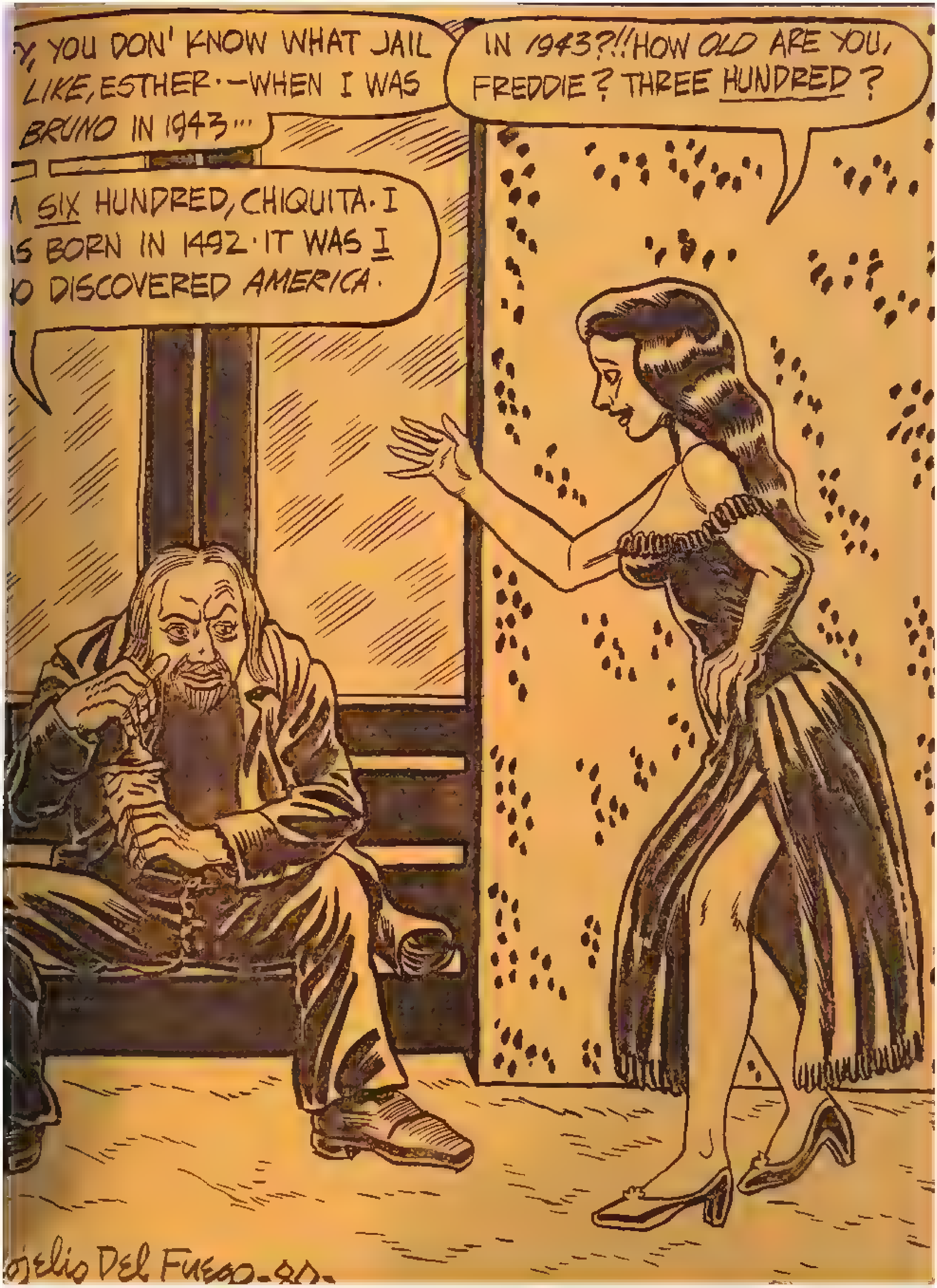

OH YES, YOUNG ONES, I LOOKED A LOT COOLER IN 1944! I DRESSED REALLY BAD, BELIEVE IT!
DON' WORRY, FREDDIE! YOU STILL LOOK FINE!
YEAH, FREDDIE! YOU ALWAYS ARE IN FASHION, MAN!
Rojelio Del Fuego -80-

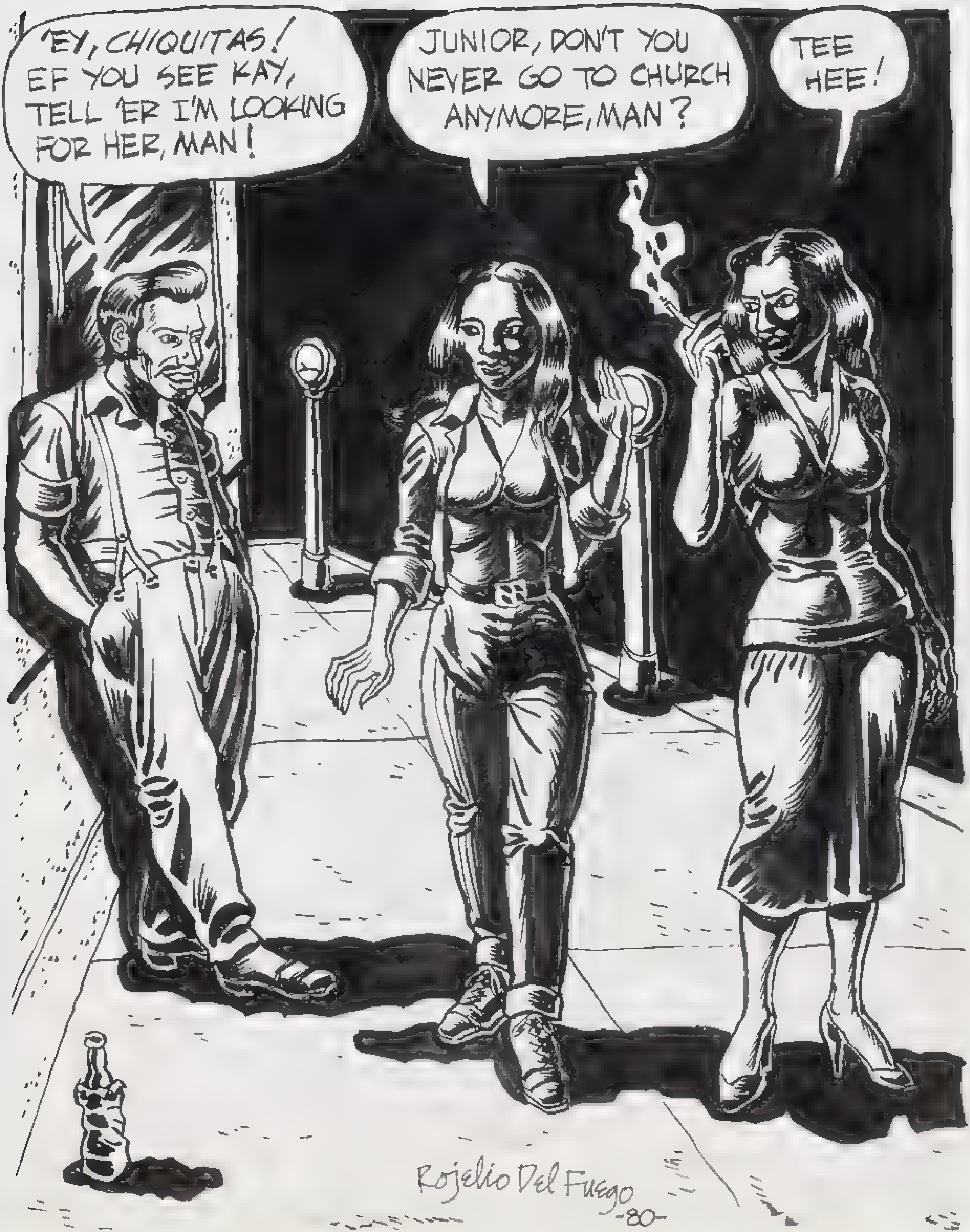

MAN, YOU CAN'T GIVE US MORE N $15 ON THIS RING?! MY GRAN- HER GAVE IT TO ME ON HIS THBED! IT'S 24-CARAT GOLD, ! PLUS THE FIRE OPAL!
I'M SORRY, SIR · WE DON'T LOAN MORE THAN $15 ON RINGS.
RICKIE! YOU SAID YOU COULD GET ME MY $50!
32.85
LLS P N SHO
Rojelio Del Fuego

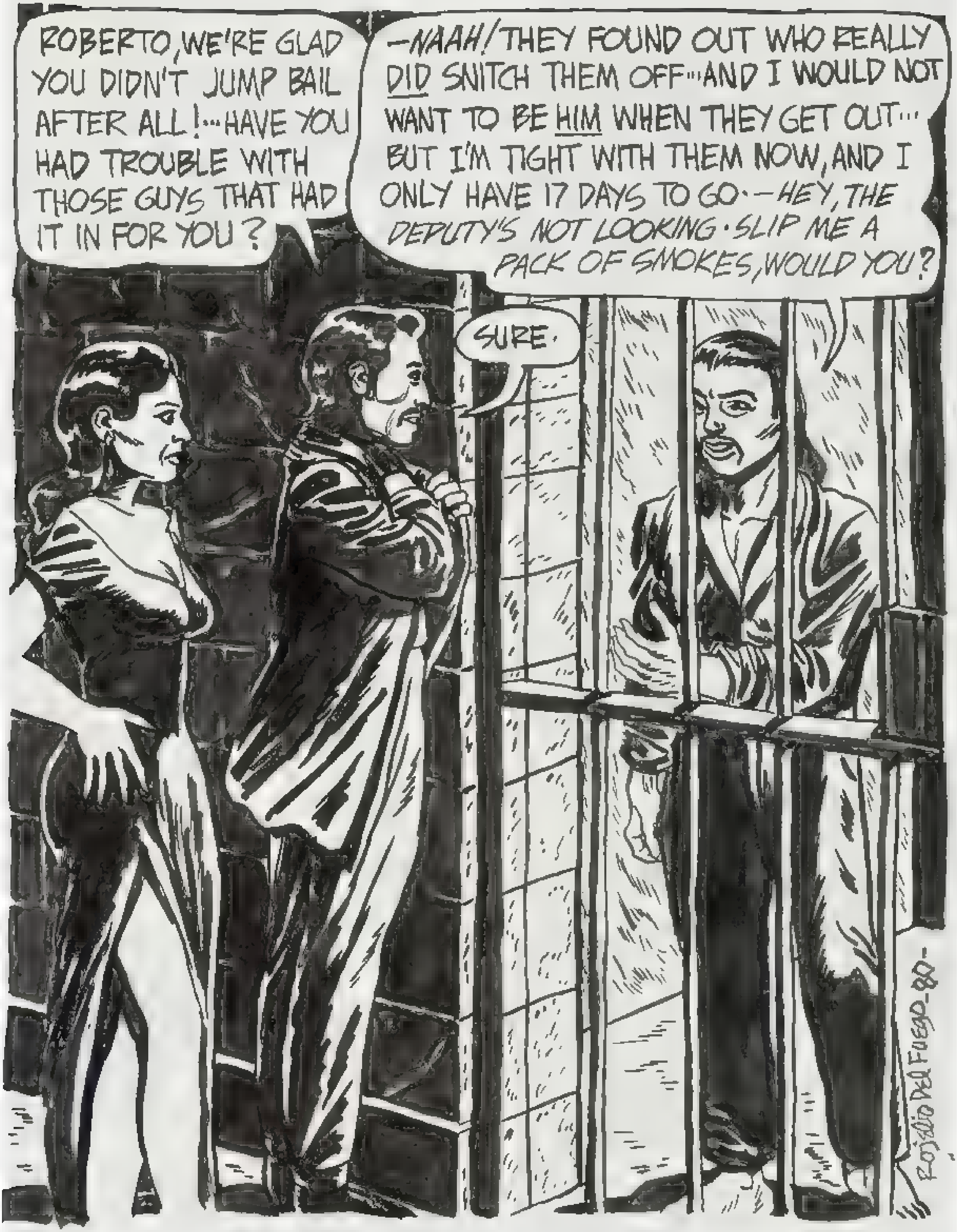

Y, CUCARACHA! DON'T U EVER TALK TO A OMAN?-I DON'T BITE-!
NATALIE…!…YOU KNOW I'M SCARED AROUND GIRLS, LADY!…DON' KID ME! MY BUDDIES ARE MACHOS! DON' TELL 'EM!…WHERE'S YOUR KID BROTHER?
JO
324-
RA
E GONZ
S HERE
CHMOND-
-80-
Johnny- Tu ruca es un Puta! -Pancho-
Rogelio Del Fuego -80-

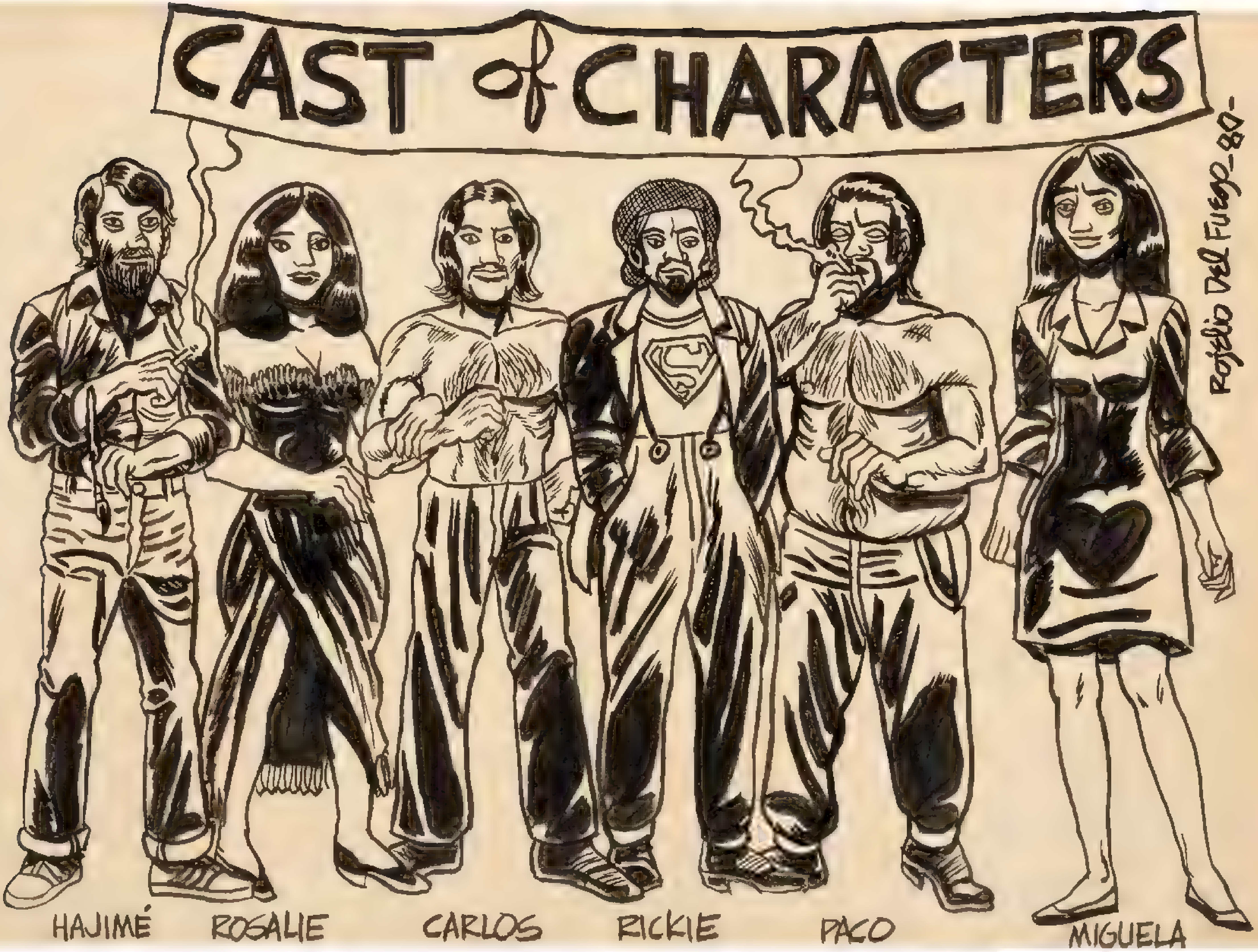

Y ROSALIE, IT YOU GOT, Y? I DID NOT W YOU DRAW URES!
YOU BETTER *BELIEVE* IT, RICKY! I'M GOING TO BE THE FIRST WOMAN ARTIST IN *CHOLO*!
'EY, THAT LOOKS LIKE *VICTOR*!
...WHERE'S HIS PANTS?
io Del Fuego

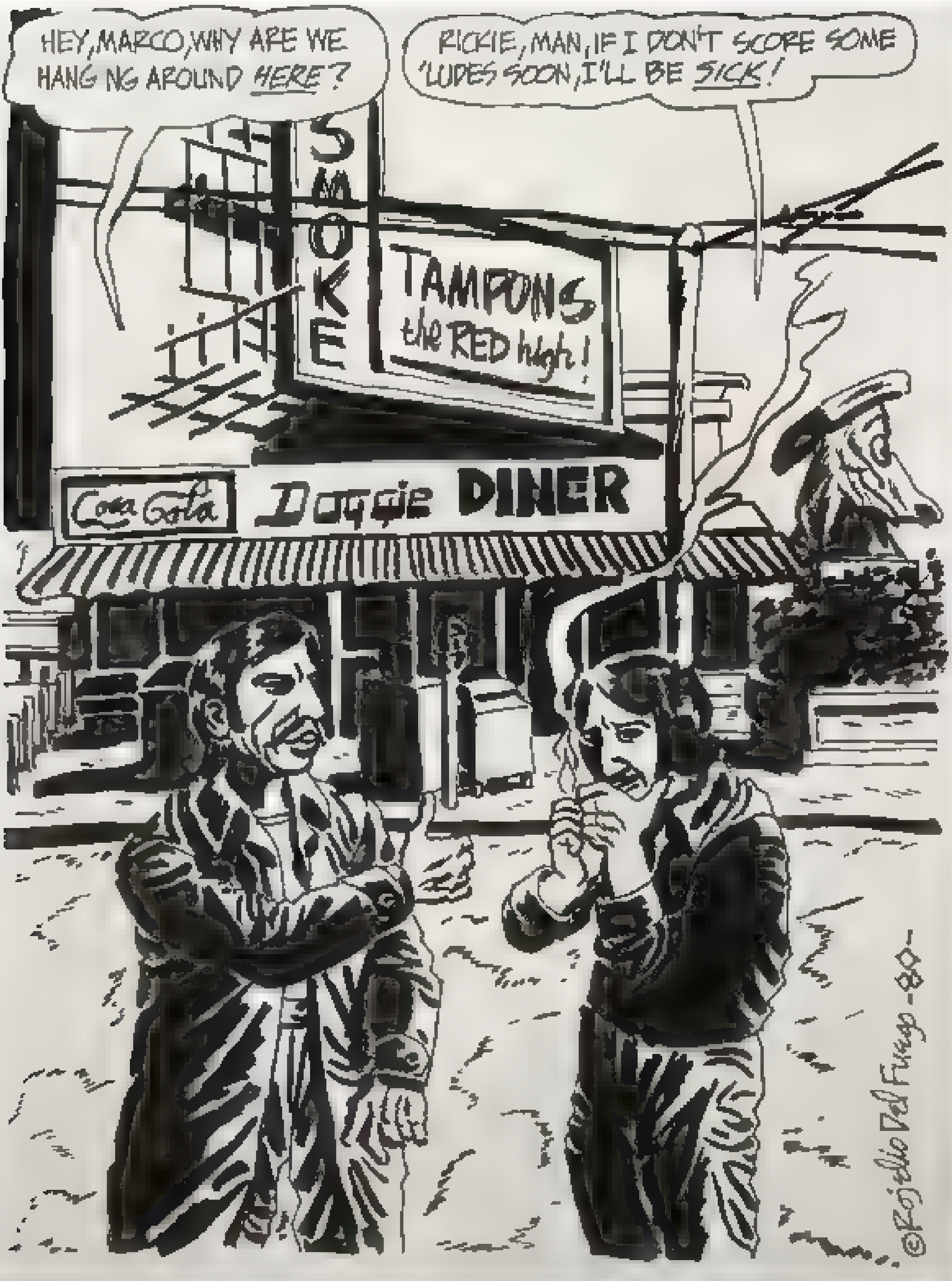

HERE'S THE BUS, SALIE! WE BETTER N IF WE CATCH IT!
YEAH, YOU GOT YOUR FIFTY CENTS?
...EY, CHIQUITAS! *SAVE YOUR MONEY!* THAT BUS IS SO CROWDED, YOU GET ON IN BACK WHEN THEY'RE GETTING OFF! THE BUS-DRIVER WILL NEVER SEE YOU!
VOTA NO

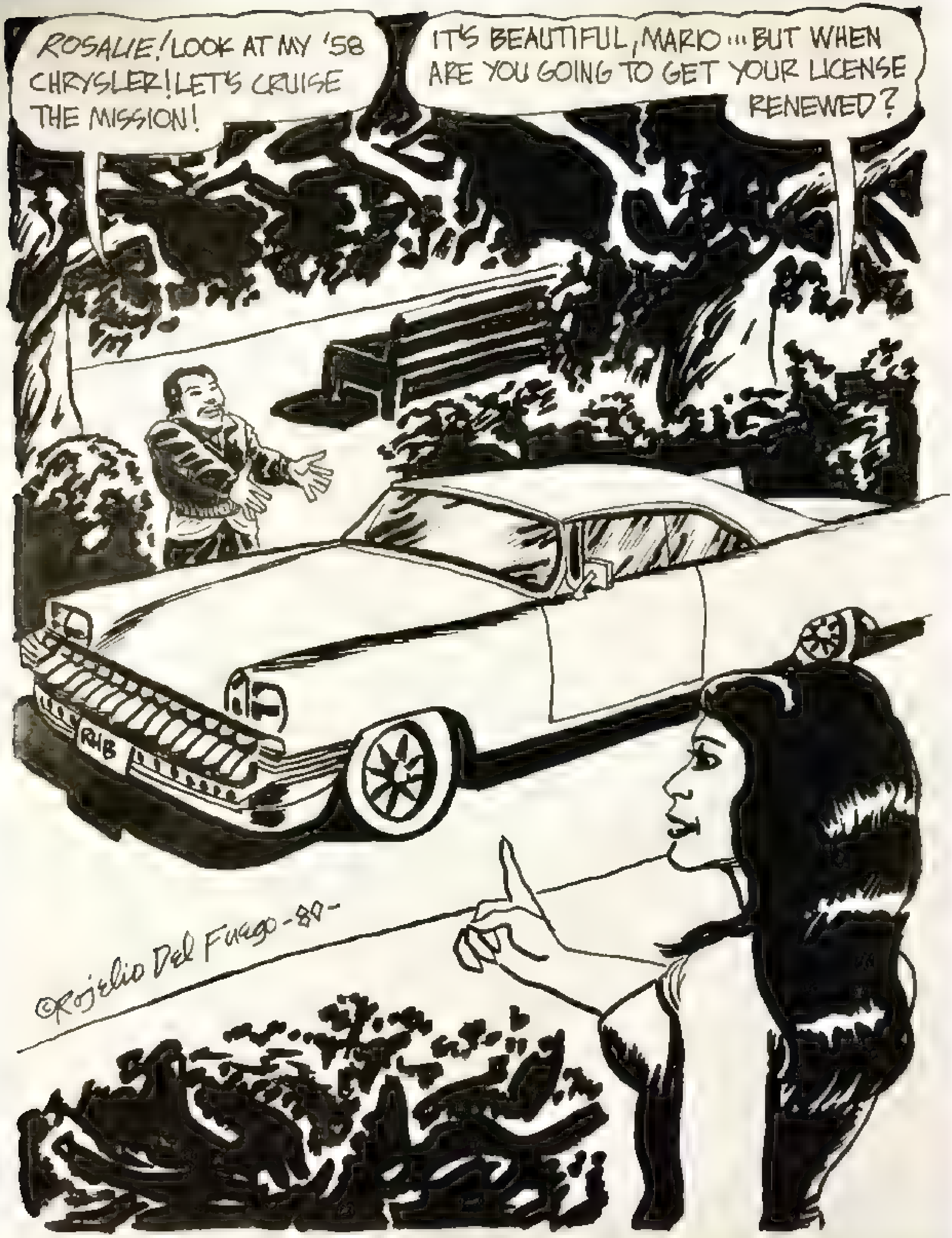

Y, YOU DON' KNOW WHAT JAIL LIKE, ESTHER·—WHEN I WAS BRUNO IN 1943...
IN 1943?!! HOW OLD ARE YOU, FREDDIE? THREE HUNDRED?
A SIX HUNDRED, CHIQUITA· I S BORN IN 1492· IT WAS I O DISCOVERED AMERICA·
ojelio Del Fuego-80-

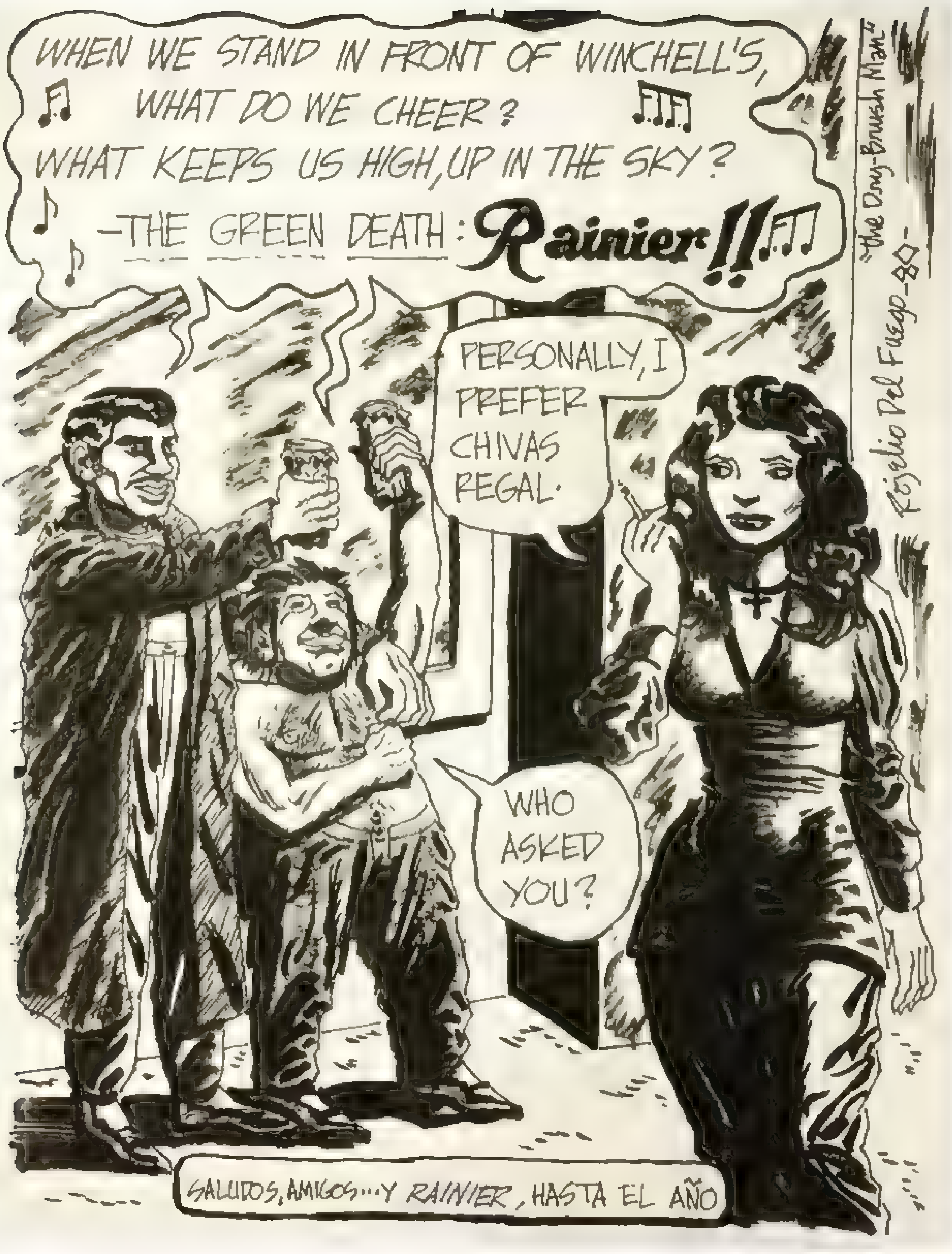

'EY, CHIQUITAS! EF YOU SEE KAY, TELL 'ER I'M LOOKING FOR HER, MAN!
JUNIOR, DON'T YOU NEVER GO TO CHURCH ANYMORE, MAN?
TEE HEE!
Rojelio Del Fuego -80-

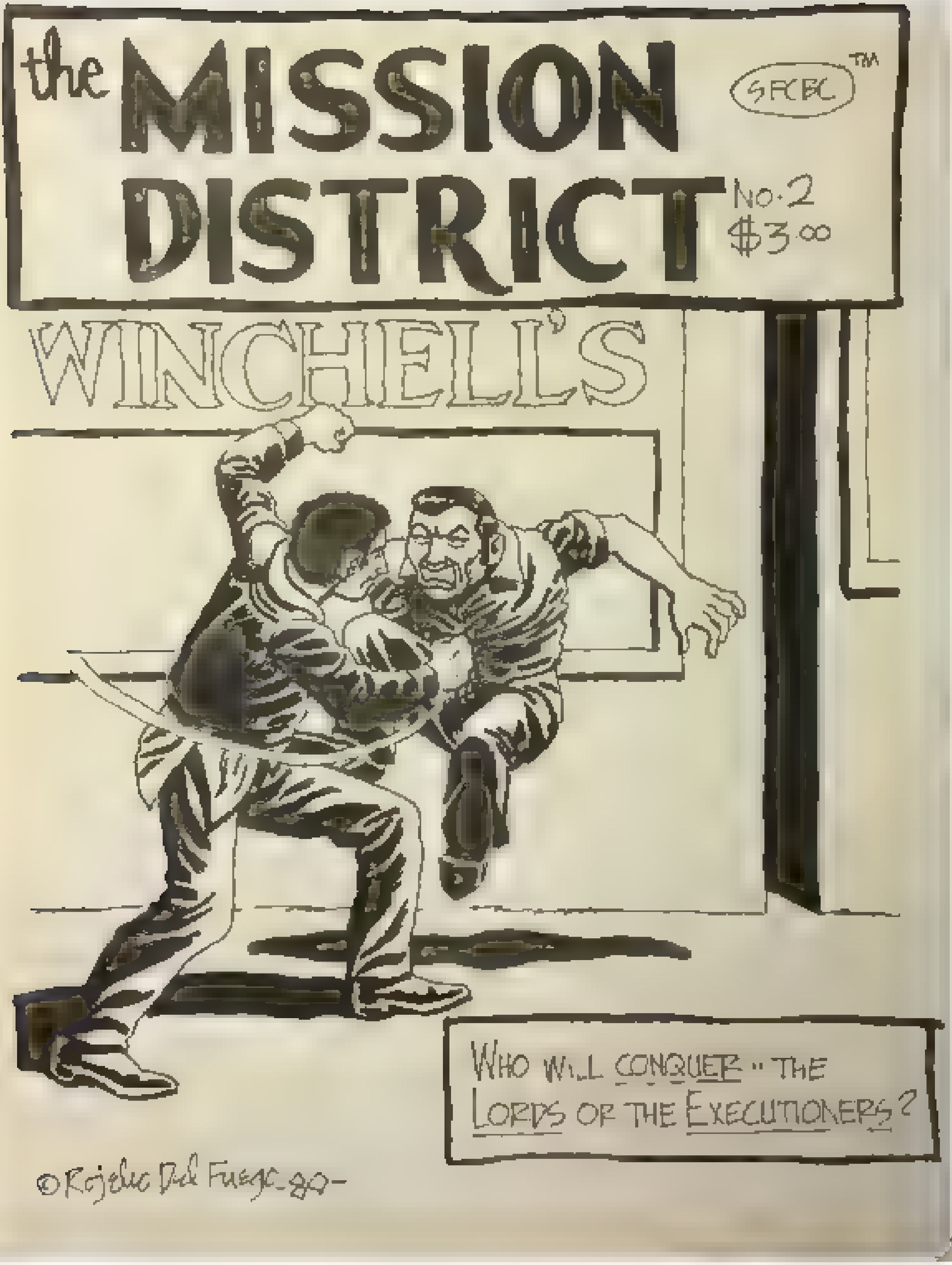

ROBERTO, WE'RE GLAD YOU DIDN'T JUMP BAIL AFTER ALL!... HAVE YOU HAD TROUBLE WITH THOSE GUYS THAT HAD IT IN FOR YOU?
—*NAAH!* THEY FOUND OUT WHO REALLY DID SNITCH THEM OFF... AND I WOULD NOT WANT TO BE HIM WHEN THEY GET OUT... BUT I'M TIGHT WITH THEM NOW, AND I ONLY HAVE 17 DAYS TO GO. —*HEY, THE DEPUTY'S NOT LOOKING. SLIP ME A PACK OF SMOKES, WOULD YOU?*
SURE.
Rogelio Del Fuego -88-


CAST of CHARACTERS
Rogelio Del Fuego -80-
HAJIMÉ
ROSALIE
CARLOS
RICKIE
PACO
MIGUELA


HEY, MARCO, WHY ARE WE HANGING AROUND *HERE*?
RICKIE, MAN, IF I DON'T SCORE SOME 'LUDES SOON, I'LL BE *SICK*!
SMOKE
TAMPONS the RED high!
Coca Cola
Doggie DINER
©Rogelio Del Fuego -80-


ROSALIE! LOOK AT MY '58 CHRYSLER! LET'S CRUISE THE MISSION!
IT'S BEAUTIFUL, MARIO ... BUT WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO GET YOUR LICENSE RENEWED?
RHB
©Rojelio Del Fuego -80-


WHEN WE STAND IN FRONT OF WINCHELL'S, ♫ WHAT DO WE CHEER? ♫ WHAT KEEPS US HIGH, UP IN THE SKY? ♪ -THE GREEN DEATH: Rainier!! ♫ ♪
PERSONALLY, I PREFER CHIVAS REGAL.
WHO ASKED YOU?
SALUDOS, AMIGOS...Y RAINIER, HASTA EL AÑO
"the Dirty-Brush Man"
Rogelio Del Fuego -80-


the MISSION DISTRICT
SFCBC
TM
No. 2
$3.00
WINCHELL'S
WHO WILL CONQUER .. THE LORDS OR THE EXECUTIONERS?

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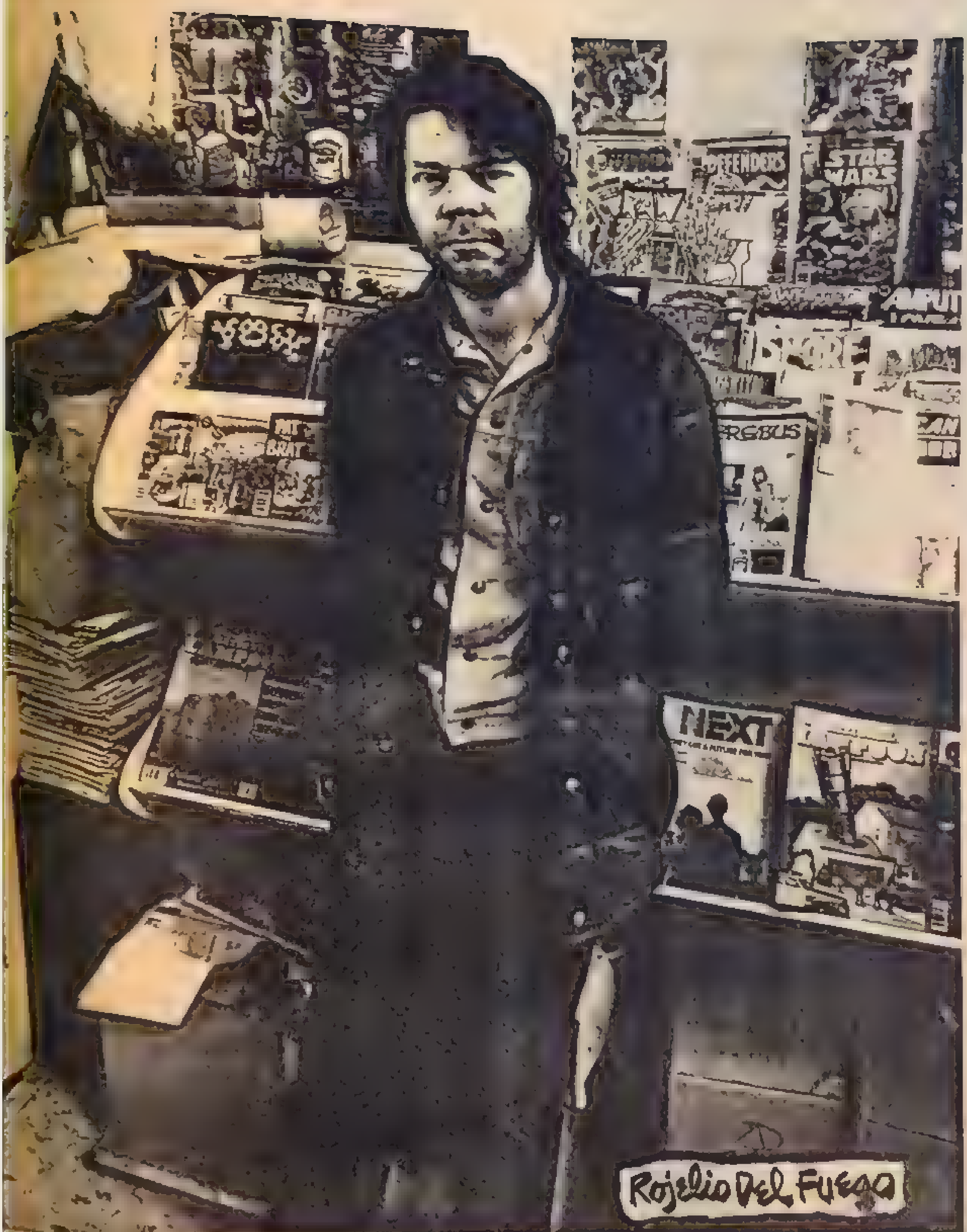
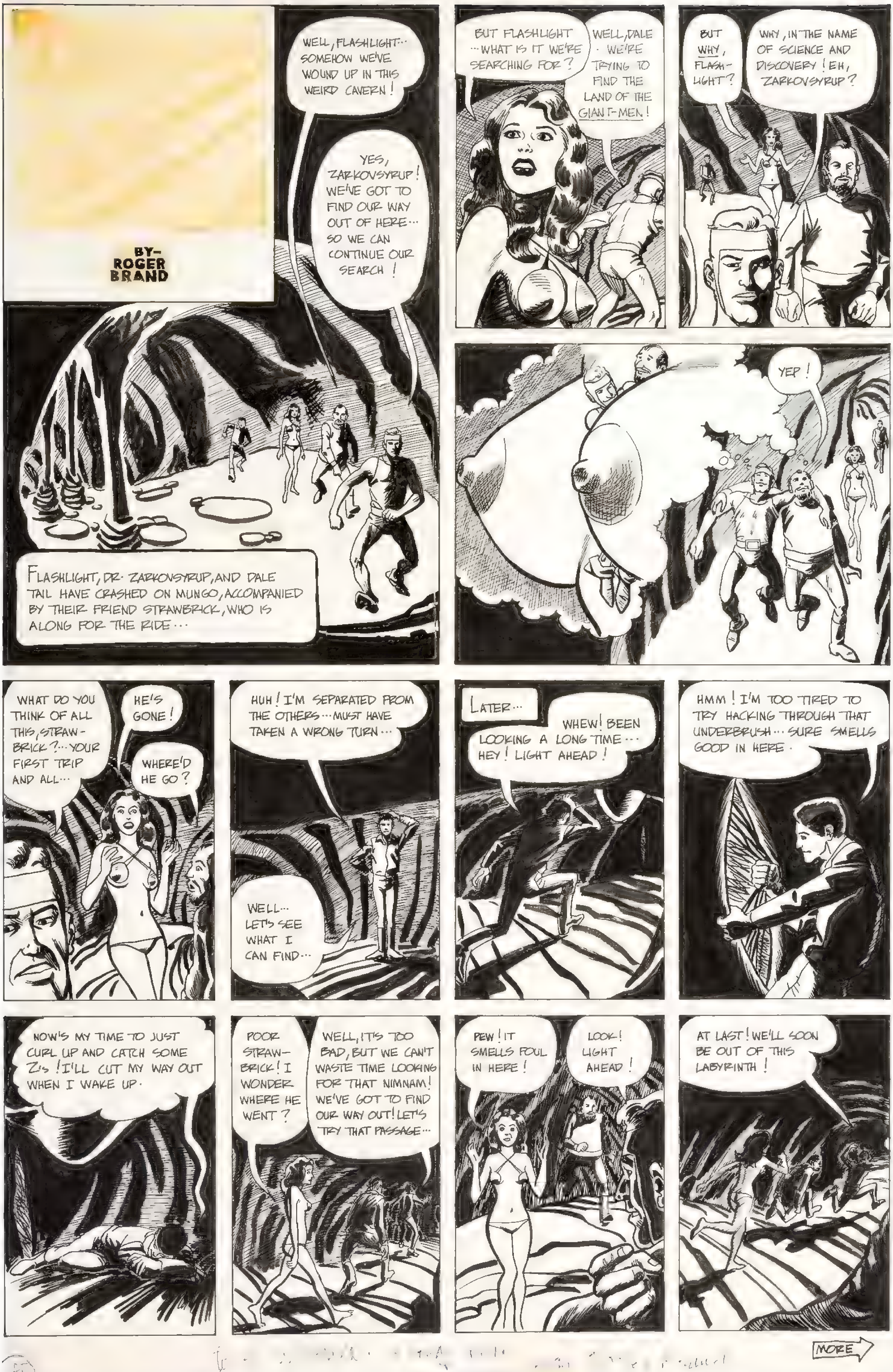
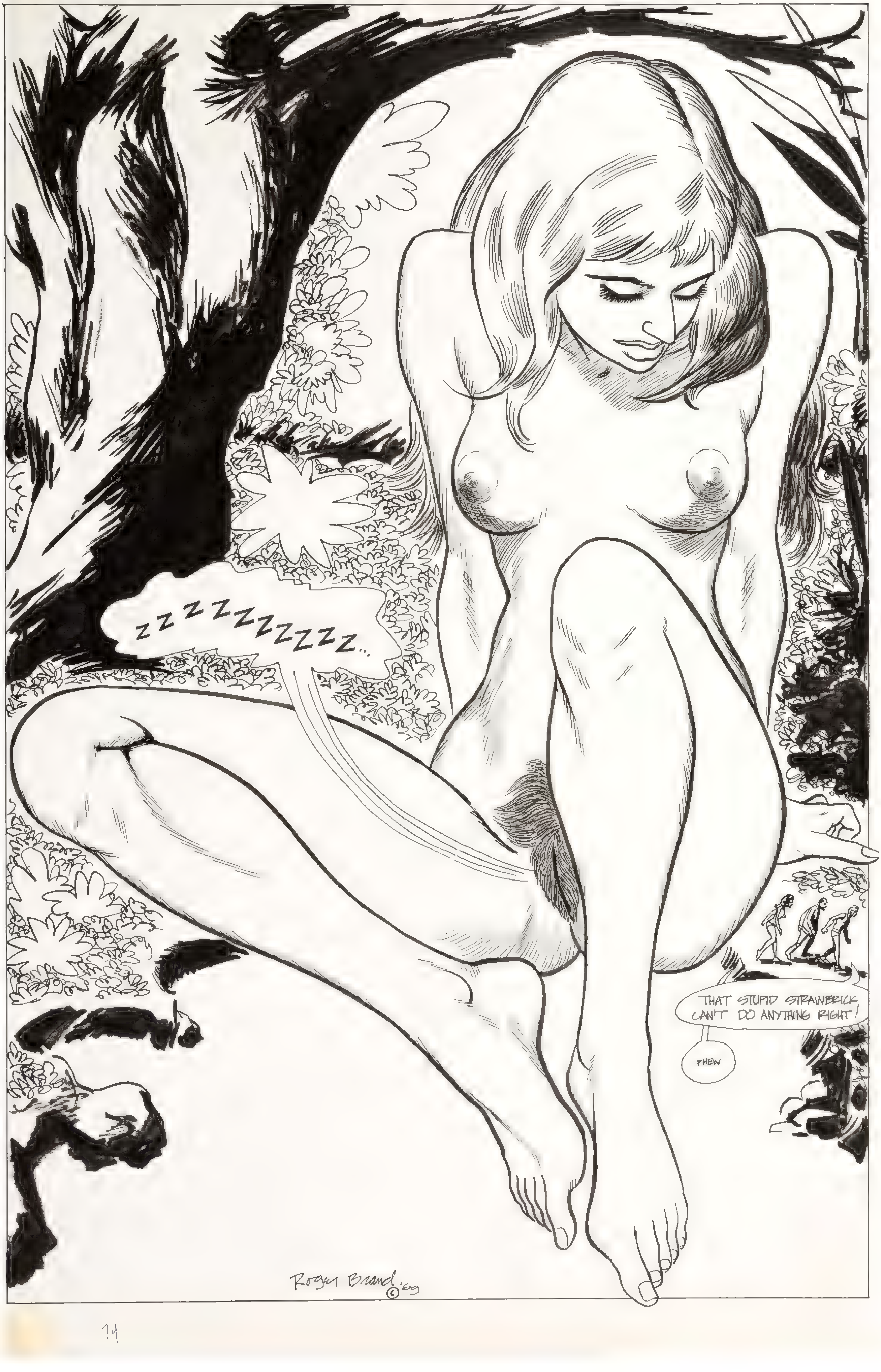

DEFENDERS
STAR WARS
SCORE
NEXT
Rojelio Del Fuego

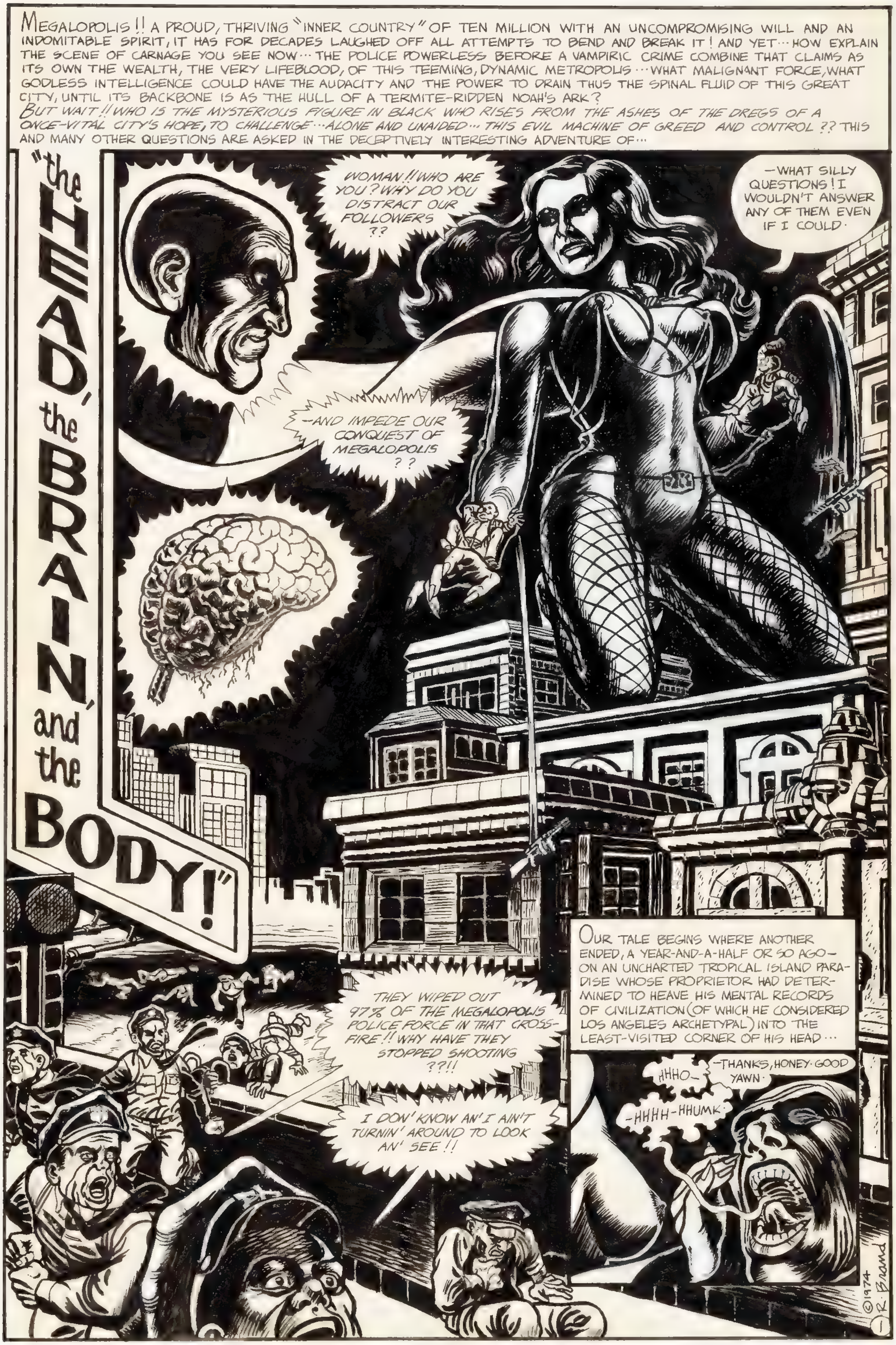
FLASHLIGHT GORDON / PAGE ONE

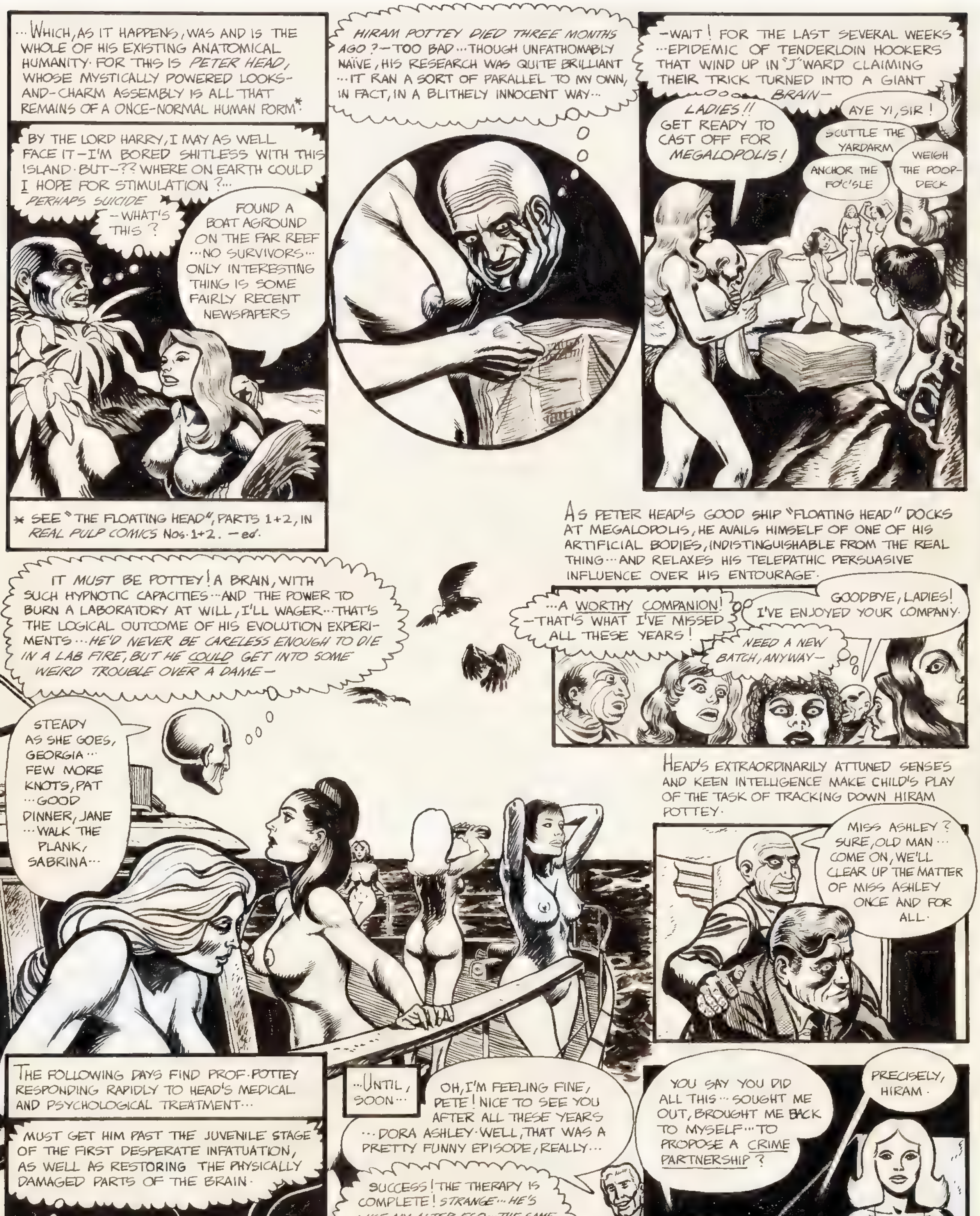

BY- ROGER BRAND
WELL, FLASHLIGHT··· SOMEHOW WE'VE WOUND UP IN THIS WEIRD CAVERN!
YES, ZARKOVSYRUP! WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUR WAY OUT OF HERE··· SO WE CAN CONTINUE OUR SEARCH!
FLASHLIGHT, DR. ZARKOVSYRUP, AND DALE TAIL HAVE CRASHED ON MUNGO, ACCOMPANIED BY THEIR FRIEND STRAWBRICK, WHO IS ALONG FOR THE RIDE···
BUT FLASHLIGHT ···WHAT IS IT WE'RE SEARCHING FOR?
WELL, DALE · WE'RE TRYING TO FIND THE LAND OF THE GIANT-MEN!
BUT WHY, FLASHLIGHT?
WHY, IN THE NAME OF SCIENCE AND DISCOVERY! EH, ZARKOVSYRUP?
YEP!
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF ALL THIS, STRAWBRICK?··· YOUR FIRST TRIP AND ALL···
HE'S GONE!
WHERE'D HE GO?
HUH! I'M SEPARATED FROM THE OTHERS··· MUST HAVE TAKEN A WRONG TURN···
WELL··· LET'S SEE WHAT I CAN FIND···
LATER···
WHEW! BEEN LOOKING A LONG TIME··· HEY! LIGHT AHEAD!
HMM! I'M TOO TIRED TO TRY HACKING THROUGH THAT UNDERBRUSH··· SURE SMELLS GOOD IN HERE.
NOW'S MY TIME TO JUST CURL UP AND CATCH SOME Z's! I'LL CUT MY WAY OUT WHEN I WAKE UP.
POOR STRAWBRICK! I WONDER WHERE HE WENT?
WELL, IT'S TOO BAD, BUT WE CAN'T WASTE TIME LOOKING FOR THAT NIMNAM! WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUR WAY OUT! LET'S TRY THAT PASSAGE···
PEW! IT SMELLS FOUL IN HERE!
LOOK! LIGHT AHEAD!
AT LAST! WE'LL SOON BE OUT OF THIS LABYRINTH!
MORE

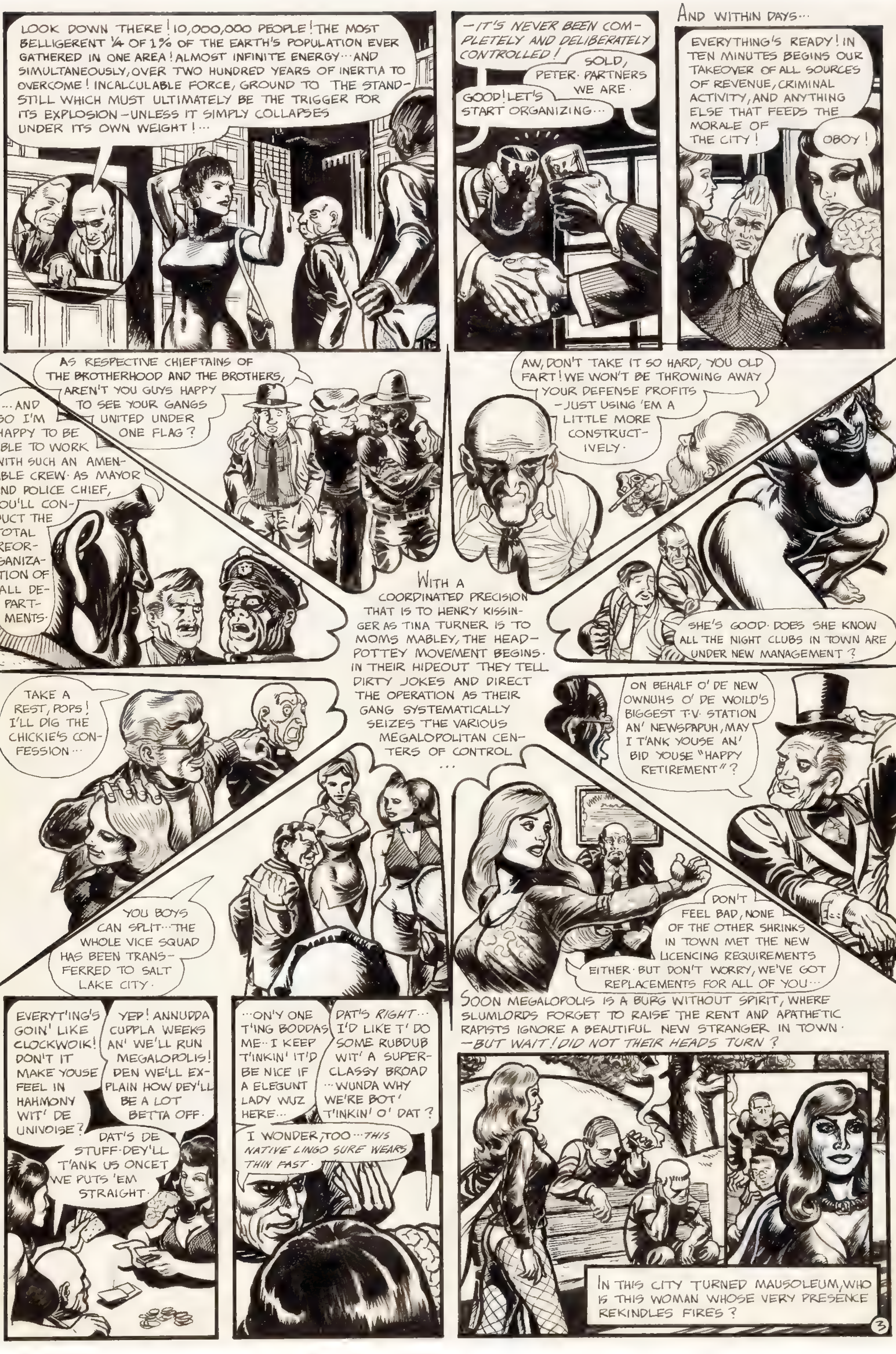

ZZZZZZZZZZ...
THAT STUPID STRAWBRICK CAN'T DO ANYTHING RIGHT!
PHEW
Roger Brand ©'69

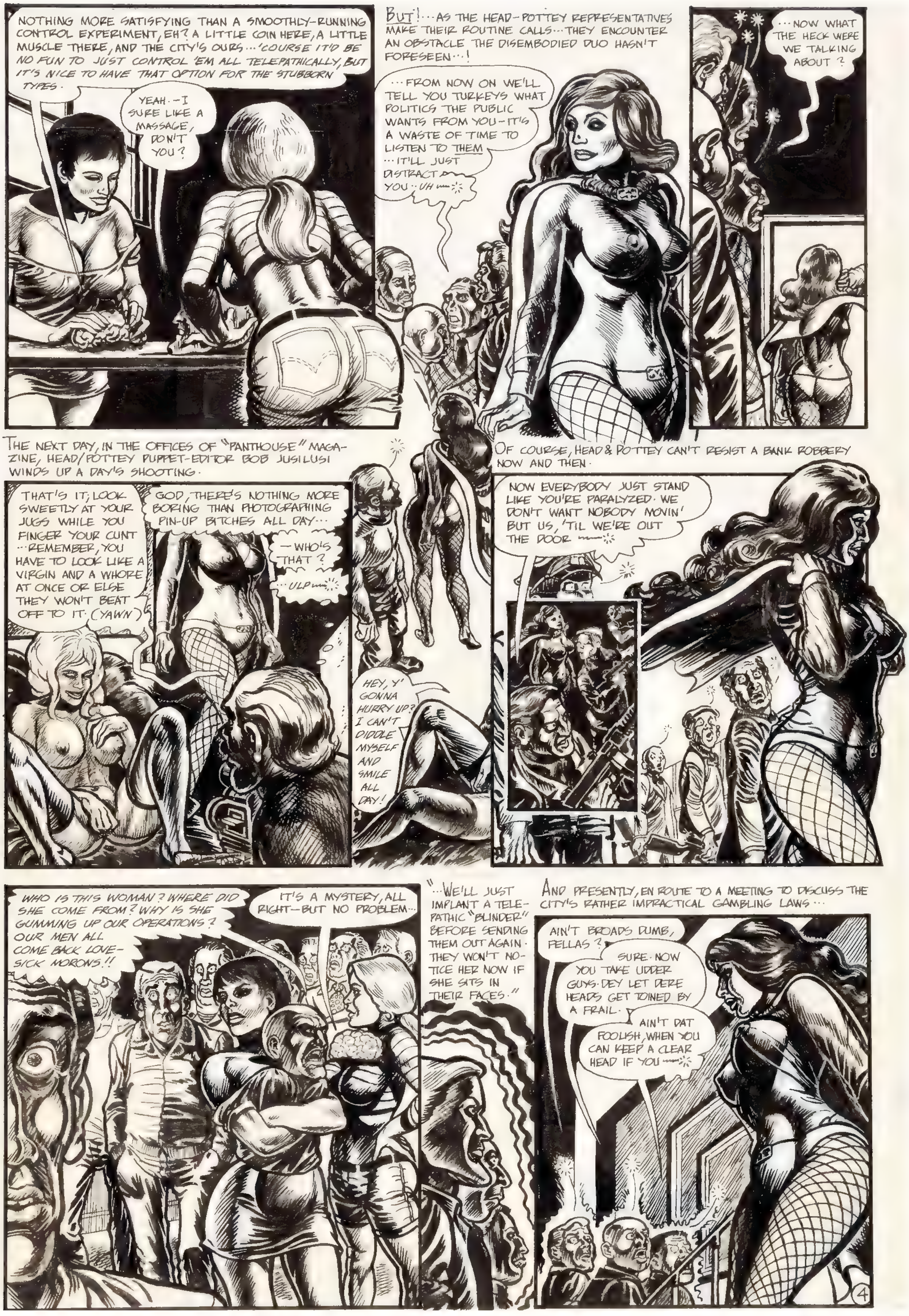
"What the Old Aliens Left" page 35
(of galley proofs)

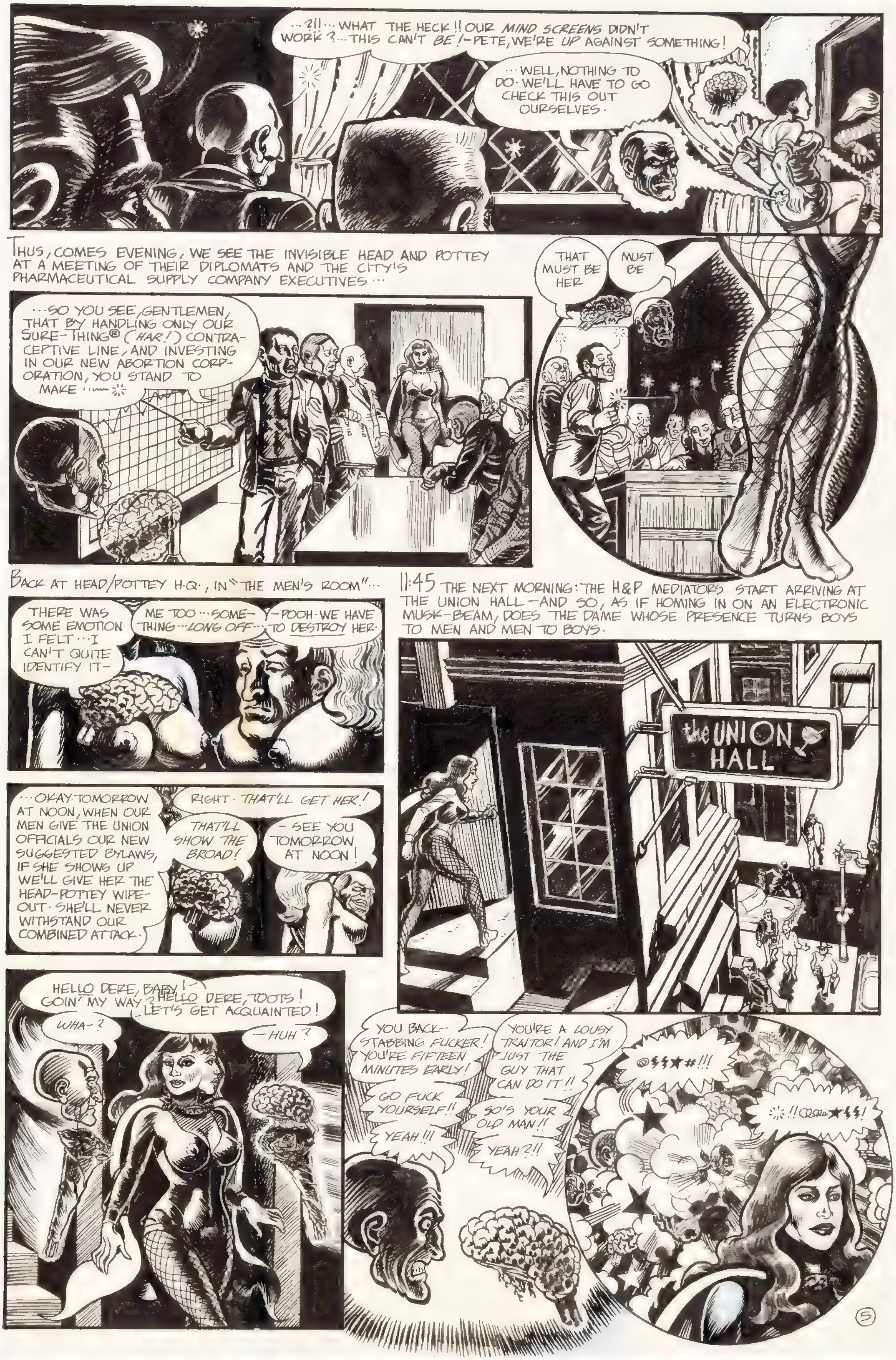
Roger Brand

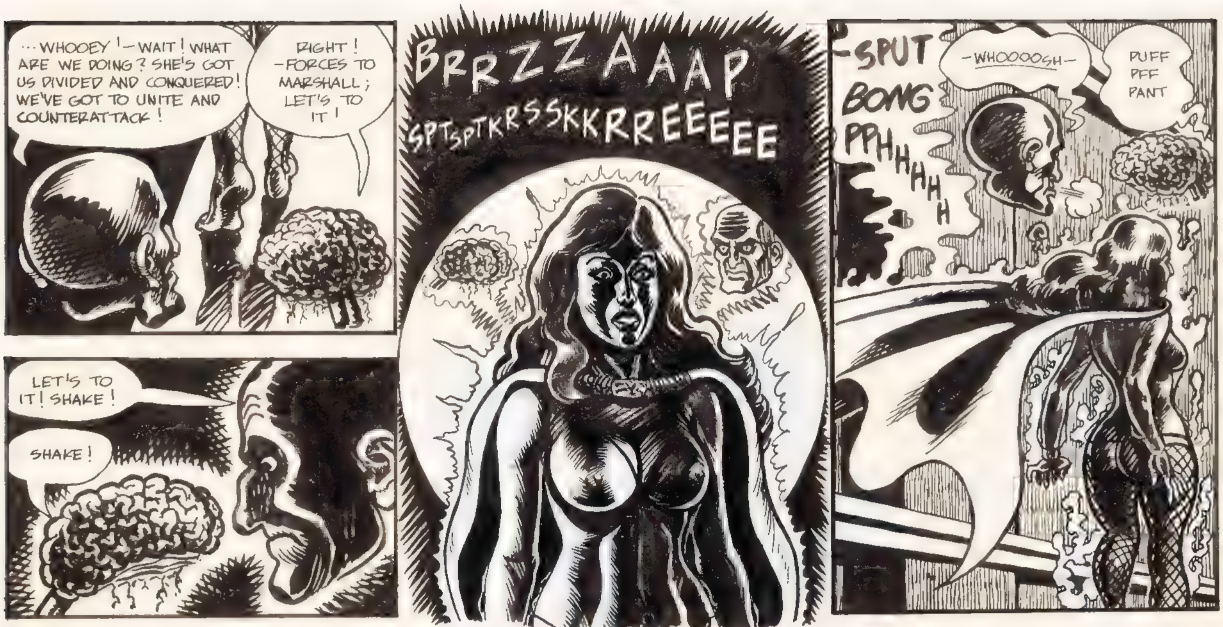

MEGALOPOLIS!! A PROUD, THRIVING "INNER COUNTRY" OF TEN MILLION WITH AN UNCOMPROMISING WILL AND AN INDOMITABLE SPIRIT, IT HAS FOR DECADES LAUGHED OFF ALL ATTEMPTS TO BEND AND BREAK IT! AND YET··· HOW EXPLAIN THE SCENE OF CARNAGE YOU SEE NOW··· THE POLICE POWERLESS BEFORE A VAMPIRIC CRIME COMBINE THAT CLAIMS AS ITS OWN THE WEALTH, THE VERY LIFEBLOOD, OF THIS TEEMING, DYNAMIC METROPOLIS··· WHAT MALIGNANT FORCE, WHAT GODLESS INTELLIGENCE COULD HAVE THE AUDACITY AND THE POWER TO DRAIN THUS THE SPINAL FLUID OF THIS GREAT CITY, UNTIL ITS BACKBONE IS AS THE HULL OF A TERMITE-RIDDEN NOAH'S ARK?
BUT WAIT!! WHO IS THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE IN BLACK WHO RISES FROM THE ASHES OF THE DREGS OF A ONCE-VITAL CITY'S HOPE, TO CHALLENGE··· ALONE AND UNAIDED··· THIS EVIL MACHINE OF GREED AND CONTROL?? THIS AND MANY OTHER QUESTIONS ARE ASKED IN THE DECEPTIVELY INTERESTING ADVENTURE OF···
"the HEAD, the BRAIN, and the BODY!"
WOMAN!! WHO ARE YOU? WHY DO YOU DISTRACT OUR FOLLOWERS ??
—WHAT SILLY QUESTIONS! I WOULDN'T ANSWER ANY OF THEM EVEN IF I COULD·
—AND IMPEDE OUR CONQUEST OF MEGALOPOLIS ??
THEY WIPED OUT 97% OF THE MEGALOPOLIS POLICE FORCE IN THAT CROSS-FIRE!! WHY HAVE THEY STOPPED SHOOTING ??!!
I DON' KNOW AN' I AIN'T TURNIN' AROUND TO LOOK AN' SEE!!
OUR TALE BEGINS WHERE ANOTHER ENDED, A YEAR-AND-A-HALF OR SO AGO— ON AN UNCHARTED TROPICAL ISLAND PARADISE WHOSE PROPRIETOR HAD DETERMINED TO HEAVE HIS MENTAL RECORDS OF CIVILIZATION (OF WHICH HE CONSIDERED LOS ANGELES ARCHETYPAL) INTO THE LEAST-VISITED CORNER OF HIS HEAD···
HHHO—
—THANKS, HONEY· GOOD YAWN·
—HHHH-HHUMK·
©1974 R. Brand


...WHICH, AS IT HAPPENS, WAS AND IS THE WHOLE OF HIS EXISTING ANATOMICAL HUMANITY. FOR THIS IS *PETER HEAD*, WHOSE MYSTICALLY POWERED LOOKS-AND-CHARM ASSEMBLY IS ALL THAT REMAINS OF A ONCE-NORMAL HUMAN FORM.*
BY THE LORD HARRY, I MAY AS WELL FACE IT—I'M BORED SHITLESS WITH THIS ISLAND. BUT—?? WHERE ON EARTH COULD I HOPE FOR STIMULATION?... *PERHAPS SUICIDE*
—WHAT'S THIS?
FOUND A BOAT AGROUND ON THE FAR REEF ...NO SURVIVORS... ONLY INTERESTING THING IS SOME FAIRLY RECENT NEWSPAPERS
* SEE "THE FLOATING HEAD", PARTS 1+2, IN *REAL PULP COMICS* Nos. 1+2. —ed.
HIRAM POTTEY DIED THREE MONTHS AGO?—TOO BAD... THOUGH UNFATHOMABLY NAIVE, HIS RESEARCH WAS QUITE BRILLIANT ...IT RAN A SORT OF PARALLEL TO MY OWN, IN FACT, IN A BLITHELY INNOCENT WAY...
—WAIT! FOR THE LAST SEVERAL WEEKS ...EPIDEMIC OF TENDERLOIN HOOKERS THAT WIND UP IN "J" WARD CLAIMING THEIR TRICK TURNED INTO A GIANT *BRAIN*—
LADIES!! GET READY TO CAST OFF FOR *MEGALOPOLIS!*
AYE YI, SIR!
SCUTTLE THE YARDARM
ANCHOR THE FO'C'SLE
WEIGH THE POOP-DECK
IT *MUST* BE POTTEY! A BRAIN, WITH SUCH HYPNOTIC CAPACITIES... AND THE POWER TO BURN A LABORATORY AT WILL, I'LL WAGER... THAT'S THE LOGICAL OUTCOME OF HIS EVOLUTION EXPERIMENTS... *HE'D NEVER BE CARELESS ENOUGH TO DIE IN A LAB FIRE, BUT HE COULD GET INTO SOME WEIRD TROUBLE OVER A DAME*—
STEADY AS SHE GOES, GEORGIA... FEW MORE KNOTS, PAT ...GOOD DINNER, JANE ...WALK THE PLANK, SABRINA...
AS PETER HEAD'S GOOD SHIP "FLOATING HEAD" DOCKS AT MEGALOPOLIS, HE AVAILS HIMSELF OF ONE OF HIS ARTIFICIAL BODIES, INDISTINGUISHABLE FROM THE REAL THING... AND RELAXES HIS TELEPATHIC PERSUASIVE INFLUENCE OVER HIS ENTOURAGE.
...A WORTHY COMPANION! —THAT'S WHAT I'VE MISSED ALL THESE YEARS!
GOODBYE, LADIES! I'VE ENJOYED YOUR COMPANY.
NEED A NEW BATCH, ANYWAY—
HEAD'S EXTRAORDINARILY ATTUNED SENSES AND KEEN INTELLIGENCE MAKE CHILD'S PLAY OF THE TASK OF TRACKING DOWN HIRAM POTTEY.
MISS ASHLEY? SURE, OLD MAN ...COME ON, WE'LL CLEAR UP THE MATTER OF MISS ASHLEY ONCE AND FOR ALL.
THE FOLLOWING DAYS FIND PROF. POTTEY RESPONDING RAPIDLY TO HEAD'S MEDICAL AND PSYCHOLOGICAL TREATMENT...
MUST GET HIM PAST THE JUVENILE STAGE OF THE FIRST DESPERATE INFATUATION, AS WELL AS RESTORING THE PHYSICALLY DAMAGED PARTS OF THE BRAIN.
...UNTIL, SOON...
OH, I'M FEELING FINE, PETE! NICE TO SEE YOU AFTER ALL THESE YEARS ...DORA ASHLEY. WELL, THAT WAS A PRETTY FUNNY EPISODE, REALLY...
SUCCESS! THE THERAPY IS COMPLETE! *STRANGE... HE'S LIKE MY ALTER EGO... THE SAME PASSION FOR CONTROL, BUT WITHOUT CYNICISM OR EGO... BUT LIKE ME, HE'S UNTAINTED BY COMPASSION. WE'RE TWO SIDES OF THE SAME COIN.*
YOU SAY YOU DID ALL THIS... SOUGHT ME OUT, BROUGHT ME BACK TO MYSELF... TO PROPOSE A CRIME PARTNERSHIP?
PRECISELY, HIRAM.

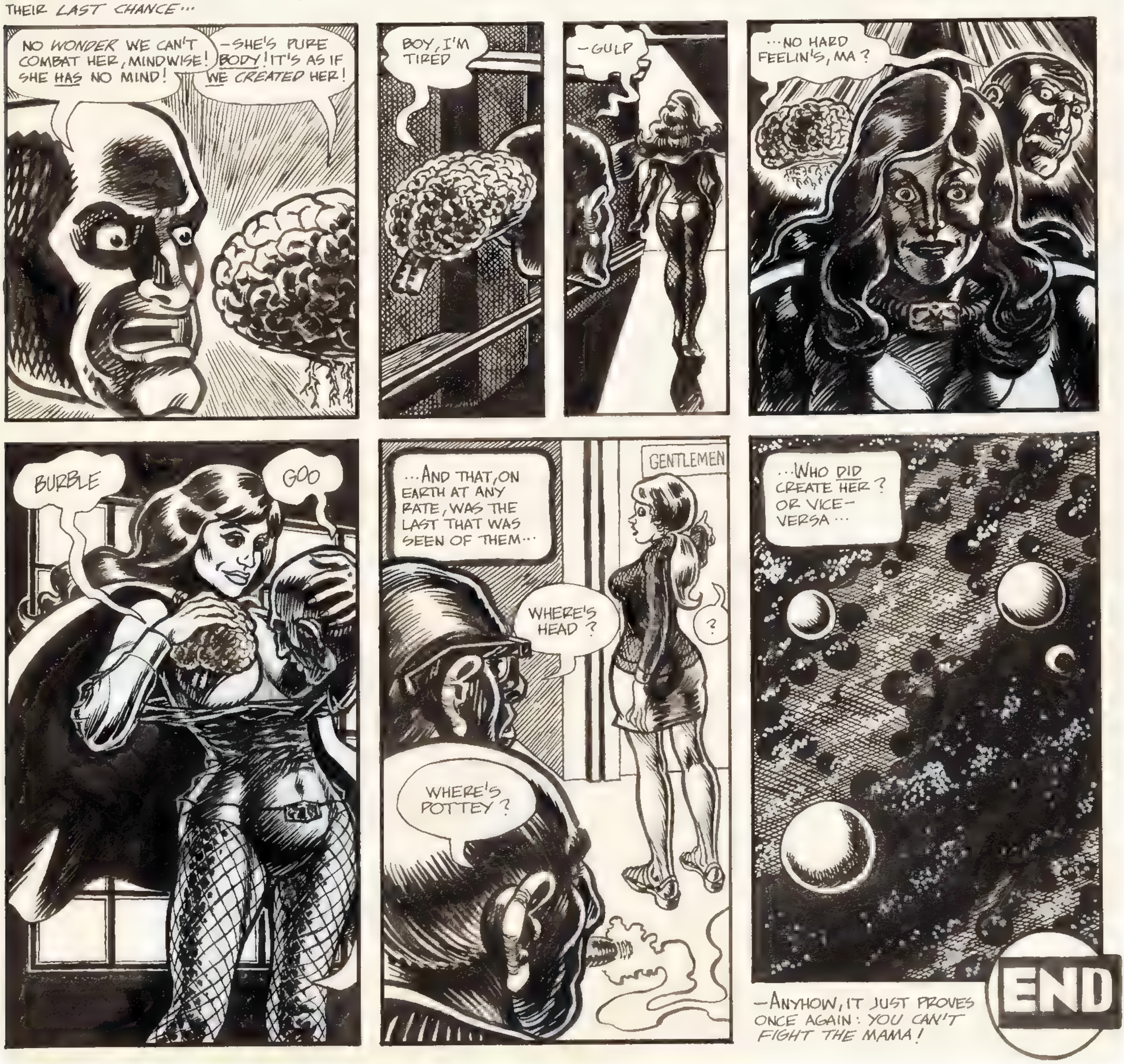

LOOK DOWN THERE! 10,000,000 PEOPLE! THE MOST BELLIGERENT 1/4 OF 1% OF THE EARTH'S POPULATION EVER GATHERED IN ONE AREA! ALMOST INFINITE ENERGY... AND SIMULTANEOUSLY, OVER TWO HUNDRED YEARS OF INERTIA TO OVERCOME! INCALCULABLE FORCE, GROUND TO THE STANDSTILL WHICH MUST ULTIMATELY BE THE TRIGGER FOR ITS EXPLOSION—UNLESS IT SIMPLY COLLAPSES UNDER ITS OWN WEIGHT!...
—IT'S NEVER BEEN COMPLETELY AND DELIBERATELY CONTROLLED!
SOLD, PETER. PARTNERS WE ARE.
GOOD! LET'S START ORGANIZING...
AND WITHIN DAYS...
EVERYTHING'S READY! IN TEN MINUTES BEGINS OUR TAKEOVER OF ALL SOURCES OF REVENUE, CRIMINAL ACTIVITY, AND ANYTHING ELSE THAT FEEDS THE MORALE OF THE CITY!
OBOY!
AS RESPECTIVE CHIEFTAINS OF THE BROTHERHOOD AND THE BROTHERS, AREN'T YOU GUYS HAPPY TO SEE YOUR GANGS UNITED UNDER ONE FLAG?
...AND SO I'M HAPPY TO BE ABLE TO WORK WITH SUCH AN AMENABLE CREW. AS MAYOR AND POLICE CHIEF, YOU'LL CONDUCT THE TOTAL REORGANIZATION OF ALL DEPARTMENTS.
AW, DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD, YOU OLD FART! WE WON'T BE THROWING AWAY YOUR DEFENSE PROFITS —JUST USING 'EM A LITTLE MORE CONSTRUCTIVELY.
SHE'S GOOD. DOES SHE KNOW ALL THE NIGHT CLUBS IN TOWN ARE UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT?
WITH A COORDINATED PRECISION THAT IS TO HENRY KISSINGER AS TINA TURNER IS TO MOMS MABLEY, THE HEADPOTTEY MOVEMENT BEGINS. IN THEIR HIDEOUT THEY TELL DIRTY JOKES AND DIRECT THE OPERATION AS THEIR GANG SYSTEMATICALLY SEIZES THE VARIOUS MEGALOPOLITAN CENTERS OF CONTROL...
TAKE A REST, POPS! I'LL DIG THE CHICKIE'S CONFESSION...
ON BEHALF O' DE NEW OWNUHS O' DE WOILD'S BIGGEST T.V. STATION AN' NEWSPAPUH, MAY I T'ANK YOUSE AN' BID YOUSE "HAPPY RETIREMENT"?
YOU BOYS CAN SPLIT... THE WHOLE VICE SQUAD HAS BEEN TRANSFERRED TO SALT LAKE CITY.
DON'T FEEL BAD, NONE OF THE OTHER SHRINKS IN TOWN MET THE NEW LICENCING REQUIREMENTS EITHER. BUT DON'T WORRY, WE'VE GOT REPLACEMENTS FOR ALL OF YOU...
EVERYT'ING'S GOIN' LIKE CLOCKWOIK! DON'T IT MAKE YOUSE FEEL IN HAHMONY WIT' DE UNIVOISE?
YEP! ANNUDDA CUPPLA WEEKS AN' WE'LL RUN MEGALOPOLIS! DEN WE'LL EXPLAIN HOW DEY'LL BE A LOT BETTA OFF.
DAT'S DE STUFF. DEY'LL T'ANK US ONCET WE PUTS 'EM STRAIGHT.
...ON'Y ONE T'ING BODDAS ME.. I KEEP T'INKIN' IT'D BE NICE IF A ELEGUNT LADY WUZ HERE...
DAT'S *RIGHT*... I'D LIKE T' DO SOME RUBDUB WIT' A SUPERCLASSY BROAD ...WUNDA WHY WE'RE BOT' T'INKIN' O' DAT?
I WONDER, TOO... *THIS NATIVE LINGO SURE WEARS THIN FAST.*
SOON MEGALOPOLIS IS A BURG WITHOUT SPIRIT, WHERE SLUMLORDS FORGET TO RAISE THE RENT AND APATHETIC RAPISTS IGNORE A BEAUTIFUL NEW STRANGER IN TOWN. —*BUT WAIT! DID NOT THEIR HEADS TURN?*
IN THIS CITY TURNED MAUSOLEUM, WHO IS THIS WOMAN WHOSE VERY PRESENCE REKINDLES FIRES?


NOTHING MORE SATISFYING THAN A SMOOTHLY-RUNNING CONTROL EXPERIMENT, EH? A LITTLE COIN HERE, A LITTLE MUSCLE THERE, AND THE CITY'S OURS... 'COURSE IT'D BE NO FUN TO JUST CONTROL 'EM ALL TELEPATHICALLY, BUT IT'S NICE TO HAVE THAT OPTION FOR THE STUBBORN TYPES.
YEAH.-I SURE LIKE A MASSAGE, DON'T YOU?
BUT!...AS THE HEAD-POTTEY REPRESENTATIVES MAKE THEIR ROUTINE CALLS...THEY ENCOUNTER AN OBSTACLE THE DISEMBODIED DUO HASN'T FORESEEN...!
...FROM NOW ON WE'LL TELL YOU TURKEYS WHAT POLITICS THE PUBLIC WANTS FROM YOU-IT'S A WASTE OF TIME TO LISTEN TO THEM ...IT'LL JUST DISTRACT YOU..UH
...NOW WHAT THE HECK WERE WE TALKING ABOUT?
THE NEXT DAY, IN THE OFFICES OF "PANTHOUSE" MAGAZINE, HEAD/POTTEY PUPPET-EDITOR BOB JUSILUSI WINDS UP A DAY'S SHOOTING.
THAT'S IT; LOOK SWEETLY AT YOUR JUGS WHILE YOU FINGER YOUR CUNT ...REMEMBER, YOU HAVE TO LOOK LIKE A VIRGIN AND A WHORE AT ONCE OR ELSE THEY WON'T BEAT OFF TO IT. (YAWN)
GOD, THERE'S NOTHING MORE BORING THAN PHOTOGRAPHING PIN-UP BITCHES ALL DAY...
—WHO'S THAT?
...ULP
HEY, Y' GONNA HURRY UP? I CAN'T DIDDLE MYSELF AND SMILE ALL DAY!
OF COURSE, HEAD & POTTEY CAN'T RESIST A BANK ROBBERY NOW AND THEN.
NOW EVERYBODY JUST STAND LIKE YOU'RE PARALYZED. WE DON'T WANT NOBODY MOVIN' BUT US, 'TIL WE'RE OUT THE DOOR
WHO IS THIS WOMAN? WHERE DID SHE COME FROM? WHY IS SHE GUMMING UP OUR OPERATIONS? OUR MEN ALL COME BACK LOVE-SICK MORONS!!
IT'S A MYSTERY, ALL RIGHT—BUT NO PROBLEM...
"...WE'LL JUST IMPLANT A TELEPATHIC "BLINDER" BEFORE SENDING THEM OUT AGAIN. THEY WON'T NOTICE HER NOW IF SHE SITS IN THEIR FACES."
AND PRESENTLY, EN ROUTE TO A MEETING TO DISCUSS THE CITY'S RATHER IMPRACTICAL GAMBLING LAWS...
AIN'T BROADS DUMB, FELLAS?
SURE. NOW YOU TAKE UDDER GUYS. DEY LET DERE HEADS GET TOINED BY A FRAIL.
AIN'T DAT FOOLISH, WHEN YOU CAN KEEP A CLEAR HEAD IF YOU

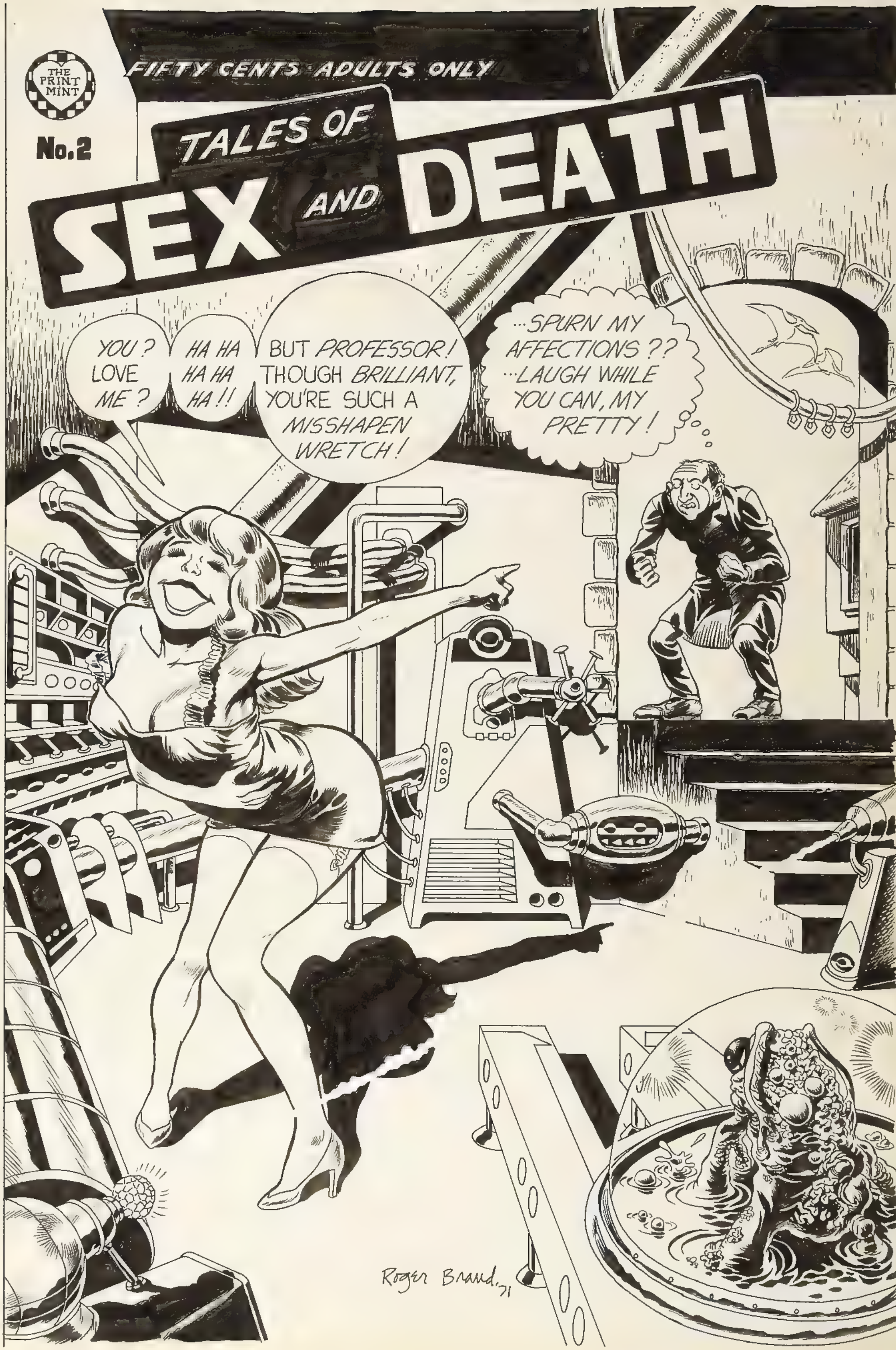

...?!!...WHAT THE HECK!! OUR MIND SCREENS DIDN'T WORK?...THIS CAN'T BE!—PETE, WE'RE UP AGAINST SOMETHING!
...WELL, NOTHING TO DO. WE'LL HAVE TO GO CHECK THIS OUT OURSELVES.
THUS, COMES EVENING, WE SEE THE INVISIBLE HEAD AND POTTEY AT A MEETING OF THEIR DIPLOMATS AND THE CITY'S PHARMACEUTICAL SUPPLY COMPANY EXECUTIVES...
...SO YOU SEE, GENTLEMEN, THAT BY HANDLING ONLY OUR SURE-THING® (HAR!) CONTRACEPTIVE LINE, AND INVESTING IN OUR NEW ABORTION CORPORATION, YOU STAND TO MAKE ......
THAT MUST BE HER
MUST BE
BACK AT HEAD/POTTEY H.Q., IN "THE MEN'S ROOM"...
THERE WAS SOME EMOTION I FELT...I CAN'T QUITE IDENTIFY IT—
ME TOO...SOMETHING...LONG OFF...
—POOH. WE HAVE TO DESTROY HER.
...OKAY. TOMORROW AT NOON, WHEN OUR MEN GIVE THE UNION OFFICIALS OUR NEW SUGGESTED BYLAWS, IF SHE SHOWS UP WE'LL GIVE HER THE HEAD-POTTEY WIPE-OUT. SHE'LL NEVER WITHSTAND OUR COMBINED ATTACK.
RIGHT. THAT'LL GET HER!
THAT'LL SHOW THE BROAD!
—SEE YOU TOMORROW AT NOON!
11:45 THE NEXT MORNING: THE H&P MEDIATORS START ARRIVING AT THE UNION HALL—AND SO, AS IF HOMING IN ON AN ELECTRONIC MUSK-BEAM, DOES THE DAME WHOSE PRESENCE TURNS BOYS TO MEN AND MEN TO BOYS.
the UNION HALL
HELLO DERE, BABY! GOIN' MY WAY?
HELLO DERE, TOOTS! LET'S GET ACQUAINTED!
WHA-?
—HUH?
YOU BACK-STABBING FUCKER! YOU'RE FIFTEEN MINUTES EARLY!
YOU'RE A LOUSY TRAITOR! AND I'M JUST THE GUY THAT CAN DO IT!!
GO FUCK YOURSELF!!
SO'S YOUR OLD MAN!!
YEAH!!!
YEAH?!!
@$$★#!!!
!!@@@★$$!


…WHOOEY !—WAIT! WHAT ARE WE DOING? SHE'S GOT US DIVIDED AND CONQUERED! WE'VE GOT TO UNITE AND COUNTERATTACK!
RIGHT! —FORCES TO MARSHALL; LET'S TO IT!
LET'S TO IT! SHAKE!
SHAKE!
BRRZZAAAP
SPTSPTKRSSSKKRREEEEEE
SPUT
BONG
PPHHHHHH
—WHOOOOSH—
PUFF PFF PANT

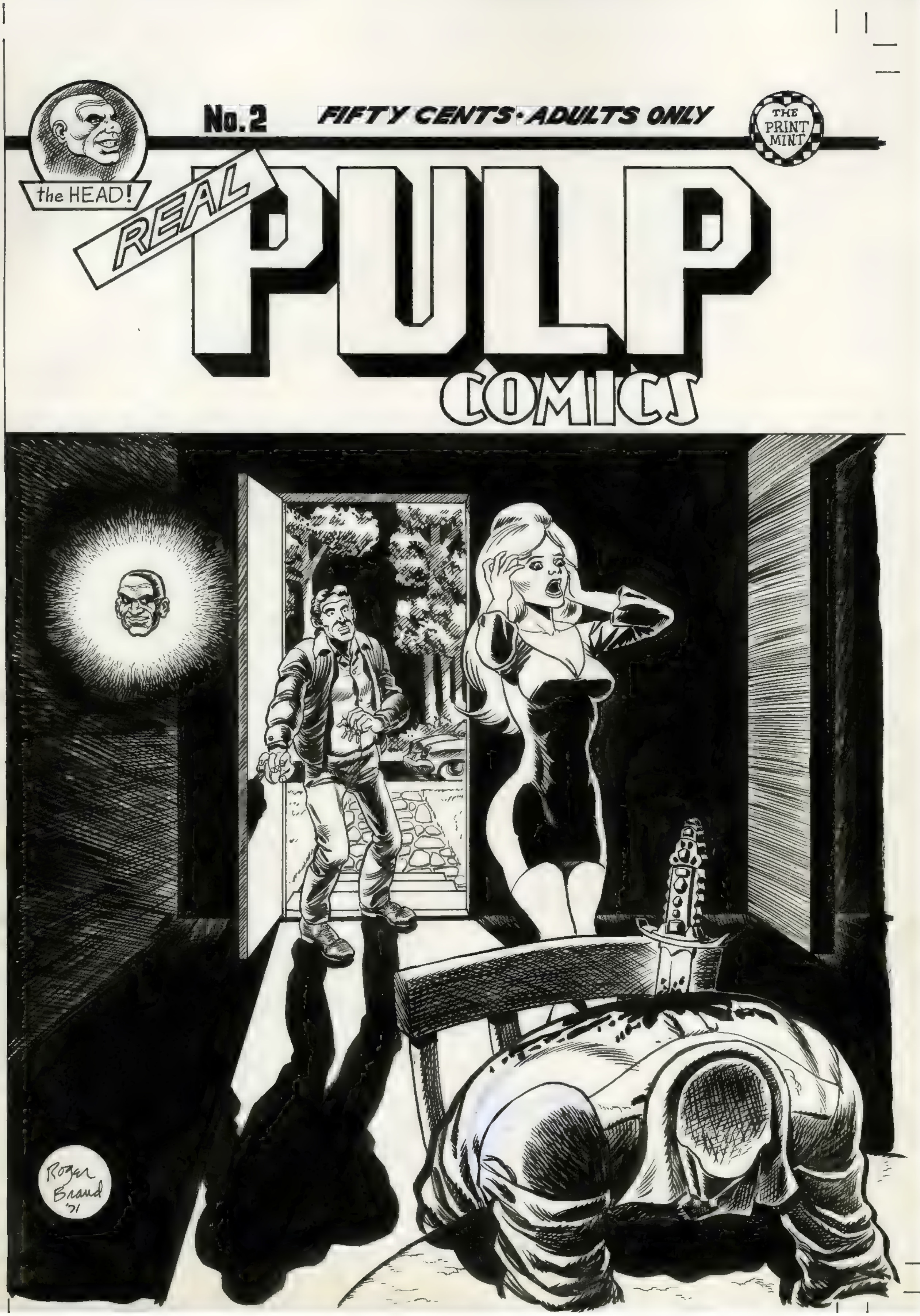
AND NOW, FOR THE FIRST TIME, IN A CONFUSING AMBIANCE OF LONG-FORGOTTEN TRUTH, THE TWO SUPERMINDS BEGIN TO FATHOM THE SIMPLE MYSTERY OF CREATION.
HEAD AND POTTEY, WHO MADE OF LOVE, IF NOT AN ART, AT LEAST A CRAFT: IS THE H/P. LOVE-CRAFT EBBING OR FLOWING? THIS COULD BE THEIR *LAST CHANCE*…

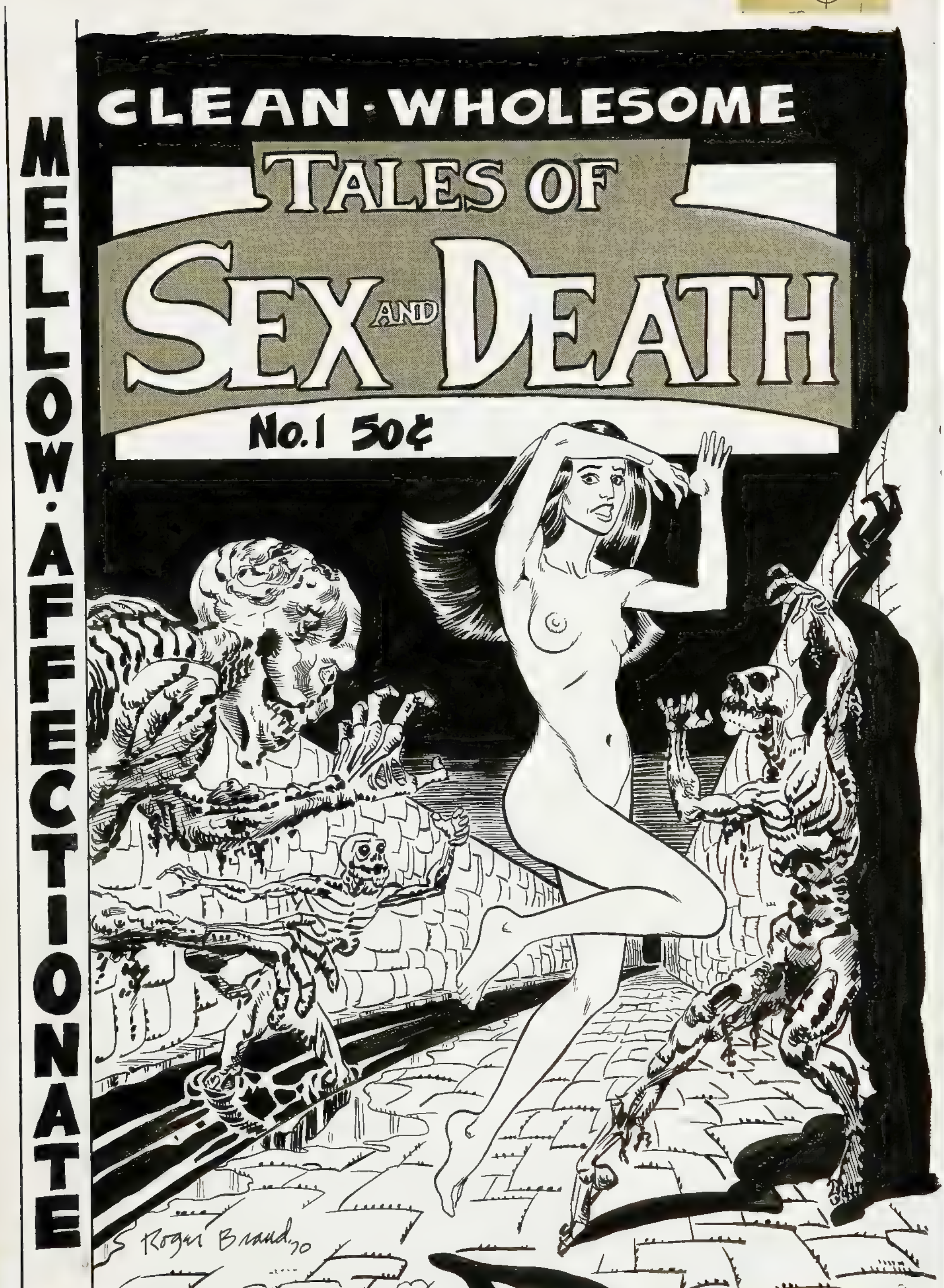

NO *WONDER* WE CAN'T COMBAT HER, MINDWISE! SHE *HAS* NO MIND!
—SHE'S PURE *BODY*! IT'S AS IF *WE CREATED* HER!
BOY, I'M TIRED
—GULP
…NO HARD FEELIN'S, MA?
BURBLE
GOO
…AND THAT, ON EARTH AT ANY RATE, WAS THE LAST THAT WAS SEEN OF THEM…
GENTLEMEN
WHERE'S HEAD?
?
WHERE'S POTTEY?
…WHO *DID* CREATE HER? OR VICE-VERSA…
END

—ANYHOW, IT JUST PROVES ONCE AGAIN: *YOU CAN'T FIGHT THE MAMA!*


THE PRINT MINT
No.2
FIFTY CENTS · ADULTS ONLY
TALES OF SEX AND DEATH
YOU? LOVE ME?
HA HA HA HA HA!!
BUT *PROFESSOR!* THOUGH *BRILLIANT,* YOU'RE SUCH A *MISSHAPEN WRETCH!*
...SPURN MY AFFECTIONS?? ...LAUGH WHILE YOU CAN, MY PRETTY!

Roger Brand '71


the HEAD!
No. 2
FIFTY CENTS · ADULTS ONLY
THE PRINT MINT
REAL
PULP
COMICS
Roger Brand '71

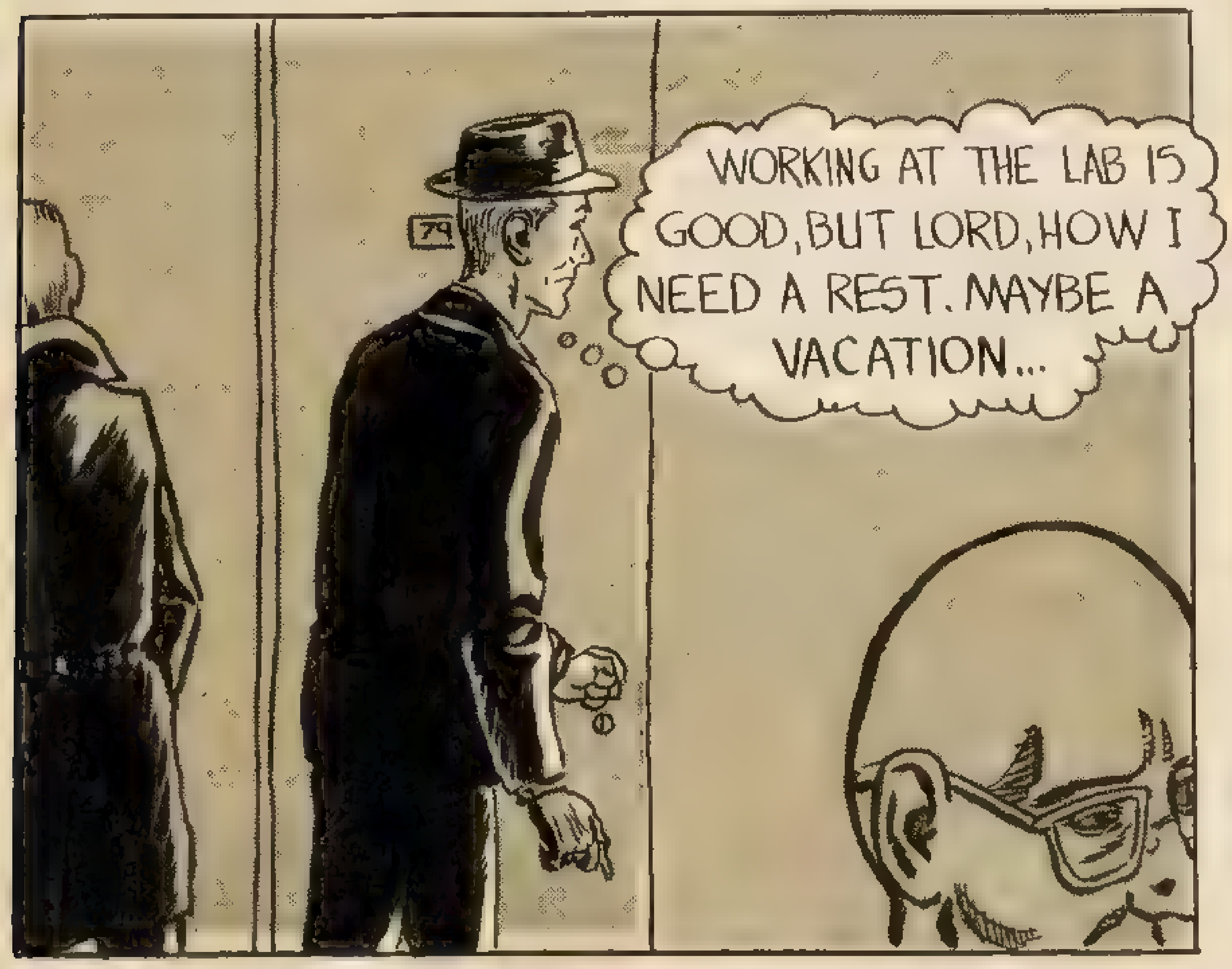

CLEAN · WHOLESOME
TALES OF
SEX AND DEATH
No.1 50¢
MELLOW · AFFECTIONATE
Roger Brand 70

A PSYCHO-SEXUAL SUSPENSTORY!

a CHANGE of PACE

by
ROGER BRAND

THIS IS WYNTON DAVIS. HE HAS JUST ARRIVED HOME FROM MOORE LABORATORIES, INC., WHERE HE IS A RESEARCH CHEMIST. HE IS TIRED AFTER A LONG DAY'S WORK.


79
WORKING AT THE LAB IS GOOD, BUT LORD, HOW I NEED A REST. MAYBE A VACATION...

YOU ARE WYNTON DAVIS?

AS A FEW OF YOU MAY RECALL, THE *BLUE BOLT* WAS ONE OF THE BETTER EFFORTS® OF A YOUNG TEAM NAMED JOE SIMON AND JACK KIRBY, IN 1940-'41. THE CONTINUING PLOT INVOLVED THE BLUE BOLT'S BATTLE WITH AN EXOTIC VILLAINESS NAMED THE GREEN SORCERESS, WHO DESIRED WORLD MASTERY.

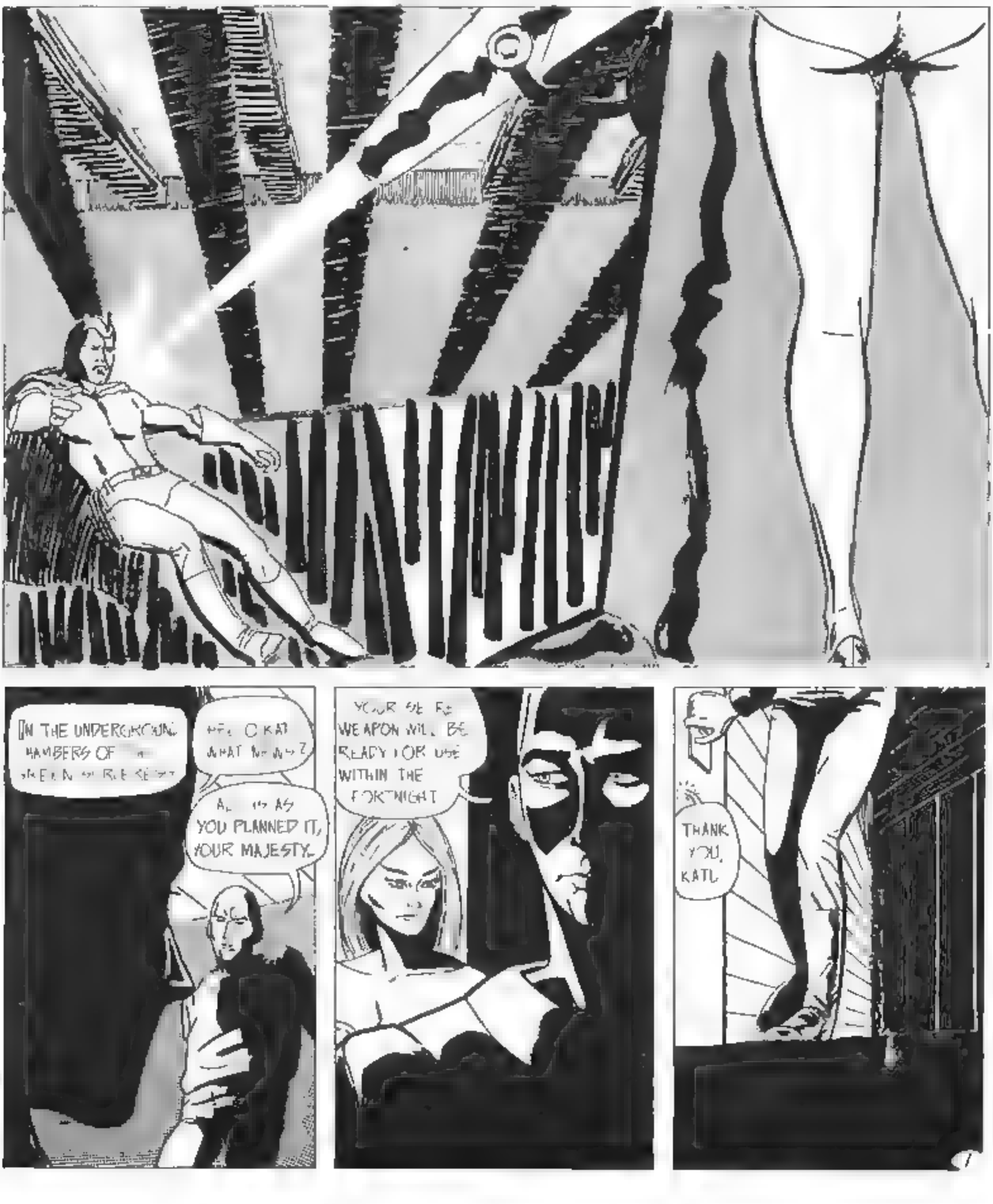
THE PUBLISHING HOUSE WAS A CHEAP ONE, AND S+K VACATED THE STRIP AFTER A YEAR OR SO. I DON'T KNOW HOW THE STRIP EVER ENDED. NOR, FRANKLY, GIVE A DAMN.

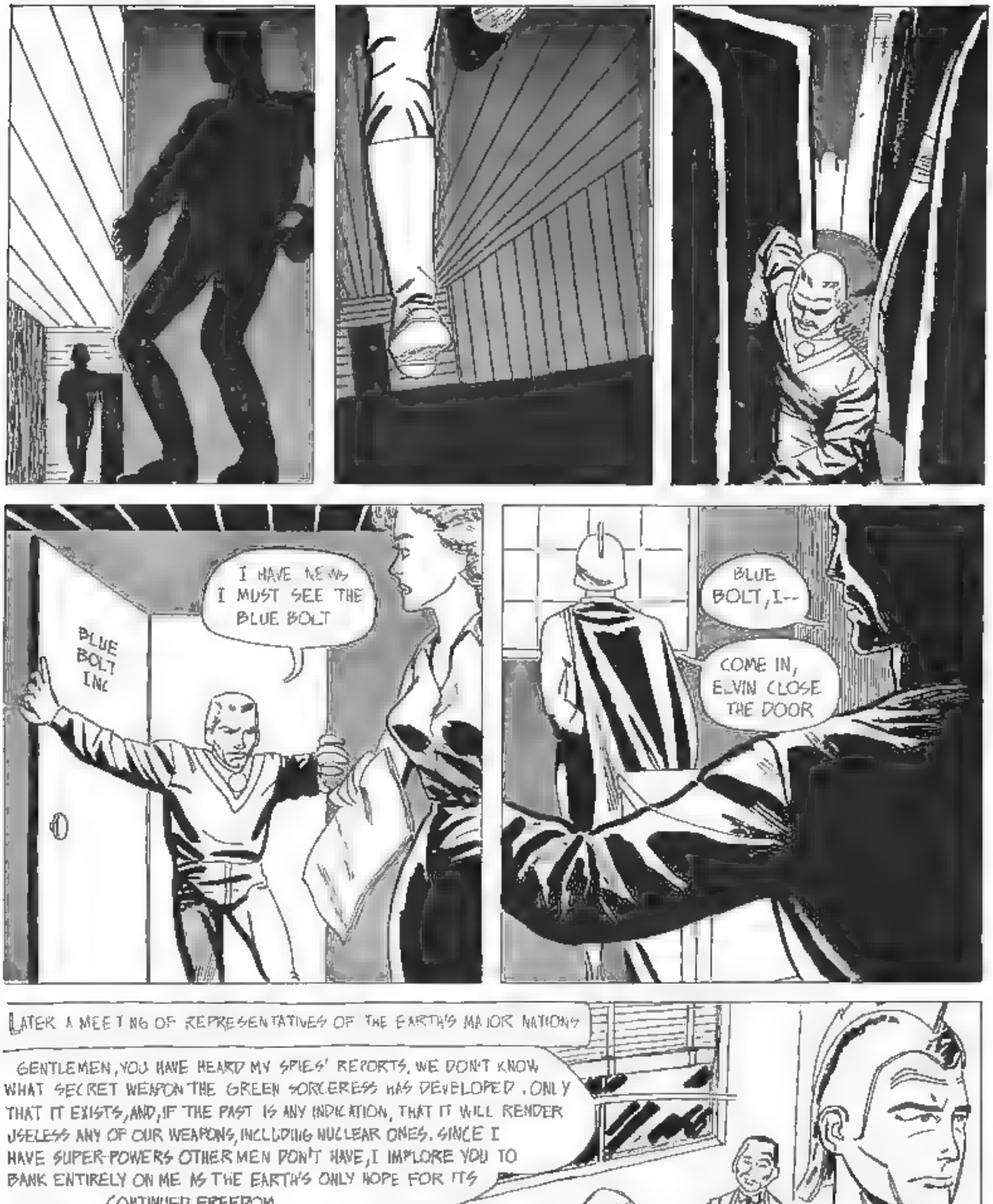
R.B.

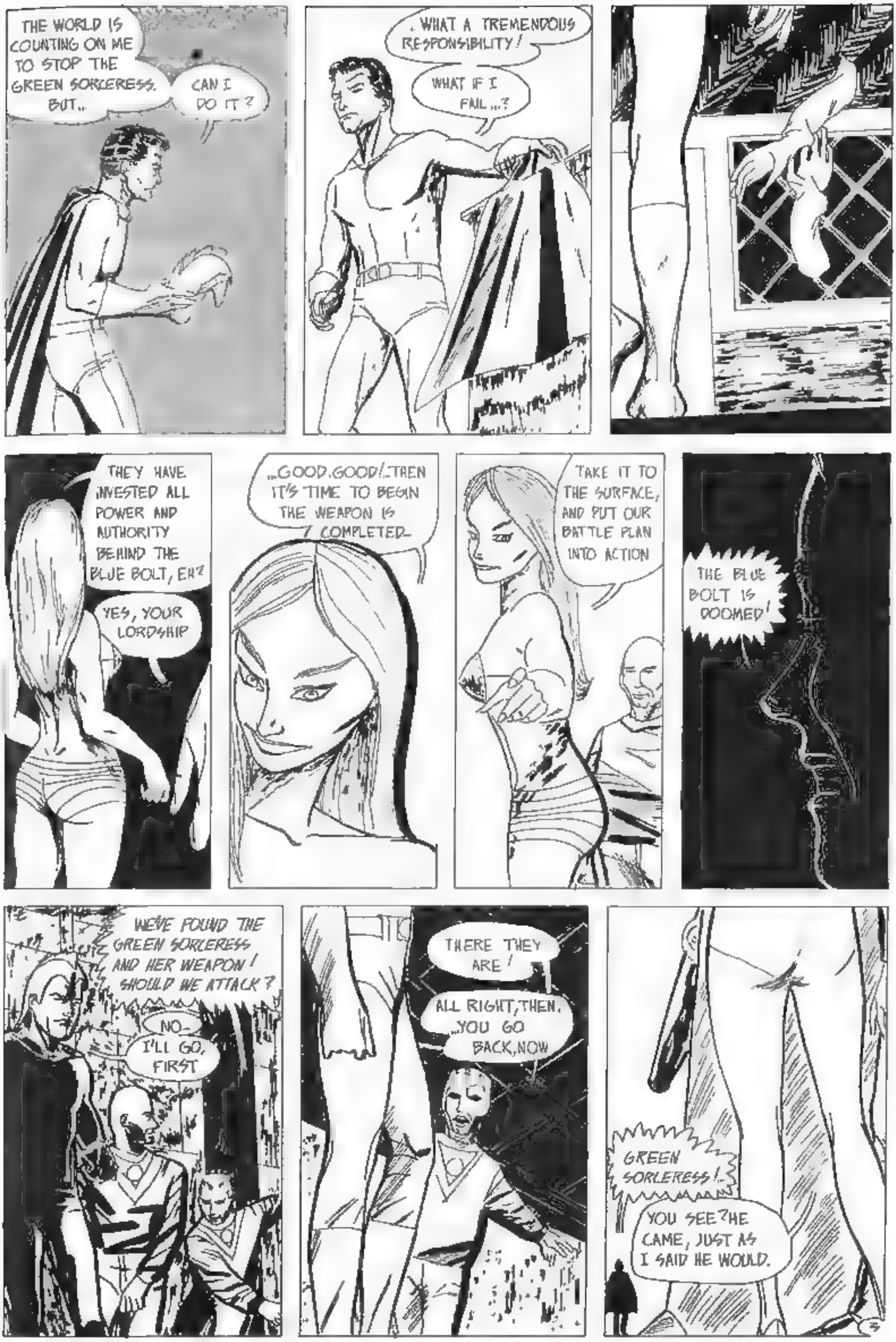
® THAT IS TO SAY THEY PUT AT LEAST TEN MINUTES INTO EACH PAGE INSTEAD OF THE MORE USUAL FIVE

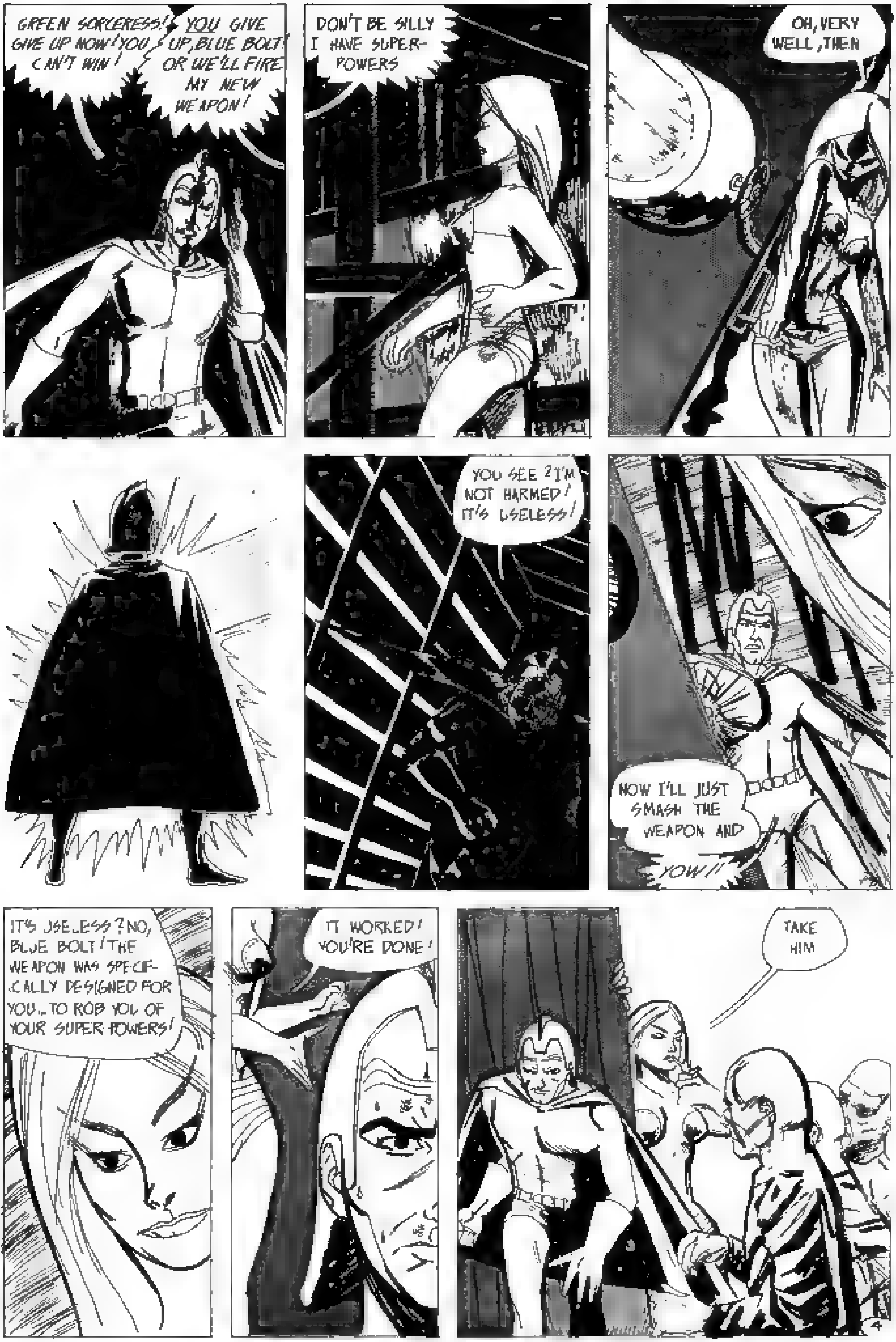
the RETURN of the GREEN SORCERESS

by Roger Brand 64

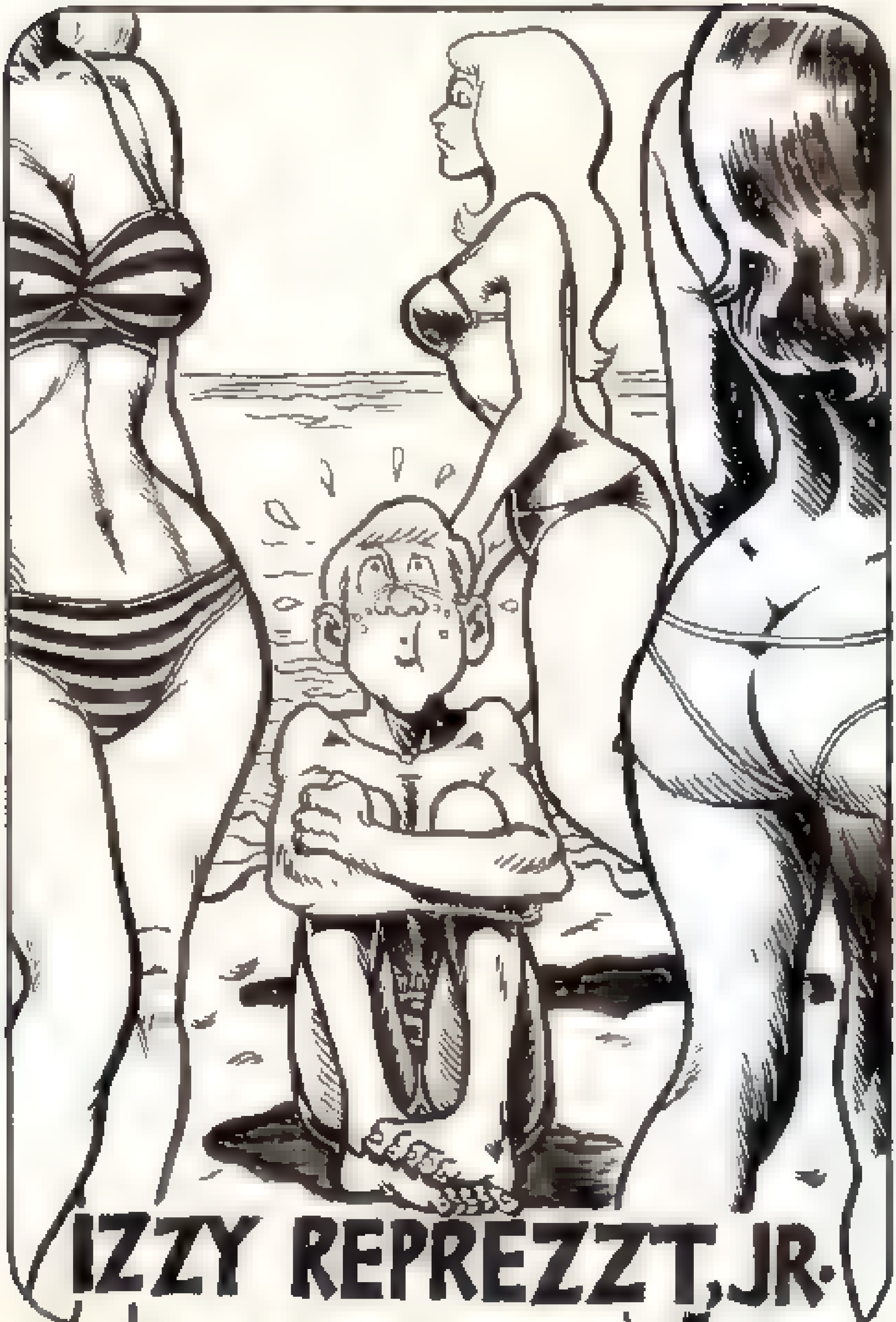

IN THE UNDERGROUND CHAMBERS OF THE GREEN SORCERESS
HELLO KATI WHAT NEWS?
ALL IS AS YOU PLANNED IT, YOUR MAJESTY.
YOUR SECRET WEAPON WILL BE READY FOR USE WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT
THANK YOU, KATI.

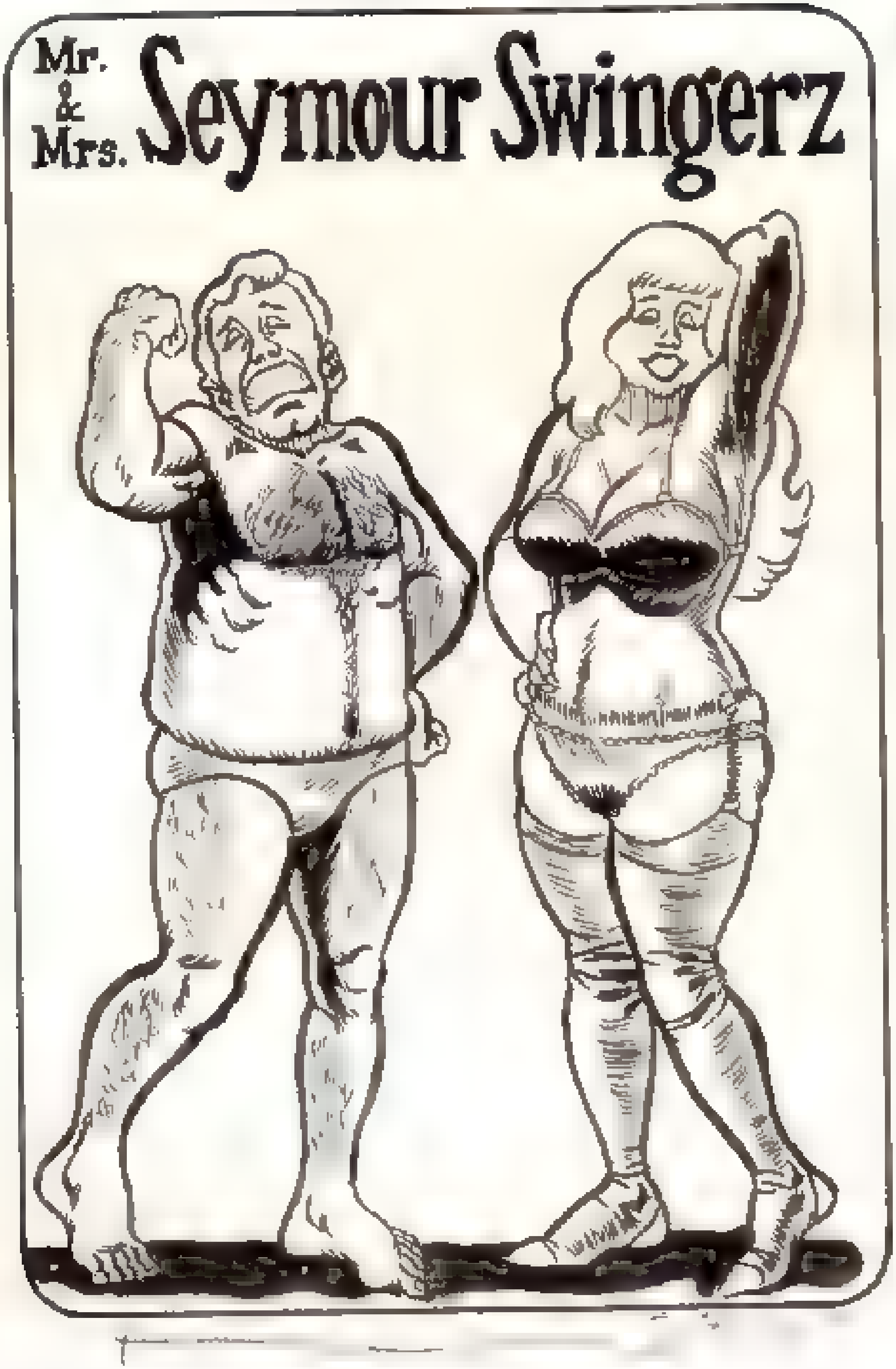

I HAVE NEWS I MUST SEE THE BLUE BOLT
BLUE BOLT INC
BLUE BOLT, I--
COME IN, ELVIN CLOSE THE DOOR
LATER A MEETING OF REPRESENTATIVES OF THE EARTH'S MAJOR NATIONS
GENTLEMEN, YOU HAVE HEARD MY SPIES' REPORTS. WE DON'T KNOW WHAT SECRET WEAPON THE GREEN SORCERESS HAS DEVELOPED. ONLY THAT IT EXISTS, AND, IF THE PAST IS ANY INDICATION, THAT IT WILL RENDER USELESS ANY OF OUR WEAPONS, INCLUDING NUCLEAR ONES. SINCE I HAVE SUPER-POWERS OTHER MEN DON'T HAVE, I IMPLORE YOU TO BANK ENTIRELY ON ME AS THE EARTH'S ONLY HOPE FOR ITS CONTINUED FREEDOM


THE WORLD IS COUNTING ON ME TO STOP THE GREEN SORCERESS. BUT..
CAN I DO IT?
.. WHAT A TREMENDOUS RESPONSIBILITY!
WHAT IF I FAIL ...?
THEY HAVE INVESTED ALL POWER AND AUTHORITY BEHIND THE BLUE BOLT, EH?
YES, YOUR LORDSHIP
..GOOD.GOOD!..THEN IT'S TIME TO BEGIN THE WEAPON IS COMPLETED..
TAKE IT TO THE SURFACE, AND PUT OUR BATTLE PLAN INTO ACTION
THE BLUE BOLT IS DOOMED!
WE'VE FOUND THE GREEN SORCERESS AND HER WEAPON! SHOULD WE ATTACK?
NO.. I'LL GO, FIRST
THERE THEY ARE!
ALL RIGHT, THEN. ..YOU GO BACK, NOW
GREEN SORCERESS!..
YOU SEE? HE CAME, JUST AS I SAID HE WOULD.


GREEN SORCERESS! GIVE UP NOW! YOU CAN'T WIN!
YOU GIVE UP, BLUE BOLT! OR WE'LL FIRE MY NEW WEAPON!
DON'T BE SILLY I HAVE SUPER-POWERS
OH, VERY WELL, THEN
YOU SEE? I'M NOT HARMED! IT'S USELESS!
NOW I'LL JUST SMASH THE WEAPON AND
YOW!!
IT'S USELESS? NO, BLUE BOLT! THE WEAPON WAS SPECIFICALLY DESIGNED FOR YOU.. TO ROB YOU OF YOUR SUPER POWERS!
IT WORKED! YOU'RE DONE!
TAKE HIM

③


IZZY REPREZZT, JR.

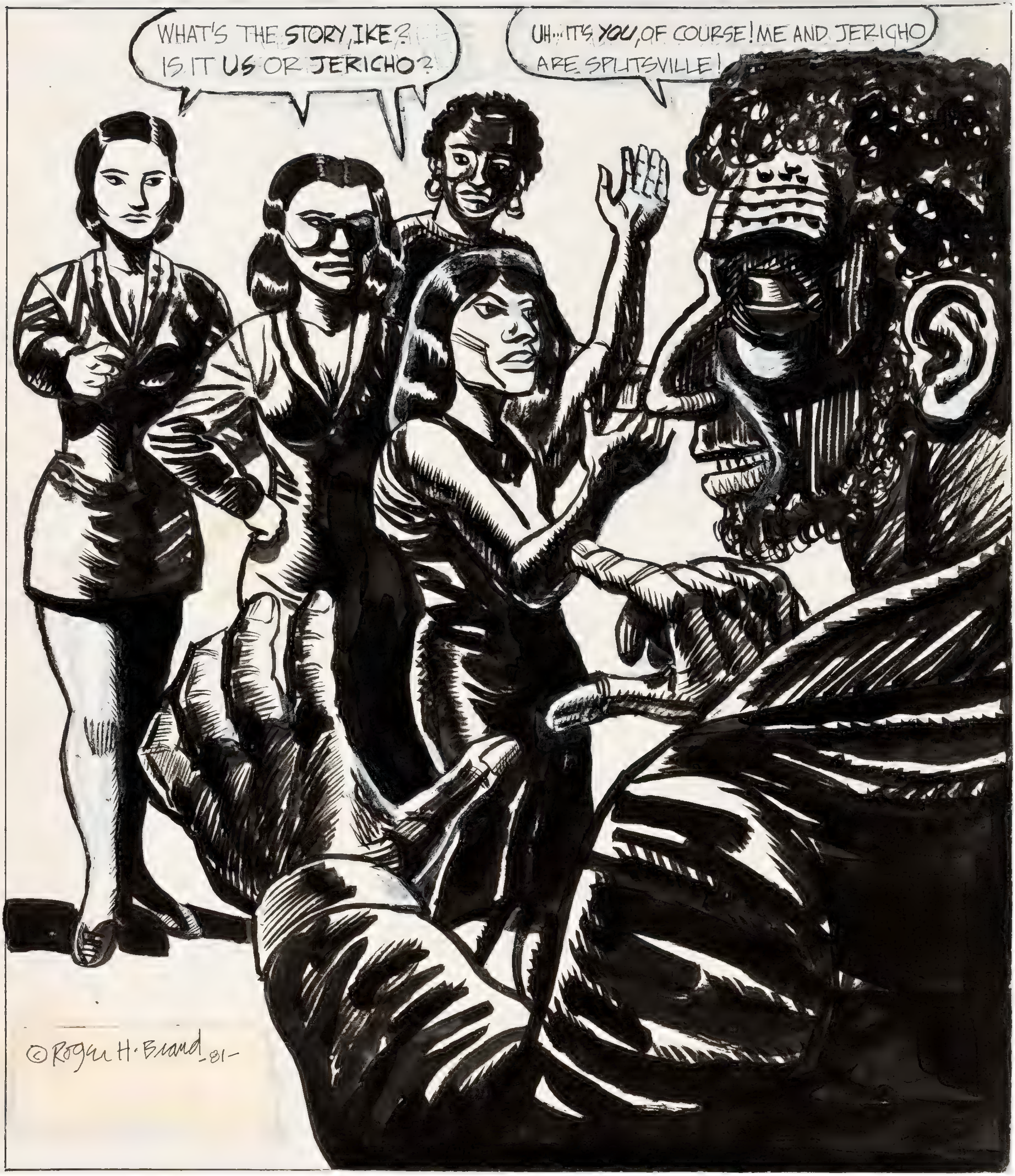

Mr. & Mrs. Seymour Swingerz

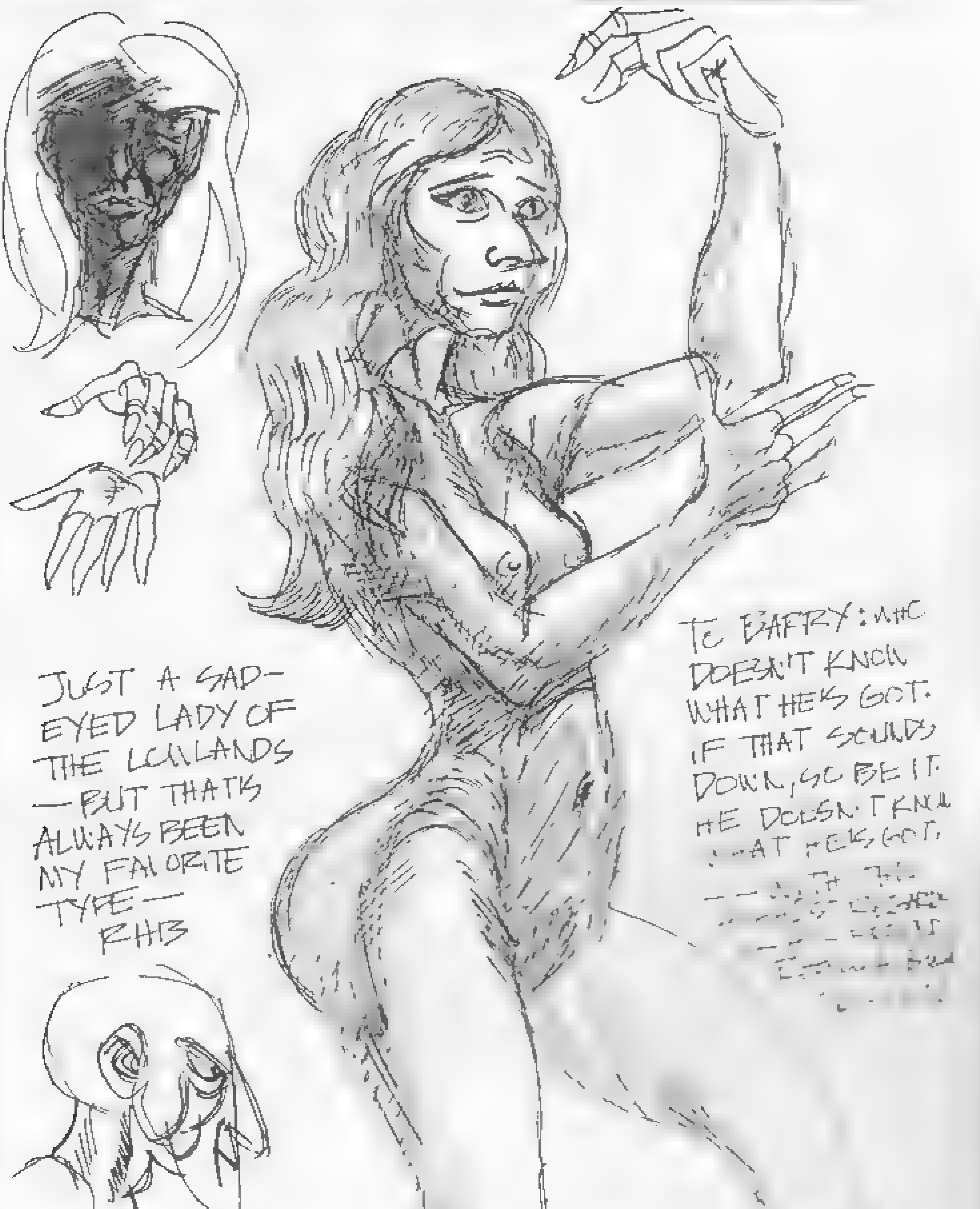
R.WET DREEMZ

TELEPHONE
TELEPHONE

©Roger Brand 73

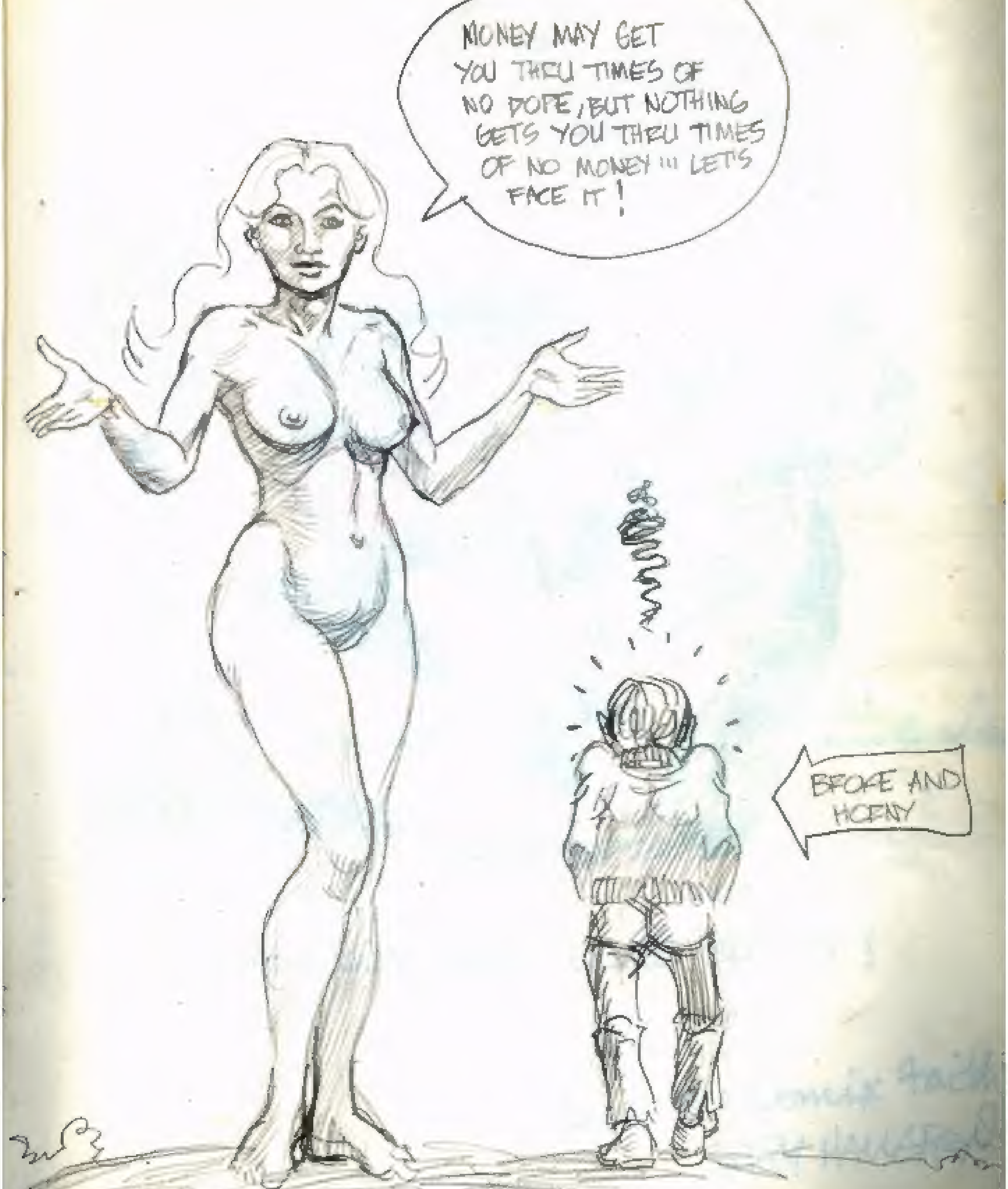
-with apologies to the memory of JACK COLE


WHAT'S THE STORY, IKE? IS IT US OR JERICHO?
UH... IT'S YOU, OF COURSE! ME AND JERICHO ARE SPLITSVILLE!
©Roger H. Brand -81-



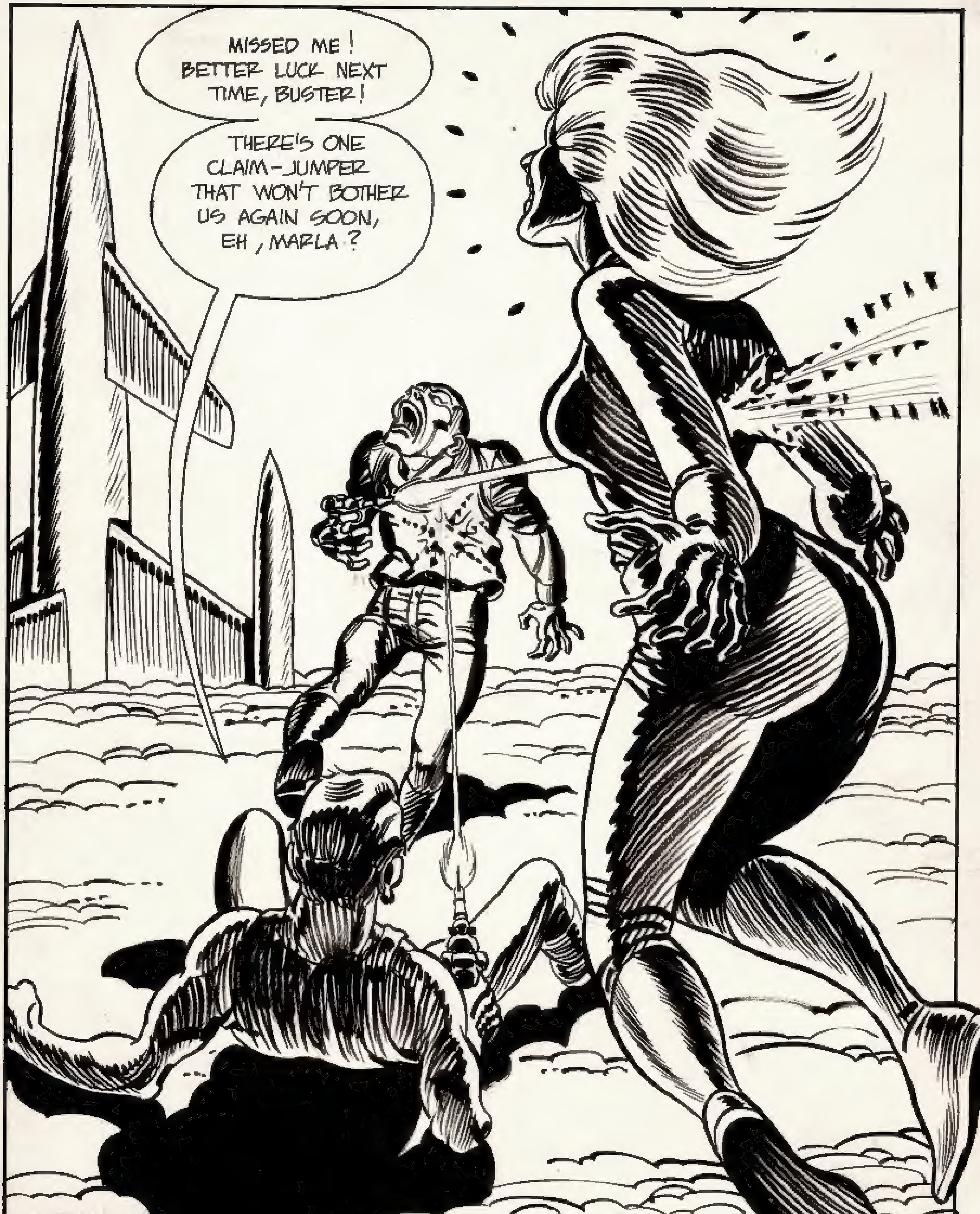
JUST A SAD-
EYED LADY OF
THE LOWLANDS
— BUT THAT'S
ALWAYS BEEN
MY FAVORITE
TYPE —
RHB

TO BARRY: WHO
DOESN'T KNOW
WHAT HE'S GOT.
IF THAT SOUNDS
DOWN, SO BE IT.
HE DOESN'T KNOW
WHAT HE'S GOT.
[illegible]


MONEY MAY GET YOU THRU TIMES OF NO DOPE, BUT NOTHING GETS YOU THRU TIMES OF NO MONEY !!! LET'S FACE IT!
BROKE AND HORNY

Good ol' best wishes, Bob Roger Brand

OLD
SHIT


MISSED ME! BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME, BUSTER!
THERE'S ONE CLAIM-JUMPER THAT WON'T BOTHER US AGAIN SOON, EH, MARLA?
© R. BRAND 1-73